Washington News Letter

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Oliver C. Sabin, Editor.
Washington. D.C.
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Vol. XVIII. OCTOBER, 1912. N

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VOLUME XVIII. WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER, 1912. NUMBER 1.

Washington News Letter

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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

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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.

Unchain the Truth

The church year commencing in October is now with us and we hope to do even a greater work the next year than we have in the past. During the past year we have given out in literature something like $10,000 worth of books, periodicals and other educational work in connection with the propaganda of our church, and the fruit of this service is manifest throughout the entire world, more or less. It is a source of thankfulness to us that God has used us, and blessed us in this cause.

On November 4 our annual class teaching will commence in our private parlors, 1329 M St., N. W., teaching those who wish to perfect themselves as healers more perfectly than can be given in books. This course of teaching includes how to teach, how to lecture and how to heal in accordance with all of the various methods.

Those who wish to enter this class should write me at once notifying me

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of their desires, so that arrangements can be made for their reception. Board can be had in the city at as reasonable rates as anywhere, and we will offer our students every help possible in the selection of temporary homes. Good healers can find employment always at remunerative prices.

This class instruction is only intended for those who desire to make this their life work, as it is very practicable in all of its teachings.

Lovingly yours,

Olivier C. Sabin

Bishop.

Every Day

SUSAN COOLIDGE

Every day is a new beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
Ye who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days, and with sad days, and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we can not relieve them;
Can not undo and can not atone;
God, in His mercy, receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own,
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth, all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs, springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of the dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

October

PAULINA B. SABIN

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Hebrews, xi, 1.

We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.—*Colton.*

Works without faith are like a fish without water, it wants the element it should live in. A building without a basis cannot stand; faith is the foundation, and every good action is as a stone laid.—*Feltham.*

> Faith is the subtle chain
> That binds us to the Infinite; the voice
> Of a deep life within, that will remain
> Until we crowd it thence.
>
> —*Mrs. E. O. Smith.*

Therefore, love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous,
Even as the day does the sun; the right from the good is an offspring,
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than
Animate faith and love, as flowers are the animate spring-time.

—*Longfellow.*

When we use the term faith, we mean understanding of the Truth. It is by the application of the perfect understanding and affirmation of the truth that all great work is done through what is termed metaphysical lines. The understanding that God is all and that man is His image and likeness is the faith which moves the mountains and accomplishes everything.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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The Science of Being

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C.

THE lecture this morning is upon the subject of Science of Being. This means the Science of Living, how to live and how to live properly. If we understand how to live in the manner that produces happiness, comfort, prosperity and all of the good things of life, then we are on the right road of the perfect living, or the perfect science of being.

The world, from its earliest history, has been a mixture, mostly, of evil, growing from bad to worse, until we liken humanity to a great horde, rushing along a broad highway, hustling one another, rustling one another, each trying to grab that which belongs to the other, blind to the future, filled with fear, living in a trust that they know nothing of, a trust without foundation absolutely, and finally "rounding up," as the Western cowboy would say, in that general pound known as Oblivion, having crossed over the dam of death into a pall of blackness. That is the history of the world in a brief picture in all the past, with the exception of here and there a ray of light.

> In the Scriptures we have found the perfect rule of living, how to practice the proper Science of Life and how to obtain perfect happiness and harmony—that is, by following the rules laid down in the Bible, notably the teachings of Jesus Christ. He lays down as the general, as the great, proposition that if you love God with all your mind, might and strength and your brother as yourself, you have done all that is requisite to solve the problem of Life and the Science of Being. Therefore, we place that rule as the dogma of this church, "Love God and Love Your Brother." That is all the dogma we have; that is all we seek to propagate thruout the world. We believe in the ordinances of the New Testament as laid down by the earlier Disciples. We believe in baptism. We believe in the ordinance of marriage. We believe in the sacredness of the home, and we believe in perfect loyalty of the people to the Government under which they live.

These rays of light, as they have been brought into the world, have been met by that ignorant, that artless throng, with jeers, unbelief, cruelty and murder so far as has been in their power to create these conditions. They were not satisfied with destroying Jesus Christ, but they hunted His disciples and, to make the annihilation more complete, a greater reward given to the capture and destruction of the writings of these earlier followers of Jesus than there was for destruction of their lives. The earlier disciples had what were called little property chests, which they could hide in the ground, and one man could pick one up and run off with it. In these they put the originals of the Scriptures, but so complete was the annihilation that there is not existing today anywhere, nor has been for over seventeen hundred years, one original document of the New Testament writers.

The old Jewish Bible was the history of the Jewish race, and I think that is exactly as they had it, but the writings of Christ and the writings of His Apostles were utterly destroyed. In

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the fourth century there was a great meeting of the followers of Jesus Christ in Africa, over which the celebrated divine, St. Augustine, was what might be termed moderator. They had their sessions for four years, and the object of the convocation was the collation of the writings of the earlier Apostles.

In the writings as we have them we have found the perfect rule of living, how to practice the proper science of life and how to obtain perfect happiness and harmony—that is, by following the rules laid down in the Bible, notably the teachings of Jesus Christ. He lays down as the general, as the great proposition, that if you love God with all your mind, might and strength, and your brother as yourself, you have done all that is requisite to solve the problem of life and the Science of Being. Therefore, we place that rule as the dogma of this church, "Love God and love your brother." That is all the dogma we have; that is all we seek to propagate throughout the world. We believe in the ordinances of the New Testament as laid down by the earlier Disciples. We believe in baptism, if anybody wants to be baptized. We believe in the commemoration of the Lord's supper. We believe in the ordinance of marriage. We believe in the sacredness of the home, and we believe in perfect loyalty of the people to the government under which they live.

None of these are essential to what we term Salvation, in the old thought that you are either saved or you are damned. But in the old thought you did not know where you were until you had had a trial, as the lawyers would term it, but I suppose it was but a looking over of the records.

Now, none of God Almighty's children are going to be lost, for the life that is within you, the life that is within me, is part and parcel of the Infinite Life, and the life that animates your being, drives the blood through your veins and makes your heart beat, is the same life that does the same to me, and everything that lives, whether it be animal, vegetable or mineral, anything and everything that has life in it, is part and parcel of this Infinite Life. Therefore, there is no death. We live, move and have our beings in God Almighty Life, and as we come more and more into this perfect Realization we have the more perfect understanding of the true rules of living.

Sincerity is one of the greatest essentials to making your life perfect. It is an easy matter for a person to make a profession, but he has to deliver the goods. If you love your brother, you must show that you love him not only because it is your duty, but because God Almighty life is in him and in you, and he is part and parcel of you and he is your brother. Jesus Christ carries this rule so far that He tells us to prefer the condition of our brother to that of ourselves, and I say unto you that in your tradings and in your business transactions if anybody is to be wronged, always be sure it is not you that does the wronging.

I had a fine illustration of that once in my practice as a lawyer. There was a celebrated Presbyterian whose wife owned part of a large estate of which I had charge. He was an excellent man, and two of his tenants talked religion to him and he came to me and told me when those people's mortgage ran out not to renew it—let it run and let them pay when they pleased. I did not care; of course, I did care, for it was much to him and nothing to me. Their mortgage

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had not run out forty-eight hours when they had six great corn-shellers at work, shelling out five or six hundred bushels of corn a day, and my friend's rent went to Chicago. I went to St. Louis when I found it out, and saw the owner of the land about it. When I told him he said he would rather lose the rent than be in the place of him who wronged him out of it.

That is the thought. If anybody is to be wronged, let not you do the wronging. If anyone must suffer, let it be you who does the suffering. Carry your principles into your everyday transactions. Let your work show what your faith is rather than your words.

Once a man came to buy stock from my father to the amount of several thousand dollars. He offered my father a mortgage on a section of land, but told him that he always kept his word if it took his leg off up above the knee. My father took the mortgage, anyhow, and at that had the hardest time getting the money out of the fellow. It is the fellow who talks profusely and does nothing that is a disgrace to all kinds of so-called Christianity.

Let your actions prove what you are. That is the law in this Science. If the Science does not prove what we claim it to be, one of two things is sure: First, the operator, that is the healer, does not understand his business; or, second, the thing is a fake and is not true. But you must always understand, you must have an operator that understands. If the rule is once proven true, it is as true as if proven by ten thousand. The trouble with the world is it has been severely judging proper knowledge. When Gallileo sought to put into practice, or general understanding, the theory that the world circled, why, it was against the Bible. Gideon made the sun stand still, but the idea that the world stood still! That always stood still they said, and the sun went around the earth.

An old negro preacher was preaching in Richmond about the world's being flat. One of the congregation asked him what the world stood on if it was flat. He said: "It stands on a turtle." "What does that turtle stand on?" he was asked. "Well, he stands on a turtle, too." "Well, what does that turtle stand on?" He got kind of warm and said: "I tell you there are turtles all the way down." That is one way you can harmonize their old ideas of the laws of gravitation and attraction.

Nevertheless, ignorance could not hold back this steady grind of advancing truth. Now we understand the laws through which all these things are accomplished. It is so with this Science of Living. Live righteously, trust God in everything you do, and if you are going into any kind of enterprise, commit your ways unto the Lord and trust. Let God Almighty lead you and you will never make a mistake, you will never have a failure, you will always be a winner, and there is no possibility of a failure.

Let that be your rule of life, take with it a broad love for God Almighty and your brother, put it into practice and God will bless you all through your life and forever. Now, this is my idea of how to live: Do right and do good, let Love be the dominating power that pushes you along. I knew of a young boy once that was raised in one of these quasi-eleemosynary institutions where they take the children and raise them up in the way they should go. They gave these young fellows the religion that lasted them, through the clapboard

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route," and never one of those boys was ever known to enter a church after they left that institution, except under protest. That has been the world's religion heretofore, but we are tearing down all such nonsensical ideas. We are throwing open the gate. Give the glad hand of love to your fellow, and where you see one struggling along, do not be afraid to acknowledge him as your brother, and give him the grasp of fellowship, give him a helping hand, and I tell you you will be able to move the mountain, you will be omnipotent, for God Almighty's power will be yours.

Class Teaching

Commencing Monday night, November 4, next, I will give the first of a series of twenty lectures teaching how to heal the sick, how to teach the science of metaphysics and how to demonstrate along all methods of metaphysical work.

These lectures will be given five each week during the month of November.

The object of this teaching is to fit teachers for the field, public lecturers, public teachers and public healers.

The price of tuition is $100 per scholar for the twenty lectures. Those who wish to enter this class should write at as early date as possible and make their arrangements, as I have no desire to make the class large. Address

OLIVER C. SABIN, *Bishop,*
Lock Box 324,
Washington, D. C.

NEW THOUGHT IN OLD LITERATURE

Adelaide Jones in "Practical Ideals"

What His Satanic Majesty's sentiments are now on the subject of New Thought nobody knows, Satan having become a mythological character. But, according to Milton's Paradise Lost, when Satan fell from Heaven to Hell he remarked to his friend Beelzebub:

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

Having expressed this first class New Thought sentiment, he felt himself equal to rallying his forces and beginning to make the best of things in spite of the debilitating climate of his new domain.

Still further back in English literature, Edmund Spencer gives us this beautiful New Thought idea:

"So every spirit, as it is most pure
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form and doth the body make."

In the Adventure of Una and the Lion—when the hungry lion came ramping to devour Una, Spencer tells us that her lovely expression—the "heavenly look" that "made sunshine in a shady place"—caused the lion to pause, and then to prefer following her like a lamb rather than to eat her. It would be a triumph equal to gentle Una's if we could always meet our lions fearlessly; and greet the daily worries with a smile sweet enough to make sunshine in a shady place!

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Altruistic Thinking

Improper Thinking Forges the Fetters of Slavery Upon the Human Race

WM. E. GIBSON

THINKING is that which distinguishes man and gives him the mastery of the world. As far back as we have any record we find man occupying the position of the thinker among the creatures, and as far back as we find any record we have the results upon the race of man's thinking.

Wherever, in history, we find a community or a nation peaceable and prosperous, we find its peace and prosperity centering in, and radiating from, a great altruistic thought that some one, either of that or a former generation, had thrown his whole soul into the vibration. This altruistic thought became the master wheel, as it were, in that nation's or community's conduct. However adverse may be operations in certain quarters and at certain times, nevertheless, the trend of affairs follows the lead of that master thought.

Let that nation or people lose regard for the real spirit of that altruism, it matters not how gilded and glossed may be the substitute, from that hour begins the decline of that people, and there is no power that can stay its decline or prevent its downfall save retreat and return to the old paths of perfect altruism.

We have but to refer to the history of the nations of the earth that have flourished and failed to prove this assertion. Take for example the Roman empire and its neighbor, the Grecian. Their rise to glory was marked by national altruism, but in their palmy days they sowed seeds of avarice and their decline is a record of greed, bigotry and rapine.

What was true of Greece and Rome was no less true of the Persian Empires and of ancient Egypt. Sad to say that in most instances an assumption of altruism, under the name of religion, has been the fertile soil out of which have grown greed and bigotry. Sadder still to say that the priests of those nations, with the "thus saith the gods or God"—as a slogan—have led in the destruction while posing as teachers of the truth.

Whatever has been the history of man's conduct has been the result of man's thinking. Each national career has been the result of the thinking few of that nation. It has ever been so, it is so today, and it will ever be so. It is universal, unchangeable law.

It is, therefore, obvious that the thinking that produces best results in the aggregate is the thinking that pays. This is true in the wield of great world powers; it is true in adjusting social condition, and no less true in developing individual character. Whenever a nation becomes selfish, bigoted and greedy in its relation to other nations, it then creates conditions favorable for national decline. Whenever a social order becomes avaricious, sordid and discriminating in its conduct towards other such orders, it matters not whether it be from the standpoint of religious sentiment, racial differences or social advantages, from that time it ceases to be altruistic;

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and the absence of altruism favors disruption and revolution.

This is no less true of the individual; yes, of every individual, than of the nation.

What I am today, what you are today, is what our thinking hitherto and our present thoughts make us.

The thinking of the human race has always been progressive and will ever be, but the wheels of progress, of necessity, have turned slowly, for the creators of altruistic thoughts are few.

I have said elsewhere that thinking is the process of creating and constructing new thoughts, or entertaining those already formed. From this statement it will be observed that there are two classes of thinkers, the creators of thought and entertainers of thought. It must be clear to even the casual observer that the latter class includes the great mass of the race. The masses are unconsciously followers of the few. The thinking of the few, if lacking in altruism, becomes the curse of the masses. If the thinking few have no sense of altruism and no regard for the rights of their fellows, are not willing to give the square deal, they become blind leaders of the blind and all fall together in the ditch of social corruption.

Jesus, after studying for years the conditions of the human race in its various aspects, noting the absence of the altruistic spirit, the want of which brought so much unhappiness, gave a rule by which the race might be redeemed from its self-imposed bondage. To make it plain and easily in the reach of all, He said: "Love God with all your heart and your fellow-man as yourself." In substance, He said: "Love the All-Embracing Good without reservation, and love man, your brother, as yourself; give him the square deal." And then He said: "Upon these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." In other words, this is the main shaft in the machinery of law. It is the universal, unchangeable law for the race.

Following this law the individual is redeemed from selfishness; social orders are brought to a sense of the common good, and the nations learn that the rights of one become the rights of all. Notwithstanding nearly two thousand years have passed since this lesson was given the race, still we find much of the same conditions that existed in the time of the Master. Yet a deeper consideration reveals a very great change. Mankind is very much better today, very much more humane. The race, as a whole, is very much better educated and thus much more prepared to receive and compare the thought vibrations as they come. The past century was a period of world-wide intellectual development. The present century bids fair to transcend all its predecessors in all that is purely intellectual. It is the dawn of the Spiritual Age.

This Spiritual Dawn quickens the intellect of the educated as well as the intuition of the ignorant, and this quickening makes the wheels of mental progress move with alarming speed, so that almost every great nation is at present face to face with what seems to be a social crisis.

A sense of right and justice is springing up in every quarter, and while there are a number of individuals prompted by this same sense, but because of their limited grasp of the law of love are moving along lines that lead astray, yet the great mass is gradually, nay, rapidly, moving toward the goal of Right and Justice, Peace and Good Will.

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The conditions that confront the nations at the present time give rise to grave fears of social upheavals as well as national discomfort, but there is no real ground for such fears. The moulders of the thought of the present age are altruistic in spirit and effort.

The great awakening—under whatever name, whether Divine Science, Christian Science or New Thought—is wielding a mighty influence, and the might of that influence centers in the underlying principles of every cult, viz, Altruism. Love of God and of the fellow-man is the natural ground upon which they all meet.

Man is beginning to understand that he cannot be happy while his fellow is in misery, especially if his own attitude or conduct is in any sense responsible for that misery. When men awaken to this understanding they try to soothe their consciences by sharing their accumulations among their less fortunate brothers in the way of gifts, donations to charity, and so forth, but the offerings sooner or later become as "pearls before swine," much to the chagrin of the donors and more to the detriment of the recipients.

If man would be happy he must be free. It is improper thinking, either carelessness or selfishness or both, that forges the fetters of slavery; that brings misery and inharmony of every kind.

We live in an age when altruism is calling a halt. Men are beginning to look below the surface of things, are seeking the underlying truth.

What improper thinking has done, proper thinking will undo. But no thinking is proper, or can be, which is not based upon the principle of universal Love, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. And the principle must demonstrate not in theory, but in actual practice. It must be lived.

This doctrine of love and the square deal is appealing to men as never before since the time of the Master and His disciples. All classes and conditions of men are being touched and affected by it. It is being heralded through literature and proclaimed from the rostrum and the pulpit as never before.

Of course, those who are still bigoted and selfish see all others as bigoted and narrow. For they must see with their own eyes and perceive with their own senses. As is the source so is the stream. But to those who have acquired some degree of the Spirit of the Great Master and have gotten a spiritual taste of the law of love—and they are not so few as some are wont to think—to such the sun of peace has already risen, the clouds of discord are rapidly passing away.

These thoughts are to many visionary —a mere Utopian dream, but there are thousands who know the meaning of the vision and understand the interpretation of the dream.

Men and women are asking as never before for light, and the light is being given. They are studiously seeking for knowledge and wisdom, and the seekers are finding the source of wisdom. Men are learning to knock at the door of their inner life, and they are finding the Kingdom of Heaven.

I am aware of the great number of poorly-informed and grossly ignorant who must depend for their mental food and growth upon the more fortunate. Such must grow mentally and spiritually as well as physically "by what they feed on." And what they feed on depends upon their personal choice or selection of the environing thoughts and thought products. This is not the thought-creating class, but the thought-entertaining and thought-assimilating class. This

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class, as a social factor, determines very largely the national wield. For the creation of thought gradually emerges from this class. It is, therefore, paramount that this class shall have mental food so simple and natural as to avoid indigestion. But thanks to the great Spirit of Truth, such food is no longer wanting. It is abundantly available. The Teachers of Divine Healing, Christian Science and New Thought in general are striving to put it in such combination as will be palatable to the most eccentric taste and still be fraught with the required nourishment for the soul.

The mental attitude that will cure all ills—whether it be a nation's cramp, a clan's congestion or an individual's headache—is that attitude of Love as taught by Jesus Christ: "Love God without reserve and love your fellowman as yourself."

To love God is to know God. Now, to acquire a working knowledge of God means application along a definite line. It means that you must think of, and strive to fill your life with, all the good that you thus far have knowledge of, and at the same time keep your mind open and receptive to whatever good may be in store for you.

The mind open and receptive to good attracts good, and good again in turn attracts good. Birds of a feather flock together no less in the thought world than in the feathered. Therefore, to love God is to be as near like God as your knowledge of Him permits you to be.

Your knowledge of God has only such bounds as you fix. The natural bounds of your knowledge extend as the rays of your altruism extend. Then to love God is to extend your altruism and in turn that extension brings more knowledge of God.

These suggestions are primarily to individuals, but as individuals make up social orders they are to social orders, and as social orders make up the nations they are to the nations.

What part you are to play, what part I am to play in this new order of things—in establishing the kingdom of Peace and Good Will—depends upon our thinking, depends upon the kind of thoughts we create and send out and those we entertain and endorse.

This calls for discretion, and in the exercise of that discretion confusion may arise. As an antidote to such confusion I quote Phil. 4:8:

"Finally, brethren, 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."

Faith in a divine plan does not mean that we are slavishly to accept our present condition and make no effort to improve it. It should have exactly the opposite effect. It is God's purpose that we shall develop to the utmost every talent we possess. We must work to this end as earnestly and vigorously as if improvement and progress depended entirely upon ourselves.

A man's life may be happy or miserable as he wills; he can think himself into a fever or dwell upon a headache until he is all head and all ache. He can by companionship with nature in its beauty, fill the soul with gladness and the heart with devotion.—*From the Christian Herald.*

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You Shall Know the Truth, and the Truth Shall Make You Free

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C.

THE text I have chosen this morning is, "You shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."

When we talk about freedom we associate with it its opposite, slavery, and with that word we usually associate physical slavery. That is true where physical slavery exists, but mental slavery is much more universal and much more pernicious in its results. You can take, for instance, the Africans who were brought to this country a few hundred years ago, ignorant, almost, as the beasts of the fields, if not quite; and from that beginning in a few hundred years, a very few, there is evolving a broad, bright, intelligent race that in a few centuries will take its place among the family of nations, evolving its proper existence and standard in the civilized world. Its slavery was that of physical slavery.

> The majority of the people of this enlightened world of ours are bowing down to fear. They have the fear of some kind of catastrophe, or they have fear of sickness, or they have fear of poverty, or they have fear of sorrow. The world at large is but a scramble from the cradle to the grave for the possession of the almighty dollar. The desire is engendered through fear, fear that they will come to want. It is "laying up for a rainy day." As the Savior told in one of His parables about the rich man that filled his barns: "Soul, your barns are full; now enjoy yourself." They want to get into that condition.

Take the people of India, which country was overrun, as the best authorities say, something like four thousand years ago by the Aryans, from the steppes of what we now term Russia. They were placed under a system of mental slavery. These Aryans, assuming to themselves that they were the ruling class for their mentality, created themselves priests, and made the natives of India what they have ever since been, subjects to a system of mental servitude that is more debasing and more destructive, more pernicious and injurious to the people of India than every kind of physical slavery that the world has ever known.

The castes established by the original Brahmins and the priests established by these Aryans exist today. The people are classified. The shoemakers and other artisans and the farmers and those of other trades are classified together. There is no intermarriage between these classes. The shoemaker's son never marries a tailor's daughter. There is no intermarriage mingling classes. They must stay in their own classes, and the weapon that has kept them down is the weapon of fear.

Our Savior came into contact with this same kind of doctrine, which was very prevalent throughout Judea during his life and ministry. The age was anything but enlightened; the people were bowed down with superstitions and traditions, and He enunciated the broad principle

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that you shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free. The world then was as it is now; they were under the enslavement of fear. A majority of the people of this enlightened country of ours are bowing down to fear. They have fear of some kind of catastrophe; or they have fear of sickness; or they have fear of poverty; or they have fear of sorrow. The world at large is but a scramble from the cradle to the grave for the possession of the almighty dollar. The desire is engendered through fear, fear that they will come to want. It is "laying up for a rainy day." As the Savior told in one of His parables about the rich man that filled his barns, "Soul, your barns are full, now enjoy yourself." They want to get into that condition. Old people as a rule, almost universally—not universally, but almost so—are, what we might term in a legal phrase, hedging against their children. In other words, they are laying up so that they never can become dependent on their children.

Now all of these systems of fear are more or less systems of slavery. The proper position for the Christian, who is emancipated from this world fear, to be in is to have no more fear about sickness, about sorrow, about catastrophe, or about want, than he does about having air enough to fill his lungs.

The rapacity of mankind has gotten pretty well all of the earth; they have the earth plastered over. The child that is born today is born with a mortgage over his part of the earth. There is some other fellow living on it. Naturally he has as much right to this mother earth that was given to the whole family of mankind as has the fellow that came out here and established his squatter's rights; but does he get it? All people are created by God Almighty with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the possession of the natural gifts that God Almighty has given to His children.

I remember an instance in reading the history of the Scythians, in which they sent a demand upon their enemy for certain things, among which was earth and water, and they sent a bird, a mouse and a fish, which being interpreted is, Unless you can fly through the air like a bird, or burrow through the earth like a mouse, or swim through the water like a fish, our armies will capture you, unless you give us earth and water. That was their ultimatum.

Earth and air and water should be free to all the world, and it is free from God Almighty; but without advancing along these lines of political economy, I will come back upon our subject, You shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free.

It is a blessed thought to know that God Almighty Life is your life; that God Almighty Health is your health; and that God Almighty Good is your good; and that you live, move and have your beings in infinite Good, infinite Wisdom, infinite Power, infinite Love, and when you come to the great thought, realization and understanding that it belongs to you and belongs to you now, you are free.

When I get up in the morning—and I am but a babe; we are all babes yet—and look out upon the skies there is no terror there for me. I have no fear of these winds breeding malaria. I have no fear of the clouds bringing disaster and the storms destruction. I have no fear of the wolf, so-called, coming to the door and destroying the family. Why? Because infinite Power controls all, infinite Good supplies all, and all you

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have to do is to come to this infinite realization, and you have all and all belongs to you and you do not have to wait. If I owed a thousand dollars in the morning and did not have a cent, there is not a man on earth that I would ever ask for a cent of it, or borrow it. My supply comes form God Almighty. It is from Him that I expect, and it is from Him that I get, and it is to Him that I go.

Now, I am not talking against those who make largely by loaning money from their banks. That is all right; it is entirely right, and it is thoroughly honest and upright, and such lenders are a beneficence to society. But there is a time coming when we can step upon the platform higher and look to God Almighty alone as our supply, and the supply will be to us manifested. I have known this to be demonstrated along many lines hundreds of times in my own experience. I have never known a failure. Sometimes we do not have much surplus. I am not working for surpluses. The children of Israel, as they were going through the wilderness, received their manna every night for six nights in the week. They went out and gathered it, and occasionally some saving one would find a good bunch of manna, and she would make up her mind that she would take enough to last the next day, and she would be ahead of the hounds, and the surplus manna that she took would spoil on her hands.

Our Savior said, Lay not up where moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal. Sufficient unto the day are your wants and your supply. Now, that is my theology of political economy. I ask myself the question, "Have you got clothes to wear today? Yes. Well, I thank God for the clothes. Have you food to eat today? Yes. Well, I thank God for the food. Are you, then, in the enjoyment of good health? Certainly. Then I thank God for good health."

Now, in our prayers—you understand them, who have read my books—we do not ask in the sense of petitioning. We affirm certain fundamental principles, and those principles are manifested in our surroundings and in our bodies. I realize that I am the image and likeness of infinite Love, and that that life goes through me; that I live, move and have my being in this life. When we talk of God being Life it annihilates this idea of a great personal God, but God Life is omnipresent.

You can't imagine, nor can I, nor any person else in the world imagine the infinity of space. If you take the enumeration table and multiply it by itself, and square the result, and count each mile a million miles in length, and try to measure infinity from there to the eastward, when you quit you would be no nearer the end than you are now. And so with the West and with the South and with the North. Infinite Life is everywhere, God Almighty principle, Life. It is the same life that animates the minutiae that are in the lower strata of so-called physical existence, and as we come up through the plants, through the animals, through the birds, through the fishes, and through man, this same infinite Life goes through all, is in all, animates all, and controls all.

Therefore, when you realize that that is your condition you know you have infinite Life, you are its image and likeness, and this hobgoblin that the sons of men have created by their so-called sins—we call it death—is a falsehood.

There never was time appointed for

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man once to die, because he was created in the image and likeness of infinite Life. There is no opposite, and there can be no opposite, for God is All, and in All, and through All, and all is infinite Life, and this so-called death is error, created by man, brought on by his own sins; and he suffers the consequences, and will continue to suffer them until he knows the Truth which will make him free, and the Truth alone, the Truth that he is the image and likeness of infinite Life, and is no part or parcel of so-called death, so-called disease, or so-called inharmonious conditions. God is All, in All, through All, is infinite Mind, infinite Good, and controls All and makes All.

Now, how do we know these things? Aside from the physical principles, we know them because they accord with the general rule that all truths run in parallel lines. You never find one truth crossing another. We know them further by the same reason that Jesus Christ said to His disciples, If you do not believe me, believe me for the very works' sake. You see the application of this Truth resuscitate so-called fallen humanity, freeing them from their wants and their sorrows, their sicknesses, and all the ills of so-called life. When that Truth is applied, they are lifted up and brought out like flowers that are famishing for water. You bring them up when you put around them the beautiful water that resuscitates. And that is the way with this infinite thought. It lifts life up, and it will heal all life.

When you have a flower that is wanting water—drooping and wilting for the lack of water—go to that flower and say this: "Infinite Life fills you as it fills me and fills all creation. There is no such thing as death. Therefore, you can't die, and the thought that you are dying for the lack of water is false, because water has nothing to do with infinite Life. Infinite Life is greater than all water; infinite Life resuscitates and brings you up." Then notice that flower in an hour and see how it looks. You will find it growing up strong, as though it had been watered.

Now, aside from the hearers who hear the real question asked there will perhaps be a million who will read this question and practice it, and I say to all the world that if you affirm that infinite Life sustains you, or sustains anything appertaining to Life, that that affirmation bears fruit in the realization of the so-called resuscitation.

Infinite Life controls you, because you live in it. Infinite Good supplies you and gives you all. Jesus Christ says we are the heirs of God Almighty. If that is true and we are His children, all Good has belongs to us. We do not have to wait until God dies in order to settle up His estate, because He does not die. We do not have to wait till we die to receive our inheritance, because that would be utter and sheer nonsense. We are entitled to ours now, and if we claim our rights we get them. But the fellow that sits back and says, I have to wait and die and go through this hell called death, will get nothing until he gets through. What he will get there I do not know; but he will get nothing here, and every time he makes a denial that so and so is not for him, he builds up a stone wall in front of him that bars his progress, because a man is the architect absolutely of his own condition. It is for you to know the Truth and the Truth will make you free.

Now, a word in regard to the knowledge and I will close, for this lecture is

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infinite in its space. The only way to know anything is to study it. This religion that comes through the emotions is absolutely worthless. It is worse than worthless, because it makes the fool who has it think he has something that he has not. You go into a schoolhouse, such as they used to have when I was a boy. Schoolhouses are fine places for meetings. You shut the door and the animal magnetism is thick enough to cut with a knife. You picture hell on one side and the friends who have gone before into a better place, and you would melt the heart of a stone. Here is Bill Smith sitting there, a rollicking sort of boy. He does not belong to any church; he has been known to play cards and has run a horse race once or twice. I used to go out in the barn on the hay mow and play cards, and I felt as though the devil was in the cards, and all those things. There is nothing in it. But here is the idea: This Bill Smith was one of that kind, everybody's thought was on Bill Smith, and Bill got all those thoughts. Bill knew that he was going to the devil, because he felt it right in his heart, and the first time they opened the altar for the mourners' bench, Bill went there and got down on his knees. Then they all rejoiced. It was but a very short time until Bill got the benefit of those good thoughts, and Bill would get up in a very few minutes and say, "I know I am converted, because I feel it here in my heart. The load is lifted."

Certainly, the load is lifted. It is lifted by natural law. It could not be any other way, but it is not religion. It has no more to do with religion than if religion never had been thought of—that is, religion that does you any good.

Talk about religion; religion itself is a contentious word. It has been so abused to cover up all kinds of deviltry in the history of man that I despise the word; but I say this true, God-loving, God-leading religion that takes you along the pathway of life and makes you a success, that has nothing to do with that other kind of religion.

The religion that does you good is the knowledge of the Truth, of who you are and who God is, your relations to Him and the relations of one to the other and these great number of fundamental principles. When you have these you have a religion that will make you grand, make you great, and make you good, and everything that you touch will make you success, because infinite Mind will guide you along the pathway of life forever and for aye.

MONUMENT TO THE SEA-GULL

When the pioneer Mormons settled in the Salt Lake Valley the grasshoppers devoured their crops, and the colony would have starved had not the gulls from Salt Lake flocked to the fields and devoured the pests. Naturally, the devout regarded it as a sign from Heaven that they had come to the chosen land, and their descendants intend fittingly to commemorate the miracle by erecting a $40,000 monument in honor of the sea-gull.

WE ARE ALL ONE

"God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
The mighty tide of Being flows
Through all its channels back to Thee.

"Thus round and round
Life's cycles run
In ceaseless rhythm back to God,
Till Consciousness enthroned proclaims,
'We all are *One,* from Sun to Sod.' "

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

AN EVENING PRAYER

With eyelids now closing in slumber
My blessings I gratefully number,
For courage, health, prosperity, love,
My heart freely offers thanks to God,
Under whose loving and watchful care
My life is protected everywhere.
Thus, dwelling in His Infinite Peace,
Every anxious thought I may release;
For tenderly brooding o'er my soul,
God strengthens, sustains and makes me whole.

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THE FACE AND THE FEELINGS

Barbara Boyd in Washington Post

The commuters of a small suburban town were waiting for the morning train to town. Having nothing better to do, they studied somewhat critically a couple who had just joined the little crowd on the platform.

The man's countenance fairly shrieked aloud with ill-nature, irritability, grouchiness, and all disagreeableness. "Speaking countenance" was no misnomer for that face, and what it told was certainly not pleasant to hear.

His wife had a forced, apologetic cheerfulness. She was evidently trying to bear up under the burden laid upon her, and to make the best of it.

"What must be the state of feelings inside of him to give a person a face like that?" asked one of the commuters of another.

What, indeed, must be the state of feelings of any one who goes around with a face like that?

Think of living perpetually in a state of irritability and ill-nature and grouchiness! Think of making every word you say a growl or a snarl! Think of believing that everything about the house and the coffee is wrong; that the housekeeper is wasteful, the cook the worst ever known, the stenographer the most careless, the office boy the laziest! If the sun shines the heat is awful; when it rains it's beastly to have to go about in the wet. Nothing is ever right! No doubt, the last suburb where this man lived wasn't fit for a decent person to reside in. And the one he has come to will probably be still worse.

He is not the only man who has this outlook on life. And there are plenty of women just like him—you have seen them. Their mouths turn down, and their faces are all discontented lines, and they have a querulous, complaining voice.

Meantime, the sun shines, or the silver rain comes down; the stars gleam softly, or fleecy, joyous clouds scud across the sky; flowers bloom, and babies show all their dimples when you chuck them under the chin; and there are hearty handclasps and loving greetings; and a thousand and one kindnesses are passed along of which you get your share. And lots of us find this a very agreeable world to live in, despite the fact that cooks cook badly and stenographers make mistakes, and office boys are lazy.

For these annoyances that happen along—and they happen to all of us—we build into our character, if we will let them, patience and sympathy, and the desire to help remedy mistakes and overcome ignorance and cure laziness.

And patience and sympathy and helpfulness, and all such traits, are much more desirable possessions than irritability and ill-nature and grouchiness.

Life has many kinds of things to offer us. But what we take depends upon ourselves.

This world is like a neglected garden—full of weeds. All the sorrows and crimes are due to weeds in the heart. There are a few gardeners trying to prune, and dig, and plant. All the beauty and joy in the world are the result of work—work for each other and in ourselves. A tree cannot bear fruit without effort.

If you hear evil, do not repeat it, for that is like giving water to the bulb beneath the soil; and we cannot tell what the growth will be.

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Evil versus Good

A Story, Full of Human Interest, of Conversion to Christian Science

IDELLA E. RADCLIFF, Dwight, Ill.

AND I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. St. Matthew, 16:18.

About twenty-eight years ago I began to study and read a little of Science as taught by Mrs. Eddy. Two years later I read a great deal, and twenty-three years ago began taking lectures of one of her students.

When I first heard of Bishop Sabin I had worn out three of the Science and Health books. One of them was ragged from handling and study. I used to be one of the Christian Science readers in their service for months at a time for eight years. Our attendance was about thirty and was made up of the wealthiest people of the town.

Jealousy began its work, and I decided to quit. They were talking of building a temple for the cause. But I stepped down and out, thinking they would not miss me as much while it was a little church as they would when it got to be a big one. I recall ten people who attended our services. They have passed out of this existence. They could build to the skies but it would fall, because they were building on sand, and discord and disaster destroyed it all within a few years. A church must build on the rock Christ else it cannot stand.

I began treating people directly after I took the lectures. Within a week I was doing for eight people, and in a year I was taking care of twenty patients a day, nearly all coming to my home for treatment and having to wait their turns to see me. Success crowned my every effort.

I made no charge and took no pay. Why? Because the Bible says the love of money is the root of all evil. But in going over my field of work and looking back I can see it is just as necessary to pay for the treatment as it is to receive pay for any other kind of work.

My husband at this time was taken with typhoid malarial fever and was sick four months, and a young man in the neighborhood was stricken with it the same time. He claimed he had no home because of a step-mother. We lived in Arkansas at this time, and every house had from one to three down with fever, and the doctor would fall asleep on the road between calls and drives, and would sleep while he made calls. The condition was such that for three or four months he scarcely ever got to bed, but traveled night and day. Fever took him finally. He could not stand the strain. There was fever everywhere.

The young man I speak of one day came hobbling across the prairie on a crutch to my home and said he:

"This neighbor over here has turned me out for fear I might get down sick. Mrs. Radcliff, if you will take me in and give me a home until I can work I will stay and do for you whatever work you have until you are satisfied."

I said: "All right, Joe, come in." He

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said: "You helped my eyes last Spring and I have faith in the treatment."

He went to bed and remained there four weeks before he could work.

I did not know there was such a law that it was "not safe to break a fever until twenty-one days" until I heard the doctor say so when my husband called him to take his case. My husband opposed Science until he had been sick four months, and I gave him his medicine every hour, night and day, the last month. Finally he said: "The doctor says I'm out of danger. I'm not going to live a week and I want you to sell what we have and get out of here."

I told him I could see a way to settle the doctor's bill and the grocery bill, but as to transportation I could not see where it was coming from. He said he wanted to be taken to the North to be buried. He was an only child, so I wrote his parents what he said; and they never answered my letter.

I wrote to my own people the same letter, and on came a check for $50, and in a few weeks on came another check for the same amount. Though my husband was sure he would die in a few days, we started North.

When we got to St. Louis he had three sinking spells in the depot waiting for our train. It seemed as though he would go in every one of them. Said he:

"I have no faith in Christian Science, but if you think you can help me now go ahead."

I turned his case over to a healer in Chicago, whose healing would be called by some miraculous, and in six weeks he looked as well as ever he did. The last four weeks we were in Arkansas all the food he ate put together would only make one square meal. After leaving there he had chills and fever, Spring and Fall, for a few years until he woke up to the fact that Science could help that belief, too.

He knew pneumonia was getting such a hold on him, and many died with it there, and eminent men in all walks of life were falling victims to it. It has been my experience that pneumonia yields sooner to the touch of Truth than any other belief that is called so dangerous. Thirty hours of continuous, faithful treatment should rout it, no matter how severe. But, remember, you must have a condition necessary for quick relief. In the first place, do not tell any one Christian Science has the case in charge; second, do not talk of the terrible nature of the disease, but wait on God to see what He will give you in reward for asking, seeking, knocking. Put everybody out of the house, so to speak.

The young man that was with us, he hauled our goods to town when we started North. He saw us on the train, and the last seen of him he was waving us a good-bye. He remained with us six weeks after he was able to work until we left.

When Christian Science finally did get my husband it made a great cleaning out. He gave up smoking. And he had another bad habit since he was fourteen years old that ruins many men, and he made up his mind to quit it, and with the aid of Science God has made him a perfectly temperate man. He has not used liquor for seventeen years.

During the first year of our stay in Arkansas we were on a farm of 240 acres and kept two hired men and three boarders, and with my husband making six, and every one of five of them had chills and fever, so that often one was not able to give the other a drink of

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water during haying season, which was May 1st, until October 1st. At times they could work two or three days and then down again. The latter part of this Summer my husband was taken with a spell and it lasted eight hours. He became stiff, cold and unconscious, and to all appearances looked like one having passed on. Two young men were with me. They suggested that we wring out hot blankets and apply, put him in them, and we kept this up for hours and with no results whatever. We rubbed him almost constantly. Finally, one of them suggested that we hold a mirror over his mouth, and after fifteen minutes the slightest respiration formed on the glass and the men said there was life. Finally, he came to. He said he could not remember one thing during that time. I know positively God saved him, through my child-like, simple asking for help, not knowing how to formulate a treatment at that time. The doctor could not be found. He was down in the swamps somewhere; but when told what my husband's condition had been he said: "Why, he had a congestive chill." Whatever it was I do not ever want to see another like it. A Mennonite minister lived less than a half a mile from us (our nearest neighbor). Said he:

"Mrs. Radcliff, you have done more than any other two women on this prairie this Summer, and you don't get down."

I called him by name and said: "Mr. Knepp, don't you know women don't have time to be sick if they live in God?"

Enough has been done in my family to convert the world to Christian Science and Evangelical Christian Science, and still people say: "What have they done? What are they doing?"

INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM vs. A PLEDGE

He had often taken the pledge to drink no more, and was a good example of what that sort of wisdom can do for a man—for a man with anything short of an iron will. The system is wrong in two ways: it does not strike at the root of the trouble, for one thing, and to make a *pledge* of any kind is to declare war against nature; for a pledge is a chain that always is clanking and reminding the wearer of it that he is not a free man. The root is not the *drinking* but the *desire* to drink. These are very different things. The one merely requires will—and a great deal of it, both as to bulk and staying capacity—the other merely requires watchfulness—and for no long time. The desire precedes the act and should have one's first attention; it can do but little good to refuse to act over and over again, and leave the *desire* unmolested, unconquered; the desire will continue to assert itself and will be almost sure to win in the long run. When desire intrudes, it should at once be banished out of the mind. One should be on the watch for it all the time—otherwise it will get *in*. It must be taken in time and not allowed to get a lodgment. A desire constantly repulsed for a fortnight should die then. That should cure the drink habit. The system of refusing the mere *act* of drinking and leaving the *desire* in full force is unintelligent war tactics, it seems to me.—*Mark Twain "Following the Equator."*

There is no road to success but through a clear, strong purpose. A purpose underlies character, culture, position, attainment of whatever sort. —*T. T. Munger.*

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Co-operation

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS, Philadelphia, Pa.

A LARGE majority of people are searching for happiness along the lines of receptivity alone, feasting here and there upon what they think will contribute directly to their comfort and welfare; holding on to mental and material possessions with the hope of ever securing more nourishment and satisfaction for themselves thereby, not realizing that the only way to constantly receive is to give out, in order to make room for a larger supply.

Water, to be kept fresh and wholesome, must be permitted to flow. A bucket or pool of water which is not frequently replenished, grows foul and murky. Nature is ceaselessly changing, and renewing, and nothing is permitted to remain stationary.

There are armies of scavengers ever at work, absorbing whatever they find in a state of stagnation, showing us the necessity of activity and change.

Every inlet must have an outlet, and if we would realize the gratification of an abundant life, we must make room for the increase, by keeping the path by which it comes free from obstruction. In order to enjoy to the fullest capacity all the delights which have been created for us, we must share our blessings with others. In this way alone will they increase.

We must make our joy and health contagious, and always enlarge our capacity to receive by giving to others. The impersonal love of God must flood our souls and radiate from us, so that our very presence will reflect it wherever we go.

If we hold our minds open to receive impressions and give them out, we make room for more ourselves, but we cannot limit our capacity to receive by holding on to what we have.

Every phase of life represents ceaseless change and activity, and old conditions give way to the new. If we do not, therefore, give the forces of expression the freedom of flowing through us, on into the universe, we hold at bay a power that will soon overcome us.

A life of co-operative usefulness is therefore necessary in order to keep in rhythm with the governing principles of existence. We are free to choose any avenue we desire for the outlet of our genius or diversion, but if we would thrive we must find an outlet for the active currents of thought flowing through us.

It is dangerous to consider the possibility of living to hoard, or to indulge in any form of selfish accumulation. The universe always claims for its own all that we cannot utilize for our growth and development.

Whenever we do not keep the path of universal energy open, we find ourselves confronted by pitfalls of adversity, ill-health and depression.

God chooses to be the custodian of all we cannot utilize and convert into channels of active usefulness. This does not imply that man is not entitled to all he can use for every necessity of his being and for the perfection of his unfoldment.

We are not denied the privilege of wealth or abundance, and are free to

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draw on the universal supply for all that we require for the full expression of life, but it is given us to use, and not to hoard.

Our lives are ours to employ as we choose, but we must not forfeit our right to them by permitting our ideas to ferment, stagnate, or decay, for lack of co-operation.

Rest as well as activity is necessary for every one, but any form of inertia will be overcome by the urge of life, which insists upon keeping its avenues open for the benefit of all.

"All of God's children are stars, you know,
Showing the light of His love,
And every one can shine as true
As the Heavenly hosts above.
Whatso'er thou lovest
That become thou most,
God, if God thou lovest;
Dust, if thou lovest dust."

DON'T TELL YOUR TROUBLES

It never pays to tell your troubles; and there are several reasons why. In the first place, the more you speak or think of your troubles, the more attention you give them; and we always give added life to those things that receive our attention. And in the second place, you can never half finish telling your troubles before your friends will begin to shower their own tales of woe upon you. Then how sorry you will be that you started such a gloomy and unfortunate conversation.

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.

ADVICE

If you wish to be known as a strong man, make it a point never to take any more advice from others than necessary. The more advice you take, the more dependent you become; and the more dependent you become, the weaker you become. And the reason why can readily be seen by everybody.

The weak man listens to, and considers, every suggestion that his friends may offer—friends, who, as a rule, know nothing whatever about the needs of his business or his life; and to please them all, he tries to act upon as much of their advice as possible. The result is that he not only carries out a number of useless plans, but gets into the habit of going to other minds for his ideas, thereby atrophying the creative powers of his own mind.

The strong man pays little attention to free advice, or well meant suggestions "for your own good"—suggestions that usually lead to your own undoing. When he wants advice he goes to those who know, and he pays full price for what he receives. As a rule, however, he does not require the opinions of others in his own business. He knows what he wants to do and accomplish. And he also knows that the secret is to go and do it. Accordingly, he acts upon these convictions, not in a half-hearted manner but with all the force and power in his possession.

And when we are given the privilege to examine the results of his work, we know that such work can proceed only from the efforts of a strong man. The mark is there, clearly visible to everybody.

What comes hard is what we never forget.

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THE DUNMOW FLITCH

Dr. Frank Crane

On the 5th day of August since the year 1111, with some intermissions, in the town of Dunmow, in Essex, England, the custom has prevailed of presenting a flitch of bacon to any married couple who can establish to the satisfaction of a jury of spinsters and bachelors that they have lived together in entire harmony for a year and a day:

Nor since you were married man and wife,
By household brawls or contentious strife
Or otherwise at bed or at board
Offended each other in deed or word,
Or in a twelvemonth and a day
Repented not in thought any way;
Or since the church clerk said Amen
Wished yourselves unmarried again,
But continue true and in desire
As when you joined hands in holy quire.

The Dunmow Flitch points out a well known law of marriage, that the first year is usually the most trying.

Marriage is an art. It has to be learned. The first steps are likely to be awkward. And those whose first year is turbulent should not despair, for some of the happiest pairs have learned how to live together only after most bitter and discouraging experiment.

Marriage is an art, just as life itself is an art. The stronger, richer and more positive and individual the personalities, the more clashes are bound to arise. And the most ideal marriages are not those where there have never been any misunderstandings, but those where there have been many, and where differences have been adjusted with patience, loyalty and self-control.

Love is not enough. It seems enough at first, so blinding is it and great and wonderful. But it is soon discovered that love is no more nor less than cosmic force; it is personal dynamic, life energy, the creative radioactivity of soul and body.

And like every other force, like fire, steam, and electricity, it may be destructive if it is handled in ignorance, and useful if used with intelligence.

Any one can love—all one needs is to grow to the age when life passional forces develop—but there are comparatively few who ever really learn how to love, learn the rare art of loving.

If I were to give a flitch of bacon to the most successful married couple I would not make my present at the end of the first year, but at the end of the twenty-fifth; and I would declare:

"It matters not how many differences you have had, nor whether connubial weather with you has always been calm or often squally, I would set but one test: Has your experiment brought you nearer together or caused you to drift farther apart?"

CATS IN ENGLAND

Huxley once stated that the prestige of England on sea and land depended on the old maids of England, and for why? Because the maiden sisterhood cared for innumerable cats. The cats destroyed the field-mice and so the mice could not destroy the bumblebees, and without the bees no clover could be grown. And no clover, no good English beef, and therefore no English yeomen to man the ships or fight on land and sea for the great nation on whose possessions the sun never sets and whose war drums are heard around the world.

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Heaven

It is Here Now, with All Its Beauty and Its Harmony

HEAVEN is here with all its beauty and its harmony, and the way of its opening and revelation to all is through the desire that not one but shall return to the Eden whence they came. In seeing that God's world is the only one that has ever been made, one knows that where thorns appear, roses really are; and as justification for thorns passes away the thorns themselves will finally disappear.

It is because evil has been believed in as a reality, that ascetics and other good people have felt that the thorns were a necessity to keep them true, or to punish them for their past errors. This is shown very plainly in the history of the early Christians, who, in order to overcome their carnal desires, often put themselves through severe experiences, even feeling that the miseries and the punishment saved them from worse conditions. Thus, Benedict is said to have rolled himself in a bed of thorns, trying to overcome the carnal nature which beset him so severely, and years afterward another saintly character came to the cave where Benedict had lived, and gazing upon the thorny bushes just outside in which Benedict had often rolled himself, stretched forth his hands and blessed them, and thereupon every thorn turned into a rose. Thus it is that we may bless the thorns that have goaded our sides and no longer resist them, and also we can realize that they are not a necessity for our spiritual ongoing; and while we bless them they will be transformed before passing out of our experience. Then our pathway is the way of roses in which there are no thorns. "All the way to Heaven is Heaven," declares Canon Farrar, and "Wisdom's way is peace, and all her paths are pleasantness," therefore there are no thorns with the Christ of the Resurrection. Our crown of thorns becomes a diadem and we "forget our miseries and remember them as waters that pass away," believing that the Truth is quite sufficient to save us from all further mistakes and from reaping the consequences of those of the past.

The Truth is, that God's grace fills our whole being now, and there is no presence or power working in and through us, and our lives, but Heaven's own goodness and sweetness; that there is nothing in any one else that can approach us but the purest and highest; that the oil of peace smoothes all our way and friction has utterly passed, because there is nothing but God; there is nothing but love and life, health and happiness, peace and purity and blessing in every form.

We live in the Kingdom of Heaven now. We are not making it. It is here, and all its laws are harmonious, and all its fruits are divinely pleasant, without any bitterness or even memory of wrong in them.

We have turned from the bitter fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, to the fruit of the immortal tree of God's presence and power; and, ceasing to eat of the forbidden experiences in the realm of opposites, our life is a joy, full of the care-free blessings

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of youth, the conscious fullness of God's beauty and holiness. All our world bursts forth into bloom, and where thorns were thickest, there joys now abound. And with this outlook, all fear and resistance toward the hard experiences of mortality pass from us, and free in mind, we are forever free in the outer expression.—*The Master Mind.*

THE WALKING HABIT

Two young women are reported to have walked home from a vacation resort up state "as a joke." The distance was eighteen miles, and the pedestrians reported at their homes "tired but feeling fine." The incident is valuable particularly as calling fresh attention to the advantages of walking as a means of exercise. What these young women did as a joke, to a limited extent might be done profitably by nine-tenths of city dwellers with great good and enlarged degree of health and physical soundness. It is only repeating what has been said often before that people who live and work in the city walk too little, and that many of the ills of life grow out of a disinclination to exercise this helpful method of locomotion. With increasing invention in the field of transportation walking is growing less and less popular. Street cars, automobiles, motorcycles and even the strenuous bicycle may be found at one's convenience as a daily substitute for the homely, natural old method of walking.

Physicians tell us that as a result the atrophying process in man's organic structure has gained wonderful headway in all our cities. There is really no substitute for walking as a means of helpful exercise. No other system of physical culture calls into play under such stimulating conditions the various organs and muscles of the human body. Persons whose daily duties require them to remain seated or standing indoors all day should profit by the example of the returning vacationists alluded to. Get out and walk a little every day! If only for a few miles, the results will be quickly beneficial. Of course, walking in the open country is preferable, and the early morning and evening hours are best, but if these things cannot be combined, walk in the city and give the cramped limbs and muscles a chance to expand and allow the blood circulation to become uniform!

MAN MUST BE FREE

The commonwealth of man can only be established on individual liberty. The nation can only be as free as its individual members are free. Any system which seeks to curb or control the individual in the exercise of any real right to live his life according to the dictates of his own mind and conscience, will never make for true or lasting freedom for the nation, because the chain can be no stronger than its weakest link. Through free and unrestricted individual development men and women will come sooner to see their real relationship to the rest of humanity, and with such knowledge a new social order will be established. Not one brought about through Church, civic or national compulsion, but one wherein there exists a real co-operation, one wherein the individual sees that his highest good shall be best realized through his efforts to help others.

Live only today, one step at a time. Tomorrow has not yet dawned.

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Learn to Forget

IF there's one thing the busy woman ought to know better than another it's how to take her mind off her work, says a writer in the Kansas City *Star*.

No one can go on treading the same round day and night without suffering for it. You can't treat your mind as though it were a captive squirrel and set it to twirling a wheel for exercise, no matter how important it may be to turn that wheel. What is good for the squirrel will be madness for you. The more your mind has to carry, the less you can afford to keep it constantly at it.

There is an old story to the effect that a certain mathematician, when completely stumped by some problem, would lay the whole thing aside and go calmly to sleep. In the morning he would awaken to find that the subconscious part of his brain had been working on at the problem and had solved it while he slept.

We want to realize that the brain has laws of its own, laws we should respect, and that will help us if we give them a chance. If something has bothered you all day at the office, there's no manner of use in running over and over the same ground when you get away. You just tire yourself out to no purpose. When the time comes for you to quit work quit it entirely. Don't leave part of yourself still on the job.

It's all a matter of training, and it is difficult at first. You will have to take yourself in hand sternly, but you will win. If, when you turn homeward you find yourself milling along over the past hours and fretting at this or that obstacle, re-writing letters, worrying over that uncompleted task, or kicking at the way you did another, why, stop it. Take your mind off, as you might take a naughty child by the hand and lead it away. Lead it wherever you choose, so long as the environment is new and has nothing to do with what worries you. Plan a new dress, study out your vacation schemes, think up a party you mean to give, turn to a book or go to a play or talk over with a friend some of her affairs; do any of a thousand things, but simply refuse to allow your mind to fret and fume and work over the day's happenings.

You will soon get better control of your mind, and be able, when you close your desk after your day's labor, to turn with a fresh, free mind to other things in life. If, as will and should occasionally happen, certain problems arise in your working hours that require careful thinking out, give up a definite time in your off hours to settling them. But refuse to waste yourself and your time in mere muddling over things without, as the farmer said, getting any "forrader." For that is what tires you out and your mind. Good, straightforward thinking never hurt anybody. But teach yourself, as soon as you begin work, to take your mind off. Make it heed the word of command—and you'll keep for long your freshness of mind and body.

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A TWO-HORSE STORY

I was standing near the curbing of a street in one of our neighboring towns some time ago, when an automobile stopped close to the sidewalk.

In a few moments I saw a horse approaching, harnessed to a large dray. Seated high above the body of the vehicle was the colored driver.

The horse showed signs of uneasiness, and when very near the automobile it became quite fearful, so much so that the driver came down from the high seat, walked up to the horse's head and turned it toward the machine. He then patted the animal and talked to it in a way that had the effect of calming its fears, and soon it followed him a few steps, after which he climbed again to his seat and the horse went on as if nothing had happened.

Soon another horse came along with a white driver, a strong, muscular man, with a whip and an enormous amount of human will power to use it with. This horse, a fine looking animal, also balked when it neared the machine. The driver, instead of trying to help the horse overcome the fear by talking sensibly and patting it kindly, just whipped the horse severely, turning, it seemed, much of his angry will power into using the whip. Finally, after much time had been lost in beating the horse, he turned it around and, driving it again to the machine several times, the animal, almost desperate, dashed by the machine and went on up the street by no means in a very good humor.

Both horses were frightened and were unwilling to go too near a thing that seemed dangerous and that they did not understand. Of course, it was natural that they should try to avoid the machine.

Both men had a problem to solve—how to get the horse by the automobile. Each man got the answer to his problem, and each man was a different man and each horse a different horse afterwards.

The first man used his intelligence as kindly and as patiently as he could to make the dumb animal understand there was no danger in passing. The animal seemed to understand, and horse and driver went by, each better for the experience; the man was kinder and had more faith in kind intelligence even when used upon the animal world, and the horse had overcome another fear and was hence a better and more useful horse with a better feeling toward his driver. This man solved his problem by thoughtful action.

The second man used his unintelligent human will power, and beat his horse by the automobile, without trying to strengthen by patience and kindness the intelligence which the animal had already shown in being afraid of the strange looking object. This horse and driver went by also, but each worse off for his experience; the man was less kind and had even more faith in unintelligent brute force, while the horse still had fear of automobiles and a stronger fear at that, because he would expect a whipping whenever he would see one, and those fears made him a less reliable and less useful horse.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

The greatest center of attraction in the world is life. All things tend to gravitate towards those places or institutions that contain the most life. The same law holds true with the individual. The moment a man becomes thoroughly alive, everything begins to come his way.

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NEW THOUGHT

New Thought does not come to supersede or to destroy the Christian faith as presented to the world by its Founder. It is not in any way at variance with the spirit of Christianity, but simply seeks to fulfill the vital truths that Jesus taught 1900 years ago. New Thought comes rather to re-present the great fundamental truths that Jesus not only taught but lived, and to show that what is most needed today is not so much a theoretical as an applied Christianity. Living the Christ life is not a mere conformity to creed or form, but being animated by the same Spirit, and the giving of loving service to one's fellowmen, we thus demonstrate in an outer way the truth of the inner Spirit.

New Thought recognizes that all people and all religions are in different stages of growth and evolution, and that every stage in human development being a necessary stage, should be recognized as such; therefore, New Thought does not make war against anyone's religion. It recognizes the absolute right not only of religious bodies but of individuals to work out their plan of Life according to the knowledge of which they may be possessed. There can, therefore, be no spirit of judgment, controversy or condemnation of any other body of people, even though they are in apparent opposition to what New Thought teaches.

The truest teaching is living; and the primary philanthropy is to live a good life.—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

There is enough good in even the worst man to reform the world.—*Lincoln Steffens.*

IMMENSE HARM DONE BY FEVER-KILLERS

The immense amount of harm and mischief done by only three of the anti-pyretics or fever-killers, acetanilid, antipyrin, and phenacetin, may be surmised from the information obtained by the United States Bureau of Chemistry, according to which the cases recorded in medical literature during the years 1884 to 1907, and data reported by 925 physicians, amounted to 1,669 cases of poisoning, 54 cases of death, and 169 cases of habitual use. "How many such cases have in all probability been observed by the 125,000 physicians scattered throughout the United States?" adds the report, speaking of these drugs as "poisons in the true sense of the word." Think of the appalling dangers of these drug poisons, and imagine the poor, suffering patient expecting to get a remedy, instead of which he is endangering his life! It is preposterous to think that such practice of wholesale-poisoning is not only tolerated, but protected by law in any civilized country. For these reports "show that in more than one-half of the cases of poisoning the drugs were taken by direction of a physician," who is licensed to administer poison, while the other half of these cases were simply the result of this medical practice of prescribing poisons as remedies!

Look within your own soul and see the face of God; but yet, better than that, look within the soul of your brother and see God there *first.—Frank Harrison.*

Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. —*Emerson.*

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How Billy Pig Worked

"BILLY PIG," said his mother one morning, "if you will not go to school and study, you must work. I want you to go out in the orchard and gather the apples under the trees; put them in a pile. Then you are to weed the garden at the end of the orchard."

"That is an awful lot of work to ask a fellow to do," said Billy Pig, beginning to cry. "I don't want to do it. Billy Goat does not have to work. He can run about all day. Why can't I?"

"I do not care if Billy Goat is a lazy fellow," answered his mother, "you are going to work if I can make you. Now, run along quick before I cut a switch from the bush by the door and tingle your legs."

Billy Pig did not reply to this. He ran, but he grumbled all the way, and when he reached the orchard he looked about at all the apples. "What a lot of work to ask a little fellow like me to do," he said, then he looked through a hole in the stone wall.

There was Billy Goat grazing out in the middle of the next lot and not doing a stroke of work. Billy Pig stole softly back to the tree and began to work. He had though of something that made him laugh as he worked.

He piled the good apples under the tree and all the bad ones he carried over by the stone wall. There were a great many of them, and the more he found of the bad ones, the more Billy Pig laughed. Once he lay down on the ground and rolled over, he was so pleased at something he was thinking about.

"That Billy Goat will get paid back now," he said. "I'll teach him that he can't butt me over a stone wall without getting paid back," and then Billy Pig laughed again.

He ran to the garden at the end of the orchard and looked at the weeds. "Uh!" he grunted, "it will take a long time to get them all out, and Billy Goat might be so far away from the wall that I could not reach him. I will pay him back first and then I will weed this garden."

He ran back to the wall where the bad apples were and he could see Billy

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Goat resting not far away. Billy Pig took as many of the bad apples as he could hold and stood on tip toes; then he aimed an apple at Billy Goat and before Billy Goat could get upon his feet splash went another and another, striking him right on the head. The juice of the apples ran down Billy Goat's face, and he winked and blinked to get it out of his eyes. When at last he could see he looked in all directions, but no one was in sight.

Billy Goat did not think of Billy Pig. He thought of some bad boys that he knew and turned first one way and then another as fast as he could, hoping to catch them looking over the wall.

Billy Pig was watching him through the wall and laughing so hard that he had to fill his mouth with grass so Billy Goat could not hear him.

After a while Billy Goat walked to another part of the lot and stretched out on the grass, but no sooner had he done so than splash! splash! splash! came more bad apples, this time right on his back.

"Ah, ah!" said Billy Goat; "they are on the other side of that fence. "I'll scare them," and he held his head low and ran toward the wall where Billy Pig was hiding. Billy Pig was laughing, for Billy Goat looked very funny covered with the juice of the apples, and his white coat looked mussy and stained. But Billy Pig stopped laughing and ran when he saw Billy Goat coming toward him, and he did not stop until he reached the garden at the end of the orchard, where he hid under the weeds. Billy Goat listened when he reached the stone wall, but he did not hear a sound, so he stood on his hind legs and looked over.

He did not see the boys, as he had expected, but he did see the bad apples, for Billy Pig had not had time to use all of them.

"That is funny," said Billy Goat; "this is Billy Pig's orchard, and I wonder who put all those apples there." Then he saw something that made him jump over the wall. He had seen footprints in the soft ground and he looked very close. "Oh! Oh!" he said, following the prints until he came to the garden, then he stood still and sniffed.

Billy Pig was trembling so that the weeds moved, and with one bound Billy Goat was upon him. He butted poor Billy Pig from under the weeds and then out into the orchard and rolled him over and over in the wet earth until he looked like a black pig instead of a white one.

Billy Pig escaped at last and he ran for home squealing all the way. His mother heard him and came to the door.

"What in the world is the matter and where have you been? You look like a tramp pig," she said.

"That bad Billy Goat butted me into the mud," said Billy Pig.

"What made you go over in his lot?" asked his mother.

"I didn't," replied Billy Pig. "He came over in my orchard."

After much questioning, his mother got the whole story.

"You bad fellow," she said, taking Billy Pig by the ear; "you thought it was too much work for you to pick up apples and weed the garden, but you worked very hard to make two piles of apples and carried some of them quite a distance to do something you should not do. If you would work as hard trying to do right as you do trying to do wrong, you would be a smart fellow,

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instead of a lazy, troublesome Billy Pig."

Then she gave him a good scrubbing and sent him to bed, and the next day he had to work all day in the garden to finish the weeding.

To Tell 'Em Fairy Tales

Playground Worker Will Go From Step to Step

FAIRIES are real enough at all times to joyous hearts and minds of childhood. Now the little children of Baltimore's poorer sections are to have a "real, live fairy" to tell them wondrous tales of fairies and fairy folk, of woods and hills, of mountains and streams, of fairies that are halfway real, such as the folklore heroes and of fairies pure and simple that are to be found in the pages of Anderson and Grimm.

All this delight is to come through the energies of the Playground Association, which feels that there are many children outside the radius of the playgrounds and even beyond the call of the play centers, and that these must have some of the benefits and pleasures which the Playground Association represents to childhood.

So, next week will find the "step stories" a thing of reality, and the good fairy, whose magic powers will open the storehouses of history and fiction to the boys and girls, will be Miss Julia Cobb, one of the regular "story tellers" who now goes to the playgrounds and charms the children with beloved "stories."

It is but harking back to the olden times, when bards and minstrels sang or chanted tales to all who cared to stop in the highways to listen, or, like the professional story tellers who still wend their way through the highways of Japan and India, fascinating and wonderful with their strange tales.

The modern story teller of Baltimore is a dainty, winsome girl, who will come in the freshness of the morning to the most congested districts of the city. She will stop wherever a conveniently broad step or stone may be found, where she can sit or stand with room for her audience around her, and then she will tell the children fairy tales, perhaps two or three, perhaps more, and then, like the wandering minstrel, will move on to another place or step and a new audience.

A WRONG TO CHILDREN

"Nature never rhymes her children, nor makes two men alike." So says Emerson, and the mothers of young families might do no worse than take this saying as a nursery motto.

It is curious how few parents, comparatively, realize the wisdom of this, and consequently how many homes are marred and rendered unproductive by being made "forcing" instead of "temperate" houses for the young lives they contain.

The creeds, ideas, thoughts and caprices of the parents are forced on the child; he is molded or "patterned" by the parent, according to that parent's standards. He is taught to be like this person, or that, to take such a one for his example and object of imitation.

He either becomes a nonentity, or, when he finds that his shape is unfitted for the parental mold, he rebels, and then parent and child become antagonistic one to the other.

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THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet,
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person can climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a ginger-bread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that ginger-bread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me,
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

—*Eugene Field.*

STILL YOU SING ON

Where hidden beds of purple violets dye
The woodland nooks, and daisies star the slopes;
And how the languid sun of summer gropes
Through morning mists,—who knows but you and I?

Who hears strange secrets passed from tree to tree
When the slim eucalyptus sways and weaves,
And sees each day, those quaint long finger-leaves
Reach down to coax and wheedle you and me?

Yes, we know tangled vines, tryst-places, too—
Imprisoned joys unloosed by the first rain
That answer to the moist wind's soft refrain—
We know them all and love them, I and you.

Then there are days when lightnings pierce the sky,
And stealthy shadows creep across the grass—
Ah, close they cling and chill us ere they pass—
Still you sing on, dear bird, then why not I?

—*Susanna Drake Bishop.*

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I Am the Power

JOHN MILTON SCOTT in "Practical Ideals"

I AM power. I am power to think through the activities of this earth, finding the truth, bringing it home, enriching the habitation of my soul with its white splendors and coruscations of an infinite charm. The truth within me shines unto the truth without, and it is light. I am at dawn, and all my earth is rejoicing in fullness of life.

I am power to love through all the prejudices and angers and hatreds and indifferences in this human world, and win unto myself "the soul of good from out things ill." I love the indifferent into action, and they are my rejoicing fellows. I love out anger, being the soft answer that turneth away wrath, and have my response in a smiling face and in a soul that sweeter is because I radiate the beams of constant love. I overcome prejudice with love, and together my brother and I follow in the ways of eternal and rejoicing principle. I love my enemies into friends and the world of men is so richer and the heart of God so happier.

I am power to love, and to think, and my being lies within that power as an earth within the sun. I am ensphered. I move through the Power Divine. I thrill into lives. I brood unto wings. There are great mountains and seas. I am a fruitful earth. I am an earth in the dawn. I am an earth in its summer. I am a full-orbed soul rounding for ever and ever beneath the Mother Eyes of the Eternal Love.

I am power to become my ideal. The might in me actualizes my ideal. In all my inwardness I realize that ideal. In all my outwardness I express it. Within my ideal I glow. From out my ideal I radiate. I am irresistible. I enchant. I thrill with ecstasies. I bless. I ennoble. No one can come within my sphere without a quickening. The dynamic of me is electrical, enlightens, empowering. I woo from all lives their secrets. I win from all things their souls. Everything gives of itself to me, as unto everything I give of myself. Together so we enrich. We grow great. The infinite divine shines within us; and in the glow of growth the Divine Meanings of me and of all clear in a speech that is the soul of all eloquence.

I am power with God; for I have power from God. His power enfolds and fills me. In it I live and move and have my being. In Him I think true. In Him I Love wise. With His Divine Spirit I am surcharged and empowered. I am created new. I create new. It is a new heaven and a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness. It is the Power Eternal of Being; and in it I am. And what is there more but to realize being eternal and live life without end?

Though we have many friends, yet there is a supreme isolation of the soul. We meet, talk and pass on. What does speech matter? Though we be fast friends, you know no more of me than I choose to give you, nor I of you.

It is because of hunger that we love food.—*Thomas Dreier.*

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FEAR AND THE WARRIOR

Fear is a traitor that unbars the portals of the House of Life, leaving it open to the enemies that lie lurking round its citadel. Like water through a broken dam they stream through the unguarded opening, issuing from the secret places of the mind, ghosts of old sins and half-forgotten deeds of shame. Pale phantoms of the inglorious past, they cry their soundless menaces; they whisper doubts that sink into the heart, they bring despondency and paralyze the will, making it impotent. Fear is the child of selfishness, born of the misused powers of the soul and man's deadliest enemy, the archtraitor that in the guise of wisdom, caution, or experience, betrays the mind, chilling the bold heart's courage, hindering action with suggestions of delay, till the time is past for action. Fear kills the will like a slow poison breathed into the mind filling all the chambers of the House of Life with vapors fatal to all noble thoughts or deeds.

Beware of fear. Beware of self-mistrust. Respect yourself. Summon the Warrior who is Thyself. He is the sunlight and the joy of Life; the ghosts of old evils fade before the light in which he lives. He is thy true self, and will come to be thy champion if thou canst make thy voice heard in the innermost recesses of thine own heart. There he dwells apart waiting and listening for the call to action that shall end his long imprisonment within the sanctuary of the human heart. Let him some forth and take his rightful place as regent and ruler of the will, the Self divine, the Warrior, the King enthroned within the House of Life, the perfect Man, the flower of the Tree of Life.

LITTLE RULES OF HEALTH

Learn the value of water. It is nature's restorer. Bathe daily, and drink water many times daily.

Court the sunlight. A germ is as afraid of the sun as a murderer of a policeman. Shut out light and you shut out health.

Do not overeat. We sigh for a good appetite when most of us should be sighing for a moderate one. Dyspepsia follows close on gorging.

Never dread fresh air. We have outlived the day when a draught was to be shunned. A stuffy room or an indoor life is equally disgraceful.

Don't be lazy. The lazy person lacks energy to keep in good health; it is too much trouble to exercise, eat properly, even take to proper health precautions.

Don't eat too much meat. That way lie rheumatism, gout and uric acid. One need not be a vegetarian, but remember there are no greater blood purifiers than greens and unstarchy vegetables.

Exercise. You do not expect your brain to keep going without exercise; why ask it of your body? The girl who sits still most of her hours and sleeps all night hunts the doctor.

Don't confound walking with dawdling. A long walk that stirs the blood is health-giving, a long dawdle leaves you tired.

Be as a little child eager to learn, and you will have the world as your schoolroom and all that is in it your material for study. Then the Holy Spirit, the interpreter within you, will lead you unto all Truth.

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.—*Dr. Johnson.*

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THE MODERN CRAZE FOR BEAUTY

Dr. Frank T. Crane

"Poor thing," wrote a woman to me, speaking of a young girl in whom we were both interested, a girl of talent and spirit and little money. Poor thing! I feel sorry for her. She so loves pretty things, and I don't see where she is going to get them."

The poor thing in question had merely the spirit of her age. One of the strongest traits of the present younger generation is a fierce craving for beauty.

People want to be beautiful as they never longed for personal charm before. I cannot believe our great-grandparents felt the chagrin of an unattractive face as keenly as our children feel it.

The world today wants beautiful things more than the world of yesterday. Not only do women crave pretty clothes and furniture and back yards, but men wish more beauty in the office and the workshop.

You do not understand this in the least if you interpret it to mean merely a lust for luxury, a spendthrift craze for show. It is not that, it is the forth-putting of an indestructible human instinct, which has long been repressed by other forces and is now asserting itself.

The nineteenth century was the most wonderful of all the forty centuries or so humanity has existed. It was marked by the advance of science, the rapid development of democracy, the final emancipation from hierarchy, the decay of war, the unprecedented growth of commercialism and the accumulation of wealth.

It was also probably the ugliest century since the Stone Age.

The Greeks carried the expression of beauty very far. Roman life may have been cruel, but it was not unpleasing to the eye in its costumes and buildings, and medievalism was as picturesque as it was dirty. But the nineteenth century was just plain ugly the world over.

The mind of man cannot conceive an artistically more absurd dress than a silk hat, dress suit and patent leather shoes, wherein a man arrays himself when he wants to be at his best.

Of women's attire I shall say nothing, being a prudent man, and married.

All modern cities are utterly inartistic, all villages violate every canon of good taste, and not content with that, we daub the landscape with hideous splotches of red and yellow billboards.

Now, human nature cannot endure this. It cannot go on indefinitely making money, amassing facts and merely getting on. It has beauty hunger in it.

Slowly that beauty hunger is beginning to show itself.

We are getting more beautiful chairs, tables, houses, streets and bric-a-brac.

The progress is painfully slow and difficult to discern, but there is progress.

When the great spirit of democracy steadies itself and gets over its youthful crudities and excesses, it will express its private and public life in clothes, dwellings and cities far more beautifully than the Greek, Roman or medieval spirit ever did, because it is intrinsically a far more beautiful spirit than theirs.

"The richest person is the one who is constantly spending himself, while the miser of time and strength starves his own soul."

Do more than you are paid to do, and you will soon be paid more for what you do.

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AS WE MEDITATE WE PICTURE FORTH

What we meditate upon we picture forth, and those mentalities with which we associate ourselves determine the dominant trend of our thoughts and feelings for the time being. A lady, desirous of becoming a literary critic, had been advised to take one standard author and study him thoroughly, until his style should become perfectly familiar to her. Then this would be a criterion by which to judge all others. She chose George Eliot (Marian Evans) and studied her works, style and history exclusively. The lady herself was of a sunny, optimistic nature, but she had not studied George Eliot long before she found herself sad and pessimistic habitually, and the more she studied, the more skeptical and gloomy she grew. She wondered at herself, and one day awoke to the fact that the description of George Eliot's habitual state of mind was a record of her own newly-acquired mental condition. Thereupon, she ceased her literary association with that great woman, much as she admired her, and returned to her own bright philosophy of hope, satisfied that she had been paying too high a price for her education as a critic.

New Thought is not a church, a cult or a sect. It recognizes no limitations of any kind, creates no barriers between man and man; it asks no allegiance to creed, form or personality; it is as much for one race as for another. It neither judges nor condemns, but recognizes God as all in all and declares that throughout the vast Universe His Law of Love rules supreme and that he who lives in the Spirit of Love fulfills the perfect Law.—*Practical Ideals.*

THE NEW MAGIC

A herd of reindeer tramples the Lapland snows; a polar bear leaps from a hummock of ice and dives into the Arctic seas; a moth breaks its cocoon, dries its tender wings a moment in the sun and essays its first flight; a water beetle darts upon a snake, sinks its forceps below the head and clings to the threshing, maddened reptile while a hundred fellows join the attack and strike until a mortal spot is reached; an otter sneaks up on a rock, slashes a cruel paw into the stream and a quivering bass lies at his feet.

What wonderful stories are depicted in the moving picture films.

The Magic Carpet is outdone. Day by day the creatures of the wild are captured in their haunts and led before us. Kings ride to be crowned; Moorish potters whirl their wheels. The mystic Nile flows in the glow of the dying sun; shadowy camels pace her banks; pyramid and Sphinx stand ghostly in the dusk. Italian soldiers fire from their trenches. A battle fleet steams out to sea while you lean at your ease and with a talismanic dime command the world to disclose its mysteries and parade its races. Small wonder that the modern child holds fairy tales in slight esteem.

The man who is always behind should begin reforming his day. If he spends too much of one day in lagging work he has stolen something from the next, and as he keeps up these thefts he gets farther and farther behind. Finish up the day's work if it half kills you. If you are a procrastinator and want to reform, get into the habit of finishing up the day's work, and the work of the months and years will take care of itself.

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Impossibility of Forgetting

RUTH CAMERON

TWO good friends had quarreled. One, who is of a passionate disposition, completely lost her self-control and said many unkind things.

When the thundercloud of misunderstanding finally passed over and the sunshine of reconciliation began to struggle out again, the quick-tempered woman told her friend she was sorry for her bitter words, and then added, cheerfully, "And now you'll forgive me and forget all that I said, won't you?"

Whereupon the other woman answered, "Forgive you? Yes, indeed, I'll do that with all my heart, but I cannot promise to forget, because that is beyond my power."

The first woman called that an ungracious and relentless attitude.

Do you?

I don't. To me it was simply a truthful answer. Perhaps it might have been kinder for the woman to say that she'd forget all about it and things would be just as they were before, but it probably wouldn't have been true. In one of his essays Stevenson says: "I hate questioners and questions; there are so few that can be spoken to without a lie. 'Do you forgive me?' Madam and sweetheart, so far as I have gone in life I have never yet been able to discover what forgiveness means. 'Is it still the same between us?' Why, how can it be? It is eternally different, and yet you are still the friend of my heart." It seems to me he should have added that other question, "Will you forget all that I have said or done?" for surely no other question that we foolishly and hopefully ask one another is quite so impossible to answer without a lie or a very cruel truth.

The woman called her friend relentless. That was not fair. It is not the person who cannot forget that is relentless; it is life itself and the laws of life that are inflexible.

I may no more promise my friend that I will forget anything than I may promise her that a deep cut in my flesh will heal and not leave any scar. I may promise that I will put soothing medicine in the cut and bind it up and keep it from irritation, and do all I can to make it heal without a scar, but I cannot surely promise what will be the result.

Hearts and souls are quite as sensitive as bodies. We would not easily allow ourselves in a flash of temper to scar our friend's body; why, then, be so careless with his heart?

Why? Because we think that such scars can be easily obliterated; because we think we can say, "Please forget!" and let that end it.

But we cannot.

And the next time you lift the javelin of an unforgetable word to cast into your friend's heart, suppose you remember that. Suppose you stop just one moment before you speak and say this sentence over to yourself: "Of the unspoken word I am master, but the spoken word is master of me."

You may not think you can do what you want to do. But do it anyway. He can who thinks he can.

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ADVANTAGES OF COUNTRY LIFE

The country is the best place to live in order to establish strong lines of descendants, for here are stored up those reserves of constitutional energy which enable men and women to endure long hardships and to meet great emergencies without submersion. In the city the conditions tend towards constant over-stimulation of nerves and exhaustion of the individual or of underexercise of the muscles and other vital organs, and the consequent lessening of energies which would go toward the increase of family or toward constitutional endurance in the children. Where the best blood of the country homes continually flows towards the cities, as in America, the ultimate extinction of this best blood in both city and country is certain; the continuation of the race in both city and country is then left to people of less efficient heredity.

But the farm is not only the best place to produce goodly numbers of children; it is pre-eminently by nature the best place to produce the best kind of character in the child. Here youth deals with the things of nature in their simplicity and directness, and is not deceived nor schooled in deceiving. The daily burden of work on the farm and in the farm home requires the most thorough co-operative spirit among all the members of the family, so that children early gain habits of devotion to duty and to the philosophy, "A duty well done is its own reward." The child is unhampered by constraint from artificial standards and conventionalities which city life for the adult seems to require or at least to encourage. He is therefore free to develop healthily and naturally along the true lines of his own native powers for self-expression.

And the farm is by nature no less a good place to continue character development throughout life. The service to the family and the management of an independent farm business or of a farm household mainly with one's own labor requires an all-around, resourceful and far-seeing intelligence and experience such as no single city business can possibly give; while the enlarged services and relationships to the community also furnish things to do that are worth while, the doing of which results in strong character.—*Willet M. Hays in Woman's World.*

TIME LIMITS TO SERMONS

The proper length of a sermon is coming up anew for discussion because of complaint of the hearers that it is too long, and complaint of the preachers that they are not allowed time enough. One commentator passes the observation that thirty minutes is not long to listen to a man who is worth listening to at all, and that if the sermon is cut down to twenty-five or twenty minutes it is apt to lose its most important functions of guidance, instruction and inspiration. All of which resolves itself into the proposition that a preacher, like every one else who has a message to deliver, either by voice or pen, must conform to the conditions confronting him. If he really has something to say he can take all the time required and have no fear that his congregation will go to sleep on him; while if he is simply pounding the air or serving out sawdust pudding it is better for him to quit before beginning. As a rule the sermon that has to be measured off by the minute might as well be measured off by the yard.—*Omaha Bee.*

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In Sober Vein

"We receive out of the dark hand of mystery the gift of sunny days. We pledge ourselves to take them with a hearty will, and live them out to the full measure of the power of joy—yet never with a loose or temporary mind. In the moments we will not forget the hours, nor in the hours the years, nor in the years the complete stature of our lives, framed in eternal silence.—*Max Eastman.*

There are chords in the human heart, strange, varying strings, which are only struck by accident; which will remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch. In the most insensible or childish minds there is some train of reflection which art can seldom lead, or skill assist, but which will reveal itself, as great truths have done, by chance, and when the discoverer has the plainest and simplest end in view. —*Dickens.*

How many people I have seen who would have plucked cannon balls out of the muzzles of guns with their bare hands and yet had not courage enough to be happy.—*Theophile Gautier.*

Appeal to arms is the lowest form of virtue. Rewards and punishments are the lowest form of education. Ceremonies and law are the lowest form of government. Music and fine clothes are the lowest form of amusement. Weeping and mourning are the lowest forms of grief.—*A Chinese Proverb.*

We are apt to rely upon future prospects and become really expensive, while we are only rich in possibilities. We live up to our expectations, not to our possessions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We outrun our present income, as not doubting to disburse ourselves out of the profits of some future place, project or reversion that we have in view. —*Joseph Addison.*

My soul would one day go and seek
For roses, and in Julia's cheek
A riches of those sweets she found,
As in another Rosamond;
But gathering roses as she was,
Not knowing what would come to pass,
It chanced a ringlet of her hair
Caught my poor soul, as in a snare;
Which ever since has been in thrall—
Yet freedom she enjoys withal.
—*Robert Herrick.*

To acknowledge our faults when we are blamed is modesty; to discover them to one's friends is ingenuousness, is confidence; but to preach them to all the world, if one does not take care, is pride.—*Confucius.*

To the Alleganian hills and the tireless
Mississippi,
To the rocks I calling sing, and all the
trees in the woods,
To the plains of the poems of heroes, to
the prairies spreading wide,
To the far-off sea and the unseen winds
and the same impalpable air;
And responding they answer all.
—*Walt Whitman.*

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Man must work. That is certain as the sun. But he may work grudgingly, or he may work gratefully, or he may work as a machine. He cannot always choose his work, but he can do it in a generous temper and with an up-looking heart. There is no work so rude that he may not exalt it; there is no work so impassive that he may not breathe a soul into it; there is no work so dull that he may not enliven it.—*Henry Giles.*

Not least, 'tis ever my delight
To drink the early morning light;
To take the air upon my tongue
And taste it while the day is young.
So let my solace be the breath
Of morning, when I move to death.
—*Philip Henry Savage.*

What causes the majority of women to be so little touched by friendship is that it is insipid when they have once tasted of love.—*LaRochefoucault.*

Righteousness is not that ye turn your faces to the east or west; but righteousness is to him who believeth in God and the last day and angels and revealed books and prophets; who giveth cheerfully from his substance to kinsman, orphans, the needy, the wayfarer and to them that ask; who freeth the prisoner and the slave; who offereth prayers at their appointed times and giveth the ordained alms to them who fulfill the covenants to which they have bound themselves and who are patient in times of distress, and pain, and struggle: These are they who are sincere and who fear to do evil.—*The Duties of Man, from The Koran.*

Riches are for spending, and spending for honor and good action. Therefore, extraordinary expense must be limited by the worth of the occasion; for voluntary undoing may be as well for a man's country as for the kingdom of heaven; but ordinary expense ought to be limited by a man's estate, and governed with such regard as it be within his compass; and not subject to deceit and abuse of servants, and ordered to the best show, that the bills may be less than the estimation abroad. Certainly, if a man will keep but of even hand his ordinary expenses.—*Bacon.*

THE OLD AND THE NEW

If you would find clean morals, powerful characters, and men and women of genuine worth, go among those who are working with body, mind and soul, for the building up of the new. It is among such people that you find real purity; and it is the work of such people that will save the nation, that will preserve the good of society, and that will destroy, remove and consume the useless, the effete and the unclean in the world today, that a greater civilization, and a finer race than ever known before may appear upon this planet.

There may be exceptions; there always are exceptions; but wherever you find the old order, there you also find weakness, laxity and decay. And vice versa, wherever you find the building of the new order, there you find purity, strength, nobleness, worth, sincerity, and a genuine appreciation of all that is true, lofty, superior and ideal in life.

When you go where the old order obtains, you are inclined to believe in total depravity; but when you enter the pastures green of the new order, you exclaim with unbounded joy, "What a piece of work is man," destined indeed to become nothing less than a god.

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ALWAYS ROOM AT THE TOP

Are there any ten-thousand-a-year men loafing around your town? If there are, jobs are waiting, crying, begging for them—somewhere. John Arbuckle of coffee fame advertised for one not long ago. Thomas A. Edison declares that the world is full of three-thousand-a-year men, but mighty shy on the higher-priced variety, and now George W. Perkins, partner until recently of J. P. Morgan, insists that the ten-thousand variety are quite as scarce as bicuspids in the head of a chicken. Why? Well, for a number of reasons. Among others:

It takes years for a man to prepare himself for $10,000 jobs, and this lack of preparation is the cause of the dearth of these men.

Inventions have so crowded the commercial arena that man has not been able to cope with them as fast as they appear.

The man who reaches the $10,000 point is he who not only knows his work thoroughly, but that of the man ahead of him.

The $10,000 man is only possible after a long apprenticeship in the school of experience—the everyday contact of man to man.

No longer is it a question of brawn as much as brain. The day has come when we need statesmanship in business and business in statesmanship.

The art of the $10,000 man is to supervise, regulate and control the actions of men.

"The big men today are those who have gone through every phase of experience of the business in which they are engaged. They are drawn from all conditions of men," Mr. Perkins told a New York Evening World reporter.

"Gone is the day when people were told by the church and the state how and what to think; gone, never to return. The thoughts of one man in one city this morning are the thoughts of all men in all cities this afternoon.

"And," he said later, "the ten-thousand-dollar man must be honest The day has come when to be honest means not technically, legally honest, but broadly, humanely honest—honest in thought, in purpose, in act. Man is still selfish, and this must be seriously reckoned with in calculating what he will do in his relationship with his fellows."

MANNERS ARE A VARNISH

Life expresses. A statue has no tongue, and needs none. Good tableaux do not need declamation. Nature tells every secret once. Yes, but in man she tells it all the time by form, attitude, gesture, mien, face and parts of the face, and by the whole action of the machine. The visible carriage, or action of the individual, as resulting from his organization and his will combined, we call manners. What are they but thought entering the hands and feet, controlling the movements of the body, the speech and the behavior? Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love—now repeated or hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew drops which give such a dress to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable; men catch them from each other. Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and baroness copy very fast, and, by the advantage of a palace, better the instruction. They stereotype the lesson they have learned into a mode.—*Emerson.*

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"ATMOSPHERE"

Everyone is helped or hindered by the atmosphere in which he lives.

For this he is sometimes responsible. He creates it himself. It is due to his life of compromise, or his hidden sin.

Not infrequently it is forced upon him by the influence of others, and he struggles with it like one who is in a death conflict.

Atmosphere is the explanation for the success of some and the failure of others.

The bracing air of the mountains has no greater influence for physical health than the spiritual and moral atmosphere in which we live exerts for the strengthening of character. The depressing miasma of the marsh is no more killing than are the low moral conditions with which we are surrounded.

When in business corporations there are low ideals with questionable or dishonest practices permitted, all in the place of business, from proprietor to porter, will suffer. .

When in the household there is bickering, jealousy and unkindness, which is not followed by an acknowledgment of wrong, the home loses its sacredness, and from it boys and girls drift to ruin and the divorce court has a new applicant.

When in the church there is a spirit of worldliness, censoriousness, exclusiveness, cold heartedness, the minister's sermon is killed, the audiences are thinned out and the pews are slowly yet surely emptied.

"The secret of possessing an atmosphere which is always uplifting, strengthening, ennobling, is to walk with Christ.

He waits to lead you on. He will never fail you.—*J. Wilbur Chapman.*

Friendship is one soul in two bodies. —*Diogenes.*

THE GROWTH OF HABITS

A Philadelphia embezzler says that he can remember the time in his life when the owing of $3 worried him. But owing money may, like many other things, become a habit and sear the conscience. He acquired the habit and in late years felt no uneasiness in borrowing all the money he could get his hands on, even without waiting for the owner's consent. "How use doth breed a habit in a man!" Habit lies at the basis of all our ordinary action. Everything that we do repeatedly becomes easy and habitual. David Hume declared that the habit of seeing the bright side of things is worth more than a thousand pounds a year. Diligence, economy and perseverance are habits that carry life as steadily to success as favoring winds carry a ship at sea. Depravity is not an inheritance, but a character formed by persistent habits. And rectitude is only the confirmed habit of doing what is right. The truth is not simply that we may form habits. We must form habits. We cannot do or say or think or feel anything without leaving a definite mark on the nervous organism which more or less affects all succeeding action or speech or thought or feeling. Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits they would take the care to have those habits helpful instead of harmful.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

But indeed conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it converts itsef into conduct.—*Carlyle.*

Life never turns its best side toward us until we have turned our best side toward it.—*Marden.*

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WOMEN TRAVEL IN COMFORT

It is getting to be less and less of an ordeal for a woman to travel, and even travel alone, from the one ocean to the other, says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*. On the smartest of the excess fare limiteds women's maids are already part of the established equipment. The wash-rooms and the toilet rooms at the woman's end of the open berth sleeper each year come closer to the size of the men's comfortable rooms of that sort. And woman even threatens the supremacy of the, to her, unbearable open berth sleeper. She has been to Europe enough times already to bring back a demand for an increasing number of stateroom cars of one sort or another. And one of J. J. Hill's big railroads has been giving her parlor accommodations of her very own on its through limited trains—but on that precise thing the traffic man was not quite sure of himself. It is not always easy to make women herd by themselves in a car from which men are excluded. That experiment has been tried many times—and generally abandoned.

When a road up in the Northwest first placed rocking chairs in all its passenger stations, large and small, it made an early concession to the importance of woman on its trains. The Pullman Company, in providing paper bags for women's hats, made another, the ladies' maids were a third—the modern railroad has awakened fully to the revenue possibilities of the eternal feminine. It will move more rapidly for her comfort in the future than ever it has in the past. That is one of the possibilities of a business which today neglects no profitable opportunities of any sort.

A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY

Truth is everywhere, is to break down the fences of organization and to give freedom in the interpretation of its great principles. Therefore, its spread and dissemination will know no limit, until all the earth shall believe it, and each man utter it in his own way and live it as he sees it; and all the rest shall bless him in the saying and in the doing.

The way of thinking and feeling that is a practical philosophy may be briefly stated. Let two sentences cover the ground:

All the presence there is, is God.

All the power there is, is Mind.

Infinite are the ways in which these principles can be stated, and every new statement carries new realization and new power. With these statements simply as hypotheses, a man can enter into a new life, with transformations taking place everywhere. They illuminate the whole world. The best in philosophy, in poetry, in civilization is uncovered by the flash of their penetrating rays.

Let them receive a place in your thinking and feeling. Watch how evils diminish and disappear from your life as you are true in your thoughts and feelings to the allness of the Good. Observe the powers that rise in you and exercise themselves as you know yourself to be Mind, not matter and your world to be mental and not material.

It is very simple. Greatness is always simple. It is here to stay. You will accept the great Truth sooner or later. Wise are you if you accept it soon.—*The Master Mind.*

Man is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance.—*Edward Bulwer Lytton.*

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THE TRAVELER

If progress some day ties a can
Onto, and ends the traveling man—
Removes him from this scheme of things,
With all he takes and all he brings,
It sort of somehow seems to me
Life won't be what it used to be;
Its amble will be more sedate,
It won't go such a glory gait.

If he is selling boots an' shoes,
Or lids for men, or peek-a-boos
For women, or is handling toys
And dolls for little girls and boys,
Or overcoats, or underwear,
Or skates, or imitation hair,
Or dope to beautify the skin,
His sideline always is a grin.

If he is selling walking sticks,
Or glue, or implements, or bricks,
Or fancy soaps, or silken socks,
Or booze, or guns, or songs, or clocks,
Or tin, or soups, or jams, or books,
Or frocks, or buttons, yarns or hooks,
As he hops on from State to State
He's always got his grin on straight.

If he is selling jugs or jars,
Or motor boats, or choo-choo cars,
Or medicine, or saws, or tools,
Or things to fit out cooking schools,
Or corsets, or gauze union suits,
Or it's evaporated fruits,
Or it's perfumes, or bran, or chaff,
He comes and goes on with a laugh.

What cares the world? It may be plows,
Or pork and beans, or swine, or cows,
Or may be ladies' silken hose,
Or fancy frills and furbelows;
We only know his cheerful way
Helps the old world to be less gray;
We hope he'll never get the can—
We're plugging for the travelin' man.

—*Judd Mortimer Lewis.*

DON'T BELIEVE ALL YOU FEAR

Don't believe all that you fear. You cannot see through muddied waters—you cannot reason with an agitated brain. The fact that you dread proves that you have lost your head.

Just as enthusiasm is likely to overestimate the future, pessimism usually goes out of its way to find things worse than they really are. Men meet or are defeated by circumstances in proportion to the judgment with which they face them.

Cowards magnify their necessity and exaggerate the seriousness of their problems. The calm, sane, self-contained man beholds everything in its true aspect and realizes that he has abundant resources to cope with his trials.

Class Teaching

Commencing Monday night, November 4, next, I will give the first of a series of twenty lectures teaching how to heal the sick, how to teach the science of metaphysics and how to demonstrate along all methods of metaphysical work.

These lectures will be given five each week during the month of November.

The object of this teaching is to fit teachers for the field, public lecturers, public teachers and public healers.

The price of tuition is $100 per scholar for the twenty lectures. Those who wish to enter this class should write at as early date as possible and make their arrangements, as I have no desire to make the class large.

Address

OLIVER C. SABIN, *Bishop,*
Lock Box 324.
Washington, D. C.

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THE ROYAL ROAD TO BLISS ETERNAL

The royal road to Bliss Eternal is devotion to the happiness of others. This is the love-way of the Christ and it is revealed to the lover of Truth not as a duty nor a sacrifice, but as a joy. Such a devotee has no fault to find with selfishness, because of finding its *raison d'etre.* It is natural and wise in its place of self-preservation. It is the mortal's unconscious interpretation of the First Commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind" (Matt, 22:37), for his life and his good are his Lord God. The error that has been in ordinary selfishness is the limitation it has put upon itself. When it breaks the old bounds and enlarges itself to a family, then to a nation, on to a world, finally to a universe, then the great joy comes flooding in—he has entered into the bliss of Universal Love.

It took the life and instruction of a Jesus to show that the final step into heaven is to "Love thy neighbor as thyself." He knew His neighbor to be Himself, and He knew that the One He loved in Himself and in His neighbor was the Lord God of Infinite Worlds.

To seek one's own happiness separate from the neighbor's is but to live a half-life, always hungry, never fully satisfied, restless, wearily incomplete.

OUR WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

Our world is what we make it. We take out of our world continually what we have already put into it, whether we have put that in through an unconscious agreement with our race and our ancestors, or whether we have a consciousness, original with ourselves, that introduces these causes. Everyone has come into the world to save the world, to bring to it new light and new life, new consciousness, in short, to bring in the kingdom of heaven itself; and even the little child must begin early to choose whether it shall agree with the thoughts of its ancestors and its race, or to hold to the thoughts which spring from itself, its memories of the Kingdom whence it came. From this viewpoint we know that if we have thorns in our flesh, if we have miseries outside, and things torment us from our world, then we must have a correspondence to these things within ourselves, and that is where the work must begin. It may be that we are simply negative and sensitive to these things, because they are a reality to us; and we must become positive in the consciousness of what is real—that only the good is true, that heaven is here, the only real presence and power; and instead of being sensitive to evil, all the delicacy of our feeling must be given over to the great love of God that converts even a venomous sting into a kiss from our beloved.

To put old age far from us I believe we must do as follows:

Cultivate cheerfulness no matter what the circumstances that surround us.

Be interested in many persons and subjects.

Be calm but not stupid.

Be much with the young.

Take a youthful view of everything.

Yield to no violent emotions, especially anger and hatred.

Avoid petty emotions as envy and much consideration of petty things.

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Rose M. de Vaux-Royer

TELEPATHY

Alone! Unbroken silences!
  Far out across the void to me,
  Beyond sense-sight and hearing; free
From speech's faint influences.

Borne on the fine etheric waves
  From battery of mind to mind,
  True as the arrow, to its kind
Your life-thought flows and saves.

Comes like the lighter waves of love
  Sent through this medium of the air—
  Pregnant with purpose, strong to bear -
The subtle law to prove.

Who shall acclaim *this* as the end?
  Or limit *here* the heart's desire?
  The heavens, with all their finer fire,
Respond when prayers ascend.

Behold man's powers multiplied!
  Mind penetrates the fleshly screen
  Where Earth and Essence meet—convene—
Unite—soul-pacified!

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THE NIGHT TRAIN FOR PITTSBURGH

The Bentztown Bard in "Baltimore Sun"

Hot summer night, the gateman tired, a straggler here and there,
The benches full of immigrants whose blue eyes strangely stare;
A rumbling, then a scurrying crowd, the gateman shouting clear,
The night train's off for Pittsburgh, and the waiting room is drear,
The night train for Pittsburgh,
Through Camden sheds it rolls,
The dream-ship of the immigrants—
Aboard, two hundred souls!

Strange bundles piled about their feet in oddest shapes and size,
Bright colors in their gaudy clothes, bright dreaming in their eyes;
What jabbering, as through half the night in all its heat they wait
To take the train for Pittsburgh single file through Camden gate.
The night train for Pittsburgh,
Chicago and the West;
Two hundred immigrants aboard,
With bright dreams in each breast.

From Poland and Bohemia and the German stadts they bring
The dreams that still the silver song of wealth and comfort sing;
Old mothers and old fathers, the daughter with her child,
The young, brave, brawny fellows that are building hopes so wild.
The night train for Pittsburgh,
This way, the gateman cries,
And so the old world to the new
On wings of nighttime flies.

The watchman wakes the sleepers sprawled weary in the heat,
He shakes the women's shoulders and he kicks their husbands' feet;
A ten months' baby toddles the floor from tile to tile,
And through the streaks of dirt and heat strange little faces smile.
The night train for Pittsburgh,
It fills up and they go—
Through darkness unto darkness?
Or darkness unto glow?

THE SEARCH.

They bade me lift my eyes to thee, who art great Lord and King,
Enthroned above the cherubim, who praise eternal sing.
And eagerly I gazed above, as other mortals dare:
Such radiant light was all too bright—I could not find thee there.
And, blinded, and with downcast eyes, I scarcely saw the man
Who walked beside me on my way, though close our pathways ran.
No pomp, no kingly pride was there, his footsteps pressed the road;
A staff like mine was in his hand; his shoulders bore their load.
One day I turned and saw his face—the pitying human brow:
"Brother," he said, with outstretched hand, and I, "Why, this is thou!"

—*Josephine Mason Leslie in the Outlook.*

GOD'S PEACE

Straight down the Avenue of Peace my loved one comes,
In stress and turmoil doth he stand apart.
My darkness is too dense for him to find my heart,
But when the Peace, God's peace, illumines me,
Straight down the Avenue of Peace he comes to me,
And finds, and enters in my heart.

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THROUGH OPEN WINDOWS

Through open windows comes the drowsy hum
Of honey-laden bees, while far afield
Mowers urge on the patient, toiling steeds.
The wind is hushed. The blazing sun beats down
Alike upon the head of man and beast.
The locust sends abroad his strident call
Which through the casement sounds a tocsin note,
Proclaiming that midsummer holds the land.
Anon the bleating sheep on homeward quest
Mingle their voices with the friendly low
Of cattle seeking their safeguarded stalls.
The village bell proclaims the hour of prayer
Just as the hush of twilight settles down.
From busy homes soon do o'er-tired feet
Enter the dim old church where heads bow low
In prayer to Nature's God. The windows of
The soul are open thrown. Earth's weariness
Is as an ill o'er-passed; and each heart feels
An impulse towards the beautiful and true.
Brave tillers of the soil, to such as you
Life's open windows bring surcease from care.
The bird. the insect, homing bee and flower,
The scent of Mother Earth, dew-laden grass,
All have a message for the hands that toil
Amid the growing things, and by their skill
Turn into fruitage that which once was clod.

—*By Helen M. Richardson.*

THE LIFE THAT LIVES FOR GOD

To know the desperation of the baffled ere they fall;
To see the degradation of the soul that good defies;
To feel the sinfulness of men as smoke will pain the eyes;
To know all this—to reach and touch—to cheer and love and soothe
To touch to life—to lead the weak along a pathway smooth;
To show the heart uncomforted where grief and burdens cease;
To lead the sinning and the sad to purity and peace;
To make earth's darkened, narrowed ways all radiant and broad—
Oh, this is love and righteousness—the life that lives for God.

WHAT IS REQUIRED

To make one little, golden grain
Requires the sunshine and the rain,
The hoarded richness of the sod,
And God.

To form and tint one dainty flower
That blooms to bless one fleeting hour
Doth need the clouds, the skies above,
And love.

To make one life that's white and good,
Fit for this human brotherhood,
Demands the toil of weary years,
And tears.

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

MISJUDGED

One of the ushers approached a man who appeared to be annoying those about him.

"Don't you like the show?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then why do you persist in hissing the performers?"

"Why, m-man alive, I wasn't h-hissing. I w-was s-s-simply s-s-saying to S-s-sammie that the s-singing is s-s-s-superb."—*Judge.*

A CHEMICAL COMBINE

The doctor told him he needed carbohydrates, proteids and, above all, something nitrogenous. The doctor mentioned a long list of foods for him to eat. He staggered out and wabbled into a Penn Avenue restaurant.

"How about beefsteak?" he asked the waiter. "Is that nitrogenous?"

The waiter didn't know.

"Are fried potatoes rich in carbohydrates or not?"

The waiter couldn't say.

"Well, I'll fix it," declared the poor man in despair. "Bring me a large plate of hash."—*Pittsburg Post.*

FOOLISH QUESTION

The editor of the woman's page was on his vacation and the sporting editor had jumped into the breach.

"Well, what do you think of this?" he snorted, as he held up a perfumed communication. "Here's a fool woman wants to know how to make a lemon tart; just as though a lemon wasn't tart enough already."

A LAME DEFENSE

Representative Martin W. Littleton, discussing the Sherman law with a Pittsburgh reporter, said:

"You can't defend this law. Its defense is as lame as that of the man who defended the widow.

"A widow of overbearing temper was about to marry again. A man said of her at a lodge meeting:

" 'Dear me, that termagant! I shouldn't want to be her second husband, should you?'

"Then the widow's defender answered, lamely:

" 'Well, I'd rather be her second husband than her first.' "—*Washington Star.*

WILLIE'S EXPLANATION

Little Bill skipped off to school the other day before his mother had a chance to wash his face. The teacher sent him to the basement to scrub up, but the janitor had failed to leave a towel within reach. Bill went up to the schoolroom, however, with the lower part of his face reasonably clean; the upper part streaked and grimy.

"Why, Willie," the teacher said, "how does it happen that the lower part of your face is nice and clean, while the rest of it is so dirty?"

"Well," said Bill, "they wasn't no towel there, an' that's as high as my shirt would reach."

NEEDED A CHANGE

Solicitor General Lehmann is a Democrat; but he does not always work at it. Several years ago he decided to support

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the Republican party. His Democratic friends in St. Louis remonstrated with him, and he explained his course, saying:

"I'll tell you how it is. I have made up my mind that I should like to train for a little while with a party that in its platforms can 'point with pride' rather than one that can only 'view with alarm.'"

SUPERIOR

Little Nelly told little Anita what she termed a "little fib."

Anita—A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie.

Nelly—No, it's not.

Anita—Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university.

Nelly—I don't care if he is. My father is a real estate man and he knows more about lying than your father does.—*United Presbyterian.*

IN THE SAME BOAT

"We get some sad cases," said the attendant at the Balmy Lunatic Asylum to the interested visitor, and opened the door of the first cell.

Inside was a man sitting on a three-legged stool, gazing vacantly at the wall.

"His is an unhappy story," said the attendant. "He was in love with a girl, but she married another man, and he lost his reason from grief."

They stole out softly, closing the door behind them, and proceeded to the next inmate.

This cell was thickly padded, and the man within was stark, staring mad.

"Who is this?" inquired the visitor.

"This?" repeated the attendant. "This is the other man."

UNHEALED WAR WOUND

Veterans and near-veterans were fighting all the old battles over again on the street car. Thrilling escapes and blood-curdling adventures had been related by the dozen when the turn came to a little old man with a long beard.

Stroking this adornment carefully, the old man said:

"Well, boys, the war cost me just $900 in cold cash. I didn't want to go, so I paid a substitute the money to serve for me. Do you know that fellow went all through the war without getting a scratch? I could have done the same thing and saved my money. I tell you, war is a calamity."

LOOKING FOR AN ALIBI

"I see that your Journal of Household Information has introduced a department labeled 'Jokes.'"

"Yes," replied the publisher. "It was positively necessary to supply something to explain the conduct of the people who got to laughing at our 'Household Hints.'"

FIRE WATER

"Fire water has been your ruination," said the missionary.

"Well," replied the poor Indian, "there's more than one kind of fire water. The paleface civilization is having its troubles with coal oil and gasoline."

SOMETHING LIKE IT

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I think I understand what is meant by the phrase, 'Puts and calls.'"

"Oh, you do!"

"Yes. You put a check in a man's hands and somebody else calls for it."

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How the New Thought Can Help You

THE acceptance of the truth that man is a part of the One Life of the universe, and that by putting himself in harmony with the laws by which that Life manifests, health or harmony will result, has been the means of healing many people from all sorts of diseases.

With this great truth one becomes a living factor in a human life, it brings greater peace, courage and vital force into that life. It brings a healing power before which disease and discouragement cannot stand. It makes one positive to the negative things which formerly ruled his life.

A belief in the oneness of all life naturally leads to the acceptance of another great truth, i. e., "all is good." The One Power of the universe is a beneficent power, and of course it could not be opposed to anything which was a part of itself, therefore, all the forces of the universe must be working for you. Nothing is really opposed to your highest good. What seems to be evil, and to be at enmity with you, is all a part of the One Life in which you "live and move and have your being," and it is only your mistaken mental attitude which gives anything the power to harm you.

Your belief in evil, your fear and your idea of separateness from the rest of the universe create within you a mental attitude of resistance. The vibratory waves which you send out bear fruit after their own kind, and return to you with added force. Thus things seem to oppose you, because you are out of harmony with them and vibrate against instead of with them.

For instance, you will often hear people lamenting because their work does not bring them better returns, and because they are not more successful in getting on in life. In the next breath they will tell you how they hate and dislike their work, how they despise money, and point out to you the glaring faults in their employers and the social system in general.

Now, when a person assumes such a mental attitude as that just described, he paralyzes and blights all his own efforts. They bear little fruit.

The New Thought teaches you to put your best Good Will into all that you do. It tells you that each thing is good in the time and place at which it manifests, and that you can learn a useful lesson and gain needed experience from every condition that confronts you.

If you will faithfully practice giving your best Good Will and careful attention to all that you do for a time, you will see results in your work and in yourself, which is far more important. You will put a force, an occult energy into your efforts that will cause them to bear more fruit.

The New Thought will arouse in a man faith in himself, as a part of the One Life of the universe, and faith in other men. It will lead him to respect both himself and others far more, and cause him to use his natural abilities in a way to win greater success and happiness.

Make it your regular business to cultivate faith. Seek daily the guidance of your own soul, the source of all your power. Send out your Good Will to all alike, even as the sun shines and the rain

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falls on both the just and the unjust without discrimination. Refuse to entertain thoughts of doubt, hate and despair. These thoughts only grow in congenial soil. "Birds of a feather flock together." Thoughts of doubt, worry, despair will not tarry where they do not find entertainment.

On the other hand, lose no opportunity to fill your mind with thoughts of peace, hope, courage and strength. Call them to you out of the boundless universe. They are yours by right, for you are a part of the One Life.

The New Thought is not a method for hypodermically injecting health, happiness and success into your veins while you sit still with folded hands and look on with a pleasant smile. The New Thought will not help you to graft life and wisdom onto a dead body. But it will help you to add life to life, to develop through use the highest powers within you. It will help you in every act of your daily life if you will try to make it practical and not wait for some teacher or healer to do all the work for you and cram success and health down your throat.—*Wm. E. Towne in Nautilus.*

IN SPITE OF MALIGNANT UNBELIEF

There has never been a great writer of English who was not more or less influenced by the Bible. There is not a successful civilization on earth today that is not founded on the Bible. There is not a religion that is helping man upwards today but is drawn from the Bible. There is not and never has been a book more persistently and cleverly attacked than the Bible; in spite of which it is bigger today than ever, the one book that dominates the globe.—*Ernest Thompson-Seton.*

THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS

Sir John Lubbock once said that he thought the teachers ought to teach us the duty of happiness as well as the happiness of duty; that we should really look upon happiness as a duty; that it should be a part of our education, and part of our life.

Everyone desires to be happy. You would not be normal if you did not. Sometimes a child can lead us. A little girl in the catechism class was once asked this familiar old question which we have all been asked, "What is the chief end of man?" and she said: "It is to know God, and to enjoy ourselves forever." We are to let in the spirit of joy.

When we know our Bibles, and when we know our God, the sorrow vanishes. There is no shadow on the face of the Infinite Love of God, and Jesus taught that He had come that our joy might be full. He said: "My joy I give unto you." He could not give us what He had not. If He did not have joy, He could not give it to us. He came to give us joy, that the joy of the Lord might be fulfilled in us, and that our joy might be full.

Friendship, in its purity, is long suffering—it proclaimeth not itself—nor is it easily put down. It shuts its eyes to all faults, and its heart to all faultfinders, and with open arms extends a greeting of true comradeship. Pure friendship is very rare; it is like the little flower that grows among the tall weeds. Many search the world without finding it, while it is at their feet unrecognized, uncared for.

Some men spend too much time being busy.—*John Nichols Beffel.*

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TREATMENTS

Maud Fletcher Galigher in "Power"

PERFECT SELF-REALIZATION OF HEALTH.

I rejoice continually in the consciousness that I am formed in and of the changeless Spirit Substance. I declare the Perfect Law of Spirit in every activity of my mentality, and of my body. I confirm the Order of the One Perfect Mind in the Expression of Health, Strength, Peace and Power.

PERFECT SELF-REALIZATION OF WISDOM.

Mind is One, and its Intelligence shows forth perfect Wisdom in every thought and word that the Spirit informs and out-presses through me; therefore, my word expresses Truth in Love, Justice and Understanding, and I rest in the knowledge that the God-Consciousness (or the Christ within) doth ever guide me in Wisdom's Way.

PERFECT SELF-REALIZATION OF ENVIRONMENT.

I know that I am in the midst of Eternal Harmony, and I blend in Joy with all I see and touch. Divine Love inspires and fills every relationship with its blessed spirit of Unity, and I thank God that every service given and received in this consciousness is universal and impersonal, and therefore is world-wide in its power to uplift and to upbuild the world around me.

PERFECT SELF-REALIZATION OF SUPPLY.

I am in the Land of Promise, and the plenteousness of Life is revealed to me. I see abundance on every hand. I open myself through thanksgiving, and receive to my satisfaction that which has been prepared for and given to me freely from the Creator of All Good.

BEECHER ON MIND-POWER

Sickness is very largely the want of will. Everything is brain. There is thought and feeling not only, but will; and will includes in it far more than mental philosophers think. It acts universally, now upon the mind, and then just as much upon the body. It is another name for life-force. Men in whom this life—or will-power—is great, resist disease and combat it when attacked. To array a man's mind and will against his sickness is the supreme act of medicine. Inspire in men courage and purpose, and the mind-power will cast out disease. The doctor was himself the best medicine and often cured by his presence those whom drugs would have scarcely helped. These cures through the spirit of his patient he regarded as far the most skillful and philosophical. "*Nothing* ails her. It is only her imagination," said the nurse to him one day. "*Only* imagination? That is enough. Better suffer in bone and muscle than in imagination. If the body is sick the mind can cure it. But if the mind itself is sick what shall cure that?"—*Henry Ward Beecher in "Norwood," Printed* 1867.

Let me be morning to some one,
  And I care not who are the kings.
Let me be laughter and sunshine
  In a heart that wakens and sings.
Let me bring unto the darkness
  Of lives that are in the night
The touch of a little gladness,
  The glow of a little light.
Let me be morning to some one,
  That they may arise and know
The love of a heart that's living,
  Though the kings and the captains go.

Thoughts are Life.

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GOOD COMPANY IN BOOKS

A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to our longing with full instruction, but pursues us never. It is not offended at our absent mindedness, nor jealous if we turn to other pleasures—of leaf or dress or mineral, or even of books. It silently serves the soul without recompense—not even for the hire of love. And, yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transformation there, until the outward book is but a body and its soul and spirit are flown to you, and possess your memory like a spirit. And while some books, like steps, are left behind us by the very help which they yield us, and serve only our childhood or early life, some others go with us in mute fidelity, to the end of life—a recreation for fatigue, an inspiration for our sober hours and a solace for our sickness or sorrow. Except for the great outdoors, nothing that has so much of life of its own gives so much life to us.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE WAY OF A GREAT MAN

A great man is always willing to be little. While he sits on the cushion of advantage he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something. He has been put on his wits, on his manhood. He has gained facts. He learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of the assailants. It is more to his interests than it is to theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. As long as all that is said is against me, I feel certain assurance of success; but as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies.—*Emerson.*

THE REAL QUEST IN MAN'S LIFE

The Kingdom of God is here now, for the Kingdom of God is the source of Wisdom, Power, and is latent or potential in every life.

The real quest in man's life is the search after and the discovery of his own soul; for God lives and moves and breathes in every human being, even though we are all unconscious of it.

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears,
And Spirit with Spirit will meet;
Closer is He than breathing,
Nearer than hands or feet."

Through soul-realization — that is, through the use of Love and Wisdom, we come to know more of the divine Presence. We can only know God or ourselves, as love and wisdom enlighten, rule and direct us in all our ways; such knowledge causes us to forego the purely personal will or desire and to enter into and live consciously in the Life that is Universal.

PROCRASTINATION

To procrastination almost as many failures are due as to more positive vices. It has but recently been claimed that one more easily reforms the vicious than the lazy and slothful procrastinator, and the vicious one can more easily reform himself than a man can get out of the sloughs of procrastination.

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Johnny Appleseed's Mission

WILLIAM TELL is a myth. Richard III. was a fine figure of a man and not a hunchbacked monster. The real George Washington was a tax dodger. The idol breakers find no rest. Now they turn to "Johnny Appleseed," of Ohio.

One hundred years ago, so the story goes, a strange figure of a man was seen floating down the Ohio River in an odd craft made of two canoes lashed together. His cargo consisted of sacks of apple seeds, and he announced that he had come to Ohio to plant nurseries. This was the advent of "Johnny Appleseed" into the Middle West. Tales enough to fill a book of great size are told of him. Some ring true, others are obvious inventions.

Now, despite the fact that "Johnny Appleseed" has long been accepted as one of the facts of pioneer days, that several monuments have been erected to him, and that an army of graybeards claim to have eaten fruit that came from his orchards, an influential paper of Toledo charges that no person of that nature whatsoever existed. The story, the paper says, was the figment of a high-strung pioneer imagination. It is admitted that a large part of the Middle West was, until a few years ago, dotted with old orchards which bore the unmistakable evidence of being planted by the hand of man, but the article in question gives the early Jesuits credit for this.

Mrs. Maria Rathmall, an elderly woman living at Bellfontaine, Ohio, is one of the few persons now living who claim to have seen and known "Appleseed." The iconoclastic charges of the Toledo newspaper have brought a vigorous answer from Mrs. Rathmall.

"He was not a myth," declares Mrs. Rathmall. "His name was John Chapman, and he came to this vicinity from Pennsylvania before any white settler emigrated to this new country. Here he cleared off a few acres of ground and planted seeds to raise a nursery so that he had scions to sell to the first settlers. One of the nurseries was on land that my father, William Moore, entered from the Government for a homestead in Union Township, Logan County, Ohio.

"I remember the old nursery very well when there was a dozen or more trees standing just where Johnny left them. Many times I played in their branches and picked apples for cider."

The contention may here rest between the Toledo newspaper and Mrs. Rathmall, of Bellefontaine. Whatever the verdict, Ohio is with Mrs. Rathmall, for no more interesting character is to be found in the pioneer history of the Middle West than this half-crazy Swedenborgian apple planter, who thought he had a mission.

One day, however, when he called unexpectedly to see his ward he found a young man of the neighborhood holding her hand. He cried out that all was vanity, and fled to the wilderness, where he lived and died.

The greater part of his life Chapman spent in the Middle West. He had nurseries scattered over Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana. For a long time the center of his activities was Richland County, Ohio, where he had his home with relatives. Two ideas dominated this mad-

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man of the woods—apples and religion. He moved a little in advance of the settlements, so that when the settlers arrived he had half-grown apple trees ready for them. These he sometimes sold for money or old clothing, and again he gave them away.

For years "Johnny Appleseed's" chief garment was a coffee sack in which he had cut holes for his head and arms. A tin pan, in which he cooked his daily ration of corn meal, covered his head like the helmet of Mambrino. He carried no weapon or tools save an ax and a Virginia hoe. The former he used to clear the places which pleased him for nursery purposes, and with the latter he dug up the dark loam to which he consigned his apple seeds. No animal ever harmed him, and the Indians, even when hostile toward other whites, looked upon him with good-humored tolerance. They thought one so mad must be very great "medicine," and respected him accordingly. This served the white settlers in good stead more than once, for "Johnny Appleseed," going quietly in times and places where no other man could go, spread warnings of uprisings and attacks in time to save scores of lives.

"Appleseed" was a devoted follower of the Swedenborgian faith, which he tried to disseminate no less liberally than he did appleseeds. He generally had with him some literature on the faith. Sometimes when his stock was low he would tear a book in two and give the parts to different persons, with the hope that each might glean a gem of truth. In the houses of the settlers where he was a welcome guest he would hold religious exercises and expound the faith with eloquence and intelligence, if one is to believe the chronicles of the times. His philosophy was that of the Stoics. He cured bruises by burning them with a hot iron, and defied the cold of winter and the thorns and brambles of unblazed trails in his bare feet. His camp fire was extinguished to save the lives of the insects which hovered about it. He poured water on the flames that he might not disturb a bear asleep in a log near him. Once, in a moment of rage, he killed a rattlesnake which had bitten him, and the act troubled his conscience to his dying day.

"Appleseed John" did more than plant his fruit for the pioneers. He preached a quiet gospel of truth, simplicity, honesty, kindliness and charity which was not without its effect upon the men and women of his time. Almost all the older natives of Ohio know about "Johnny Appleseed," and they do not take any stock in the recent attack on him. The iconoclasts didn't put William Tell out of business, and they are not going to put "Johnny Appleseed" out, either, the older natives say.

PROSPERITY AND SUCCESS

Prosperity and success come through thinking thoughts of prosperity and success. Every one has to make an individual demonstration of the perfect law. Just as soon as you really bring your words and expectations up to the measure of God's love for you, just that soon you will demonstrate supply.

Think prosperity and success. Talk prosperity and success. Do not let a thought of failure in financial matters enter your mind. The mind has to be enlarged to take in a conception of God's bounty for His children. Stop judging by appearances. Keep the mind centered upon the Divine Principle through which faith operates to increase supply and to bring success.—*Unity.*

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MME. DE VAUX-ROYER AT OSCAWANA

Mme. Rose M. de Vaux-Royer, president of the Cameo Club, whose poems are familiar to the readers of the NEWS LETTER, delivered the address of welcome at the opening of the New Age City Summer School at Oscawana-on-Hudson, in the announcement of which the following beautiful poem by Mme. de Vaux-Royer was published:

OSCAWANA

Dawn and a dewy hush!
With a charm that bids us stay—
Where Oscawana lies
Near the portals of the day,
Where the sun-kissed hills arise
Till their summits far away
Blend with the azure skies;
And the soul of the upper world
To the spirit of Earth replies.

Dreams and a flood of gold—
Valleys of bloom and shade!
Monarchs of centuries stand
In the groves where God's temples were made—
["Temples not made by hand."]
And here lost Beauty strayed—
Trembled through all the land;
And far through the silences played
The music that we understand!

THERE IS ONLY ONE LIFE

The unity and eternity of Life as it lives in you, in every one, this is the message of the vision which New Thought sees and says: "There is only Life! there is only One Life!" In that One Life you live and move and have your being. Awake from the illusion of a fragmented life, a life broken off from the great central life and aching on alone. Awake into the realization that Life is One, Divinely and Eternally One, and you, in that Life, hallowing now, living in your own beautiful Eternity. Then, all your sicknesses are healed. All your poverties are flown. All your problems are solved. All your questions are answered. Within you is the Peace of the One Life passing understanding. Within you is the joy inexpressible and full of the glory of that One Life. O, the pure child fun of just being alive in that One Life, alive in it for ever and ever without an end. O! the pure pleasure of knowing that we are eternal and that it is Eternal Life we live now and here in our realization of the Unity of the Great One Life—we, each life, the tiniest and the mightiest.

THE SIGN ON HIS FACE

Most of us can remember that we found Sunday rather a dreary day when we were children. Oliver Wendell Holmes tells us that our Puritan ancestors, in their zeal for grace, lost sight of the graces. Yes, religion was rather a serious affair—rather a lugubrious affair for some. I remember once hearing Stephen Merritt, who has one of those smiling faces, tell this little incident in his early Christian experience. He said he had been to a very serious meeting, and he came away with the usual grave face; he stepped into a street car, and just after he had taken his seat, a party of young people entered the car, and presently he heard a young lady say to the young man sitting next to her: "That man would make a good trade-mark for a vinegar factory." He said the first minute he could get out, he did, and he had a good hearty laugh; and they say his face has smiled ever since.—*Unity*.

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MEDICAL FREEDOM

To recapitulate, medical freedom means equal rights to all approved healing systems, and special privileges to none. And that is exactly what the Constitution of the United States grants every citizen when it guarantees us "protection of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Since health is the basis of our earthly happiness, we must have the freedom not only to enjoy and promote our health but also to *protect it as well against all medical fallacies and experiments that have proved to be a danger and menace to life and health.* And since medicine tries to deny us these things essential to human happiness, the people demand medical freedom and insist upon their inalienable rights. And neither courts nor illegitimate medical laws will suffice as barriers to withhold from the people medical freedom and independence. The disgrace of medical tyranny and persecution has at last reached its limit.

We would have no fear of death if we were at peace with ourselves.

GOVERNMENT Positions are easy to get. My free booklet X937 tells how. Write today—NOW. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

SPECIAL FOR 50c

How to Wake the Solar Plexus

Some years ago ELIZABETH TOWNE wrote a unique little book along new lines—"JUST HOW TO WAKE THE SOLAR PLEXUS." It met with immediate favor and among those attracted by it was ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Mrs. Wilcox gave the book a flattering review notice in which she said: **"IT CONTAINS A FORTUNE IN VALUE IF YOU PRACTICE THE EXERCISES GIVEN."**

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

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, hate, worry and to develop concentration.

Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, Instructor in a prominent girls' school, wrtes: **"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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In the old theology we are taught to believe that there is to be a day of judgment; and this judgment day everyone must face after passing through what is called death. The day is pictured to one as a day of trial in which God judges all, allowing some to enter Heaven, while others are punished for sins committed upon earth. It is so good to be able to see that this cannot be true when one holds that God is love, and that He loves all of His children equally.

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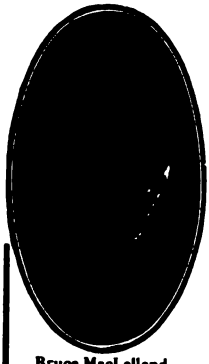

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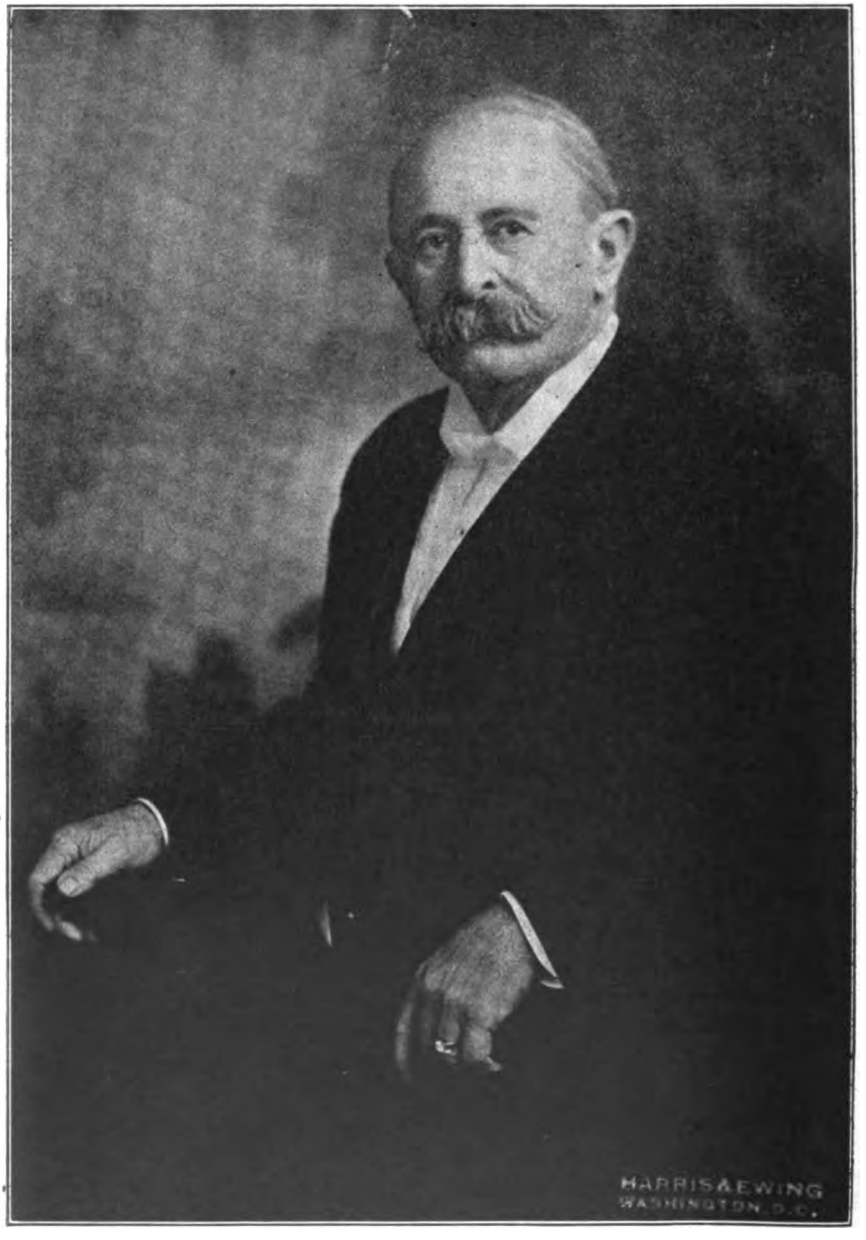

Oliver C. Sabin

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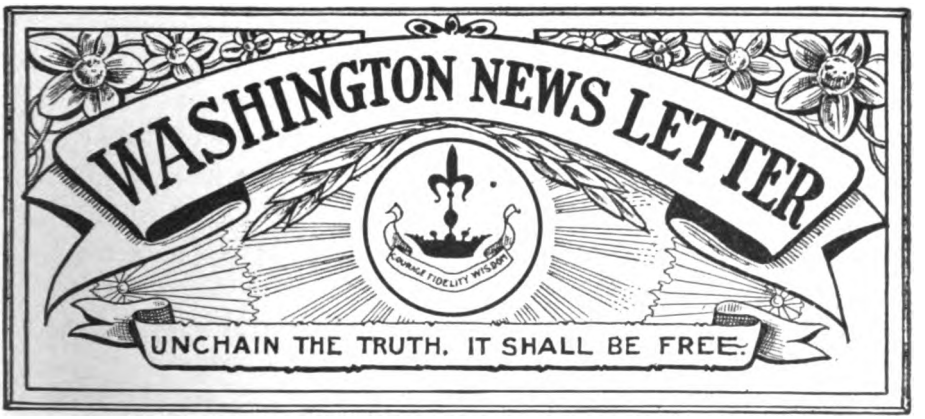

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The Election

Partisan politics is something that the editor of the News Letter has eschewed for years, and we have no desire at this time to take up the questions of partisanship.

The election, which occurs on the 5th of November, is the culmination of the most peculiar political practice that the American Republic has ever had to endure. Ours is a land of liberty and of law, but the stronger we get, seemingly, the farther we diverge from the fundamental principles upon which this great government of liberty was established, and it is to be hoped that the result of this election may re-establish confidence in the Constitution of the United States, and of our courts in their interpretation of the laws, and that peace may be taught and virtue established in our bodies of public legislation and administration.

It is the duty of every man who is entitled to the right of citizenship to

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perform that duty conscientiously and righteously, as he would his service to his God. We each owe it to our children in the coming generation to leave a country untrammeled and free from the viciousness of carnal mind, anchored deep in the principles of love and justice, and in casting our votes we should vote for such men and such principles as have a tendency to confirm the rights and liberties of all of God's children that dwell under the starry flag. That party which promises good government, prosperity to the people, peace and love toward one another should be the one for which we, as scientists, should vote.

Lovingly yours,

Olivier C. Sabin

Bishop.

The Seasons of One's Life

ANNA H. HORAL

Spring arrived one sunny morning, and how joyful the world was.

Its happiness spread to every corner, and all things picked up the spirit.

It was one with the rosebuds, the cooing and chirping of birds, and dancing little sunbeams.

Oh! how peaceful, lovely and good was God in this little world.

And then on another bright morning,

Spring found it had been unfolding, had gained many things in a broader plain;

Had grown like the rosebuds, which were now nearly full bloomed,

And like the little birds and sunbeams which had grown, too.

It was no longer Spring, but beautiful Summer.

It was still joyful like the birds singing in the trees,

And like the gay butterflies and bees flitting about.

God was more than good in this larger world.

The sun was still shining when Summer found it had awakened to a great world,

That it had more than ever before;

That it, like all of its former friends, had unfolded to a marvelous growth;

That this was the Golden Period of its Life, and that Joy and Love were greater than they had ever been before.

This was the higher plain known as Autumn.

And now the birds were ready to go to another country.

The butterflies went to sleep, the sunbeams shone more upon other lands,

The rose was dropping its petals, and Autumn knew it had taken one step more in its unfoldment, which is known as Winter.

Still Winter was happy, because it knew that it, like the birds, bees, flowers and sunbeams, would again visit its friends,

And always leave a sweet remembrance which made more Joy and Love and to know that God is All.

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

November

PAULINA B. SABIN

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.—Prov. 15:13.

Give us, O 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 will do more in the same time; he will do it better; he will persevere longer.—*Carlyle.*

True joy is a serene and sober motion, and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind.—*Seneca.*

The mind that is cheerful in its present state will be averse to all solicitude as to the future, and will meet the bitter occurrences of life with a placid smile.—*Horace.*

Cheerfulness is health; the opposite, melancholy, is disease.—*Haliburton.*

The optimistic person always achieves success. As the poet says: "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." Cheerfulness, happiness, is the keynote of an appreciation and knowledge of the Truth which makes you free. Practice it, and you will be a benediction to yourself as well as others.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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What God Is

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., Sunday Morning, October 6, 1912.

IN the study of every science there are certain fundamental rules which you must understand. Let that science be metaphysics, mathematices, chemistry, natural philosophy, or whatever else, there are certain underlying principles that must be understood before you can practice or demonstrate along those lines.

Our science, and this is a science, comes from knowledge, and knowledge applied. It is none of this "heart religion" trash that you read about and hear about from the pulpit and the fellows who know nothing; it is the application of axiomatic principles. If you have any heart feelings about it, it is after you learn how and see the beautiful demonstrations of God Almighty's work. A celebrated Presbyterian Divine, whom I have mentioned in my lectures before, in speaking of this heart religion, said: "Let the heart go. Learn the lesson; then you will be happy because of the knowledge and the fruit of the knowledge. Learn first, and then you will be happy." Do not wait to be happy and then learn.

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Our religion, if you call it a religion—and the word religion to me is one of the most misleading words there is, because under it there has been practiced every kind of deviltry that the vicious human mind can concoct—and if we might mean by "religion" that rule which God Almighty has given us, His children, by which we can approach Him and receive a responsive answer to our prayer, or our petition, that religion is a religion we all love, and all of us will enjoy when we get it. That is what we are trying to teach—the perfect rule of life—telling you how to approach the Father and receive a responsive answer in such approachment.

The first fundamental principle we have to learn is, What is God? Remember one thing, and I will say this in explanation, that no people ever rise higher than their estimate of their God. If they believe in a God of grim justice, as they

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term it, unwavering, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—the person who believes in that is that kind of a person, or that class of people or that church, they are all that class of people, and they never rise above their estimate of what God is to them.

Take the Christian Scientists known as the followers of Mrs. Eddy; they believe in Mrs. Eddy. In Portland, Ore., a lady told me this morning, in their meetings they close their prayer in the name of Mary Baker Eddy, instead of "in the name of Jesus Christ." I have heard it done in the church here. I left that church because I believed Jesus Christ to be greater than Mrs. Eddy. We practice all in and through the Name of Jesus Christ, and they cannot approximate the healing that is done by the students of this church. They do work, and they do good work, some of them, but they do not even approximate our work, like the great work that was done here last November. They are so imbued with the idea that all must come from Mrs. Eddy that the leader of their church came out in public print and said, without mentioning my name, that the work done in this hall was done through hypnotism. Among those healed here on that occasion was an old lady who had had rheumatism for twenty-three years, as she afterwards told me. It was not a case that was known only by a few, but these facts were generally known among her friends. She was a perfect stranger to me. She was healed, and if any person should find out from that old lady, or from any other person who has been healed by a student of this church, that their minds have been affected, as we understand hypnotism affects the mind, then they would have some room for talk.

But what is the use of decrying by lies or slander the work of anybody if that work is good. There is only one criterion by which we can judge a set of people, and that is their works. If they succeed, their science is genuine; if they fail, they do not understand their science, or else the "science" is a false coin. All sciences run in parallel lines; they never cross one another. There never was a science created. Every science that exists is as old as God Almighty. There never can be, and never will be, any addition to the Universal All in All, Infinite Mind of Truth, for all is, forever and for aye, known and understood.

Now, the first lesson to be impressed upon my mind as a child, in regard to God, was not that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, but that the fear of the devil was my only safety. That was my idea of God. Such a religion as that was better than no religion, because they did teach that there was a God Almighty.

Take the Mohammedan religion. Mohammed—without going into his life, as you are, perhaps, all familiar with it—held to the thought that there was but one God, and that he, Mohammed, was His Prophet. The vitalizing thought of the one God gave to that Mohammedan religion a life second only to the teachings of Christ, but they conquered in a different way. Jesus Christ conquered with love. Mohammed saw a sign in the sky; it was a sword, and meant "By this you conquer." But the vitalizing thought of all religions that are worth anything is that there is only one God—the Universal Jehovah. Abraham is the first one I know of in history that is reported as a believer in one God. He came from Chaldea and settled in Palestine. His banner was "There is but one

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God," and God blessed him, the thought blessed him, and the promises are to all those who believe in the declaration of the one God.

Now, we want to understand, of course intelligently, what this God is. Christ gave us a great many ideas that we did not understand before. In the first place, God is Love. That does not mean that God *has* love like you or I, but God IS Love, God IS Life, not that God HAS Life, but that God IS Life. If it was not so, you could take life away from God and He would be a dead God. But God IS Life, and wherever you see Life manifest, that is God manifest. Now we can understand what the Apostles and others have taught us—that God is Omnipresent, that we live, move and have our being in Him. He is everywhere; wherever life is that is God manifest. It makes no difference whether it be in the trees, or in the grasses, or in the fowls of the air, or in the beasts of the field, or in the fishes of the sea—it matters not whether it be in you and through you, it is God manifest in you. Mrs. Eddy does not go any further in her teaching than to say it is universal Law, unchangeable, but I tell you, my friends, that there is more to God than these so-called characteristics.

We are in this room; this is our place of meeting. Suppose I lived in this room, and in speaking of it say that it is my home. That does not mean that these walls that surround me are my home, although when we build a house we say we are building a home. Homes are not built. The walls cover and surround us, but the home is within. The home is within you. Where is the Kingdom of God? It is within you. There is where the Love comes. We can love the Father who leads us along the pathway of life, gives all the blessings of life, fillls us with the comforts and luxuries of life, happiness, contentment, surrounds us with all of His beautiful things in a beautiful world. We can love a Father like that, but we cannot love the four walls; we cannot love what is called the Law. The law, "Thou shalt not kill," is a good law; "Thou shalt not lie" is a good law, but there is nothing about it that makes you blush with love. It is an inexorable law. There is the law, plain and without emotion, but here is something within, and that is what God is to us.

We go further than cold law, we go further than cold principle; the Father God is with us, He is within us, He leads us, He directs us, He blesses us, and He makes our ways ways of pleasantness, and our paths are paths of peace. That is the God we worship, that is the God that is in All, He is All Good; and the rest of it is in connection with this understanding He is All Wisdom, He is All Power, All Love, All Life, and all of these things are right, but we need this other—this other welding process, we might term it—that takes God into partnership with our thoughts and mind. Then we have a God that is worth something, a God that loves us, a God that is good.

Whether you are sixty years old or sixty years young, makes all the difference in the world. If you are the former, you may be "shelved" at any time; but if you are the latter, you will be in greater demand than ever before. The more years you have, provided you continue to live in the spirit of youth, the more valuable you will be, not only in the commercial world, but in all other spheres of activity as well.

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Unfoldment

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS, Philadelphia, Pa.

ALL growth and every possible phase of life which comes to manifestation is an unfoldment of the silent, unseen world of thought.

From flower to man this latent energy is pressing forth to expression and outpictures in as many varieties as there are kinds of mental images. Whatever the eye beholds is the result somewhere of a thought impulse taking form, as it is the habit of mind to gather to itself whatever it requires for expression in the world of appearance.

Thought activity is the impulse of life, and nothing happens except as a result of this energizing principle. Therefore, what we are in form or circumstance comes from the creation of our own mind. We are the magnets of attraction and can express only our individual mental pictures.

We may generate characteristics which are undesirable, but they would not exist for us if we did not in some way place ourselves in their power.

One might say he was not responsible for a physical pain, because he was not thinking about it, but the mental picture of distress must be there in some form to have produced such a result.

The condition may have been transmitted to his brain through a rehearsal of suffering by some one else. It might come through fear, morbidness, anger or depression, as these states of consciousness are all registered.

Thought embodies and takes form after its kind, and if one would free himself from any discomfort he must not admit a suggestion to his mentality which he does not care to see outpictured in form.

If you would be well, therefore, think persistently of health and close your eyes absolutely to the idea that sickness can exist in any form. Get away from the old idea that a thing can take possession of you, and remember that if you keep your own mental atmosphere clear and renew your mind hourly by profitable thinking there will be nothing for you to fear.

Whatever we see, in shape or form, is simply the result of an idea.

Our achievements and failures are all dependent on our selection from the reservoir of thought supply.

Nothing comes to appearance except through the process of mental unfoldment. All that we have or are is the product of our choice in thinking.

We admit into our consciousness only such things as we desire, and receive the benefit of what we draw to us by the silent power of mental attraction.

This is a law, and when we know the action of the principle we can figure for results with as much precision as a mathematician figures in solving a problem.

The world will never right itself until the laws that govern it are understood.

Man can dispense his charity and temporarily relieve conditions, but permanent improvement will not occur until the law of attraction is understood.

We know that by the silent power of gravitation things are held in place on the earth, but we have not fully grasped

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the idea of thought development and its corresponding power of attraction.

Mind crystallizes into expression after its kind, and draws to itself the material necessary to outpicture its own likeness. This being true, is it a wonder that the world is mixed in its forms of appearance or that it seems so far from a perfect adjustment?

Man may evolve anything which it is possible for him to conceive, but nothing ever happens until it is created in consciousness.

When man awakens to the full privilege of his possibilities he will not find himself in the embrace of uncomfortable conditions, but in full possession of his vast estates, holding the golden key to the reality of his visions. Sickness, distress, poverty and anger will be forsaken, and he will walk as a prince in the Elysian fields of peace, progress, power and plenty.

The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, but we have not recognized it as our birthright. Everything will open to our view as soon as we are conscious of "The Way, The Truth and The Light."

Not every pupil in the class of an Edison became an inventor; not every child under the same instruction as Mozart developed into a musician, but the possibilities existed for all alike.

Then let your slumbering souls awake,
Nor e'er your high ideals forsake.
Man's present heights are but a gleam
Of God's vast realm in the unseen.

It is only those who are devoid of character who believe that virtue is hardly to be found.

The worst thing on earth is a loud-mouthed woman.

ITS BENEFICENT TEACHINGS

New Thought stands for the eternal newness of Life. Before it every unreality vanishes and only that which is real and eternal remains. New Thought teaches that the attitude now held towards sin, disease and death is only man's partial and incomplete thought, and that evil, as generally understood, has no place in the Divine plan; that in the unfolding to all the powers and possibilities which have been written into the life of man—as plan—there is a lawful and orderly sequence. New Thought also teaches that the Universal Spirit is working within the life of man to create a new Heaven and a new earth, and that the false consciousness of sin, disease and death is to be overcome by the power of Faith, Hope and Love, for with the incoming of Light all darkness is dispelled, and that man's normal condition is to become consciously whole, spiritually, mentally and physically.

The woman does not live who is not flattered by the idea that she is a good angel to some man. It is a part of the feminine makeup to wish to be a guiding star. Men know this, instinctively, and when they need an excuse, they word it something like this: "I know I am not worth it, but you are the one good thing in my life." Girls, especially young girls, with a slight knowledge of the world, are strong in their own sense of power. They think that their wanting to make a man good will make him good. Knowing nothing of the awful grasp of evil habits, they believe from the bottom of their little white souls that they can bring him up to the heights. And that is how it happens that women marry men to reform them.

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God's Characteristics

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., October 13, 1912.

CONTINUING this subject of teaching how to heal, we take up more of the characteristics of God. As we said in our initial thoughts on the subject on last Sunday, God is Love, God is Life, God is Good, God is Power, and God is Wisdom. This does not mean that God has all of these, if we term them, characteristics simply, but it means God is IT.

When we say that God is Life, we do not mean that God *has* life as we have life. We are dependent on life for our existence. If God were dependent on life, life would be greater than God, and therefore if you should take life from God, God would be a dead God. But God *is* Life. Now, when the Apostle tells us, or when he told the Athenians, that we live, move and have our beings in God, we can understand that we live, move and have our beings in life. Life is in us and we are in life—Omnipresent life. Every vibration in the whole atmosphere, and the atmosphere itself, is nothing more or less than the congregation of Life, God, and wherever you see life in the plants, in the bird, in the beast, in the person, in you or in me, it is God manifest; it is Life manifest. Therefore, we can understand how it is that we live, move and have our beings in this Universal Life.

It is absolutely essential that you should understand this in order to heal the sick! You are the image and likeness of Infinite Life, you are the image and likeness of Infinite Love and Infinite Good, you are perfect, you are a spiritual being, for God is Spirit, and you are His image and likeness; therefore, you are the image and likeness of Infinite Spirit, Infinite Life, Infinite Health, Infinite Perfection, and you cannot be opposite. God cannot make His opposite, God cannot nullify any law or rule that has ever been made, for all laws are uniform that are true. All truths run in parallel lines, and there cannot be a false scent. Truths

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always run together, parallel, each independent of the others, but all perfect. There is no such thing as confusion; there is no such thing as mixing the truth. Therefore, when we come to treat a patient, as I will teach you when we come to the subject of prayer, you make this realization in your consciousness, in your mentality, or subconscious mind, that you, John Smith, are the image and likeness of Infinite Spirit.

That does not mean that you are the image and likeness of a corporeal body. You might as well understand now that there is no such thing as matter. In our Natural Philosophy, when we were in school, we were taught that matter was absolutely indestructible—that there never could be an atom less or an atom more—which is true in all the world. Matter is a misname, a misnomer. All that is is Spirit, and Spiritual manifestation. This desk is a spiritual manifestation; it has within it the vibrations that sooner or later will return it to the universal level of "Dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return." There is nothing but spirit and spiritual manifestation. Make this understanding and realization in your mind and you can heal the sick.

It is an easy matter to have a philosophy which amounts to nothing, and argue from false premises, but when the so-called philosophy demonstrates itself and proves itself to be true by the rules it is a true philosophy, and all the world cannot tear it down. As I have told you before, you can send a hundred boys to the blackboard and give them an example in mathematics and tell them to work it out. Say that none of them ever heard tell of mathematics or metaphysics, every one would fail. They would be in the condition of a great many people who come to us for treatment for diseases which they have had from one to twenty years. They take treatment for a week; and if they are not healed in a week, they will go away and say, "We have tried Christian Science and there is nothing in it." The doctors may have been at them for twenty years and have not healed them, but, of course, with the doctors that is all right. If they should happen to die, "God Almighty takes them;" but if we let them die or not heal them in a week, Science is no good. There is no more sense in such talk than in sending the hundred boys to a blackboard to solve a problem who have never heard of mathematics. Every one of them fail. It is just the same thing as the boys and the problem. They never receive benefit, they never understand the rules, yet the rules are applied properly. We have not had the time in a great many cases. Take my case, for example: Sixteen years ago this coming spring I was an old man; my face was the color of a brown oak leaf in the fall, and the idea that any color should ever come into my countenance in the way of a rosy cheek or anything of that kind, was beyond thinking. I was bent over; I was filled with so-called disease and was getting ready to die. People used to say to me: "You must be careful; you are getting old; you are not young; be very careful." The result was, I was not only getting old in my own mind, but all of my friends helped me to put that lesson into my consciousness and united in telling me I was getting old. In other words, they were gradually digging my grave, and I was there, as the chief mourner, saying "Amen" to their efforts. That is all it amounted to.

But I got hold of this Science, and it came to me in a very peculiar way. I was one of that great body of self-opin-

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ionated men, filled with prejudice and know-it-all. If anybody wanted to talk to me about any new thought, I would give him no consideration at all. I was set in my ways, and I was prepared to go down on the toboggan in good shape, but this Science came to me in such a way that it attracted my attention and induced me to study.

If you get any person interested enough to study this Science and to learn the principal rules upon which it is based, every one of them who is honest can heal the sick, but no one can understand unless he gets his mind in an honest condition. Everyone whose mind is honest can heal the sick, and every one of you can be just as big a liar as I am.

My friends did not tell me right straight out, "Colonel, you are a liar," but they would go into fits of laughter, and they were tickled to death with the idea that I should get hold of this fool thing. A great many of these men who were so hilariously tickled sixteen years ago are sleeping with their fathers to-day, while I am alive and sixteen years older, but fifty years younger, with the physique of youth, with the vigor of youth and with a better mentality than I have ever had in my life. The others were too smart to believe the truth, the truth that Jesus told us would heal the sick and make everyone free and perfect. But they went down, worshipping a God that did not exist, a God of justice who dosed out on the right hand blessings and on the left hand hell, and they reaped as they sowed.

The universal error is belief in destruction, belief in sickness, belief in sorrow, belief in poverty, belief in weakness and all so-called ills of human life, and the crop is death, sickness and sorrow.

You must not be so self-opinionated as to close the avenues of knowledge in your consciousness. Throw your mind open, be honest, destroy all prejudices, so far as within you is possible. Study. Do not make up your mind to denounce and deny the truth until you have investigated thoroughly, and after that you will see that it is true and that it will demonstrate itself. Each and every one of you who understands, who studies, who works, can heal the sick alike. God Almighty has no favorites, one above the other. We are all His children, and we are all endowed with this same Mind, for there is only one Mind, and as we appropriate, as we assimilate this Universal Mind, in that degree we are greater than our brother or our sister, because knowledge is power. Jesus Christ says: "You shall know the truth." He does not say the truth will make you free until after you know it. You have to have a teacher; you are so taught in the Bible. Christ taught His disciples for three years. When Paul was stricken down red-handed in crime, he was not permitted to go forth and heal and to do this work, but he was made to go into Arabia and was taught. He had to be taught. We must know the lesson or it cannot be utilized. We can get the use of this Science in no other way.

This so-called heart religion, that you feel burning inside of you, is all nonsense. Religion that gives you freedom is a matter of knowledge. You shall know the truth, and then the truth will make you free, but you cannot take it any other way except through this avenue of knowledge.

In your treatments you understand that God is All in All and through all. This is the first fundamental principle of God healing. The next thought is man. Now, this whole subject, as some of you know, is based upon three general propo-

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sitions. In teaching a class I have to teach the same as if not one of that class ever knew a thing about the subject. I have to commence at the beginning and go up. I have never yet found a scientist who understood his lesson too well. I know I do not myself, and I know never a day passes but that I learn something new. This whole creation is an advancement, a marching forward. Nothing is ever still in the whole universe; nothing goes back, but all goes forward. God spake unto Moses and told him to move forward, and that has been the command to the entire universe. "Forward, march," is the command in this Science. You must continue to learn, and you will continue to learn.

No advancement is ever accomplished except through and by hard work, as I found to be true during my college days. You have to work. No accomplishment ever comes except through effort.

Christology in its teachings elucidates how Jesus removed the veil of sense, making all things clear, so that all who will see may view the workings of Infinity as pertaining to man's welfare. We learn that there is but one universal cause; and that is God. Upon the Mount of Transfiguration Jesus showed that law and prophecy were merged into one central thought, the glorified Christ. When His disciples looked up they saw no man, save Jesus only. In His school of Divine science we cannot find that He ever taught man to bow down to the laws of matter. All He taught relative to healing was upon the plane of pure spirituality; and we, as apt and sincere pupils, must, of necessity, follow in His footsteps and profit through His precepts.

HAPPY CRICK

Harriet Whitney Durbin

Wisht that I could find, someday,
That ole trail that used to lead
Down a mallow-scented way,
Edged with grasses gone to seed,
To the water-willows' shade
An' the rocks all wet an' slick,
Where we young ones used to wade
In the waves of Happy Crick.

When we'd dip our dusty feet
In a little foamy frill,
Seemed like they 'ud hiss with heat;
Then the water, cool an' still,
Cuddled 'round 'em, soft as silk,
An' we'd spat 'em up and down,
Churnin' froth as white as milk
Through the pebbles, gold an' brown.

All along the slopin' bank
Snarls of growing stuff was spread—
Water-plantain, deep an' rank,
Pick'rel weed an' arrowhead.
An' the woods that lay across,
They was full of splendid things—
Mats of green an' silver moss,
Golden-dodder's yellow rings.

Hollers, deep as bakin' pans,
Holdin' little shiny pools,
Fungus jest like velvet fans,
Musharoons an' froggy stools;
There was akerns thick as hops—
Overcups an' chinkapins,
An', the other side the copse,
Plums jest splittin' out their skins.

Wisht I'd find a magic track
Through the fog o' years between,
That 'ud somehow lead me back
Down a slant of tangly green
Where the shade was drowsy sweet
An' the rocks was wet an' slick,
'N' I could dip my achin' feet
In the waves of Happy Crick.

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Speaking of Duds

A Few Remarks On the Inscrutable Mysteries of the Raiment of the "Weaker Sex."

IRVIN S. COBB in the "Saturday Evening Post"

NO man ever has solved and no man ever will solve the mysteries of women's clothes. It is not given to us to know why a woman who needs thirty pockets has only one—and hides that one where she can't find it! Nor why she insists for four or five years on having frocks that button up the back; and then, at the end of this long and painful period, when her husband has finally mastered the art of buttoning her up the back, switches without warning to frocks that button elsewhere, thus leaving him with a good trade and no place to practice it. We cannot hope to fathom the power which enables her to fasten on an entire costume with three strings and twenty pins, and then go forth in a high gale of wind and yet remain intact. If a man tried that he'd begin to come undone before he'd gone fifty yards, and at the end of two blocks he would look like a week's wash—and probably the police would arrest him; but a woman can.

Why, one year every woman, regardless of her ground-plans, is wearing one of those straight-up-and-down frocks and a scuttle bonnet, so that she reminds you of a brick flue with a flower pot turned upside down on it; and why, the next year she is so extensively feathered at the top and so severely skimpy elsewhere that she makes you think of a cassowary standing on its head in a strong breeze—these are not matters for us to inquire into. It will keep us busy paying the bills, anyhow, without wasting any time in asking useless questions. Earth and the waters below the earth, and the heavens above, have few secrets from us any more. Science has made plain to us the answers of creation. We have read the puzzles of the heavenly bodies, and in time we may even get into communication with Mars; but never shall we be able to figure out why ma herself goes low-necked in the dead of winter and high-necked in the middle of summer!

From the heights of our vanity we speak of them as the weaker sex—or, at least, we used to do so before they began to insist on having the ballot and taking our jobs away from us; but they're not the weaker sex—the clothes they wear prove it. Take it in January, when the snow, say, is two feet deep on the level and much more so in the newspaper accounts. Let a north wind direct from Manitoba be whistling 'round the corner and stabbing people in the small of the back. No man, if he is sane, dares venture forth unless he be wrapped in the thickest and woolliest overcoat he can afford. Even so, his feet inside his galoshes get so cold he walks with a gait like a pair of buttonhole scissors, and his large, brittle ears turn chill and translucent and resemble the isinglass portholes of a hot stove.

A frail, weak, little 110-pound woman comes tripping debonairly forth in a pair of low shoes, with paper-thin soles on them, and thin, lace silk stockings; she is

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wearing a gown that doesn't weigh much more than his muffler does, and it is all hollowed out at the throat and all carved away on the arms until in several places there is really nothing between her and the rigors of the climate except some filmy lace fixings! He is freezing to death by inches; he has a feeling that if he yanked off his glove too briskly he'd probably bring a valuable thumb and a couple of useful fingers along with it; but she—she looks perfectly cozy and snug and comfortable! And if you, in your simplicity, ask her how such a thing can be she tells you she is warm, because she has on her fur neckpiece and brought her fur muff along.

Everybody accepts this explanation as a perfectly proper and rational one. Nobody thinks of referring to her as Hazel the Nut; yet if a man were caught roaming 'round in his shirtsleeves in a roaring blizzard and sought to explain that he was comfortable because he had on such a nice, warm pair of red suspenders, the bystanders would undoubtedly restrain him by force until an ambulance could come and remove him to a place of safety.

On the other hand, in summer the situation is exactly reversed. When the mercury goes up to the top of the tube a man climbs into the lightest suit of clothes that the dictates of fashion and the police will permit him to wear, and his shirt is the thinnest and his collar the lowest that money can buy; but, with all that, he perspires like Niagara Falls, and is as sticky and miserable and wilted-looking as the day is long. A large, stout woman backs herself into a set of hermetically sealed, airtight stays; she covers her arms with gloves and incases her neck in a tight collar, with whalebone ribs in it which come right up under her ears, and on her head she skewers nine pounds of warm hair belonging originally to some other lady, topping off the whole with one of those Barnum & Bailey hats—you know the kind I mean—three rings, an elevated stage and a hippodrome track on a vacant lot. Thus adorned, she speeds lightly over melting asphalt and blistering pavements—and never turns a hair! She looks cool and she is cool, and she stays cool; and the only thing calculated to make her unhappy and hot will be the realization that some other woman has two more aigret center-poles in her hat than she has in hers. Weaker sex? They're the hardiest sex we have.

THE FORSAKEN FAVORITE

This world has many types of loneliness
* * * * *
Yet none seems drearier than the household pet,
Once welcomed to the warmest fireside place,
A purring, proud, luxurious favorite,
Which haunts, at evening of a wintry night,
The doorsteps of a house untenanted,
From which her false forgetful friends have gone
Leaving her homeless, hungry, and forlorn.
Vainly she waits the care she used to know,
The housewife's call, the evening's milky feast,
The gentle hand that smoothed her furry sides;
Raises alternately her patient feet,
Benumbed and aching, from the icy stone,
Watches the shuttered windows piteously
And mews despairing at the bolted door.

—*Elizabeth A. Kers.*

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Open Up the Windows to Your Soul

BLANCHE BERWYN JOBES

"THE proper study of mankind is man." Looking within, I know the feelings, ambitions and desires of my associates, for we are created brothers. I can put myself in his place, live his life, and think his thoughts.

Working with the tide, not against it; living for good, not despising it; loving all creation, not being a wet-blanket, means so much more building material for the soul, and, O, how quickly such thoughts and actions reflect on the countenance the condition within.

What is your religion worth if you do not carry it where all can see? O, open up the windows to your soul and prove that you are one with God!

I have seen those who claimed they knew the peace, the love and the joy of the Father, but what sad and unhappy faces they carried to the world at large!

"Just be still and know," says Elizabeth Towne, and she is right. To be bathed in the spiritual flood, to be in tune with the Infinite, means harmony, and harmony moves, lives, loves and does. O, to put into words the vast number of mind pictures! To let the world know the grandeur within one's self! To show forth God's handiwork by opening wide the windows to the soul and allowing the light from within shine! We are put here for to shine, but how few of us are fulfilling our mission.

You are desired—aye, needed—in this great world where so many souls see only care and sorrow. O, let your light shine with that irresistible sweetness and love that comes from God.

We may not all be able to write wonderful stories or tell the world of the vision we have seen, but we can be bathed in the light of God's Eternal glory and be more blessed for having seen. We know that just beyond the door the glorious sunlight is shining, and nothing on earth can keep it from us.

Because we live this life, the birds are always singing in the trees, the sun is always shining, God is always near, and the mountain tops are always full of countless hosts to deliver us from evil.

Just be in harmony within—without, and you will be able to work your heart's desire. The world needs the best you have—and, as far as I am concerned, it is going to get it. Will you join me in this?

The world needs the best you have, dear heart;
'Tis crying and sighing for you;
O, why not awake and do your part
While there is so much to do.

You have the ten talents that God gave you,
And these must be used today—
There are souls who need just what you can do,
There are many kind deeds to repay.

Just think if you'd shut out the world from your heart
And think deep of nothing but gain;

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That crying and sighing that needed your part
Would fill the whole world full of pain.

What a pity and sorrow you never can see
The good you can do here and now;
For the spirit of God has caused you to be
Able the world to endow.

The birds and the flowers and the leaves on the trees
Are part of the great Divine Plan,
And he is the wisest who in his youth sees
The existence of God in the man.

My friend, let us counsel together today,
And do, if we can, some kind deed;
Let's look all around us and find the best way
To reach the old world and its needs.

There is a great law, and an unwritten one,
That gives us much joy on the way;
There's peace in the soul for all the good done
That surpasses all words tongue can say.

HOW MUCH OUR HELP CAN DO

If we only knew how much
Our little help can do;
If we only gave our rose
To those who have so few;
If we only realized
How much a word of cheer
Brings unto the shadowed lives
A little of Heaven near;
If we'd only give our least
To make some life more blest,
How soon unto our meager mite
Our love would add the rest!

MENTAL RADIATIONS

Many people scatter fear thoughts, doubt thoughts, failure thoughts wherever they go; and these take root in minds that might otherwise be free from them, and therefore happy, confident and successful.

Be sure that when you hold an evil, unhealthy, discordant, deadly thought toward another something is wrong in your mind. You should call: "Halt, about-face." Look toward the sunlight, and determine that if you cannot do any good in the world you will at least not radiate the venom of malice and hatred.

Always hold magnanimous, loving thoughts toward everybody. Then you will not depress and hinder them, but will scatter sunshine and gladness, and help to encourage, instead of discourage.

Learn to radiate joy, not stingily, not meanly, but generously. Fling out your gladness without reserve. Shed it in the home, on the street, on the car, in the store, everywhere, as the rose sheds its beauty and gives out its fragrance. When we learn that love thoughts heal; that they carry balm to wounds; that thoughts of harmony, of beauty and of truth always uplift and ennoble; that the opposite carry death and destruction and blight everywhere, we shall know the secret of right living.

The coming man will radiate health and gladness as naturally as the rose exhales beauty and fragrance. He will radiate life and vigor as naturally as he breathes. Because he will think only healthful thoughts he cannot possibly radiate anything unhealthful. We reflect only the results of our thinking.—*Orison Swett Marden in the Nautilus.*

Mistakes will happen—particularly to the careless.

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Love—Divine Love

MRS. ELIZABETH DELVINE KING

LET us scale the heights and mount unto the summit and view the landscape o'er. As we stand there on this hoary heights and breathe, undisturbed, the pure spiritual atmosphere our brows are fanned by the soft zephyrs as they come to us from the valleys, plains, deserts, meadows, rivers and seas far below. There let us remember God.

As we look down on this scene we see activity everywhere. Great cities are being built and systems of commerce are being formed and carried on between nations.

We see the cattle on a thousand hills, and fruit and grain growing, and in their seasons returning their harvest to the active workers.

The rivers flow on and finally reach the sea—the sea, one great ocean of activity. Thus, from this mountain summit we view life expressed in action everywhere.

A wise sage once said, "God rests in action."

What is God? God is life. What is life? Life is action—consciousness.

What are Life and Action? Love, Divine Love. Then we have Divine Love as never-ceasing action.

Then, if Love is God or God is Love, it stands in reason, Love fills all space.

Then we live, move and have our beings in Love.

It is the essence of our being—the essence of our life, the essence of the spiritual universe.

It was this Love to which Jesus referred when He said:

"How can you love God, whom you have not seen, if you love not these, your fellow-man, whom you do see?"

If we catch a glimpse of this impersonal Love, which is divine, filling all space, and realize our at-one-ment with it, and our place in it, we can look into the heart of the lotus, the rose and the sunflower, too, and see love expressed there.

The common flowers by the roadside—love strengthens them and fans their faces and causes them to be content in their dry, hard and barren environments.

Know ye this, ye searchers after Truth: If we know the Truth and that Love fills all space, we will not perceive there are any dry, hard and barren places. But we will know and remember the Lord can cause even the deserts to bloom as a rose. If the mind and heart are filled with the realization of this Infinite Love no burden will be heavy, no task hard or difficult, and no place a barren desert; because Love will set about to cause the environments to bloom as the rose.

How beautiful a rose garden in the midst of a desert, with perhaps an evergreen fence around it and fountains spraying here and there to give the roses water!

And just as beautiful as a rose garden in the midst of the desert is one of God's little ones, who in the midst of the desert of carnality has learned the truth concerning God, Man and the Universe, and is consciously living in this great impersonal Love—has drank deep and long of the water of life, until it has turned to wine, and now drinks the wine

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of inspiration; and living thus, the perfume of his holy life fills the air with a more pleasing and lasting fragrance than the perfume from the garden of roses, even though this, too, was pleasant.

If one is fully illumined as to the love, which is divine, being God and impersonal, he will be tender, kind and true. Deception will have no place in him, and evil propensities will no longer remain within him, because he has been changed.

Touching the hem of Love's garment transposes us from Error to Truth, from Death to Life, from Hate to Love.

Note the expression of some dear one who is not illumined concerning the Truth, when he sees a friend whom he loves and when he meets one whom he thinks is an enemy.

The illumined one knows that love should be the same for friend and foe alike; for, lo, if one is filled with love, there are no foes, for in God's eternal kingdom of love there can be no enemies.

Then, if the disciple of Truth in his on-goings toward the fullness of light should sometimes think he has an enemy, as soon as this is whispered into his mind by error thought, let him go into the silence—I mean, go into a silent place, where he can be alone with God, and there, in inner communion and outer prayer, bring himself to the place where he can stand near enough to the summit to view the landscape o'er.

In this attitude he may catch a vision which will show him clearly God's perfect creation, and that the Infinite—our Father—loves all just alike. Then he will see God loves his enemies as well as He loves us, and, I dare say, in this moment of insight, all hatred will be consumed by Divine Love, and, lo, there are no enemies, for all are the children of Love!

Love! Love! Love!

What potency there is in this word. Let us speak it continually, let it fall from our lips hourly, thereby causing the vibrations of the inner and outer to rise.

If everyone on earth would think and speak Love at once for an hour this world would be changed.

But as every grain of sand fills it place, so we, each and all, fill our places. Our thoughts, prayers and desires for good fill their place and help in bringing in the millennium.

Love, Divine Love, is the key which unlocks the storehouse of God's Eternal Opulence. On Love's swift wings the message of Truth, Mercy, Kindness and Peace is carried to the individual or nation, for a nation is only a collection of individuals.

There is a Love; it is Divine; it shines on land and sea and through humanity—touches you and me. On the ocean of Love our bark is resting; underneath it is the Everlasting Arm. May God's hand steer this bark and Jesus Christ stand near the helm.

Let us all join hands, thoughts and prayers and march bravely and lovingly along on this sacred path towards the Light of God. Let us say not to one another, "Thou art wrong" but be thankful they are faced about.

Be ye centered in the eternal light of Truth as God doth reveal it to you; press on and ever know there are higher heights to be attained tomorrow.

Love! Love! Love!

Let our hearts and minds be filled with love

Jesus Christ said, "The greatest commandment is, love God;" and the second is like unto it—"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

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It requires study, devotion, insight—yea, almost illumination—to reach this great height where we love all.

But when we look through the mask which covers from the outer view the perfect man—God's creation—'tis then we can, at least, catch a glimpse of Jesus' deep meaning.

Hate will cause the vibrations of the mind and body to become lower and lower, while Love—Divine Love—will cause them to be raised until, when we are fully illumined concerning this Love Divine, we will then become spiritualized, our bodies and minds having become vibrant with Love.

Thus we see Divine Love is the key which we must use in unlocking the storehouse of Wisdom, Life—yea, Immortality.

AN IDEAL FRIEND

That is the best solitude that comes closest in the human form—your friend, your other self, who leaves you alone, yet cheers you: who peoples your house or your field and wood with tender remembrances: who stands between your yearning heart and the great outward void that you try in vain to warm and fill; who in his own person and spirit clothes for you, and endows with tangible form, all attractions and subtle relations and meanings that draw you to the woods and fields. What the brooks and the trees and the birds said so faintly and vaguely he speaks with warmth and directness. Indeed, your friend complements and completes your solitude and you experience its charm without desolation.—*John Burroughs.*

There is always a way; and the man who never gives up invariably finds the way.

FRESH AIR NATURE'S PRESERVATIVE AND REMEDY

Fresh air is probably the world's best medicine, not only in the treatment of disease, but in its prevention. This is a statement buried in an announcement by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Not one person in one hundred, it says further, gets enough fresh air at his work, at his rest or in his sleep. The association has published a handbook on the subject of sleeping out of doors and giving directions as to how to obtain the greatest benefit in so doing.

The helpfulness of fresh air has long been understood in a general way, but calling it the world's best medicine will give it a new value in the minds of many. Knowledge of it has expanded in the last few years from a point at which it was thought necessary to send sufferers from tuberculosis to California, Colorado or Arizona to a point when the atmosphere of the Adirondacks was appreciated, and since then to the appreciation of the most available large open space having clean air.

But while the curative work goes on thousands of more or less able bodied persons make no effort to secure individual breathing space. They sleep with closed windows, ride in closed cars and work in stuffy offices, shops or stores. Some few persons in the crowd whose lungs are offended protest or escape, but the bulk of humanity tolerates polluted air while it cries for unpolluted food and drink.

How much do you want in the world? Decide at once. Then make yourself worthy of it all and you will positively get it.

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Sin and Sickness

Dr. John L. Jackson in Bloomington, Ill., Pantagraph

IN the First Baptist Church Dr. John L. Jackson gave his second lecture on "Religion and Health." His subject was "Sin and Sickness." His text was in John 9:2: "Master, who sinned, this man or his parent, that he was born blind?"

He said: "The reply of Jesus to this question shows us that we cannot always affirm that sickness is the immediate result of sin. We have known too many good people who have been great sufferers to believe this for a minute. Jesus would have us to be careful in passing judgment upon others. Nevertheless, there is a deep conviction in the human mind that somehow disease is the result of sin. Without doubt this is true in many cases. Jesus Himself seems to constantly recognize this where in cases of cure He says, 'Go in peace and sin no more,' and 'Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.' Here the relation between the two is implied if not directly stated. According to the teaching of Jesus, goodness is spiritual health, and disease, in so far as it is an abnormal condition of the body, is the externalization of a mental, moral or spiritual disturbance. Sin is moral disorder. Sickness physical disorder. Generally they are closely related. It is because they are so closely related that we cannot well deal with one without consideration of the other. For this reason the modern minister of Christ knows that if he is to deal effectively with wrong-doing in the community he ought not to fail to examine carefully into physical conditions.

"Every student of modern society soon discovers that:

"1. Sickness leads to sin.

"2. Sin leads to sickness."

1. We are coming to see that many exhibitions of moral depravity are only cases of sickness or of some bodily defect. Many a poor fellow has been sent to the gallows or to state prison who might have escaped it if some friend had given a little attention to his physical well-being. In most of those domestic tragedies where the husband kills his wife and sometimes the entire family, we trace the cause to an overworked and nervous woman, who scolds and frets and at last arouses the uncontrollable anger of the husband. He, in his mad fury, which is nothing less than temporary insanity, commits the fatal deed for which he sorely repents as soon as he comes to himself. All this horror could have been avoided if the woman could have had rest and the man good cheer. A week of rest in the woods or at the oceanside would have made them lovers again. In countless cases of divorce it is simply the story of two sick people who in their nervous irritability sour the sweet milk of human love and turn from each other in hate.

Oh, if we only realized how much a diseased body has to do with moral and spiritual degradation how careful we would be to keep this human temple beautiful and strong. What treasure on earth is more precious than good health. There is always a lowering of moral fiber in the time of sickness. A poor,

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half-sick girl who had gone astray, when upbraided by her pastor replied: "But I am not strong enough to be good." So often when the physical strength gives way the moral strength weakens. Anyone who manages to keep full of good cheer and to live with clear moral vision through a long illness, deserves the congratulation of his friends. We often notice with surprise and pain that those who in health were full of sweetness and joy, in sickness become cross, peevish and irritable. Such need our sympathy, not our blame. It is the demand of justice as well as kindness that we deal patiently with the sick. The temptations are many and the flesh is weak.

2. We have shown how easily sickness leads to sin. It can be just as plainly shown that sin leads to sickness. It has been proven by scientific analysis that anger poisons the blood. A violent paroxysm of rage has in many cases brought on apoplexy. Jealousy tends to develop insanity. When a person allows himself to be dominated by anger, passion, jealousy or hatred, there is set up in the bodily organism what may be called a thunder storm, which sours the normal, healthy secretions, so that instead of building up physical strength they tear down the foundations of the system. When love and good will fill the soul, all the channels of the body are open and free, and health and strength flow like the river of life through the organism. If love is the fulfilling of law, then these opposites are direct violations of the law, and there can be no violation of law without pain and suffering.

There has been instituted by the United States government at Washington in connection with the Smithsonian Institute, a department in psycho-physics. Prof. Elmer Gates, an eminent scientist, has been making some unique experiments in this department. He says: "I have discovered that bad and unpleasant feelings create harmful chemical products in the body which are physically injurious. These products can be detected by chemical analysis in the perspiration and secretions. It is found that for each bad emotion there is a corresponding chemical change in the tissues of the body which is life depressing and poisonous. Contrawise, every good emotion makes a life promoting change. Everything that enters the mind is registered in the brain by a change in the structures of its cells."

Surely we learn from this what a direct influence a life of virtue and nobleness has upon health. If for no higher reason than that one wishes to be strong and well, it is wise to live a generous and upright life. A thousand other and higher motives urge us to live the worthiest life within our reach.

THE REAL PURPOSE OF RELIGION

"In this finer perception of spiritual values that we are learning to grasp in this nineteenth century, we are coming to recognize the philosophic and the practical as well as the purely religious side of religious truth; to recognize that the real purpose of religion is to unite man with God, till he thinks God's thought, which is truth; feels God's feeling, which is love, and works God's work, which is good in every form and degree of manifestation, to the complete annihilation of evil; and that religion itself does not consist of hopes and fears, aspirations and resolutions, believing, doubting and doing penance, but a glad and ever-increasing understanding of the Divine plan and co-operation with Divine law."

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

IRIDESCENCE

Like colors in the rainbow,
Let light shine through our tears,
To lend new beauty to our lives
Through all the changing years.

Sweet flowers blossom in the rain,
From clouds fresh buds will start;
Joy often comes to us through pain,
To strengthen mind and heart.

From out our clouds of storm and strife
Some splendid prisms come,
Adding fresh charm to every life—
The rays dispelling gloom.

When evening dews are falling light,
The shading tints improve,
'Tis through this iridescence bright
That nature breathes its love.

The rising sun upon the cloud
Brings golden light to view;
No less the setting of the sun
Imparts a brilliant hue.

'Tis shadow mixed with sunshine—
Storms mingling with the calm—
Which gives the force to nature,
And power to life's grand psalm.

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Autumn

MRS. SUSAN Q. MORRIS

THE beautiful days of the autumn are here, and everywhere, as far as the eye can reach, we behold its myriad glories. Surely we can do no better than to tarry a little, and study these pictures from the great Master. Everywhere are bright bits of color, parts of an exquisite mosaic.

The art gallery of Mother Nature, where the great Artist and Designer has been so busy, and where His children may only look and wonder, is open still, full of a changing, varying, shifting landscape of idyllic beauty. Now we may enter. What a blaze of light! "Every bush is afire with God."

The gaunt trees, branching overhead, are showering down their fading wealth of orange and crimson and russet-colored leaves, which serve to form a covering for the brown-green earth more beautiful than any oriental tapestry. It is ever thus, God's handiwork surpassing the best efforts of man.

Every sunshiny day, at this season of the year, is hailed with joy by all of God's creatures. The birds, as though once more led by the mildness of the day into the belief that summer has not yet forsaken them, are singing in the topmost branches of the trees, from which, with every passing breeze, the leaves fall lightly. Let us follow that woodland path and sit and rest a while. Oh, to keep and hold the beauty! All through the woods there is a strange hush and silence.

The very clouds are motionless in their distant homes. Indeed, no sound disturbs the sacred silence save the rustle of the dead leaves, the sigh of the trees as they lose their golden treasures and the dropping of the nuts. After such an hour of communion with nature we will return with fresh courage in our hearts. We will never know the One Nature which lies behind the outward aspect of things, the core of the great throbbing life of mystery covered up in every clover bud and glistening in every star, until we love it. We will never know God until we possess some of the unselfish love which Jesus exhibited and which he has kindled in so many human hearts. Only by searching and imitating Christ can we become like Him.

The changing of the seasons is a topic full of charm for us. The story of the year, "Seed time and harvest, day and night, shall not cease." It emphasizes the process by which life takes itself along, manifesting as it does and working unseen alternately.

We know that in order that there may be another spring there must be the dying in autumn, and we may learn from this that the autumnal rest is necessary to life. Autumn, then, should ever have a glad note for us, indicating, as it does, not death, but renewed life.

And let us not review the past. The future is so full of life and hope, and the present is for us to enjoy. To get a measure of happiness out of our immediate surroundings is a beautiful gift. Look upon to-day as a little measure of eternity, and "act in the living present; heart within and God o'erhead." If we want to know what Heaven is like, we must learn to enjoy this earth. The earth,

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God's footstool, is full of human interest.

There can be little hope or courage in one's make-up so long as he idly pines over what is past and frets over affairs, times and events. None but weaklings faint. Work, labor and toil strengthen one, and help much to cleanse the mind of fear thought and give it hope thought. Through occupation we become fearless, hopeful, noble and magnanimous. Let us strive to be merry, cheery, sunshiny in all we do, and not mock the great God by our whimperings, fears and doubts. Beauty and brightness and power are everywhere for the quiet and serene-minded spirit who goes through life here and now with hope and courage and dignity. Such a spirit hears the angels sing in the present. When the harvests are all gathered the frost-touched acres are ready to yield further blessings. When the fruit has been garnered from the orchards we can see in the unadorned branches still glory of life. The grace of service is in the bare, bending boughs which the golden fruit has thus shaped when the winds were warm and the hum of bees was in the flowers. So to us there is always harvest time, and the last gleanings are often richer than the first.

"Ours is the seed time; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown.
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with Him."

No matter how cold and wind-swept the fields of your endeavor, there are flowers in bloom and grain to gather and harvest homes to sing. If we live in the upper rooms of our inner being, we shall not suffer overmuch. One hope held steadfast, one consciousness of divine love never dimmed, one purpose full of trust; with these there is no hour wholly desolate.

WHAT PHILOSOPHERS ARE

A philosopher is a man, and rarely a woman, who, having nothing to do and being glad of it, puts in his time explaining the reason that other people should have for doing things.

Philosophers are not popular because, in the first place, most men are too busy to listen to them, and in the second place, they are satisfied with their own reasons for doings things.

Nevertheless, philosophers are wont to gravitate toward comfortable stoves in corner groceries, where men of varying leisure straggle in and toward comfortable chairs in universities, where helpless youth are compelled to listen as a part of an awful punishment called a curriculum.

Whenever a philosopher becomes famous, it always turns out that he is not a philosopher at all, but a scientist. Simon-pure philosophers never give information, because nothing less than explaining the unknowable will satisfy them. One philosopher will never agree with another philosopher if he can possibly help it.—*Life.*

HUMILITY

"Humility is that line of conduct which is a mean between overbearing pride on the one hand and abject servility on the other, as economy is the middle term between extravagance and avarice. It is the crown of nobility, a ladder to honor and a means of procuring love and esteem. A wise man was once asked whether he knew of any good which is not coveted or any evil which deserves no mercy, and he said: "Yes, they are humility and pride." To despise a proud man is true humility."
—*Arabian Proverb.*

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All Cures Faith Cures

DR. JOHN W. MURRAY in "Unity"

YOU can no more separate disease from the thought which. produced it than you can separate a smile from the face and leave it in the air as a separate entity. The thought of the disease and the disease are merely the cause and the effect. Destroy the cause, the effect disappears. Destroy the false belief and sickness vanishes.

This was the only method of cure that Jesus ever resorted to. He destroyed the false image in the consciousness of the patient. If the patient had a picture of a withered arm, Jesus did not massage the arm; did not tell him to go and take exercise; did not try to build him up with some tonic, or resort to any of the physical subterfuges whatever. He simply destroyed the mental picture. "Stretch forth thine hand"—he stretched it forth, and it became whole as the other; and the same in the case of the daughter of Jairus, and with Lazarus.

Every cure that Jesus ever performed, He performed on the basis of removing the mental cause. So that, by reducing the idealism of Jesus to a practical demonstration in the twentieth century, we are only doing that which we have been enjoined to do; and if we meet with the same degree of opposition that the Master Idealist met with, we should not be discouraged. Rather should we take it as an evidence that the system is right.

The other day in Washington, you remember, when it was the duty of one of our Senators to oppose a measure that was aimed at the suppression of all spiritual systems of healing bodily diseases, he declared that if the great Master Idealist were here to-day His work would be regarded as a criminal offense; that the great Medical Trust of this United States would regard Him as a charlatan, professing to heal bodily disease without the application of drugs. Not being a graduate of any of the medical colleges, not being able to show His parchment, the medical members could demand an examination.

To-day we are living in a world of thinkers. We know that thought is the most potent agency in the universe. We know that thought is the mediator between Divine Mind and the cure of every bodily ailment in the world. And, what is more, we know more than the doctors know; we know that every cure they have made is a faith cure—every one. There never has been a cure in the world that was not a faith cure, your pills and your pellets and your climate and your diet notwithstanding. If you had no faith in any of those systems, you would never try them; and if the physicians had no faith in those systems they would not employ them.

This is no arraignment of the Medical Trust. I beg of you not to consider it as such. It is merely a recommendation of a higher system. I would not for the world take from the world its crutches, its pills or even its morphine, not for the world. But when the race has exhausted these, when the advocates of medicine say we can do nothing more for you, then I ask, in God's name, is there no appeal to a Higher Source? Is there no balm in Gilead, that we should accept as final

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the decree of the doctor? When the finite has exhausted its limits, shall we conclude that the Infinite is alike impotent? "Is the arm of the Lord shortened that it cannot save, or His ear heavy that it cannot hear?" When the higher courts of our land set aside the verdicts of the lower courts, does it not prove the fallibility of the human mind, and the judicial mind, at that?

When all external means and methods have been tried and found wanting, you may still have recourse to the internal Spirit of Truth. There is freedom for you in a knowledge of the Truth. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

AT SIXTY-TWO

Just sixty-two? Then trim thy light,
And get thy jewels all reset;
'Tis past meridian, but still bright,
And lacks some hours of sunset yet.
At sixty-two
Be strong and true,
Scour off the rust and shine anew.

'Tis yet high day; thy staff resume
And fight fresh battles for the truth;
For what is age but youth's full bloom,
A riper, more transcendent youth.
A wedge of gold
Is ever old;
Streams broader grow as downward rolled.

At sixty-two life is begun;
At seventy-three begin once more;
Fly swiftly as you near the sun,
And brighter shine at eighty-one.
At ninety-five,
Should you arrive,
Still wait on God, and work and thrive.

—*New Haven Journal-Courier.*

INFLUENCE OF MIND ON BODY

Let us always bear in mind that the state of mind, our thoughts, emotions and passions, have a most decided influence on the internal secretion, on the condition of our blood, on our temperature, and on the processes of respiration, circulation, digestion, nutrition, assimilation, and elimination. Emotions and thoughts of an irritating, or of a depressive nature, such as worry, fear, grief, anger, hate, jealousy, for instance, greatly interfere with the glandular secretions, and cause systemic chemical changes of a deleterious character, impairing other vital functions. While joy, cheerfulness, calmness, hopefulness, love, have a beneficial influence on all vital activities of our organisms.

The actions and influence of the mind upon one's own body, as well as upon others near us, are but little understood. By observation in our daily life we find that when one is in a mood of deep depression, others about him are very liable to be more or less affected in the same direction. If a person is especially irritable, then it will soon be observed that others in his surrounding become less serene and more readily affected than usual.

If you wish to succeed in any field of action, improve yourself and make your work better. Produce a better product, but say nothing whatever against your competitor. To antagonize others is to produce disorder in your own mind, and no mind can do its best under such conditions. Therefore, to antagonize, criticise or tear down is to keep yourself down. To build yourself up you cannot afford to waste any of it in trying to destroy the prospects of others.

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FATE

TWO shall be born, the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues and have no thought
Each of the other's being. And have no heed;
And these, o'er unknown seas to unknown lands,
Shall cross, 'scaping wreck, defying death,
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end:
That, one day, out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

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The Creative Intelligence of God

THE Creative Intelligence of God is in the spiritual nature or soul of man. The flesh can do nothing of itself; it is the creative power that forms cells and acts upon them intelligently with a purpose learned from the W sdom of the eternal Mind. You should have faith that your creative Intelligence is protective and constructive every instant, because your faith encourages its activity. Those billions of white corpuscles in pneumonia are created in a few hours to accomplish a healing purpose; other marvels of creative intelligence are being accomplished in your body every day. Think of what occurs when a nerve trunk is cut and is repaired. When a telephone wire cable is broken, all the wires in that cable have to be connected again with just the right wires, or messages will go to the wrong 'phones and there will be utter confusion. When a nerve trunk is cut ten thousand such nerve w'res have to be joined, each to its proper mate, or the thumb will get a message meant for the little finger, etc. Now, your soul intelligence—I like to call it soul intelligence to emphasize the fact that it is the superior, spiritual, immortal YOU—will connect those ten thousand nerve filaments correctly, provide the substance for repair, and then use the nerve as though nothing had happened. Is there anyth'ng impossible in the way of healing to such a miracle worker when the proper conditions are provided?

Dr. J. H. Kellógg, the noted surgeon, states that the intelligent activity of the intestines has caused them to move about and expand until a long pin which had become stuck in the membrane head up was turned head down and thus carried downward with the food. But this was a simple adjustment to the intell gence which can reconnect a nerve trunk.

Dr. Kellogg also cites cases where life has built a new liver lobe and substituted a new pyloric orifice for one that had been cut out. It has shown its ability to make the best use of the remaining half of a stomach, and has got along without a large part of the colon. I have seen cases where faith has lengthened a shortened leg two inches and made it normal, actually growing new bone substance to accompl sh this miracle.

I do not wish to teach that Life does these things under any and all conditions. It does them under the right conditions. It will restore health under conditions of natural outdoor living that it will not restore by the most fervent exercise of faith that can be brought to bear without the outdoor life. Again, when outdoor life, diet, breathing and exercise do not accomplish a cure, faith and prayer will make the conditions for restoration. In any case it is the right conditions of mind and body that enable Life to restore. You can poison your body with foods, stimulants and drugs until the activities of l'fe are paralyzed, and you can suppress its activities by a thousand different mental means, but for restoration you have merely to fulfill the law or condition through which Life manifests, and then you will see it demonstrate its wonders.

Arteriosclerosis or hardening of the arteries is considered an incurable condition, but Sanford Bennett, who grew twenty years younger from fifty to sev-

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enty and is still at it, demonstrated that hardened arteries can be renewed by wilfully directing the cleansing and restoring currents to every muscle in the body by tensing and relaxing exercises carried on while lying in bed.

* * * * * * *

Return to the ways that are natural, and you will discover the ways of Life. Your eternal nature was formed to live close to the "garment of God," which is surcharged with His vital presence. Active life in the cold air of winter will arouse all your muscular system into activity, increase the circulation and the nourishment of every cell and give appetite a cause to exist. The cold air will electrify the blood and nerves with the ability to resist colds, germs and all effects of sluggish conditions.

The warm sun of summer will increase the elimination of impurities through the perspiration, vitalize the skin over the entire body as you bathe in the lake or lie on the seashore, and from air and earth and sky your body will absorb the radiance of Nature which is the breath of Life.

It is natural for you to have an active, creative mind, and your mind will show forth greater force and ability for constructive work after it has learned to commune with nature and inbreathe her vigor. The resultant physical vigor will revive all sluggish mental energies, and it will seem a simple matter to throw great force of character into your work and compel it to reveal success.—*The Nautilus.*

Tis a strange species of generosity which requires a return infinitely more valuable than anything it could have bestowed.—*Samuel Adams.*

RECLAIMING PALESTINE

Palestine is rapidly being developed along agricultural lines, according to Alexander Aaronsohn, a native of the Holy Land, in an address before the Washington Alliance of Jewish Women.

"Jerusalem is not a land filled with only beggars and poor people, as is the popular idea in America," declared Mr. Aaronsohn. "For the last three centuries Jerusalem was the mecca of pious Jews, for whom to die in the Holy City was like the taking out of a free pass to Paradise. Ere long Jerusalem was filled with old, decrepit Jews, who spent their days praying in the synagogues, awaiting death. The Jews throughout the world had to provide for the living of these pious old souls.

"In the last thirty years, however, Palestine has had a new era. Disgusted with the persecutions of their countries, young Jews from Russia and Roumania determined to return to Palestine and start a healthy life by tilling the soil of their ancestors. Thus these Jews came to live, not to die, in Palestine.

"As a result of a thirty-year brave and enthusiastic struggle, there are now in Palestine about forty Jewish villages, aggregating about 10,000 Jews, living on agriculture. Palestine, which is a fertile country, but devastated by ignorance and neglect, is gradually developing through the loving care of young and enthusiastic Jews."

THE MAN WITH FAITH

The world wants the man with faith, the man who refuses to be downed, the man who when failing to get what he wanted becomes more ambitious and more determined than before, and goes in search of the greater prize.

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The Fireflies' Ball

THE sun shone very warm on the outside leaves, but under the rosebush it was cool and shady. Then the waving of the grass made a soft song like faint beating of tiny waves on a fairy ocean. At least, that is what the ugly worm thought as he curled up under a broken stick and watched the light flickering on the ground.

"I wonder what use I am in the world," he said as he longed to get out in the light and air. "I am nothing but a brown, furry worm that everyone despises."

A little bee that was passing heard the remark and stopped for a moment.

"You are some use in the world," cried the bee. "Your part is small and humble and so is mine, but if we do the little things well the big ones will come by and by."

"That is so," said the worm to himself. "I may be ugly and only a worm, but I will do my best and be prepared for better things."

So the worm burrowed in the ground and made it soft for the plants, and all day did what he could to act well his part in life. It was not much that he could do, but all that lay in his power he went about with a glad heart, saying to himself that he would do his little now and be ready for bigger things to come.

One day he climbed up the bush and saw a wonderful sight. There, seated on a blooming rose, was a beautiful firefly, with wings like green gauze with spots of gold and dashes of glowing crimson. Its dainty head was crowned with a circle of tiny jewels, and all about stood hundreds of other fireflies waiting to attend on the wishes of this lovely creature—their queen.

The worm stood still in fright—he had never seen anything so beautiful in his little life. He looked at his brown fur and at the radiant queen in all her exquisite beauty, and he shivered with disgust at himself.

"Well, never mind," he at last said to himself; "I cannot be beautiful, but I can do my part." So with a long, last look at the beautiful queen of the fireflies he crawled again down to the damp ground under the rose bush.

But the queen had seen him and heard his brave speech, and it touched her ten-

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der heart. So she called to one of her heralds, and told him to go and invite the worm to the great ball which was to be given the next night.

But the herald found the worm fast asleep, curled up into a hard ball.

Now, the queen was unmarried, and it had been decided to give a big party, to which all in the yard should come, and the handsomest present should marry the queen. So all the insects were in a great state of excitement the next evening. By the time the moon was up the crickets were singing, the glow-worms lighting up the bush, and on all sides trooped the brightest and prettiest of the creatures, dressed in their best, each hoping to win the heart and hand of the beautiful queen.

On the summer air the soft music floated among the roses, the fireflies twinkled, and over all the big blossoms hung like balls of red in the moonlight. Presently the noise woke the worm. He looked up sleepily, for somehow he felt very strange—not a bit like himself.

But he was too intent on following the sound of dancing to think about his feelings at all, for all his thoughts were of the queen and to get a glimpse at her, even if he did have to hide under a leaf. He did not know that he was no longer crawling, but walking on long legs.

When he peeped from behind the leaf the queen knew who it was, and waved her hand to him to come to her. His heart thrilled at the sight, and though he did not know what he was doing he raised his wings and floated out before the company—a beautiful golden butterfly. When he caught sight of himself in a drop of dew he trembled to find that he was no longer the ugly, brown worm, but a radiant, glowing, gorgeous butterfly, the most beautiful at the ball.

As he bowed before the queen, the light shimmering on his sheeny wings, she took off her crown and laid it at his feet."

"You will be my husband," she said. "Not just because you are the most beautiful one at the ball, but because you know how to do your part well in little things."

And the happy butterfly floated away on the perfumed breeze with his beautiful bride.

THANKSGIVING

I'll give thanks, and you'll give thanks;
We'll all give thanks together!
We'll have a great Thanksgiving Day,
Whatever wind or weather.

I'll be glad, and you'll be glad,
And we'll all be glad together!
Gladness is sunshine night and day,
In spite of wind and weather.

I'll be good, and you'll be good,
And we'll all be good together!
Goodness, we'll find, is loving Mind,
And that makes splendid weather.

—*Wee Wisdom.*

O God of mountains and of boundless spaces!
O God of freedom and of joyous hearts!
When thy face looketh out from all men's faces,
There will be room enough in crowded marts.
Brood thou around me and the noise is o'er;
Thy universe my closet with shut door.

—*Geo. MacDonald.*

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The Dog That Goes to School

BESSIE E. WHITE in "Our Dumb Animals"

BETTY is a small, brown and white fox-terrier. She goes to school every day, and likes it better than a great many of the boys and girls, because she starts for the school house on Saturdays and Sundays, and seems quite disappointed when her master calls her back. While the school is in session Betty lies quietly under the stove, where it is nice and warm.

When the first grade is called out, and the little tots begin to read over the lines, "The busy squirrel runs around, looks for acorns on the ground," the dog gets drowsy, and, snuggling her head on her paws, falls asleep. Sometimes, when dreaming, she flaps her short tail excitedly against the sheet of zinc under the old stove. Then the children smile a little, and the teacher remarks that "Betty is probably chasing a squirrel."

The dog knows what the sounding of the recess bell means quite as well as any of the pupils, and usually makes a dash for the door, in order to be the first one out. If some of the children get ahead of her, she dances into line near her master and goes out with him. She never stays in at recess, but is always out playing with the boys and girls or chasing the squirrels in and out among the trees around the school house.

When the noon hour arrives, Betty keeps near the children, her small head poised expectantly. They talk to her and give her bits of meat and bread. She likes candy and is very fond of fruit, especially grapes.

The dog does not sleep as much during the afternoon session. She wanders up and down the aisles, visiting this child and that one. Sometimes she takes the teacher's armchair, if it is vacated, or sits on the top of her master's desk, very quiet and erect. If, in the meantime, he has to come down to the front for a recitation, Betty comes along with him, and sits on his lap or at his feet while the class recites.

Miss White, the teacher, doesn't mind having this extra pupil. The dog is always quiet and well-behaved in the school room, and in no way does she hinder the progress of the children in their work.

The school which the dog attends is in the town of Marlboro, N. H. It is a district school, the building containing only one large room. There are thirty-four pupils, mostly Finn children, who are well-behaved and above the average in brightness.

The dog is owned by Masters Paul and Walton West. The boys live on a farm. Betty was picked up a few years ago in Dublin, N. H., by a dog catcher. She proved to be such a friendly and intelligent animal that the man hated to shoot her, so wrote to Paul and Walton, asking them to come over and look at the dog. The boys took her home. A short while after that they met her owner in Keene. He told them that he had taken the dog with him to a lumber camp, and that she had run away while they were there. The man, seeing how much the boys thought of their new pet, told them they

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might keep her, so that Betty has a fine home and is getting a good education.

All the children take a great interest in their small, dumb friend. They are very kind to her and thoughtful of her comfort. If this feeling is encouraged, it will most certainly lead them to be thoughtful and kind to all animals, will it not?

THE FROGS AND THE CANDLE

William J. Long, the naturalist, has made a study of frogs and their habits, and the following story from his book, "Wilderness Ways," tells of the strange power exerted over these creatures by a light:

The most curious and interesting bit of their strange life, he says, came out at night, when they were fascinated by my light. I used sometimes to set a candle on a piece of board for a float, and place it in the water close to the shore, where the ripples would set it dancing gently. Then I would place a little screen of bark at the shore end of the float, and sit down behind it in darkness.

Presently two points of light would begin to shine, then to scintillate, out among the lily-pads, and chigwooltz would come stealing in, his eyes growing bigger and brighter with wonder. He would place his forearms akimbo on the edge of the float, and lift himself up a bit, like a little old man, and stare steadfastly at the light. And there he would stay as long as I let him, just staring and blinking.

Soon two other points of light would come stealing in from the other side, and another frog would set his elbows on the float and stare hard across at the first comer. And then two more shining points, and two more, till twelve or fifteen frogs were gathered about my beacon, as thick as they could find elbow room on the float, all staring and blinking like so many strange water owls come up from the bottom to debate weighty things, with a little flickering will-o'-the-wisp nodding grave assent in the midst of them. But never a word was spoken; the silence was perfect.

Sometimes one, more fascinated or more curious than the others, would climb on the float, and put his nose solemnly into the light. Then there would be a loud sizzle, a jump and a splash; the candle would go out, and the wondering circle of frogs would scatter to the lily-pads again, all swimming as if in a trance, dipping their heads under water to wash the light from their bewildered eyes.

THE HEAD OF THE HCUSE

Boys, when you speak of your father, don't call him "the old man." Of course, you are older now than when you were taught to call him father. You are much smarter than you were then, you are much more manly looking, your clothes fit you better, your hat has a modern shape and your hair is combed differently; in short, "flyer" than you were then. Your father has a last year's coat, a two-year-old hat and a vest of still older pattern. He can't write such an elegant note as you can and all that, but don't call him "the old man." For years he has been rustling around to get things together; he has been held to the thorny path of uphill industry, and the brightest half of life has gone for him forever. But he loves you, though he goes along without saying much about it; therefore be not so ungrateful.—*Exchange.*

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Keep Up Your Courage

Christian D. Larson in "Efficiency"

WHEN you fail to get what you wanted, refuse to be sorry, refuse to express regrets at any time, because by continuing to be your best at all times and under all circumstances you will positively get something better. To feel sad and disappointed is to lose your hold upon things, and it may take much time and much extra effort to regain that hold. But to continue with the same determination and faith is to gain a firmer grip than ever, and it is only a question of a short time when things will be brought your way.

No one can afford to become discouraged, disappointed or sad. The discouraged mind is a weak mind, therefore cannot cope with the difficulties that may be at hand. It is the mind that retains its courage, its determination, its cheerfulness and its faith that surmounts every obstacle, because such a mind continues to be strong. The principal cause of failure is the tendency to become discouraged during dark moments, thereby weakening and confusing the mind to such an extent that it loses in a measure both its judgment and its power. But when the hard places are met, then it is that we find the best judgment and the most power. Therefore, we must not permit the mind to be depressed, discouraged or bowed down at such times.

To keep up your courage and avoid becoming discouraged know that you are equal to every occasion, if you want to be, and remember that everything lends power to him who never says fail. If your clouds do not show their silver lining, look through the clouds. You can. You can also create your own silver lining, and by concentrating your attention upon the brightness you have created in your own mind your thoughts will become brighter. Such thoughts will produce brightness in your entire mentality, and will so clear up your mind that you can easily see your way through.

When the dark hour is at hand be your best. If you are your best, things will take a turn for the better; but if you continue to go down things will continue to go down with you until all is lost. No matter what your circumstances may be, everything will go as you go. It is therefore profitable for you to go up constantly into more life, more power, more mental lucidity, more determination, more courage, more cheerfulness, more faith. Have more faith than ever before when faith seems to fail. Go up and live in higher thought and stronger thought and open the mind more fully to the greater powers of mind and soul; and, above all, depend upon the Infinite. No one can be his best unless he lives, thinks and acts constantly in perfect oneness with the Supreme. This is not mere sentiment nor blind belief. It is exact science.

Whatever Fate betides me, let it come.
I've courage to bear it, though it be made
up of sad and disappointing things. Victorious will I live, remembered when I
pass beyond into the sphere which I have
earned, for, as Shakespeare words it:
"He is not worthy of the honeycomb who
shuns the hive because the bees have
stings."—*Cora Mickle Hoffer in The Thinkers' World.*

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RULES FOR OLD AGE

Dr. Frank Crane

With apologies to Emile Faguet, whose book on "Old Age" I do not at all fancy, I will try to set down some rules for old persons. When I am old I will observe the following items (perhaps):

I will not try to act nor dress nor talk so as to make people think I am younger than I am.

I will not pretend to be young nor be angry when called old, nor be ashamed of my age.

I will not complain of being old.

I will not continually remind people of my old age to secure their sympathy or to hear them say I am not so old after all, or do not seem so.

I will not form the habit of indulging in reminiscences.

I will be particularly careful not to repeat the same anecdotes over and over.

I will not complain of the present and claim the past was much better.

If I am deaf, weak-eyed, lame, or otherwise afflicted I will not advertise my infirmities, but avoid obtruding them upon the notice of others as much as possible.

I will not read my manuscripts to visitors.

I will not talk of myself, my works, or my achievements, even of my mistakes, any more than is necessary.

I will speak cheerfully or keep still.

I will never indulge in cynicism, never sneer at youth, and I will try always to appreciate what younger folk do.

I will be as little bored as I can, and never say I am bored, nor, if possible, act as I were bored.

I will not give advice unless it is asked, and not often then.

I will not be irritable.

I will not be a nuisance nor an incumbrance, as far as in me lies.

I will not be offended by neglect, but will remember the words of the sage: "Those who come to see me do me honor; those who do not come to see me do me a favor."

I will be as little disagreeable as possible, and will never use my natural disagreeableness as a means of getting my way.

I will cultivate the friendship and companionship of young children, who alone understand old age.

I will learn to love to be alone. As Ibsen says: "The freest soul is the soul that is alone."

I shall try to show the world that old age is spiritual opportunity and not physical calamity.

Forced to become a bystander, I shall try to be helpful and a cheerful one.

I shall try to sweeten like the pear Dr. Holmes describes that mellows and becomes full flavored before it drops from the stem, and shall try not to sour and dry and rot.

I shall conceive my life's triumph to be to grow triumphantly, victoriously old.

In a word, I shall try to adjust myself to old age, as to all other facts of life.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC

I've seen a lot of painted life almost
around the globe,
But nothing that I've ever met would
stand the keen-edged probe
Of lasting human benefit and good,
whole-hearted fun
As the picnic of the Sunday school in
days when all the sun
Of June soaked in the heart and soul,
and gladness, heaping up,
Came with fried chicken and ice-cream
to brim the dinner cup.

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Understanding

JENNIE WATSON HEALEY in "The Thinkers World"

WE are limited solely by our lack of intelligence and understanding. What the world needs to-day is perfect understanding; first of ourselves, then will come a clear conception of the truth of all else.

Understanding is the ethical structure upon which is builded all knowledge. It is the key that unlocks the portals of every achievement and marks the superiority of man over predecessors along the line of evolution. It is the Divine Spark in man and the source from which flows all happiness. The way to perfect understanding is through recognition of our relation to God and an earnest desire for a spiritual discernment; as desire in the awakening and moving power of the universe, it necessarily becomes the cornerstone in the foundation of all upbuilding. And when our desires are clothed in spiritual vestments, the veil of ignorance and blind superstition is swept from our vision and the light of Divine understanding floods the world with the light that has always shown on land and sea—Universal Love.

When in tune with the Infinite, life becomes a grand sweet song, whose silvery notes bear a rhythm of harmony on every wave of sound. Sin, suffering and sorrow are no more for those who have entered this haven of spiritual understanding. Therein are revealed also the hidden mysteries of heaven and earth, and from that high altitude of thought you will see mankind in complete perfection, and all superficiality is seen but as a mask which hides the real man from all save him who is free from the fetters of ignorance.

All nature becomes a new world to him who understands its governing principle and his kinship to all created things. He sees new glory in the starry heavens, hears the reverberations of thunder, and sees the lightning's gleam with pleasure; notes a new cadence in the songs of the birds; even the weeds, despised by common observers, have attractive beauties to understanding eyes, and all beautiful things are rendered more beautiful. Oh, seeking soul, take generously from this inexhaustible treasury of knowledge, and "with all thy getting, get understanding."

DR. ELIOT ON EARLY MARRIAGES

Dr. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, is a believer in early marriages, and in a recent address to students he advised them to look forward to marriage as soon as possible. Postponed marriages, he believed, was one of the greatest evils of modern life. It is not a valid excuse for a man to say that he wishes to give the girl he will marry as much luxury as she had in the home of her parents. If the girl has been brought up in too much luxury, the sooner she is given a chance to live differently the better.

The doctor goes further and advises that it is the duty of every young man to look forward to becoming a grandfather while he is young, as postponed marriages have the great disadvantage that men cannot begin to have grandchildren until they are too old to enjoy them.

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Rose M. de Vaux-Royer

UNSTRUNG

Like strains of music, vibrating among
The heart's deep places, instruments unstrung

Lie in the dusk—await the master hand,
As human souls await the high command.

Unsung the songs by hearth and home once told;
Unstrung the lute that held life's story old;

Responding only to the magic touch
Of some fine presence. Loving over-much

The lesser things, we strive to turn aside
And worship where the pure in heart abide.

O, life-worn worker, enter fearlessly
This new-world haven of hushed sanctity,

Where, vibrant with diviner atmospheres,
We stand attuned to "music of the spheres."

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Precious Human Life

MAX HOFFMAN in "The Thinkers World"

WHETHER you accept Christ as the Son of God or not, you must recognize His divine wisdom. This was exhibited on the earth at a time when a great many of His teachings were incompatible to the general public opinion.

Just one instance will I cite, viz, that of the sacredness of human life. Remember in those days the Roman father had unlimited power over his children; he could sell them into slavery or kill them, just as he chose, a privilege he very frequently took advantage of.

The Hebrew father was only a little less brutal, being withheld by the Mosaic legislation. The Roman holiday was made festive by the countless murders in one form or other. Trajan, in one hundred and twenty-three days forced 10,000 prisoners and gladiators to fight to the death in an amphitheater.

Seventy-two prisoners met death during the reign of Henry VIII, and 300 beggars for soliciting on the streets for alms.

If a man disguised himself he was hanged; if he cut down trees or absented himself from religious ceremonies he was killed, and so on down the long list of butcheries. Man had absolutely no regard for the other fellow's life. There was no sacredness attached to it in his mind. It took a Christ to appraise every human being. He taught in the face of all this opposing thought that "a whole world could not compensate for the loss of a single life."

He restored the sick, even the loathsome leper. He represented the Good Shepherd as seeking the one wandering lamb until he brings it into the fold with joy. He found and reclaimed a woman despised and subject to a death penalty. He placed a high value on the life of every little child; none were too deformed for His loving appreciation.

It was the Christ who bestowed on all naked humanity priceless valuation beyond the concept of mortal man.

HOW MIGHTY IS ENTHUSIASM

Enthusiasm is the greatest asset in the world. It beats money and power and influence. Single handed the enthusiast convinces and dominates where wealth accumulated by a small army of workers would scarcely raise a tremor of interest. Enthusiasm tramples over prejudice and opposition, spurns inaction, storms the citadel of its object, and like an avalanche overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles.

It is nothing more nor less than faith in action. Faith and initiative rightly combined remove mountainous barriers and achieve the unheard-of and miraculous. Set the germ of enthusiasm afloat in your plant, in your office or on your farm; carry it in your attitude and manner; it spreads like contagion and influences every fibre of your industry before you realize it; it begets and inspires effects you did not dream of; it means increase in production and decrease in costs; it means joy and pleasure and satisfaction to your workers; it means life, real, virile; it means spontaneous bedrock results—the vital things that pay dividends.—*Nautilus.*

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WORDS OF WISDOM FROM "EFFICIENCY"

Find fault with nothing. Improve upon everything. Never think of the lesser. Keep the eye single upon the greater. Perpetual increase of all things desirable must invariably follow.

Whatever a person may be trying to do it is ability and right action that count. Both of these need a clear mind, a well-poised mind, a cheerful mind, a determined mind, a strong mind.

When you fail to get what you wanted, never permit disappointment to enter the mind for a moment. Simply change your mind and want something better. Here is a principle that produces results under every circumstance.

The world will never neglect the man who is able to do things. The best there is to be had will be his, and it will be given to him with joy. He deserves it, because, by doing his best, he has made the best of everything his own; and our own will positively come if we ourselves never stand in the way. The point, therefore, is to make yourself deserving of good things, and then to open your life to the best by always expecting the best. You may rest assured that the best will come without fail.

Deserts are deserts until some one discovers irrigation. Obstacles are obstacles until some one discovers how to harness the power that is latent in those obstacles. Then the very thing that prevented advancement and increase will produce advancement and increase. What appeared to be an obstacle proves itself to be an opportunity.

From the viewpoint of certain minds every opportunity looks like an obstacle, and there is not a single obstacle in existence that will not prove itself to be an opportunity if properly approached.

Whatever may come or whatever may fail to come continue to stand unflinchingly by the high purpose that you have resolved to carry through. Do not come down. Believe in yourself. Believe in the best that you can find in yourself, and even though everything you do should be a failure now do not for a moment lose faith in yourself. There is enough in your whole self to overcome everything, to conquer everything, to attain everything. Therefore, stand by that self through darkness and light, and the whole of that self will stand by you. Ere long you two together will scale the heights.

THE DOG AND THE CAT

There is first of all that old friend of man, the dog. Long before history began, long before any making of records which we can read, the dog was the friend of man. He followed his master long ago and helped him, and when we see the collie scattering the sheep to-day, it is only doing the bidding of that older pack in the past. Domestication is more than humanizing the animals which have entered into this human society. They are not merely dumb, wild beasts—they are domestic animals. They have become attached to human society and learned to serves its purposes. We have the dog which looks for the touch of his master. He helps his master as his master's friend and rejoices greatly at the kindness of his master. I am one of the persons who is well disposed toward the household cat. It has always seemed to me that the humming of the tea-kettle was cheerier when the cat is content on the rug. Whatever the cause of it, the cat is an individual which has made homes a little sweeter and gladder and by which many a lonely woman has been cheered.

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TO THINK WHAT YOU WANT TO THINK

Thought precedes action. To control thought is to control action, and to control thought is to think what you want to think. He who can think what he wants to think will feel the way he wants to feel, and will act the way he wants to act. To think what you want to think, form your ideals on all subjects and hold those ideals before mind constantly. Then train the entire mind to concentrate attention upon those ideals with the deepest and the strongest desire that can possibly be aroused. The stronger the desire for the realization of those ideals the sooner will all thought be created in the likeness of those ideals, and that is your object in view. When your thoughts are like your ideals you are thinking what you want to think.—*Larson.*

POWER OF INSECTS

If asked to name the strongest animals most persons begin with the largest, the elephant, and continue with oxen, horses, etc. This is, of course, correct in so far as their total horse-power is concerned; but for real strength, proportioned to the size and weight of the animal, one must go to the insect world. Compared with insects, the strength of almost any large animal, and especially of man, is absurd.

A man is considered strong if he can drag a mass weighing three or four times as much as himself, but the beetle will walk with five hundred times his own weight. If a man were placed under a wooden box with five times his weight on top to hold it down, he would remain there indefinitely; but to retain a stag-beetle prisoner in the same way one must pile on top of the box at least eighteen hundred times its weight.

OBEDIENCE AND HEALTH

The will of God was revealed to the children of Israel in the laws and ordinances given to them by the Lord through Moses. It is a striking fact that the health of the people was considered of great importance and was always mentioned in connection with their spiritual welfare. If they were obedient to the law, they were kept in health; if disobedient, sickness followed. The same law that brought about these results has always been operative and is active in our midst to-day. Faith in God as the health of his people and obedience to the law of being bring health. Distrust and disobedience produce ill health.

In the past half century there has been a general awakening among all people to the realization of the relation between righteousness and health, and men everywhere are seeking the knowledge of God and His healing power. They find that the law of God prospers as well as heals, and God becomes to them their "all sufficiency in all things." This all sufficiency manifests to them according to their need. To one it is health, to another prosperity, to another freedom from bondage to some habit; to others it is illumination.—*Unity.*

POSTPONED

Owing to the unsettled condition of the country, I have postponed the November class teaching until February, 1913. The exact date will be given later. Those who have already come and are coming to the November class will be given private instructions.

Lovingly yours,

OLIVER C. SABIN, *Bishop.*

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WAR AND PEACE

Casting our eyes over the history of nations, with horror we discern the succession of murderous slaughter by which their progress has been marked. Even as the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, weary, staggering with his wounds through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. Oh, let it not be in the future ages as in those which we now contemplate! Let the grandeur of man be discerned, not in bloody victories or in ravenous conquests, but in the blessings which he has secured; in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace.

As the ocean washes every shore, and with all-embracing arms clasps every land, while on its heaving bosom it bears the products of various climes; so peace surrounds, protects and upholds all other blessings. Without it commerce is vain; the ardor of industry is restrained, justice is arrested, happiness is blasted, virtue sickens and dies.

And peace has its own peculiar victories in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields held sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose their luster. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature—not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton; not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown—but when we regard him in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war.—*Charles Sumner.*

BECOMES SUBCONSCIOUS

Can you remember when you learned "two times two are four?" Does it not seem as though you always knew it? Do you not say it without seeking to think at all? The results of this method of mental training suggest how the apparently idiotic declarations so insistently iterated and reiterated by Natural, Christian and Mental Scientists may be effective in creating healthy states of mind and conditions of body.

By asserting over and over what they conceive to be the truth, certain changes take place in the brain structures and definite moral memories will be established and the conditions they have been so often declaring become evident.

If by brain building you put into the brain a new group of functioning cells, you add a new class of memories and give that person more mind. The ideal of developing healthful sense-memories is put to the test with cheering results in the kindergartens. Courage plays, justice plays, artistic, charity, laughter, friendship, sympathy and joy plays, are all designed to call into repeated action some one desirable emotive or intellectual state, that after a time they become habitual or the expression of it becomes a subconscious process.—*Dorothy Quigley.*

In order to secure "harmony" it is usually necessary to persuade some of the most vigorous vocalists to quit singing.

"Where is there a brighter, warmer spot than in the sunshine we create for others? It is the inglenook of happiness."

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Creative Activity and Life

WILLIAM E. TOWNE in "The Nautilus"

I KNOW a man who belonged to a consumptive family. There came a time when he was the last of his race. The physicians said there was no help for him, that he must go the way of his brothers and sisters and forefathers and foremothers. There came a day and hour when he locked himself into his room and faced death, and demanded life from within himself. He touched within himself that depth of power which speaks through intuition in response to earnest desire and need, he found that "point of sincerity," as he termed it, which forms the very basis of self-expression, and he determined, in spite of his desperate condition, that he would live and become healthy.

And he did. To-day a healthy tan is upon his cheek and the glow of health dwells in his eye. The vital spark of life was given freedom by self-expression along natural lines. He lived in the open air. He lived his own life. He threw overboard the frills and furbelows and insincerities and affectations of society—of what we call life—and built up step by step from the very foundation a new, simple and natural structure of life, and this structure had its basis in individual self-expression. Instead of accepting without question the dictum of his physicians, he followed his own instinct and determination and will and illumination, and the end thereof was health.

Another man had been given up as a hopeless case by those who make a specialty of treating disease with medicine. His kidneys and liver and heart and various and sundry other organs were hopelessly diseased, they said. This dictum aroused the slumbering spark of life and individuality, and the man sat up in bed and said: "I don't know how I will get well, but I will get well." Then he paid and discharged his physicians, threw all the medicine he had left into the kitchen sink, and started in on his own account to find a way to health.

He practiced breathing and thinking and regulation of diet by common-sense rules. He ate, slept, worked and played as a sensible being should, and steadily, step by step, he climbed back to health. That was over ten years ago, and to-day he can do more work and do it easier and enjoy it far more than at any previous period of his existence. And every organ in his body functions properly and does its work without complaint.

But all these men were exceptionally active. They did not sit still and theorize, or simply affirm, once they had made up their minds that they could help themselves. They did affirm, they did formulate their faith in words, but they immediately set about doing something. They followed their intuitions, but they followed them into activity, into expression. They did not let their creative forces go to waste like the propeller of a ship whose stern is raised out of the water. They all carried their ideas into individual action. They did not pattern after the accepted. They were pioneers. They struck out in new and untried paths when they found it necessary. They did not hesitate to call upon the unknown for more life. They refused to be bound by the accepted, the established and conven-

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tional views of life and health. Had they done so, had they accepted without question or doubt the dictum of their physicians and of conventional society, they would have been laid away in the earth and would not have lived the long, useful and efficient lives to which each of them attained. They had faith sufficient to enable them to step out upon what seemed a void, and they found the solid rock—the rock of being, of the principle of life itself which exists eternally for those to rely upon who have the faith and will to seek it.

I cite these cases, not with the idea of proving that the physician does not have a place in curing disease, but to show the necessity for independent action, for reliance upon self, for faith in the creative powers in the individual life, and with the hope of inspiring new courage within someone who may have "lost his grip" because of the adverse dictum of those upon whose judgment it is the fashion to place all reliance.

KIND WORDS AND KIND ACTS

The future historian will tell his readers that the most important discovery of the century—more important than all discoveries in the art of war, all armorclad vessels, all guns, fortifications and cannon—more important than all telegraph wires and all the applied powers of steam and electricity—more important than all prisons and penitentiaries—was the discovery of the simple fact that the tap-roots of all wars and murders and cruelty and crime could be cut off by simply teaching and leading every child to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make some other human being or dumb creature happier.—*George T. Angell.*

DENOUNCE CURE FRAUDS

Pastors Unite in Crusade Against Fake Remedies.

From thousands of pulpits in all parts of the United States fake cures for consumption will be exposed and denounced on Tuberculosis Day, Oct. 27. This is part of the program for the movement announced by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis

Literature giving information on fraudulent and alleged "cures" for consumption will be sent to clergymen all over the country, and an organized crusade against the traffic in these drugs and devices will be instituted. The literature will be sent to ministers either directly from the National Association office in New York or through the many State and local anti-tuberculosis associations scattered throughout the country. It is estimated that over 100,000 clergymen will be reached in this way.

From actual records on file in the office of the National Association, it is estimated that the volume of business done annually by the various concerns who sell fake remedies for tuberculosis amounts to well over $15,000,000. The number of these remedies now being used as so-called "cures" is over 500.—*Associated Press Telegram, Oct.* 4.

If the day and night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-smelling herbs—that is your success.—*Maeterlinck.*

The man who is forever and ever watching the morals of others, must necessarily neglect his own.

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RELIGIOUS TOLERATION

An editorial in the Baltimore Star made this comment recently:

"We have had many evidences of religious toleration in this country, but never has it been so strikingly shown as in the case of a Catholic priest who offered his parish hall to the Jews of his neighborhood in which to hold their New Year services. This priest, Father Timothy A. Hickey, of Sheepshead Bay, had learned that the Jews of his neighborhood, numbering nearly four hundred, had been unable to hire a hall large enough for their holiday observances. A committee representing these Jewish families called on the priest and explained the situation to him. He at once placed the parish hall at their disposal, free of charge. When visited by a reporter the priest said that there was nothing unusual in his action. History teaches, he said, that the Catholics have always been friendly with the Jews, and he added that he was very glad to be of service to his neighbors. Father Hickey was in the main correct when he said that the Catholics and Jews have been on friendly terms, although examined more critically the statement may be challenged. There was a time when Jews were greatly oppressed in Catholic countries, but that was a long time ago. The priest's action at present shows what a different world we live in these days. As late as a generation ago it would have been thought impossible for a Jewish community to worship in a church. This instance shows not only toleration on the part of the priest, but toleration on the part of the Jews themselves. Nothing but good can come out of this, and all those who seek the peace and welfare of the world can only express the hope that such examples of toleration will continue to multiply."

WORDS OF WISDOM

There are a thousand ways of seeing the same object.—*Jules Lemaitre.*

Behind every exquisite thing that exists there is something tragic.—*Oscar Wilde.*

Banter Pharisaism if you will, but speak straightforwardly to honest men. —*Amiel.*

A classic has a permanence of pleasurability; that is the meaning of his estate and title.—*Lionel Johnson.*

Our real world is one of dreams; we dwell in airy castles, and our joys are in our aspirations.—*Robert Batchford.*

He who does not know how to people his solitude does not know how to be alone in a busy crowd.—*Charles Baudclaire.*

Debt is just as much a habit as saving. Every man will admit that saving is a habit, but if one really has the debt habit he can always show you that it is due to "a combination of unfortunate circumstances."

POETIC GEMS SELECTED BY "NOW"

Whene'er I meet my sailing peers,
"All's well" I to their hail reply.
—*Edith M. Thomas.*

In the mud and scum of things,
There alway, alway something sings.
—*Emerson.*

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

The deeper I drink of the cup of life the sweeter it grows.—*Julia Ward Howe.*

I thank whatever gods may be for my unconquerable soul.—*W. C. Henley.*

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TONY DONATTO, HERO

There is a fresh mound in one of the cemeteries of New Haven, Conn. A young widow, with three little ones clinging to her knees, is gazing out of a window somewhere in that city trying with tear-blinded eyes to look into the future. To her the knowledge that the man lying under that mound died the death of a hero does not mean much at this time. He was her husband, the father of her babies.

And probably New Haven doesn't understand. For Tony Donatto was merely an Italian track laborer working for the New Haven Railroad Company. He did not wear the gold-bound uniform of an ocean steamship captain, and he did not stand on the bridge of a mighty liner while he rushed it through fields of ice to the rescue of women and children cast upon the mercy of the sea by a terrible disaster. He was not a naval officer picked from among his fellows to take a ship through a storm of shot and shell to block the mouth of a harbor where an enemy's fleet had taken refuge. Tony Donatto was not nerved and inspired by the knowledge that the world's eyes were upon him, but he was no less a hero.

Tony Donatto was working on the railroad track when a fast express train approached. He and the other members of the gang he was with stepped aside out of danger. Tony saw that a tie had carelessly been left on the track. He sprang back and hurled it into the ditch. But he could not save himself. The engine struck him. After a brief halt the train sped on. It was only an Italian laborer who had been killed.

The man and deed will soon be forgotten. But when the recording angel brings forth his roll of honor on the last day the name of Tony Donatto will be found not far from the top.—*Cleveland Leader.*

OUR IDEA OF A GOOD TIME

Beating the microbes out of carpets.

Trying to find a full set of shirt buttons.

Hearing your friend talk about his cute youngster.

Trying to remove a catsup cork with a nutpick.

Trying to find the leak in a shingle roof.

Tying down a mule's tail so he can't sing.

Smiling for a photograph without looking idiotic.

Painting a picket fence.

Waiting outside for your wife to try on shoes.

Reading proof on a Russian railway accident.—*Roy R. Moulton.*

WE CAN OVERCOME ALL EVILS

There is no evil thing we cannot overcome. Say not thy evil instinct is inherited, or some trait inborn makes thy life forlorn, and calls down punishment that is not merited. Back of thy grandparents lies the great Eternal Will; that, too, is thine inheritance—strong, beautiful, divine, sure lover of successes. For one who tries, there is no noble height thou canst not climb. All triumphs may be thine in Time's futurity, if whatsoever thy fault thou dost not faint or halt, but lean upon the staff of God's security. Earth has no claim the soul cannot contest. Know thyself part of the Eternal Source; naught can stand before the Spirit's face. The soul's Divine inheritance is best.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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ATTRACTION AND LOVE

I am sending a vibration of love to each one who reads these lines, and I beg of you send one back to me.

We will then both have complied with a royal mandate direct from the Deity. It will help you form the habit of putting such vibrations into motion, and I don't want you to forget that love is the greatest working factor in the world.

Love is to the moral Universe what gravitation is to the physical.

The attraction of matter to matter is gravitation; the attraction of soul to soul is love.

Love is the only attracting power and harmonizing principle which makes possible a unity in the midst of endless diversity.

Love is the opposite of selfishness and its divine antidote. It reconstructs the inner self and transforms the whirlpool of dissatisfaction into the purling fountain of content.

Remember, you cannot come into the harmony of God without coming into harmony with your fellowmen and women.

If God is to be accepted as a Father, then man must be accepted as a brother. —*Cora Mickle Hoffer.*

PASTORALE

Rose de Vaux-Royer

These are the notes the poet knows,
From cymbal tones and sounding brass;
Of human obloquy—and woes
Of worldly ways. The growing grass
Breathe sweeter symphonies of sound,
The trees bear stronger evidence
Of God's great purpose all around—
These simple means, His monuments!

THE WIRELESS DREAM

Guglielmo Marconi, inventor of the most famous system of wireless telegraphy, believes that in the near future power will be transmitted by wireless from place to place.

He believes the present system of transmission lines crude and wasteful. He holds that wireless transmission can be developed to the point where power will be generated at the waterfall or the coal mine and flashed almost any distance through the air to the place where the raw materials are awaiting manufacture, at a trifling fraction of the present cost.

This is a dream, but it is not all a dream, and for the past century the dreams of inventors have come true.

Power is transmitted by wireless now every time a wireless telegram is sent or received. The problem is to make that transmission commercially profitable and to send it only in a given direction. At present the aerial current is flashed out in every direction, just like the light from an uncovered candle.

Whether the dream is realized in the lifetime of anyone now alive, it is good to know the goal toward which men like Marconi are striving.—*Chicago Journal.*

Each of us makes his own thought climate, and if it is not satisfactory and healthful, we must look for the cause within ourselves. It is not a matter of locality. External conditions are always the expression of inner cause. We will not find the "beyond" the balm we seek, for all the joys of heaven cannot help a discontented mind.—*Newcomb.*

Two good rules: First, do not get worked up about nothing; second, do not get worked up about anything.

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TRUSTING PEOPLE

Once upon a time, when the business world sold any sort of goods on the installment plan a great deal of investigation was thought necessary. The buyer wanted to see the goods in person; the seller felt he must know something about the honesty of the buyer and his income. The agreement of sale was very carefully and cautiously made, with all sorts of legal safeguards. But now all this red tape is being left out. Some great piano houses, for example, will allow a buyer to take a piano, use it and return it after a few or many payments, receiving back all the difference between the installments and what the piano would have cost if only rented for the same time.

Many mail-order houses send their goods freely to those who write for them, and will take them back if they are not satisfactory to the buyer. Cameras, furniture, watches, farm implements, are all sent in this trusting way. The cynic would prophesy certain loss. But do the merchants lose?

Yes, they do. They lose just four per cent on the average. Four people out of the hundred do turn out to be not worth trusting. They are a loss. But ninety-six buyers out of the hundred are found to be honest. It is the cynic in business who loses—not the man who trusts his customers.

To trust people may sometimes be disastrous, in a single case. It is perhaps not wise to trust a single individual too implicitly now and then. But in the main the man who believes in his fellows is wiser in his generation—as well as far happier—than the man who trusts no one. The optimist errs on the safe side.

There isn't much use in turning over a new leaf unless you put a weight on it.

TO ELEVATE LITERATURE

Some publishing houses have lately formed what might be called a "League for the Elevation of Juvenile Literature."

They announced their determination to have done with "trashy" fiction, such as is commonly served for boys.

No more, if these moral publishers can help it, will the loitering messenger boy be able to pass the weary hours by reading the adventures of "Reckless Ralph, the Red-Headed Ranger of the Rockies."

No more will the school boys' geography hide the fascinating story of "Diamond Dan, the Desperate Detective."

These trashy things must go. In their places will be published nice, orderly, denatured literature, telling the ambitious lad how to become a millionaire by saving three cents a day.

It is a very old story, though it happens to have a new headline—this story of trying to make boys read what they don't want to read. And it will end as all the other stories of this sort have ended—in failure.

The only way to abolish trashy literature for boys is to get boys interested in good literature.

The lad who knows his "Treasure Island" and Mulvaney and Mowgli and Monte Cristo will spend little time over Diamond Dan.

Fill his head with good reading and there will be no need to prohibit bad reading. And until he gets the good reading and learns to love it, all prohibitions of the other sort are useless.—*George L. Knapp.*

Best of all is it to preserve everything in a pure, still heart, and let there be for every pulse a thanksgiving and for every breath a song.—*Gesner.*

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MEMORY CORNER

It is just around from the little street
Where maple trees in the summer meet,
And many go down to visit there,
But it is always sweet and fair,
To sit in the shadows and hear the song
That drifts all the green, sweet summer long.
Memory corner and Lovely lane,
Where the dreamful shadows go by;
And life comes back to its youth again
In the sweet of the Junetime sky.

Quaint, grave meetings take place, indeed,
There at the corner, where hearts are freed
From sin and sorrow and grief and care,
And days that were beautiful come back there
To dance and sparkle as once they did
In the tender memories long since hid.
Memory corner, where old men meet
And dreams so sweet to know
Dance down upon their shadowy feet
From the days of long ago.

Often in spring when the lilacs bloom
A gray-haired maiden—a quaint perfume
Of lily and lavender and old rose
Wafting with her each step she goes—
Stands by the corner and looks afar
As if for a long-lost Lochinvar.
Memory corner, ah that's the place
To see what real love means,
With all its tender and deathless grace
In spite of the in-betweens!

Why, yesterday, as I passed that way,
I saw a dapper old chap in gray,
With powdered wig and a long-tailed coat,
And a wonderful stock around his throat,
Lingering lovingly, just as one
Who had lost his way to the heart he'd won.
Memory corner, where ghosts and men
Love to gather and wait,
Down in the springtime days again
With the lilac over the gate.

Heart of the world, you, too, sometimes,
Cease your thunder of war and crimes,
And go there whither the old and young
Have flocked with solemn or merry tongue!
'Twill do you good to see how flow
The thoughts of men to the long ago.
Memory corner, where evermore
The honeysuckle is sweet,
And hearts go down to the dreams of yore,
Where the past and the present meet.

—*Folger McKensey.*

L'ENVOI

When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

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OLD JACK FROST

Old Jack Frost is a festive fellow.
He paints the landscape brown and yellow.
On starry nights, when the air is still,
With silver mallet and crystal drill
He softly opens the chestnut burs
And lightly sprinkles a dusty furze
Over the haystacks, the roofs and walls,
The gleaming pumpkins, like golden balls.
Across the meadows where moon-sprites sail
He silently spins a spangled veil,
While crooning crickets in hedge and bower
Chirp to the moon and the dying hour.
Then on the hills and along the lanes,
Where the drowsy herd roams and complains
And the whip-poor-will calls through the night,
In the dreamy moments crisp and bright,
Old Jack Frost slips with bewitching ease
And spills his paint-pot over the trees
That glitter as rays of dazzling gems
In precious brooches and diadems.
Through the summer scenes and autumn haze,
Where the quaint procession calmly strays,
Far over the fields and through the woods,
Bedecked in russet and crimson hoods
That glisten and glow among the green,
While visions trail to and fro between
The magic wickets and mystic bars,
Where elves seem catching the falling stars,
All flashing and fading in the light,
Through rustling curtains, serene and bright,
As the passing days grow short and chill
And hush the rapture of brook and rill,
Old Jack Frost roams with a sprightly tread
Amid old trails where the flowers are dead,
Clipping the leaves with enchanted shears
And filling the eyes of Time with tears.

—*George Sands Johnson.*

WHEN ROSY MORN BREAKS ON OUR VIEW

When rosy morn breaks on our view
And hilltops kiss the skies,
Oh, love, this life that leans to you
Looks downward to your eyes!
When Bob White calls the little troops
Of wood beasts from their lair,
Love is the golden light that loops
Auroral in your hair.

When rosy morn breaks on the view
And dreams and dread depart,
Out of the night straight unto you
This message of my heart,
For nothing rises, not the sun,
Till you have risen, dear,
In this great soul of love gold-spun
In life's keen atmosphere.

When rosy morn breaks on the view,
Ah, it is not the sky,
Aurora's rays come traveling through,
But thy soft-lidded eye!
That crimson round the rim of things
Is thy dear velvet cheek
Pink with the perfect glow that brings
The perfect love men speak.

When rosy morn breaks on the view,
I look not for its light
Sparkling upon the pearly dew
In patterns glistening bright;
But only know my day is where
Your heart comes up the sky,
Sweet with the beauty beating there
Till no more sleep have I.

—*The Bentztown Bard in Baltimore Sun.*

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The Grape and the Wine

THOMAS DREIER

TO change the color, the quality of this spirit which animates our bodies is a simple and an easy task. Let us imagine that before us is a glass filled with water made black by impurities. Let us pour into this glass just a little pure water. Instantly the water in the glass becomes cleaner. Let us pour in more pure water and keep on pouring, and we shall find that the impurities have been washed away in the overflow, and that the glass contains nothing that is not good.

So may a mind that is darkened with impurities be cleansed. He who puts off impurity, as Emerson pointed out, thereby puts on purity. Likewise is it true that he who puts on honesty drives away dishonesty. If we but feed our minds with optimism, cheerfulness, brightness and inspiration, we cannot long remain pessimistic, disgruntled and sorrow-laden. Suggestion is to the mind what the glass of pure water was to the glass filled with impurity. We must be careful of what we say to ourselves. What we tell ourselves to do, that we shall eventually do. What we tell ourselves to become, that we shall eventually become.

We are wise when we speak helpfully to ourselves as we lie down to sleep. Only those who have tried it know how powerful such a talk as this is when it is repeated night after night: "I shall awaken in the morning with my body vibrating with an intense desire to do the best work of my life. To-morrow is the best day in the year. I shall greet it with hands outstretched for its opportunities. I know that much will be demanded of me and that I shall have the power to respond to those demands. My prayer to-night is that I be permitted to serve to-morrow as I have never served before, that I shall do those things to-morrow which will make me stronger mentally and physically and which will make me more efficient than I have ever been before."

It matters little what one says so long as the commands be positive, helpful, inspirational. Words are chemicals and their power depends much on the way they are mixed and upon the force with which they are sent to their destination. "We must be careful," as Goethe says somewhere, "what we pray for in our youth lest we get too much of it in our old age." So should we be careful not to ask for anything at night that we do not desire to receive the next day.

Many of us are learning that the best business-building book in the world is the Bible. We are learning to interpret it for use in the world, and as we learn how to apply it we take it away from those who have tried to tell us that it is a book for those who dream only of the days after death. "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." Than this there is nothing more true. God obeys those who command Him in the name of His Law.

Carlyle warned us not to lose the divine in these laboratories of ours. There was no need for the warning. We are learning to find the divine in them. We are learning that the world is a laboratory, that in all things divinity may be

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found by those who seek it. We learn that divinity comes to all who desire it, just as those become cultured who desire culture. Not only the walls of Jericho but the walls of all cities of opposition fall down before the trumpet command of the man who desires to enter.

The quality of persons who drink from the glass of our lives is always determined by the quality of the drink we offer. The quality of this drink is determined by the quality of the things we love and desire. That which we desire comes to us and mixes itself into the liquor of our lives, enriching and gloriously coloring it, or making of it a thing from which even the lowest turn with disgust. The books we read, the persons we meet, the food we eat, the drinks we drink, the deeds we do daily—all these determine what the quality of this liquor of our lives is.

According to the quality of the grape is the quality of the wine.

MARKING APPLES

How many of the boys and girls have ever tried printing their name on a nice, red-cheeked apple, hanging on the tree? It is very easy when you know how, and will be very puzzling to a person not in the secret.

Suppose, for example, we wish to have the name "Rose" on an apple. We would first cut the four letters out of rather firm paper, taking care they are not too large; then we would paste them on the side of the apple that is turning red, allowing them to remain for a week or ten days. When removed the name will show plainly, as the paper letters prevent the skin of the apple turning red beneath, while around them it will be highly colored. If done at the time the fruit first begins to turn, the markings wil more distinct.

Another very good way is to cut name or initials out of a sheet of pa and tie the paper over the fruit, allow the openings to be on the sunny side. this way the letters will be colored, w the background or remainder of the ple will be green or lighter red. Thi really prettier than the other way.

It is better to use short names or tials, as there is not room for too m lettering on the sunny side of the ap If you have some city cousins, print t names on some apples and send to t in the fall, at Thanksgiving or Chr mas, and see how puzzled and plea they will be.—*E. D. A.*

THE BETTER THINGS

Better a little beauty and the heart a
eye to see
Than all the glamour and tinsel that
or yet will be;
Better a little beauty of the grace of co
mon things
Than all the marble splendor of the p
aces of kings.
For when in the common gardens G
sets grass to grow,
And perches upon the branches such m
strels as I know;
And when there's a butterfly yonder
sculptor and no brush
Could carve or paint forever—I want
world to hush,
And I want to sit here by the hedges a
feel that sense of awe
Which comes with each touch of bea
from God's eternal law.

Some people remember the Sabba Day to keep it holy, and let the other take care of themselves.

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

A TENDER HEART

The departments in Washington receive some queer letters. According to the Kansas City *Star,* the following is verbatim—a letter received last November by the bureau that has charge of the bonds of mail contractors from a man who wished to get off a bond. It tells how he signed the bond merely to oblige a friend and then continues with this personal history:

"i Risk My life to go to the lection this fall. i have Done all i can for you ofice Men at the White house. So i Wood like if you office Men Wood git me out of trouble so I cod Rest i hain't Work one Day for 13 years on count of Palpitation of the Heart. Some times i cant bare the clock Strike So you no My heart is Weak you ofice Men Do all you can to git Mee out of trouble. if they had tolld Mee th letten Was 4 year i Never Wood Sind the bond I thought it Was 1 year So I was fold when you Rite Don't Rite any thing that Will excite Mee it Will Fly to My Heart.

NOT BIGOTED

Senator La Follette was talking about a political boss who seemed, for all his boasts of clean-handedness, to be a little soiled and spotted.

"He says he's an anti-corruptionist," remarked Senator La Follette, smiling, "but I suppose he means that he's not a bigoted anti-corruptionist."

"Not 'bigoted?'" said the puzzled correspondent.

"It's a little story," was the reply. "A drummer heard an eloquent temperance lecture one night in the town of Nola Chucky, and an hour later the Nola Chucky hotel, the drummer saw this same identical temperance lecturer drinking, one after another whiskies with beer chasers at the bar.

"'Why, how's this?' the drummer claimed. 'I thought you were a total abstainer!'

"'So I am,' the lecturer replied; 'so am, my young friend; but I am bigoted.'"

THE AUTOMOBILE FUNERAL

Dubbleigh's car lay flat on its side axle deep in the mud in the freshly plowed field, having skidded off the road through the low stone wall, to get there.

"Ah!" cried a passer-by from the roadside. "Had an accident?"

Dubbleigh tried to hold his tongue, but the strain was too much for him.

"No, of course not," he replied coldly. "I've just bought a new car and brought my old one out here to bury it. Got a pickax and a shovel in your pocket you could lend me? I can't seem to dig very deep with my motor horn."

WHY SHE SUSPECTED

A young wife was in tears, a few mornings ago, when her mother called. When asked what was the matter she replied that her husband was out late the night before and had been to a drinking party. "What makes you think he had been to a drinking party?" asked the mother. "He came home," sobbed the young wife, "wearing a phonograph horn for a hat."

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UNCLE SAM'S JOB

Senator Swanson, of Virginia, says that undeserving men often receive Government jobs.

Their attitude is like that of old Uncle Sam, who has been seen for several days patiently sitting on the bank of the Rappahannock River, near the dam, holding a shotgun in his hand.

Finally he attracted the attention of a passerby, who asked:

"Well, Uncle Sam, are you looking for something to do?"

"No, sah," answered Sam. "Ise gittin' paid fo' what Ise doin'."

"Indeed," said the other. "And what may that be?"

"Shootin' de muskrats dat am undermining de dam," answered Sam.

"Why, there goes one now," exclaimed the stranger excitedly. "Why don't you shoot?"

"S'pose I wants t' lose ma job, suh?" answered Sam, complacently.

DOUBLE SAVING

A story is going the rounds of a fellow who used to play on the Detroit baseball team who touched the top notch as a tight-wad.

Whenever the club left town, the rounds, of course, were made in sleeping cars. This player used to take his shoes to bed with him and hide them so the porter, looking for them to shine them up, could not find them.

In the morning this player would accost the porter: "Why didn't you shine my shoes last night?"

"I couldn't find 'em, boss."

"Couldn't find them!—and they were right here under my berth all the time. Just for that you'll get no tip from me."

REALLY TIRED

Christy Mathewson, the pitcher, was praising the work of the baseball coach.

"Coaching has become a science," he said. "The coach is to the baserunners what the commander is to the soldiers on the battlefield.

"And the coach does all this with his mouth. No wonder, then, he's considered rather loquacious, eh? He's always being accused of loquacity, you know. I've even heard him likened to Mrs. Tung.

"'Wasn't your wife tired last evening after such a hard day's shopping?' a friend once asked Mr. Tung.

"'Oh, very,' he said. 'Why, she could hardly keep her mouth open.'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

'TWOULD WEIGH LESS

A convivial gentleman, returning home late one evening, leaned against a lamppost to rest as a mover passed him. The mover, an economical chap, was doing his moving by hand, and he had on his back a huge grandfather's clock.

The inebriate stared vacantly at the sweating figure bent under the weight of the great clock, and then hailed him.

"Hey!" he called. "Hey there!"

The mover stopped and turned slowly around.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Take my advish, young fel," said the inebriate, unsteadily wagging his head—"take my advish and buy 'shelf—a watch."

PROCEEDING WITH CAUTION

"Think before you speak," said the prudent person.

"I always do so," replied Senator Sorghum. "I have never given an interview without having a repudiation ready in case it should prove unsatisfactory."

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How to Grow Love in the Heart

WILDIE THAYER in "The New York Magazine of Mysteries"

HAVE you ever met a person whose very presence seemed a benediction, whose very atmosphere was pure and fragrant and scattered blessings all around, whose face was a sunbeam of brightness, and whose words were music full of heart-sympathetic melody? Do you know the secret of this fragrant personality? Let me tell you. It is because such a person has made a garden of the heart and has grown therein the sweetest flower of life, Love.

Pure and white is this love flower; of the lily family, its bells ringing with joy of life, its heart purest gold, its perfume sweet, cheering and strengthening. Everlasting in its nature and permanent in its roots. The blossom of the flower of love may wither and fade, but the roots can never die, for they are planted in the heart by the Father of all, who is Love.

The love blossom must be tended with gentle care, reverently and with gratitude; it must be watered with the showers of sympathy and revived continually with the sunshine of cheer and courage-giving words and forbearance, or it may lose some of its fragrance. When this blossom is richly blooming in your heart, your passing through a room will be as though some one had carried through it a bouquet of heavenly sweet flowers.

Many who have enjoyed the love flower neglected to care for it, and it seemed to die. Help such to revive the blossom, for to them it is life here and eternally. Even though it may have died to the very roots, it may be brought to life again; the soil of sin and ignorance and the darkness and dust of doubt cannot kill it, for the root is there waiting to live again and blossom with beauty, making sweet the life of its possessor and all with whom it comes in contact.

A beautiful thing about the flower of Love is that it must be gathered and given away to grow rapidly and multiply; the more you give away love flowers the more they grow and the more lovely and sweet and beautiful becomes the life of the giver. It is crippling to the flower to keep its sweetness hidden; indeed, in such cases it remains a poor withered bud, for its very life depends upon the giving of its beauty and perfume.

Would you know how to grow the flower of Love in your heart? I will tell you as it was told me by the Master Gardener, who taught us that God is Love.

Cultivate the soil of your heart by plowing it with patience, trust and faith; take away all weeds of fear and uncharitableness, and seek until you find the love root; you will know it by the joy which fills your heart when you sense its fragrance.

Just as soon as you have found and recognized the love root, offer thanks, for gratitude is very beneficial to this blossom and makes it grow rapidly and sweetly. Keep the spirit of gratitude ever in the ascendancy.

Keep the love flower growing by keeping the heart soil pure with patience, sympathy and thoughtfulness; keep the atmosphere of your heart fresh and clean with pure thoughts; then be self-forgetful and helpful, kind, thoughtful and al-

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ways loving. Always do the loving thing, for every act, word and thought of love makes another love blossom, which you may give—nay, which you have given—to others to enrich the world.

Do you know that when the whole world senses the fragrance of the love blossoms blooming in the heart, every soul will be redeemed?

Do you know that every time you give a blossom of love in thought, word or deed, you have helped the love flower to grow in another's heart, thereby beautifying your own heart's garden and raising the recipient nearer to the Father of Love and Light and Power and Purity, thereby helping to redeem the world?

Keep the love flower growing. Keep the heart ever open to the sunshine of beauty and the showers of heavenly blessings. Keep the soil of the heart holy and pure. Keep the love blossoms multiplying until the whole world is sweetened with God's fragrance, and keep the flowers in circulation. Make a garden in your heart.

THE BIRD UPON THE FENCE

The bird that sits upon the fence
  Is singing sweet and clear
To welcome with a joy intense
  The blossoming of the year.
He builds his nest where best he may;
  He flees when foes draw nigh,
And dines where berries grow each day,
  Nor thinks of "How" or "Why."
But we, of human wisdom vast,
  Who tame the lightning's pace—
We have no songs. Our fears o'ercast
  With shadows every place.
While moods mysterious we explore
  With longings all intense,
He asks the present joy—no more—
  The bird upon the fence.

MAN, CREATOR OF CHARACTER

Nature works upon the lower forms of life. A higher power than stone has formed it; the trees, the flowers, even the insects and beasts are plastic materials in the hands of the Great Potter. Through it, in unthinkable time, the bodies are formed for man. He enters the temple prepared for him, and Nature, who has been supreme, now bows before the mystery. She sees before her not alone the world stuff to be fashioned, but the very creative spark. No longer can she mold unaided. It becomes her office now to furnish the opportunities for the entering man, who has before him the herculean task of evolving the human mind.

No outside force alone can make him. The creative seed is itself within him. Every event, every circumstance, is something to be met and acted upon by him, the creator of his own destiny. Whether ignorantly or consciously, he works in the illimitable and exhaustless laboratory of Nature, and therein slowly but surely fashions—character. Human laws may be framed and forgotten; temples may be reared and crumble; whole races may pass through their allotment of sorrow, despair and joy, and be no more; continents may rise and sink; but character, by means of which all these things are formed and colored, character, as part of man, the immortal, endures.—*Gertrude van Pelt in the Theosophical Path.*

I will go forth among men not mail'd in
  scorn,
But in the armor of a pure intent;
Great actions are before me, and great
  songs,
And whether crowned or crownless when
  I fall
It matters not, if God's work is done.

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Cheerfulness

DWIGHT L. PARKER in "Power"

CHEERFULNESS is a state of moderate joy; or, in other words, being calmly joyful or happy. How, indeed, must the spirit of cheerfulness have filled the hearts of the mothers of the children whom Jesus took in his arms and blessed; for it was not a time to be hilarious, but calmly joyful.

To be cheerful is one of the chief requisites necessary in healing; and as Jesus so often in healing commanded the sick to be of good cheer, we, too, should not forget to impress it clearly and forcibly upon the thoughts of those desiring to be healed that they should be of good cheer—that "a merry heart is good medicine."

Perfect obedience to God is perfect happiness, and to realize this happiness the more readily we must in all ways obey God cheerfully.

Cheer up. If you intend to be happy, don't be fool enough to wait for a "just cause." Be cheerful! You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being cheerful. Lowell says: "Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come."

God loveth a cheerful giver, be it of time, money, prayer or service of whatsoever nature, even to giving a smile for every frown. What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles to be sure; but scattered along life's pathway the good they do is inconceivable.

Shakespeare says: "I had rather have a fool make me merry than experience make me sad." Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness and its power of endurance. The cheerful man will do more in the same time, will do it better, will persevere in it longer, than the sad or sullen. Burdens become light when cheerfully borne.

There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. We are refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Let us not forget to confer that pleasure on others. An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with.

To be cheerfully disposed at hours of meals and of sleep is one of the best precepts of long living. Cheerfulness is health; its opposite (melancholy) is disease. The cheerful live longest in years and afterwards in our regards.

Cheerfulness is a friend to grace; it puts the heart in tune to praise God, and so honors religion by proclaiming to the world that we serve a good Master. Be serious, yet cheerful. "Rejoice in the Lord always."

Just being happy is a fine thing to do—
Looking on the bright side rather than the blue.
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing;
Just being happy is a brave work and true.

Hell is the littleness of our own natures and it follows us, lives with us, and is our curse in all things.

One good habit formed paves the way for another.

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THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day comes but once a year, and when it comes it finds us here. What are we going to do about it, and how are we disposed in spirit toward the holiday occasion? Does its return find us attuned to the harmonies or rasped by the d scordances that combine to make up the annual round of ife?

By some fortuitous circumstance this day, set apart for a remembrance of blessings, has been interjected into a period of hurly-burly and unrest. In the business world it arrives in the midst of a season of considerable activity. Politically, it falls at a time when the saviors of the country are agog with excitement and much heated in the formulation of schemes for the future. While these are engaged in their plans, it is not a bad time for the general run of men to pause and take stock.

In all of the stable factors that go to the mak ng of prosperity the country is without cause for complaint. Everywhere in this land the standard of comfort is high, and it is growing higher each year. People are well clothed and well fed. General suffering is a thing unknown. Crops have been good. The conditions of life have been brightened in city and in country through an increase and spread of the arts and inventions of mankind. And the whole is based upon intrinsic qualities of soil and climate and manhood that make the American people what they are.

Looked at thus, is there not cause for thankfulness? Under the mellowing influence of Thanksgiving Day it should be no hard matter to forget for a time the self-imposed burdens of life; to draw aside with thankfulness from the consideration of political agitations and business worries; to dwell with m cheerfulness and solemnity upo bounteous measure of good gifts have been so freely bestowed. I pause, then, in brief contemplation. as the time-honored feast is s whether crowned with roast t or roast p g, tender rabbit o 'possum, let the inner man rejoice prospect, and say, with genuine un "For these and other bless ngs, make us duly thankful!"—*Wash Star.*

TAKE COURAGE

Never let us be discouraged wit selves; it is not when we are con of our faults that we are the wicked; on the contrary, we are l We see by a br ghter light, and let member for our consolation th never perceive our sins till we be cure them. We must neither flatt be impatient with ourselves in th rection of our faults. Despondency a state of humility; on the contrar the vexation and despair of a co pride—nothing is worse; wheth stumble or whether we fall, we mus think of rising again and going on course. Our faults may be useful if they cure us of a vain confide ourselves, and do not deprive us humble and salutary confidence i He never makes us feel our w akne that we may be led to seek strengt Him. What is involuntary shou trouble us; but the great thing is, to act against the light within us, desire to follow where God woul us.—*Fenelon.*

He who always pleases to do rig always do as he pleases.—*Lyman*

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A Creed

ADELAIDE KEEN in "The Nautilus"

WE believe that—

Suffering and sorrow are as needful to the growth of the soul as winter and night are to the plant, but JOY cometh in the morning!

Whoever needs thee is thy neighbor.

It is a privilege, not a task, to help others.

We grow by giving; nature abhors a vacuum, and more good rushes to fill the place of whatever you have given away.

To keep on giving, doing, helping, for if others prove ungrateful, God understands and will recompense us in another direction.

The moment you have received a kindness, return it as well as you can, or else pass it along.

Forgive every injury at once; it will not matter a hundred years from now. We are living in eternity, and nothing happens but for our ultimate good. It is blessed to forgive; it makes you so happy. Pay no heed to revenge, for God, the law, will avenge you far better than you can imagine. None of us can afford the luxury of doing evil. Nemesis will catch us!

As we have suffered in sympathy with the world sorrow, so will God give us, if we wait and deserve, our share of the world joy.

Choose this day whom ye shall serve! awaits us every morning. Hate is the devil, love is God. No man can serve two masters and win good wages. He who loves good with all his heart preserves the single eyes which perceive good in everything and in all, gives thanks.

And to him who has most faith, the faith which gives thanks, in the midst of seeming evil, will God give the keys of the kingdom. "Faithful (or thankful) over few things, thou shalt be ruler (and master) over many things. Enter into the Joy of thy Lord," or into the enjoyment of thy ideal! For thy invisible ideal is thy invisible Lord, which draws thee further and further along the path of promise and into perfect peace!

We must be careful in our conversation and also in our thought, not to condemn ourselves. We must rise to the dignity of what we are—our true selves. We are the image and likeness of God. We are endowed with dominion over all, and we have every power of God, unless we renounce and deny it, for God has given us all. If a man or woman comes into your presence and commences to talk of sickness, of coughs, of colds, heartaches, backaches, or rheumatism, expressing fears that these things will grow worse, how much of a chance do you think he has for health? His every prophesy is against himself and his every thought is of misery. What does Solomon tell us? "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Each soul that has breath and being
Is touched with heaven's own fire;
Each living man is a part of the plan
To lift the world up higher.

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PLATONIC PIFFLE PUNCTURED

Any married woman who fools with friendships with other men is bound to get her fingers burned, or burn his, or both. When it comes to falling in love, propinquity is about three-quarters of it. And a married woman is no more immune than a single one.

If a married woman *wants* to love her husband and be true to him, then let her form no intimacies with other men.

In other words, let her have nothing to say to other men which cannot be said without personalities and in the presence of her own husband. Let her husband be her only *intimate*.

Only so can a woman be sure that her actions will not eventuate in wrong to herself or to the other man. Not to mention the gossip that such intimacies give rise to.

Be honest about human nature and the law of sex attraction. Have common sense enough not to play with sex fire.

If any woman, married or single, would keep herself from becoming *attached* to a man she must never permit herself to discuss with him the personal feelings and experiences of either. This way lies sex attraction *every time*. For a man and a woman to indulge in the discussion of personal experiences and feelings is to head straight for matrimony or something worse.

The part of common sense and honor is not to enter that path unless *both* persons are free to enter matrimony, if they find themselves wanting to.—*The Nautilus*.

To sing is nothing; form is but
The surface of all art.
To feel is that which makes the skill
A blossom of the heart.

AS TO PASSING JUDGMENT

It is never possible to put yourself in another's place, no matter how earnestly and honestly you may try to do so. Each human being was planned to fill his or her place, and to do this requires all the time, strength and sense given the man or the woman. And until it becomes possible for one person to think, feel and act exactly as another person would, this business of judgment is not only a waste of time, but a positive hindrance to the spread of human nature, and therefore an obstacle in the way of human progress toward divine ideas. If you cannot refrain from comment, go to the party directly and come out with it gently but bravely. Show that you are really interested in the betterment of men and things. Of course, it is better that you should keep at your own business, for only by so doing can you do your own work in such a manner as to place it above criticism and to make of it the largest possible use. But do not constitute yourself a court. You were not put in this world for any such purpose. You are here to help—to help yourself and others, and by so doing to help on the work of God, which is to make men happier and better.

THE ONE DEAR GATE

It pays to toil, when that which toil procures
Is some sweet moment in a lane of bliss,
With one dear gate to that which love calls home,
And two warm lips of waiting love to kiss.

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EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

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who also edits
Nautilus Magazine

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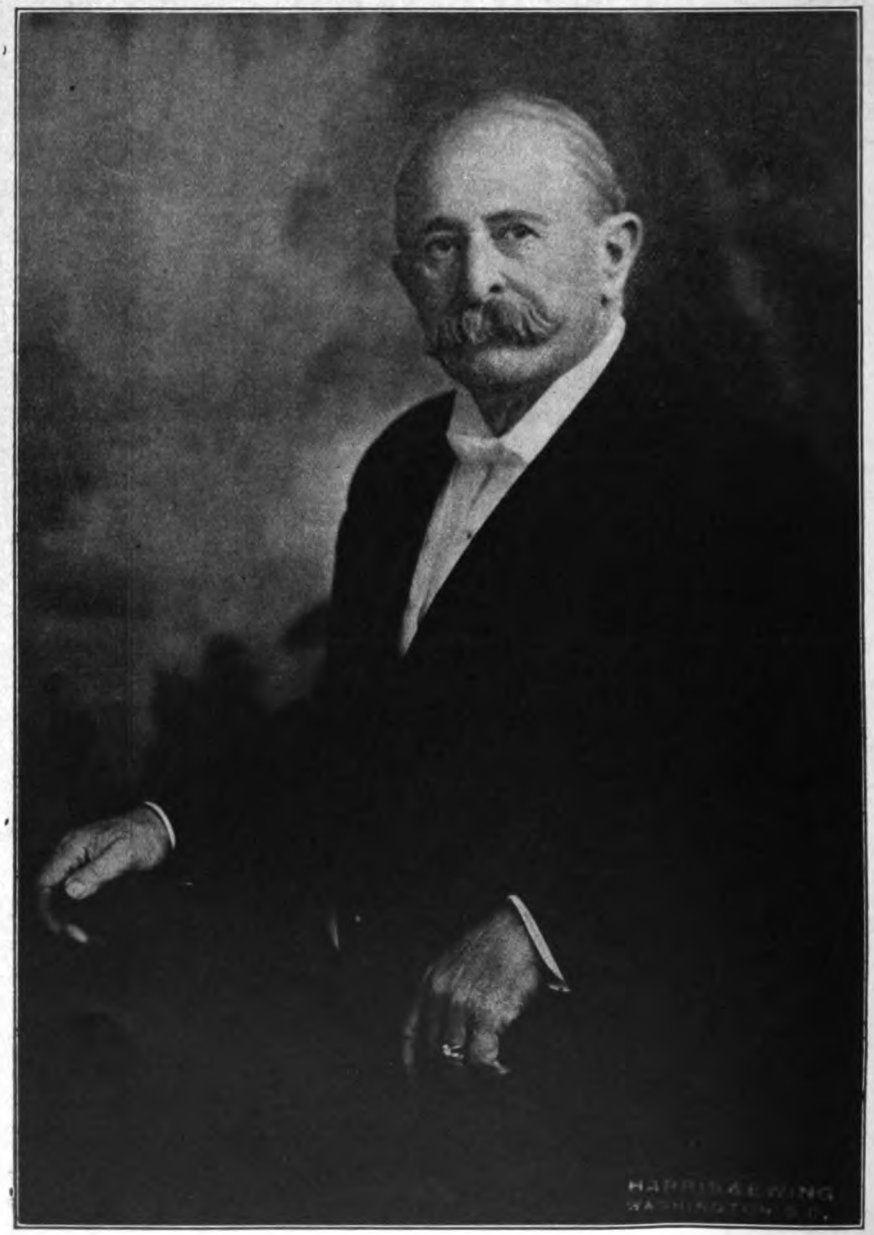

Oliver C. Sabin

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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Let Us Give Thanks

It is with thankfulness that we have passed the political nightmare known as the Presidential Election. The result, while not the choice of all, is seemingly acquiesced in by all with the feeling that God has given us as a nation promise of a stable, reliable, respectable government; that is to say, that the traditions of the fathers and the guarantees in the Constitution are safe and secure, and that all will reap the blessings of such conclusion.

It is the duty of every citizen to sustain the government, sustain the new President and affirm that God Almighty does direct him in the straight and narrow path, which will give happiness and prosperity to all of our people, irrespective of political affiliation.

Political parties are necessary in the administration of the republican form of government, but the voice of the people when registered must become the paramount law of all administrations gov-

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erned by the Constitution, the safeguard of our principles of government.

The News Letter, in common with its myriads of readers, sends forth its thankfulness to the beneficent Giver of all Good, with the expressed hope and confidence that results will justify our fondest anticipations.

Yours lovingly,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bishop.

The Healing Meditation

GOD is Almighty Love and Wisdom made manifest in me and for me and by me, to bring to pass the Kingdom of God upon the earth.

Health is contagious because of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is the breath of God, and you live by the Breath of the Almighty. It surrounds you and fills you at this very moment, and radiates from you its healing presence. It fills every cell in your body with its wholesome, soothing quality, and it takes away all impurities—it is doing it at this instant, while you are reading these words, by your co-operation with it. The strength of the Holy Spirit working in and through you is inexhaustible. It knows no weariness, and it cannot be imposed upon. By this knoweldge of Truth you henceforth work by the Spirit, and not by human will power or muscular effort. You are folded about by the Holy Spirit. It is your perfect defense from every foreign influence. No disease germ can penetrate it. No false suggestion of human thinking or feeling can pierce through its love presence.

But you are receptive to all the influences of Good through this divine conductor, the Breath of God. It conveys to you all the blessed radiance of the best and the highest you know. You are open now to Inspiration—to Holiness—to Life—to Strength—to Peace—to Love—to Wisdom—to pure Goodness in every form.

Rest now in the Mother-Arms of God; and let God breathe for you; let God think for you; let God be All in All to you.

And this you can do by the power and grace of Christ Jesus, dwelling in the midst of you and one with you; because you know yourself, with the same Mind and Heart, to be the Beloved of the Heavenly Father, the One God of us all.

Peace be unto you. My peace I give unto you. You have touched the hem of the garments of Truth, and Its virtue now fills you and there is naught else in you but its perfect Substance and Power.—*Exchange.*

THE MINTED GOLD OF LOVE

The minted gold has power and might
To buy and sell, make or unmake;
The minted gold of love buys light
That life the higher path may take.

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

December

PAULINA B. SABIN

Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. 4:6 Phil.

Stand up on this Thanksgiving Day; stand upon your feet. Believe in man. Soberly and with clear eyes, believe in your own time and place. There is not, and never has been, a better place to live in.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Do not wait for a special day in which to be thankful. He who waits for Thanksgiving Day to be thankful in will not be thankful when it comes.

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all other virtues.—*Cicero.*

"Thanksgiving" is not a day; it is a habit. We cannot be thankful on Thanksgiving Day unless we have been learning how every other day in the year. There are some simple rules: Walk on the sunny side of the street; live as much as possible in the best room in the house; think about your friends, not your enemies; talk about your good luck, not in your bad. These are some of the ways of acquiring the spirit of cheerfulness, which is the only soil in which the flower "Thanksgiving" will grow.—*Rev. James M. Farr.*

Pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks. Thankfulness is a mode of prayer, and we should always remember that everything comes from God, the Father, and that we, as His heirs, have all; therefore, we should give thanks that such is true. Often the realization of thankfulness manifests that which we do not see, and it is effective in the harmonizing of the all good of the Infinite.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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Man: His Relations and Rights

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., Sunday Morning, October 20, 1912.

THE lecture this morning, going along in the regular course, takes up the subject of "Man."

The thought which we propose to discuss today is Man's relation to God Almighty—What man is, Who he is, and What are his rights and privileges. Two histories of the creation of man are given in the Bible, and while I do not believe either is literally true, I think great lessons are taught in both. But you have to do as the Apostle Paul tells you—you have to know how to divide the Scriptures. In those days everybody did not have printed books; a book was worth a fortune, almost, and it took a lifetime to make a book of any size; consequently books were very scarce. What has been handed down to us purporting to be the Bible is only what has been picked up since the beginning of the third century. For three hundred years there was a Crusade against the writings of the older disciples and followers of Jesus Christ, and every manuscript that could be found was destroyed.

> God is not a person, and yet there is a personality there which we do not understand that to me is the sweetest in all the world. It takes you by the hand, leads you along the pathway of life, makes everything you touch harmonious and successful. That is the God in reality.
>
> There is no such place as Heaven, per se, or hell, per se; but Jesus tells you that it is a condition, that it is within. "The Kingdom of God is in you." It is a condition of mind. Do not think that this gives you license to go on and do things that are wrong. It gives you, on the other hand, the assurance that you are to be punished unless you follow the right, unless you follow the leadings and teachings of Infinite Truth, and there is no escaping punishment. I do not suppose there was ever a sin committed but that the time will come, somewhere, when he who committed it will be permitted to obtain forgiveness and make reparation for all the harm he has ever done. I do not think anyone's spirit will ever be entirely free until it has become pure, washed whiter than snow.

The Disciples and followers of Christ were persecuted to death in every conceivable way; but if any of them would recant their acknowledgment and teachings of Jesus Christ, or their belief in Him, they were immediately forgiven, and great rewards were offered to many of them. The result of this continuous persecution was that there was not one solitary manuscript left, and for nearly three hundred years they were entirely out, and the way they replaced this Bible which we have was by a convocation, or convention, or whatever you may term it, of all the learned men in the world who knew the writings of those who had gone before. They would take an extract from this man's speech where he purported to quote from what Paul or any of them had said; they would put that down, and wherever they could find an extract they would put that down. It is believed by scholars that the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles and one of the shorter Epistles are exactly as they were written. It is only a matter of belief,

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but it is believed that they were, and that they are all right now, but the rest of the New Testament authors are unknown. King James's Translation will say here, for instance, "By the Apostle Paul," while they do not know whether Paul wrote it or whether he did not. I am giving you the history of the Bible. Is it possible that a Bible written by man should always be exactly right?

The Old Testament is believed to be the Jewish Bible as they had it. Well, no one who is a scholar and has any particle of sense will believe that God Almighty picked out the Nation of Jews to give them all the good things and all the rest of the world nothing. We have many, very many, of the best things Moses ever wrote that are supposed to be written from one to two thousand years before the days of Moses. I have them in my library.

The only safe plan is this: Adopt the Truth, and the Truth only. All truth is susceptible of demonstration, and where a statement cannot be demonstrated throw it out.

The object of this historical statement of the Bible and its creation is to show you as to the Bible history of the creation of man. The first we have is in the First Chapter of Genesis. God made man—made him after His image and likeness. After He had made him He gave man power and dominion over the earth and everything in it, the fishes of the sea, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the elements, everything—God gave him power to control them. That is the history, and we prove that history to be the truth by demonstration. Therefore, when we talk about man, we know what he is. We know he is the image and reflection of this Infinite God; that he has this power given him at his creation; that it belongs to him as his charter right. Man has the power to heal the sick, to demonstrate over the affairs of life; has the power to control the elements; has the power as God Almighty has given it to him to control everything and be the master, and it is only those who deny this power to themselves that are not masters. If we have no fear, we would be absolute controllers of everything. Fear means doubt, and doubt is death.

Now, you take the other history. After the whole world and everything in it had been created they passed in a kind of a review before Adam, and he named everything. But after He got all through this work, he did not find any woman. She was not there, and the Great, Unchangeable Infinite made up His mind that it was not good for man to be alone. Remember, the Unchangeable changed His mind, thought it best for Adam to have a helpmate, so He put a sleep on him, took a rib out and made woman. Adam saw her and named her.

After we throw off these hobgoblins of superstition, woman evolves into a position to which she was entitled under the first creation as Controller, as a person who is man. "Male and female created He them," but wherever that Garden of Eden story has been told and believed, woman has been the football of man because she took that noble, that first great man, and deceived him, and she has been at it ever since. Of course, you ladies know your weakness; I am not here to condemn you; let history take care of you.

England commenced to reform first. She passed a law that a man could not whip his wife with a stick bigger than so and so. While the stick was big enough to make big welts, it was not big

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enough to break a limb, and from that reformation she has developed into what is termed a "suffragette." I do not know what that means, and I am not here to discuss it. But take the history of the first creation: It is true; it demonstrates itself, while the history of the second Creation is an absurdity—is its own condemnation, because it has a lie upon its face.

Now, mark you, when this first came to me it shocked me. Here is an Infinite God, Infinite Mind, Unchangeable God that knew all from the beginning—never a beginning and never an ending. After He created Adam and put him in the Garden of Eden, what the motive was that moved Him I do not know. He was in the Garden of Eden; whether he was hunting for this lost power we do not know, but it seems as if Adam and Eve were lost, and Infinite was walking through the garden calling, "Adam, where art thou?" Finally they were found hidden under brush—but you have read the history. Now, Infinite Mind, that knows all and is Unchangeable, either knew where Adam was or He did not.

Infinite Mind, according to the Jewish tradition, after He had made man repented Himself that He had made him, and sent a flood and drowned the whole of them. Could the Unchangeable Being repent Himself? Was not that a turning back, a repentance, a change? Of conrse it was, and is absurd. Now, mark you, do not make a mistake. There are greater truths in that Bible—in the Old and in the New—than in any other book. There is more Science in Christ's Sermon on the Mount than in all the books you will ever read. There is no sentence in it but that is susceptible of self-demonstration; a perfect, scientific thought. But we have gotten to the age where we cannot be led by superstition; we have to be led by facts, we have to be led by the Infinite Love, Infinite Power—God. As I have told you in my two former lectures, God is not a person, and yet there is a personality there which we do not understand that to me is the sweetest in all the world. It takes you by the hand, leads you along the pathway of life, and makes everything you touch harmonious and successful. That is the God in reality. The God that we were taught to worship sitting on a throne—I am talking of myself—a great big throne, a person—that is not true. No such being exists. There is no such place as Heaven, per se, or hell, per se, but Jesus tells you that it is a condition; that it is within. "The kingdom of God is within you;" it is a condition of mind.

Do not think that this gives you license to go on and be dishonest and do things that are wrong. It gives you, on the other hand, the certain assurance that you are to be punished unless you follow the right; unless you follow the leadings and teachings of Infinite Truth, and there is no escaping punishment. I do not suppose there was ever a sin committed but that the time will come somewhere when he who committed it will be permitted to obtain forgiveness and make reparation for all the harm he has ever done. I do not think anyone's spirit will ever be entirely free until he has become pure—washed whiter than snow. This is my idea of heaven; this is my idea of hell; this is my idea of restitution and reparation. Forever and for aye, wherever we go, we take this beautiful thought within us. Everywhere all is harmony, for "In my Father's house are many mansions." And our friends will be with us here, there and everywhere they choose to go.

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Have you ever thought how fast thought travels? According to the best astronomical calculations, it would take one hundred thousand years for light to reach this earth from the North Star, traveling with the velocity of light, which, if my memory serves me right, is one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second. If the earth had been made at the time of Moses's creation, we would have yet in the neighborhood of ninety-four thousand years before we could see the North Star. The Falls of Niagara have been a million years digging that hole from Lake Ontario back toward Lake Erie, and it is still gradually wearing it out. Geology, astronomy, and all of the sciences, in fact, that pertain along the lines of longevity, prove that the Mosaic history of creation is an absurdity, and we do not find even a backwoods preacher any more that will stand up and preach that it is true; yet it was but a few centuries ago that this thought evolved from the mind of a German philosopher. Afterwards it was more thoroughly elucidated by Galileo that the earth did circle on its axis, and that the earth was not flat. And for this they put him into prison. The Holy Bible people put him into prison, giving him the choice of recantation or of suffering the punishment of the Holy Church.

Ignorance has been the handmaiden of oppression, and it is only through the efforts of enlightenment that these scales, so to speak, have been broken and the cobwebs cast aside, and the light of truth allowed to come in upon the nations of the world.

As long a life as I have had is but an incident in the great calendar of so-called existence, yet during my life we have come up from the ox-team and the mules and the two-wheeled wagon to our grand system of universal railways. We have come to the power of talking to a distant friend instead of having to go to him with our message. We have come to the time when we can talk around the earth instantly. The difference, as I remarked awhile ago, in the speed of travel of thought is this: For instance, if I want to go to the North Star in the next dream, as we term it, I will think my desire, and will be there, and yet it takes light ages upon ages to come from that star to earth. There is no distance in the infinite. God Almighty is Omnipresent thought; we all live in the Infinite now, and all we have to do is to make this realization and command by virtue of the power that is within us; that is given to us by God Almighty Good. Use that power; do not deny it to yourself; do not place limitations upon yourself, but grasp the earth and claim it all, and that all belongs to you. He who says, "I cannot, it is not for me," is the one who fails.

ALL IN ALL

I am of the opinion that the expression by which God is said to be All in All means that he is All in each individual person. Now, he will be all in each individual in this way: When all rational understanding be cleansed from the dregs of every sort of vice and with every cloud of wickedness swept away; and when all that can either feel or understand or think will be wholly God; and when it will no longer behold or retain anything else than God; but when God will be the measure and standard of all its movements and thus God will be all—for there will no longer be any distinction of good and evil, seeing evil nowhere exists. For God is All things and to Him no evil is near.—*Origen.*

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Man's Power and Dominion

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., October 27, 1912.

IN teaching the science of healing, briefly stated, as I have heretofore said in other language, these are the salient points you have to understand: First, of whom you ask? Second, what right you have to ask? Third, how do you ask? That is all there is of it.

I have given you our idea of what God is. Jesus said that "I and the Father are one; the Father is in me and I in Him." Under the old idea of the Deity we would not understand, and could not understand, how God could be in us and we in God; but we do understand it when we come to the realization that all that is is Spirit and Spiritual manifestation; that God is All in All, through all—Spirit—and that everything that does exist is the manifestation of Spirit.

When we come to that realization, then we understand who God is, who we are, and why we are one. We understand our right to ask, because we are His children, made in His image and likeness—a spiritual manifestation. And when we come to teach or heal, or pray to heal, we make the affirmation, "You are a spiritual being, living in spirit, the Father, perfect as God is perfect, because there is only one Spirit and one Spirit is All, through All and in All; therefore, that being true, you are perfect, and must be perfect, and there is no other condition in reality." There is a condition that appears to us to be not perfect. Here is a person suffering from a disease; that is not perfect in the sense of appearance, but we go beyond that appearance. I did not know why my hand was mashed, but think it must have been so that I could illustrate that point. In treating my hand I got beyond my hand; did not think of the hand at all; the hand was left behind. I said, "I am a spiritual being, living in spirit; therefore, there can be no pain attached to the hand; that is not harmonious." That was the thought, and that thought destroyed the pain. That is the principle we apply to every kind of ailment. We go beyond the appearance of evil into the real truth,

> **Man is the spiritual image and likeness of God, the image and likeness of Truth, the image and likeness of Wisdom, the image and likeness of Life, the image and likeness of Good—in short, the image and likeness of God. When he was created he was given dominion, he was given power, and he has the power to command and control, but he has no power to control if he says he has not got it—not one particle, for in so saying he has put up a stone wall in front of himself that he cannot get over. You will never be greater than to the extent that you acknowledge in your consciousness that God has given you the power. It is he who dares, it is he who asks, and it is he who is not afraid to ask, and who knows when he asks that he is going to receive that does this kind of work. The coward never gets anything in this world. You have to know what you are entitled to and be brave enough to ask for it. Everything is done scientifically. You ask scientifically, and your answer will be given scientifically as sure as the sun shines and the water seeks its level.**

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that Jesus says will make you free. The real truth is that you are the perfect child of God Almighty; that you are a spiritual being, living in spirit, and must be perfect. That being true, you cannot be sick, you cannot have sorrow, you cannot have any aches or pains, you can have no inharmonious conditions around or about you—all is love, and love covers all, and we all live in love, for God is love and God is All.

There is one thing I want to say, especially, about the question of churches. Two and two are four, whether you belong to the Methodist church, the Catholic church, the Episcopalian or any other church. Two and two are four, regardless of churches. Here is a science which is exact as the science of mathematics or any other science, and it means simply that it can be practiced regardless of churches. I think that the only church the world needs is the starry heavens, the blue sky above and the earth beneath, and religion belongs to us all. This idea that God "calls" Tom, Dick or Harry is simply absurd. There is no calling about it in the sense that you hear voices, and so forth. I have no doubt but that God directs your conduct and mine, if we ask, seek and knock, in answer to prayer. I think God leads me in everything I do, but I ask for the leading, and it comes to me in answer to prayer; but it does not come to me, as the old negro said, "Down through the roof." I do not believe in this supernatural calling. Everything is done scientifically; you ask scientifically, and your answer will be given scientifically as sure as the sun shines and the water seeks its level. There can be no failure.

In going on with our lecture further, man is the spiritual image and likeness of God, the image and likeness of Truth, the image and likeness of Wisdom, the image and likeness of Life, the image and likeness of Good—in short, the image and likeness of God. When he was created he was given dominion, he was given power, and he has the power to command and to control, but he has no power to control if he says he has not got it—not one particle, for in so saying he has put up a stone wall in front of himself that he cannot get over. You never will be greater than to the extent that you acknowledge in your consciousness that God has given you the power. It is he who dares, it is he who asks, and it is he who it not afraid to ask, and who knows when he asks that he is going to receive, that does this work.

Now, we come to the third proposition: How do you ask? That is very important. The manner of asking is different from what we have already understood in the way of making prayers. If we ask on the ordinary plane as we were taught to pray, "Please, Father, give us this or that," it is a prayer of petition, and is not the proper way to pray. It is not the scientific way to pray. What right have you to ask? Of whom are you going to ask, and what promises are held out that you will receive that for which you ask? Understanding these points, then, you demand. You have the power to demand, you are commanded to control. Then you have the power to demand and to affirm, but affirm the truth, "God does," instead of "Please, Father, do;" "God does give me power, He gives me health, He gives me harmony, He gives me happiness, He gives me prosperity, He surrounds my pathway with peace and pleasantness." Throw out these vibrations, and understand that each and every one of them is true, because you are God Almighty's child, His

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image and likeness, and you are entitled to it all. Unless you do this you will get none of the things you ask, because you are commanded to ask, seek and knock. "Whatsoever you ask in My name ye shall receive." But the fatalists say "Everything will be as it is." There is nothing in that. You can sit down, dry up and wink out, and that will be the end of you so far as this world is concerned. It is yours to control, and it is not yours to be controlled by any fatalism or any other prearranged system that cannot be.

You are either a controller or you are a failure. When we talk about failure we do not mean that the fellow is going right into hell and there roast. I was th'nking this morning that to a person 'way up north this idea of hell would sound pretty good for a while. I remember being so far north in the summer that I was glad to get started home again, where I could get warm, but usually between Philadelphia and Washington I would get pretty well roasted up, and then would not like it so well.

But this idea of punishment is an absurdity. The kingdom of God is within you. In my Father's house are many mansions. That is true, and those that have passed on are there in these mansions, or wherever they choose to go, exercising this power and dominion that God gave them at their creation, but there is no punishment except as you have it with'n you. You can have all the hell you want and plenty of it, "red hot and still a-heatin'," right here on earth. All the hell you are going to get is what you are getting in your mind. If you pass out you will take your hell right with you, and it will stay right with you until you get purified. I think the time will come when every person will have the opportunity to make restitution for every evil he ever did, and will have time to repent every evil he ever committed, and until that time does come, when there is nothing between you and spotless whiteness, you are not in the full enjoyment of perfect Heaven and perfect harmony. But it will come, and from the strides it is making on many here on earth it would look as though it would come quite rapidly.

I have known this science to take men, and women, too, perhaps, filled with wickedness, and build them over, fill them full of righteousness and righteous desires, change their entire nature, leaving the old ways and walking in the new paths, and I tell you, and I speak from experience, that the world on this side of that line is so much pleasanter, it is so much sweeter, it is so much dearer, it is so much more peaceful than that over yonder.

All you have to do is to find out what that "Over Yonder" is today, ten days before the election—just go beyond the D'strict line two or three miles. Then all over this beautiful country of ours you have a boiling cesspool of carnal mind, which they call politics. I feel grateful when I think that this blessed government of ours has disfranchised the people in the District, and we do not have to have these mental groans that are tearing up the whole country. I know one time at the end of an election I felt as though I could not live. I thought they were going to rob my man, and they did rob him, and it seemed as though it would kill me, but it did not; and I have seen the time when I did not care whether they did rob him or not; I am not worrying about their affairs. God Almighty is my candidate for President, and to do right is my platform, to love my brother as myself is the filling in.

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This is all the politics we need here on earth, and it is all we are going to have after a while; but, as I was just saying, there hell is. It is over there; it is not here; you can have heaven anywhere you bring yourself within the line of doing right. Do good and love your brother.

You must love; you must practice love. It is not a mere mouthing, but you have to carry it into your every-day life; you have to love your brother, and if he needs you help him; do not be a coward, but be brave enough to stand up and love him as you do yourself. When you get that far along, I tell you, the Gates of Paradise are ready to spring open.

We come back to this question of praying. For the purpose of illustration I shall divide this prayer into four parts. First is the Preparation. Our Savior said when you go to the altar and find you have aught against your brother, lay down your gift and go and be reconciled. I have an idea that it really should read: "If you find you have done anything against your brother, lay down your gift and go and make restitution." We do not know what these translations are. We know perfectly well none of them are the original writings of the one who wrote. We know that about the whole New Testament, but they think that they have it correct; but it would seem better to me for you go to the altar, go to God affirming good, and if you find you have not been good, if you have been doing something that is not right to your brother, stop your praying, and go and make that right; do right by your brother before you ask. The old principle of law in equity is this: "If you would have equity, you must do equity." In other words, you have to comply with the principle of "Do unto your brother as you would have your brother do unto you" under like conditions.

The next division we take up is the Denials. The general rule is to deny all things that you do not want. You want all good. Everybody wants all the good he can get if he has his right mind, and if he does not he ought to go to St. Elizabeth's. I do not want anything but good. Deny everything but good. Have I poverty? No. Am I sick? No. Am I unhappy? No. Deny everything that you do not want, and the next step is—they always step one right after the other—am I poor? No. I am God Almighty's heir, and I have all; therefore I am rich. Am I unhappy? No. But, on the contrary, I have all the happiness, for I live in eternal love, beautiful love. God Almighty is love, and He covers me as the fishes are covered by the waters of the sea. I have nothing about me but love, and nothing but love and happiness can come near me. One goes right in with the other, and so with all of the so-called evils. Is my friend going to be in danger on a certain ship or railroad or anything of that kind? No; God Almighty covers him and protects him, heals him. God will always take care of you if you cover yourself with the promises. The affirmation is this: God does protect everything connected with this ship, or whatever it may be, God does protect it, covers me and shields me.

I always cover my boat in that way. One night on the boat the men took the running lights and put them in the rear of the boat, and to save time failed to put the lights out. They put them so close together that one of them melted the other, and it so happened that I woke up just as the kerosene commenced to run over the rear deck of the boat. I

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called to my son to throw the lamp overboard. I was not worried a particle. The lamps were thrown overboard, but if I had not wakened when I did the whole boat would have been burned. You see, God protects.

You have the power. Now use it. In my next lecture we will take up this subject of prayer, and teach so all of you can do these things, but the coward never gets anything in this world. You have to know what you are entitled to, and be brave enough to ask for it.

BISHOP DOANE ON HIS DOG

I am quite sure he thinks that I am God—
Since he is God on whom each one depends
For life, and all things that his bounty sends—
My dear old dog, most constant of all friends;
Not quick to mind, but quicker far than I
To him who God I know and own; his eye,
Deep brown and liquid, watches for my nod;
He is more patient underneath the rod
Than I, when God His wise corrections sends.
He looks love at me, deep as words e'er spake;
And from me never crumb nor sup will take
But he wags thanks with his most vocal tail;
And when some crashing noise wakes all his fear,
He is content and quiet if I am near,
Secure that my protection will prevail;
So, faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful, he
Tells me what I unto my God should be.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Delivered at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pa., Nov. 19, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might lie. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.—*The Nicolay and Hay Life of Lincoln.*

Anger, worry, jealousy and hate poison the blood and are the causes of all sickness.

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The Approach and the Answer

Lecture delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, at Washington, D. C., November 3, 1912.

FOR the information of the strangers that may be with us I will state that this is a series of lectures teaching the science of healing, and how to approach God and receive an answer.

The subject under immediate consideration today is that of Prayer. I am often asked by persons why they cannot heal the sick, and you might ask, Why it is that the millions of prayers that go up today from sincere, honest hearts will receive no answer? The reply can be none other than that those who pray do not know how. The man who throws his body under the Car of Juggernaut and is crushed by that engine of death, expecting to reach, as the Indian would term it, the happy hunting-ground because of his devotion, is no nearer that beneficent end than if he had never been crushed. And it would be a very far-fetched idea to say that such a person is not sincere. The Mohammedan who conquers by the sword, and either makes them confess or die, believes that he is following out the great rule—we might term it the science of life. Sincerity is a good rule in so far as it goes, but sincerity is nothing unless it is accompanied by the Truth. Our Savior came teaching this great truth, and He said it was the knowledge of the truth we shall have, and the truth shall make us free.

> The whole object and aim of my life and the propaganda of this church is to teach the truth and let the truth do the work. It does not matter whether a person belongs to the Catholic church or to one of the Protestant churches; that has nothing to do with it. The only thing that counts is the truth. If you know the truth, you can demonstrate it, and the only criterion by which you can judge infallibly is the one that Christ gave us when He said, we shall know the tree by the fruit; the good tree brings forth good fruit, and the bad tree brings forth bad fruit
>
> We are not here asking you to believe me or anybody else, but we are asking you to understand this Truth, believe it and prove it by your works. Truth does not belong to me or to any other one person any more than does the science of mathematics, chemistry, or any other of the liberal sciences. It is a matter of knowledge, and the science will demonstrate itself, provided it is applied by one who knows.

Mind you, it is the knowledge of the truth that gives freedom. If the good ministers of Washington, and the rest of this world today, knew the truth and knew how to pray, their prayers would be answered, and in saying this I do not want to be misunderstood, in so far as you may think I am unkindly criticizing them, because that is no part or parcel of my thought. The whole object and aim of my life and the propaganda of this church is to teach the truth, and let the truth do the work. It does not matter whether a person belongs to the Catholice Church or one of the Protestant churches; that has nothing to do with it. The only thing that counts is the truth. If you know the truth you

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can demonstrate it, and the only criterion by which you can judge infallibly is the one that Christ gave us when He said we shall know the tree by the fruit; the good tree brings forth good fruit and the bad tree brings forth bad fruit.

There is another rule which Christ expressed when he said: "If you do not believe me, and cannot believe that I am what I claim to be, believe me for the very works sake." Now, if we as teachers of this great truth were unable to demonstrate its actuality and reality, it would be evidence very strong that we either did not understand what we were talking about or were trying to force upon the world some false ideas. All truths run in parallel lines. All truths are susceptible of demonstration, and any so-called truth that is not susceptible of demonstration is a false coin, and is not the truth.

These are rules that any person of sense can understand. We are not here asking you to believe me or anybody else, but we are asking you to understand this truth. Believe it and prove it by your works. Truth does not belong to you or me or any other one person any more than does the science of mathematics, chemistry or any of the other liberal sciences. It is a matter of knowledge, and the science will demonstrate itself, provided it is applied by one who knows.

With these preliminary remarks I will tell you to-day, as far as my time will permit, of the different systems of prayer. If you will read the definition of prayer and study it, you will find that it covers a very large domain of thought; but, as I have told you before, there are certain fundamental principles that must go into all prayers in order that the one who prays may demonstrate and prove the science.

First, you must know what God is. Second, you must understand man, his rights and privileges, his powers. Third, the language between God, the Father, and man, the child, which we call prayer. Some people call it treatment. I do not care what you call it; it is that form by which through this science we can approach Divinity and receive an affirmative reply, and demonstrate the truth of that for which we are asking.

The first is what we call treatment by the mental process. Suppose a case is brought for healing to me or to any other demonstrator. The person himself may be fifteen thousand miles away. There is no distance; all is here and now, for God is Omnipresent Life, Omnipresent Good, Omnipresent Power, Omnipresent Wisdom; therefore, there is no distance, and all is here and all is now; there is no past, there is no future, there is no place to measure from, there is no place to measure to, but it is forever now without beginning and without end. Therefore it is immaterial whether our patient is here sitting on a chair beside us or whether he is on his couch in South Africa. The application of the truth through mental treatment and declaration is what heals. The thought that heals expressed is this: "——— ——— (giving the name of the patient) is the child of the Infinite God, a spiritual being, living, moving and having his being in Spirit; he is the image and likeness of God Life, the image and likeness of God Love, the image and likeness of God Power, therefore he is perfect as God, of whom he is the likeness, is perfect, and any belief that he has disease is a false belief, a lie, untrue because the Infinite child that is spirit as God is Spirit cannot have disease." Hold that thought, and if the environments are perfect, both here and there, the healing will

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be instantaneous. In the degree that you encounter unfriendly environments or the introduction of error, in that degree the healing is retarded. The error must be eliminated, and when that is done the healing takes effect.

This brings to mind a case of a young lady who came to Washington from Chicago to attend a wedding. She was taken with typhoid fever, and one of the Eddy church healers was called in. She was one of the best healers I have ever known, but the thought got all over the city that there was no doctor in the case and that that woman would kill the patient. That outside thought was too strong, and the healer could not overcome it. That is why I have adopted what we term the system of "heroic" treatment. I have a case in mind where two healers worked along on a case without effect. I put on a third healer, and with the additional force we soon had a healing. I have had as many as thirty-six healers on one case. This service of numerous healers is to put down and destroy the unfriendly environment and thought. Some diseases are much more difficult for us to heal apparently than others, for the reason that the whole world says that the patient will die, that there is no cure.

A case of an acute attack given to us to heal before this environment thought has settled down on it is healed instantly, but if we should wait until the surrounding thought has settled down upon the patient it would be that much more difficult. We have not only the immediate environments to overcome, but we have these "sins of the fathers," that the Good Book tells us shall be visited upon the children for generations and generations, to be destroyed. This belief of hereditary entailment, as a lawyer would call it, must be destroyed or we cannot heal the patient. The error must be destroyed. This is the first thought, although very briefly given, of our mode of treatment.

The absent treatment, you can see, is just as effective as treatment where the person is present. People write to me and ask: "Can you treat patients absently?" Why, of course, you can see that we can. Suppose I wanted to pray for President Taft this morning. Would I have to go up and put my hand on his head and say: "God Almighty bless you, Bill." Not at all. "God does bless you, Bill, wherever you are." You can send the thought, and it has its effect. You can see the absurdity of the proposition that persons who are absent cannot be healed. Do not allow any kind of ridicule to throw you off this track. Ridicule has such power and effect only as you give it.

You can take the books and read for yourself and study and learn this science. Then you can prove it for yourself. That is a pretty good way to learn it. I do not suppose I ever could have believed it, for I was an old fogy, if it had been pounded into me, but I was healed in my body, and the understanding came by and by. The longer you study and the more you practice, the stronger becomes your understanding, and, as Jesus said, you can speak by and by and you can move mountains. God's power is Omnipotent, therefore anything can be healed.

It will not do for you to say you do not believe because you do not understand. I say to you: Study: learn the Science and it will prove itself.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle.*

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Right Thinking

Edith Phelps Cale

This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it.
But whether good, or whether bad,
Depends upon how we take it.

YES, each individual makes his own world, and it depends upon how he takes it. If he is a pessimist and always looks upon the dark side the world will look very dark indeed. The cloud may be no larger than a man's hand, but it will grow and grow until his sky is overspread with darkness. If there should be a rift in the clouds through which the sunlight flickers, how quickly he places himself where it will not shine upon him, for he prefers to cry out to all passersby, "Behold the darkness! all is darkness; no ray of hope anywhere; wherever I am my prostrate body is being trampled upon, until my life is nigh crushed out of me, and everything grows worse and worse." If a brother seeks to raise him up, and points to a bright star shining in the firmament through the darkness, he turns his head; he will not see it, preferring to grovel in the dust of his own pessimism. He gives his body to be trampled upon, because he will not see the light bursting forth from the sky and illuminating his way. His own lack of faith in the good is all that holds him down. He does not yet realize that he can raise himself from his prostrate condition by his own efforts, but blames the system of government under which he lives; blames those who have looked upward at the blue sky, and looking only at the clear sky, the clouds have one by one disappeared, until at last the sun shone forth, bathing the whole world in its glory.

Brothers and sisters, can you not see that to revolutionize the world you must first revolutionize yourselves? Instead of folding your arms and cursing the fates for your hard lot, always looking through blue glasses and seeking for a stone to throw at someone luckier than yourself, stand erect, quit your cursing, look at the sunshine everywhere shining for you as well as those above you. In your prostrate position you refuse to see the hands held out to you in pitying gesture, ready to help you on to your feet. Look towards the sunshine; be ready to clasp their hands; you will fall again when you arise if you do not.

"Cast the beam from thine own eye; then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote from thy brother's eye."

Just as long as you carry the thoughts of hatred, revenge, malice, and the thought of hard luck, you can never keep your feet; just that long will bad luck follow you. You have invited it, and it will stay with you.

All power, all strength, comes from within ourselves, and it is from the realization of this truth that we can raise ourselves to a higher standard. If you will do this, nothing can keep you from having your reward; you are having it now, for your rewards will come as you merit them.

Jesus said, when asked where heaven was: "Heaven is not lo here or lo there; heaven is within you." By this He meant that heaven is a state of the mind. When one is happy he is in heaven. It matters

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not if one is worth his millions, he may be in the lowest hell—undoubtedly is, if he lives the life, carries the thought that keeps him on that plain. I do not believe that anyone is happy unless his life is such that he deserves to be. Work is no disgrace; a normal person is happier when he is busy than when idle. A contented mind is rather to be chosen than gold or silver, and the brightness of a diamond dull beside the gem of a pure soul.

Can you not see the dawning of a brighter day? Its gleam is already shining upon the mountain tops. Look at the vision before you. Arise; it will soon fill your hearts with the glory of a new-born conscience—a conscience that is awakening to the needs of a Christ—new-born in the realization of our oneness with the whole of God's universe, for when you fully realize that we are all but parts of one great whole or Infinite Spirit, and that in this world there is enough for all, and that it is only by your attitude that you are deprived of your inheritance, then will you stand erect, with your face to the sunlight and march beside your brother whom you have decried for having more of this world's goods than yourself.

Quit your pessimism, your hatred and jealousy, your violence and the destroying of life and property. Can't you see that as thought rules the universe, you can never climb higher in that way. You have forged the chain which binds you, and as you send this vengeful, maliciuos thought to those who are in a position to help you out of the Valley of Despond, you are driving the iron into their souls as well, and the breach becomes wider. Be fair to everyone; consider that your employer has rights as well as yourself. Do not sit idly down and expect all good to come to you, nor fear bad luck in the future. "What I feared has come upon me," said Job. Hold steadily to the thought that something better will come your way, meanwhile doing your very best. It will surely come, so ever be in an attitude to grasp it when it comes—ever sending the thought of good will to your employer. You will find that in the majority of cases it will reach fertile ground, and from a little seed grow into a great tree.

The employer has also something to do in this realization of the Brotherhood of Man; that all are indeed his brothers and sisters; the same God in all, and that in elevating them he elevates himself. Let their happiness be your happiness. They make your business. It could not exist without them. Each is dependent upon the other. Give them every opportunity of advancement, always extending a helping hand; send them thoughts of brotherly love, of sympathy and appreciation, ever ready to recognize their loyalty by promotion when possible, and be slow to condemn. In short, meet them half way, and a spirit of brotherly love will spring up in your hearts, for are we not all our brothers' keepers? We are commanded to love one another, and when that love becomes universal, and the greatest of all precepts, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," is generally observed, then will Christ reign upon the earth—not a personal Christ, but the indwelling Spirit of Love that passeth understanding will reign within.

Not everyone can succeed, but everyone might try, which is more than most of us do.

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History of Christmas—Its Early Vicissitudes and Matured Triumphs

How Celebration of the Day Was Carried From Far-off Judea

THE first Christmas was celebrated in far-off Judea. The Angels' Song, off on the hills from Bethlehem, was the first Christmas carol, and since then for close on to 2,000 years the birth of Christ has been celebrated in all countries and by all peoples each in their own way, but all combining to do honor to the King of Kings. The same star which guided the Wise Men to the humble manger has been the symbol that each year has carried the Christians of the world forth to do homage in the celebration of the Nativity.

Whether the Judean shepherds commemorated the Feast of the Nativity annually does not appear from the records of the evangelists, but it is by no means improbable that to the end of their lives they would annually celebrate the most wonderful event which they had witnessed.

Shortly after the death of Christ churches began to spring up in all parts of the then Christian world—Jerusalem, Caesarea, Rome and the Syrian Antioch. Clement, one of the apostolic fathers and the third Bishop of Rome, who flourished in the first century, says: "Brethren, keep diligent feast days, and truly in the first place the day of Christ's birth."

And still another of the early bishops of Rome ordained in the second century "that in the holy night of the Nativity of the Lord and Savior, they do celebrate public church services, and in them solemnly sing the Angels' Hymn, because also the same night He was declared unto the shepherds by an angel, as the truth itself doth witness."

The days during and just following the life of Christ were dark days for His followers, who, we are told in the Bible, "wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." Yet they were faithful to Christ, and the catacombs of Rome contain evidence that they celebrated the Nativity. With the ascension of Constantine the Great brighter days came to the Christians, for his first act was one of favor to them. He came to the throne in 306, but three years previous to this at Nicomedia he had been an eyewitness when the imperial palace was struck by lightning, and the conjuncture of the events seems to have deeply impressed him.

No sooner had he ascended the throne than his good feelings toward the Christians took the active form of an edict of toleration, and subsequently he accepted Christianity, and his example was followed by the greater part of his family. And now the Christians who had formerly hidden away in the darkness of the catacombs and encouraged one another with "Alleluias," which served as a sort of invitatory or mutual call to each other to praise the Lord, might come forth into the imperial sunshine and hold their services in public places, the roofs of which (Jerome tells us) "re-echoed with their cries of 'Alleluia," while Ambrose says the sound of their psalms as they

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sung in the celebration of the Nativity "was like the surging of the sea in great waves of sound."

"Gregory's Antiphonary" shows that Christmas stood out prominently in the celebrations of the now established church, for the Emperor Constantine had transferred the seat of Government to Constantinople, and Christianity was formally recognized as the established religion.

Cyprian, the intrepid Bishop of Carthage, whose stormy episcopate closed with the crown of martyrdom in the latter half of the third century, began his treatise on the Nativity thus: "The much-wished-for and long-expected Nativity of Christ is come, the famous solemnity is come," and in later times Bishop Gregory Nazianzen, who died in 389, fearing the spiritual thanksgiving was in danger of being subordinated by the temporal rejoicing which led to excesses, cautioned all Christians "against feasting in excess, dancing and crowning the doors, urging the celebration of the festival."

God and God manifest. God invisible and God visible. Isn't it reasonable? God the Omnipresence. No room for anything else. Why don't we see the Truth? We have been looking at so-called "matter" as something outside and unlike God. We have attributed certain powers and limitations to the visible, and to that extent have the things of sense held us in thraldom. This is disease. Healing is the awakening from this dream of sense. This awakening comes through the process of being "transformed by the renewing of our minds," as Paul says. And when we are awake we see things in their true nature and appearance—just like their Source, which is Perfect.—*Charles Edgar Prather.*

THE SILENCE

Those who are beginning the practice of a daily silence sometimes find it difficult to still the thoughts that throng their mentality, and that hinder a perfect consciousness of the Omnipresence. If you are one of these, the following suggestions will prove helpful:

The first thing to do is to decide that this time of silence is the most important part of your day, and that so far as possible you will keep it free from interruption.

Choose an easy chair in some quiet room where you can completely relax.

Close your eyes and picture to yourself scenes of beauty and grandeur with which you are familiar—snow-capped mountains towering to the skies; broad rolling prairies, rivers flowing swiftly to the ocean, mighty forests, the stars and planets rushing with speed and certainty in their orbits, placid blue lakes mirroring fleecy floating clouds.

Then ponder on the divine power that animates all these scenes, the divine love that fills them all with beauty, the divine intelligence that controls all activity—until your petty problems have vanished and you feel yourself one with the inflowing Spirit that heals and blesses and guides. —*Annie Laurie Fitzgerald.*

There is no wealth but life—life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble, happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.—*John Ruskin.*

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Christmas in the Heart

Rev. Samuel W. Grafflin

I John, 5:20; Matt., 1:21; John, 1:12-13.

SOMEWHERE, outside the gates of Eden, from amidst the wreckage of the race, there rose a tide of human progress, which found expression in those nobler fruits of reflection and experience which we are wont to call the arts and sciences. Along with this artistic, scientific and industrial progress, and under the guidance of God, there also came a system of worship, oftimes vague and mixed with superstition, but worship nevertheless, which reached its climax in the pure monotheism of the Jewish faith. With beautiful brevity Burns recounts the great events of this golden age of Israel when he says:

"The priestlike father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
How Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amelek's ungracious progeny.
Or how the Royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Of Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Of rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tuned the sacred lyre."

Magnificent as was the temple service under Solomon, glorious as was the vision of Isaiah, neither temple service nor prophetic call satisfied the hearts of men. Not until the All-wise Deity, moved with majestic pity for his noblest creature man, gave to the fallen race His only Son that God might share the creature's weight of woe and man partake of Heaven's sympathy, did the solution of the spiritual problem seem at hand.

Then Jesus came, came as a little child, that He might be "The Children's King." He grew to stalwart youth, that youth, with all its strange perplexities, might come with confidence to Him. He became a man, and at the climax of His manhood overcame, both for Himself and us, the fierce temptations of the adversary of man's soul. Tried, rejected, crucified, He rose again, to reascend His throne, and from that sea of infinite authority foster the interests and plead the cause of His half-brother, man.

We weep beside His tomb when the sad anniversary of His death is come; we joy at Eastertide, because He broke the bonds of death for us, and on the glad ascension day we lift our adoring eyes to see Him rise.

It is, however, at the Christmastide that the wide influence of His life is seen, as all the Christian world unites to celebrate the birthday of the King. For out from old Jerusalem there flowed a stream of love and peace and joy that seized upon and claimed for Him all that was happy in the hearts of men, each national feast of joy, each festival, each glad expression of unselfishness, and bore them on its ever-swelling tide to make the deserts "blossom like the rose." This spirit of Christmas in the hearts of men has laid its hand for tribute upon the great round world. It glorifies the placid

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camel of the desert, for the Wise Men used him on their visit of worship and presentation to the King. It adds new luster to the starry host, for from their glorious galaxy God chose out one to point the way to where His Son abode. Yule log and frosted pine bring their sweet fragrance or reviving warmth to grace this day; but, best of all, the world has caught the vision of unselfishness and love seen in the Father's gift, the Son's renunciation of His glory for our sakes, the Wise Men's liberality, and now, instead of bitter strife and selfish plotting, into the hearts of all who love His name there comes at Christmas time the echo of the God's love for men, and we go forth to give and cheer, comfort not only those who may return the gift, but also those less favored than ourselves, who need His joy and peace as much as we, but who may see Him only as we make Him plain.

Thus Christmas in the heart makes it to glow with love and sympathy, smooths out the lines of care, hushes the voice of hate, makes of our duty pleasure, and gives a foretaste of the heaven to come, but Christmas in the heart can never truly come till Christ is there.

Possession is not all; there is more
  Than just to have and own;
The proper use is that which gives
  All ownership its tone.
Possession is not all; there comes
  When that has come, ah me,
That sense of something which is called
  Responsibility.
Possession is not all; the thing
  In ownership that wins,
Is that—with having power to do—
  The life of good begins.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS

Happiness: To look at the future without flinching; to know the rocky road ahead and have a desire to train 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 uses his tools.

Don't let little things or big 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.—*M. Francis Cavailon.*

The time may be at hand which is bringing a full opportunity for injuring the man or woman who has injured us. But at the moment when we strike this return blow we shall injure ourselves much more seriously than the enemy ever has done. We cannot judge others without judging ourselves more severely still. We cannot hurt others without hurting our own souls worse. To love our enemies is the only way out—the only way that is Christ's way.

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

THE SCULPTOR

'Mind is the Sculptor that's moulding the clay;
Each thought makes an impress without delay.
The subconscious workmen hew to the line,
And weave into being just what is mine.

Man's sorrows and joys are all brought to life;
His face is his record of peace or strife.
Worry and anger will hang out their sign,
And declare to the world their own design.

Thus, if one would grow in beauty and grace,
And show to the world a calm, pleasing face,
This truth should forever be held in mind:
Every thought embodies after its kind.

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The Heart of Christmas

IT is a strange fact of life that we often understand one thing better by thinking of something else; at times, indeed, we see one thing more distinctly by looking at another thing. Very often we do one thing better by holding our thought and our emotion on something else.

Two artists are painting the picture of a sunset, each with the same technical skill. One is thinking: "When people see this they will say it is a great picture." His real thought is not on the sky-glory; it is on the canvas—and on himself. The other is thinking: "When people see this they will say, 'That was a great sunset!'" You know which picture will be the really greater success.

The principle applies to many things. Saints are saints because they think of Christ. They must not think too much of the kind of character they are building, the quality of the work they are doing, the nature of the reward they will get. They must think of Him. And thinking of Him, looking at Him, loving Him, trying to catch the secret of His will and work it out, they do good work and build pure character and get great reward.

And Christmas? Well, Christmas is a day to build, a day to be made a merry day, merry for you and merry for as many as you can reach. How shall we make the day a real success? Christmas? Christmas means Christ. It is His day, His birthday. On the birthday of our friends we cry, "Happy Birthday!" We wish it to be a happy day for them. Shall we try to make this a really happy day for Him? Shall we keep our thoughts not so much upon the day as upon Him? If we do, we may depend upon it, it will be a merry Christmas for us.

And as we love Him cheerily and try to make Him happy on His birthday, we shall remember how He liked to make others glad. The glory of Christmas is that He came down, that He came into our lowly life, into the stable, into the sweet beauty of the Judean hills, into the quaint life of the little streets of Nazareth, then into His greater work of spreading peace and gladness everywhere. On Good Friday we think of His wondrous death for us. At Easter we think of His radiant resurrection. But on Christmas we think of His gentle coming into the facts and details, the burdens and the joys of our daily life.

So shall every peal of child laughter, and every sparkle of holly berry, and every glint of sunshine across the snow, and every word of merry greeting, and every pleasure of gift received, and every joy of gift and affection and service given to others, take on new brightness and new glee and new beauty, because our thoughts and our hearts are fixed on Him.

Bright day of Jesus, glad day of remembering that God has come to stay with men, happy birthday of the Savior, merry—merry Christmas!

THE SWEETEST LIVES

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of one unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.

—*Browning.*

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Suggestion

Wm. E. Gibson

SUGGESTION will work wonders in helping one to an understanding of spiritual truth.

Begin now to tell yourself audibly or inaudibly, or both, that you are Good; that you are divine Life, Love, Light; that you are perfectly good; and try to manifest these qualities in your daily thoughts, desires and acts.

Throw such thought into the vibration of infinite mind for one month, and at the end of that time take stock of your attitude towards your fellow-man. If after such time you find clinging to your consciousness a bit of hatred or ill-will towards an individual or class of individuals, just begin to tell them mentally that you really love them, and continue to do so until you have convinced yourself that you do. When you realize the power of love it becomes light, as a "lamp to your feet." By its light you may go forward with confidence, and the misty darkness, creations of ignorance and fear, will pass away.

It is when you realize the power of love, and only then, that you may enter the school of knowledge. In this school of knowledge, which is located in the center of your being, God is teacher and you alone are pupil. But you cannot hear the teacher's voice until harmony is restored. Love is the only agent that can restore that harmony. Love—love and love! Light appears! Love more, and the meaning of life is grasped! Love still more, and by the flame of that love the great law of all Life, light and even law itself, is comprehended.

The science of healing is but a means of correcting error by teaching or suggesting truth. The science of healing is but a minor part of the science of life. But while this is true, still it is that part which must first appeal to man or by means of which man's attention is often first called to that greater power, the science of Life.

Divine Healing, or scientific healing, not only helps one back to conscious perfect health, but also germinates in the conscious mind the seed thought that the individual is a spiritual being, and some day that thought will break the crust of error that binds, and the flower of spiritual understanding will spring up.

We believe that no love labor sent out in healing thought is ever lost, and one who knows the Science of Life continually sends out such thought. It may sometimes be expressed through lectures and literature, but the great bulk goes out unheard, unseen, but giving itself freely to minds attuned to its vibrations.

If in our attempt to turn on more light we have been confusing, we suggest that you spend your spare moments in seeking wisdom and spiritual understanding, using these affirmations: "God does give me wisdom and spiritual understanding." The light will be given. The lost heritage will be found. The door of all knowledge will open.

Have faith in the Good God; then your faith will become Substance, Divine Substance that knows not evil, sin, sickness or death. Then you will manifest here and now that your religion is what you claim for it—a practical living reality.

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CHILDREN OF THE STREETS

Do not deceive yourselves about the little dirty, offensive children in the street. If they be offensive to you, they are not so to Him that made them. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Is there not in every one of them, as in you, the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world? And know you not who that light is, and what He said of little children? Then take heed, I say, lest you despise one of these little ones. Listen not to the Pharisee when he says: Except the little child be converted, and become as I am, he shall in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven.

But listen to the voice of Him who knew what is in man, when he said: "Except ye be converted, and become like little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Their souls are like their bodies, not perfect, but beautiful enough and fresh enough to shame anyone who shall dare to look down upon them. Their souls are like their bodies, hidden by the rags, foul with the dirt of what we call civilization. But take them to the pure stream, strip off the ugly, shapeless rags, wash the young limbs again, and you shall find them, body and soul, fresh and lithe, graceful and capable—capable of how much God alone who made them knows. —*Charles Kingsley's Address on Human Soot.*

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere;
'Tis loving and serving the highest and best;
'Tis onward unswerving, and this is true rest.

—*Goethe.*

FASHIONABLE COLORS

This is the time of year when colors change just as hats and gowns.

Court blue is one of the latest. It is a cross between electric and genarme.

Taupe has shed its brown tinge, and has acquired a tint like elephant gray.

One of the prettiest blues is blue vig, a deep and yet bright shade.

Shrimp is the favored pink.

A glorious red which looks extremely well with white is called rouge Venetian.

Chalk white is in vogue.

Amaranth is a claret shade.

Caramel is another pretty edition of brown.

Verdigris is one of the smartest greens.

Mimosa is a yellow that verges on orange.

Petunia is the successor of the fuchsia medley, with the purple and red tints predominating.

Make up your mind that the Creator made you to enjoy life and to have all good things in this world necessary for your well-being and moral and spiritual growth. Think large things for yourself, for God did not set you for the narrow limit which you have in mind. Limitation in thought will certainly produce limitation in possession. If you are convinced that you will never have much, that you are poor and will remain so, the chances are that you will.

How can you expect to expand your life, to enlarge your possessions, to widen your sphere, while you think and talk limitation? The Creator never made people to limp along the starvation line; there are enough resources in the world to make everybody well, happy and contented. The great trouble with us is that we circumscribe ourselves by thinking within narrow lines.—*Success.*

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THE REAL INFIDELS

Dr. Frank Crane

It is curious how words take on by custom meanings that almost obscure their original significance.

When we say infidel, we usually allude to one who does not agree with the creed of whatever sect is dominant.

The root-meaning of infidel, however, is simply—unfaithful.

In this sense the infidel is truly the worst kind of person in the world.

His is the one original sin out of which all other sins grow.

It is unfaithfulness that kills love, makes business impossible, destroys a man's own character and irritates everybody that has anything to do with him.

It is the arch-crime of the soul. Without it, any other crime is only a human weakness.

Without it any virtue is spoiled. A beautiful woman is a delight, but if she is unfaithful she is a devil and does devil's work. A brilliant genius, if unfaithful, is social poison.

No matter how well your cook can prepare a meal, or how clever your clerk is at selling goods, or how able is your senator, or how capable your school teacher, or how adorable your wife, or how kind and generous your husband, one and all, if they are not to be depended upon, are nuisances, trials and sometimes tragedies.

Fidelity is far from being a foolish consistency of opinion; it is better, it is consistency of character. It is that in a man that leads you to say, "I know just where to find him." No greater compliment was ever coined.

Without fidelity society would fall to pieces. An infidel (unfaithful) should therefore be excommunicated from honest folk. Something ought to be done, he should be put somewhere where he could do no more mischief. He is really cutting the throat of the race.

Although faithfulness is the greatest of all excellencies, it is the least rewarded. We give prizes for heroism, applaud genius, praise love and marvel at talent; but better than all is fidelity, which we usually take as a matter of course—sometimes even regard as rather stupid.

One reason I love a dog is that he possesses the one quality which is greatest in man, beast or angel. No dog is infidel.

On the resurrection morning the first souls to be awakened, crowned and led to front seats in heaven will be those who were just faithful. And I wouldn't be at all surprised to see the dogs there, too.

HOW TO MAKE THE WORLD BETTER

We make the world a better place by being better men;
We bring the glory of the race unto its own again
Not merely by the building up of temple and of tower,
Not merely by the bringing art unto its perfect flower,
Not merely by the strenuous zeal of industry and trade,
But by the better thing we've tried to do when we have made
Our own lives better in themselves—from better lives arise
The clearer glory of the earth, the beauty of the skies,
And not from being better times but having better men
The world swings round unto its own high pinnacle again.

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Destiny

Harriet Doane Prentiss

IS IT not a stimulating thought for one to regard man as the arbiter of his own fate, and the weaver of his own destiny?

It has been decreed that we shall be free agents, and have dominion over the earth, and that everything with which to accomplish the purpose of our creation, and the fulfilment of our most exalted ideals, shall be placed at our disposal.

There is in nature every element necessary to bring to expression whatever may be conceived by mind, and a ready response by which it can be made manifest meets the demand of every idea.

Primal energy (or the urge of life) is stimulating all things to action and growth, but the course it shall pursue is left for man's intelligence to determine.

The great dynamic forces of life are ever ready to respond to the suggestions given them through the avenue of mind, and shape themselves after the patterns suggested by mental pictures.

There are two qualities of thought—one is active and the other passive, but it requires the strong emotion of positive construction in the mental realm to accomplish any great purpose.

One might hold himself passively negative to optimistic suggestions, and still not accomplish the desire for health, for the reason that all attitudes of this character do not stir to action the power that builds and generates positive conditions.

One must turn his face positively and with earnest determination toward the desired goal, in order to reach it.

A feeling of health or prosperity, stronger than its opposite current, must be mentally generated, before results can be obtained.

A feeling about anything must be charged with energy, conviction and faith in order to bring forth satisfactory results.

Tune your ear to harmony and your heart to love, and you will receive the response of these vibrations.

Hold your mind to a continual thought of health, and it will be realized.

Keep the suggestion of success and prosperity uppermost in your ideas, and you thereby identify yourself with that condition, provided there is energy in the thought.

Believe in yourself and your power to achieve, and you have set in motion invisible cords which bind you to your ideals.

If eyes, ears and heart are closed to the concordant music of the spheres, discord will be the result.

Our minds must be kept free from every quality of thought which we do not care to meet face to face. Like attracts like, and we can draw nothing to us which does not correspond to our own mental attitude regarding life.

Man's soul is the magnet of attraction. God's unlimited universe holds the correspondents of his most exalted aspirations.

We were not given desire to be mocked by the impossibility of attainment.

Right thinking will put one in touch with correct conditions.

Everything which is manifest in the visible world is the calling to life of some suggestion of mind.

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Thought generates feeling, and feeling is the dynamo of action which determines the quality of manifestation.

Feeling controls the action of the heart, the flow of the blood, and regulates digestion and every function of the body.

Everyone occupies just the position in life which he has either ignorantly or intelligently attracted to himself, and no one is responsible for placing him where he is but his mentality. This is a law, and can be demonstrated as accurately as an example in mathematics.

We do not purposely occupy positions in life which are not of our direct choosing, but it is our negative attitude toward certain conditions which make them possible.

Faith without works is of no avail, but a steady purpose to succeed, coupled with confidence in the unfailing response of supply to the call of demand will make all things possible.

Faith comes with knowedge. Knowing that one is as much a part of the eternal plan as the air he breathes, and that every bit of creation is a part of perpetual life, will strengthen one's confidence in the achievement of purpose, and generate optimistic qualities of mind which will promote health, peace, comfort, and prosperity.

Nothing is ever lost in the equation of life. Love is as indestructible as the air we breathe. Mind is as omnipresent as the atmosphere we inhale, and just as free. Whatever quality of thought we absorb, that we become, because it is the nature of mind to outpicture in visible form.

Man, therefore, controls his life and all its conditions, and weaves his own destiny. The live wires of enthusiasm are necessary for the accomplishment of purpose, but there is nothing which cannot be achieved through the power of mind.

"There is nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it so;
Man does not have to struggle—
He only needs to know."

HERE AND NOW

Here, in the heart of the world,
Here, in the noise and the din,
Here, where our spirits were hurled
To battle with sorrow and sin—
This is the place and the spot
For knowledge of infinite things;
This is the kingdom where Thought
Can conquer the prowess of kings.

Wait for no heavenly life,
Seek for no temple alone;
Here, in the midst of the strife,
Know what the sages have known.
See what the Perfect Ones saw—
God in the depth of each soul,
God as the light and the law,
God as beginning and goal.

Earth is one chamber of Heaven,
Death is no grander than birth.
Joy in the life that was given,
Strive for perfection on earth.
Here, in the turmoil and roar,
Show what it is to be calm;
Show how the spirit can soar
And bring back its healing and balm.

Stand not aloof nor apart,
Plunge into the thick of the fight.
There in the street and the mart,
That is the place to do right.
Not in some cloister or cave,
Not in some kingdom above,
Here, on this side of the grave,
Here we should labour and love.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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The Church of the Past and the Church of the Present

WE have before us a mighty problem to think out: The Church of the past and the Church of the present.

As one rides through the country a church is seen with its spire pointing to the clouds above and near it is a graveyard. The church then stands as the gate of death. It reminds one that his time may soon come.

Many go in, but none have ever returned to tell us of a beyond. People sing the song, "I'll soon be at home over there, for the end of my journey I see." This is not right.

Even the Bible states: "Broad is the road that leads to death and thousands walk together there." What for? Is death better than Life? Why are people so afraid to die? Why is death always accompanied with such horror? This body of superstition is at the church door.

People go to church, kneel in prayer and bow the head to acknowledge what is taught respecting the words, "Lord, have mercy on me, a miserable sinner." The inculcation of such a notion is bound to ruin all who accept such folly as church service.

The Church of the present is known as the Church of the Living. Divine Science offers the suggestion of Life and Love, with Truth as the great Master. We in Divine Science build our hope on the present. We learn how to look on the bright side and omit much that is unpleasant. Sickness we throw away as a human weed. Sin and corruption we have no use for. Misery is no comfort to us in the Church of the Living. Here we enter the presence of God and learn the lessons of Truth.

The Church of the present must add to the happiness of human beings. Health must be the Christ of this new way of thinking, where the First Cause is respected and loved. To us in Divine Science God is all in all. 1 Cor. 15:28—"That God may be all in all." "The same yesterday, to-day and forever."

That is the stand the Church of the Living has taken—recognize God (Good) as first and all. That is how we overcome evil with good. If we feel bad, we give ourselves a good suggestion.

This new process of reasoning has brought life, health and peace to thousands of people, even after all earthly means has failed.

The healing influence is a great virtue in the Church of the Living. Here we heal the sick, reform the sinner, awaken the dreamer, and teach the Truth of Life. Health and happiness is the result of this new Gospel of Divine Science.—*Divine Science Journal.*

BOOK NOTICE

We are in receipt of a little booklet of 100 pages from the gifted pen of Ralph Waldo Trine, and published by the Dodge Publishing Company, 220 E. 23d street, New York City. The book is entitled "The Winning of the Best." The price is 75 cents, in leather binding $1.25 net. Do not send money to the News Letter for the book; send direct to the publishing company.

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Jack—A Thanksgiving Story

JACK was a little yellow dog. His little master, Robbie Barnes, found him when he was a puppy in a lot where some bad boys were tormenting him.

These bad boys had poor little Jack in a box too deep for him to jump out of, and were throwing sticks and stones at the little fellow to make him bark.

He was very much frightened when Robbie rescued him, and he nestled close inside Robbie's coat and heard him say to the boys: "You fellers ought to be ashamed of yourselves, plaguing a little puppy. I wish he was big enough to bite you."

Now, Robbie's mother was very poor and his father was dead, so that when Jack was brought into the family Robbie's mother saw only one more to feed.

"You will have to give him away," she said. "We do not have enough for ourselves, and then you will have to pay the license, too; you cannot keep him."

But Robbie overcame all obstacles. He worked and paid the license, and he asked the neighbors for all their scraps, and in time everyone was so fond of Jack that he seemed like one of the family.

One day, not long before Thanksgiving, Robbie's mother said: "We will have to do without turkey this year. There have been so many ways for the money to go that we shall be lucky to have a roof over our heads and a fire in the stove."

Even the money Robbie earned had to go for shoes for himself and his little sister, so there was to be no Thanksgiving dinner.

Robbie did not care for himself, but when he saw the tears in his sister's eyes and in the still night heard his mother crying as she prayed that her little family should be cared for, he felt sure it was going without the Thanksgiving dinner that made her cry.

Robbie thought and thought, but there was no way he could think of what would get the dinner. Yes, there was one; it made him feel sick to think about it.

In the room at school with Robbie was a boy named Frank Reed. Frank's father was a wealthy man, and Frank had everything that he wanted. All but one thing, and that was Jack.

Jack could do all sorts of tricks, and his devotion to Robbie and his willingness to obey him made all the boys en-

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vious. Of course, Frank could have had a dog worth much more than Jack, but he wanted Jack because he could do tricks.

"I'll give you $5 for him," Frank said one day after he had watched Jack perform his tricks.

Five dollars seemed a fortune to Robbie, but he did not hesitate. "No," he said, "I won't sell him, no matter how much you offer."

"I don't blame you," replied Frank, "but if ever you do want to sell him let me have him."

As Robbie lay there in the dark thinking of a way to get the Thanksgiving dinner he remembered Frank's offer. He put it out of his mind, but it would come back, and by morning he had made up his mind to part with Jack.

All traces of tears which he had shed were wiped away, and he gave Jack a good breakfast and had him do all his tricks. Jack seemed to know something bothered his little master, and after each trick would jump up and lick his face, and put his paws on Robbie's shoulder, as though to tell him how much he loved him.

Robbie choked back the tears and put on his cap. "Come on, Jack," he called.

Frank was only too glad to give the $5, but Jack whined and cried when he found that he was not to go with Robbie.

"Keep him in for a day or two," he told Frank. "He will run away if you don't." Poor Robbie; he ran as fast as he could to get out of reach of Jack's cries, and his eyes were wet when he reached the market.

"Where did you get this turkey and vegetables?" asked his mother when she saw the basket Robbie brought home.

"I sold Jack to Frank Reed," said Robbie, turning away. "He wanted him, and he can give Jack a better home than we can, so I let him have him."

"You sold Jack?" she asked. "You go and get him this minute and take this dinner back."

"I can't do that," said Robbie; "the market man would not take it back, and, then, I wouldn't ask Frank to take back the money, either. I sold Jack, and that is all there is to it."

Thanksgiving Day, when the steaming turkey and fixings were put on the table, Robbie's sister and mother were the ones who seemed to enjoy it. Robbie did not; every piece of turkey seemed to choke him; he could only think of Jack, and that he was the only one who really provided the dinner.

"Some one is at the door," said Robbie's mother. "I heard it rattle."

Robbie opened it, and in bounded Jack. He barked and jumped up to Robbie as though to say: "I got here in time for Thanksgiving dinner, didn't I?"

The dinner was forgotten, and Robbie's sister and mother gathered around Jack, as pleased as he was to see them.

When they sat down at the table again Jack was in his accustomed place beside Robbie's chair, and from time to time he ate of the dinner which he unconsciously had provided.

When the dinner was over Robbie took his cap and called to Jack, but Jack seemed to know what was to happen, and he crawled under the stove and refused to move.

Poor Robbie could not keep the tears back this time, but he took Jack in his arms and started for Frank's.

Robbie's tears fell fast on Jack's little head as he walked along, for Jack kept

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his face close to his little master's, as though to plead with him not to leave him.

"Here's Jack," said Robbie, as Frank opened the door in answer to his ring.

"I thought he would go to you," said Frank. "He ran out this morning when the maid wasn't looking. But it is no use, Rob; he won't do a thing for me, and he won't eat, either. Father says he will die if I keep him, so I guess you better take him back."

"But I can't," said Robbie. "I have spent the money; I bought our Thanksgiving dinner with it. Not that I wanted it," he hastened to explain, "but mother seemed to feel so bad because she was not able to get it that I did it for her."

Robbie's face was very red as he finished his confession, and he looked away from Frank. But Frank put his hand on Robbie's shoulder. 'You're a brick, Rob," he said. "I want to say something, but I don't know how you will take it; that $5 belonged to me, and no one knew I had it. You take Jack and forget it."

"I can't do that, Frank," Robbie replied; "but I tell you what I will do; I'll pay you back a little at a time if you let me have Jack back?"

"And I will tell you how you can earn the money," said Frank's father, who had been listening. "You come to my office every Saturday, and I will find something for you to do that will not take long to pay it back."

Jack seemed to know he was to go with his master, for he wriggled out of Robbie's arms and began to do tricks without being told. There were not two happier beings in the city that night than Robbie and Jack, and it would have been hard to tell which was the happier.

SOME QUEER TRAVELERS

Quite a number of animals are habitual travelers. Notable among them are the geckoes—green lizards from four to eight inches long, which emigrate in ships from the tropics, where they belong, to all parts of the world. They are widely distributed in hot latitudes, and quite commonly they embark in trading vessels, unobserved, with cargoes of dyewoods or fruit.

The skinks, which are likewise small lizards, are much addicted to making long journeys by water. They are found on all the islands of the Pacific—even on coral atolls which possess no other form of animal life whatever. The puzzle is to imagine how they came there, but it seems altogether likely that they took passage in the outrigger canoes of the Polynesians, who, in former days, navigated all the wide reaches of those seas.

Snakes, especially young boas, frequently reach the ports of the United States in bunches of bananas from Central America. A bunch of bananas, as it grows on the plant, has its "hands" arranged with the fingers (individual fruits) turned upward, thus affording a first-rate resting-place for concealed passengers. Young opossums have been discovered hidden in this way, and likewise, in frequent instances, tarantulas and centipedes.

As for the boas, they climb the stalk of the plant, and, nestling in the cavities about the stem which supports the fruits, easily escape attention.

Rats are the most famous of traveling animals. Scarcely a vessel leaves port anywhere in the world without a goodly number of these long-tailed passengers, and it is in this way that they have spread all over the habitable globe. Many insects, especially cockroaches, have been

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distributed in the same fashion. The big black roaches are of Asiatic origin, and the "croton bugs," now unhappily so familiar on this side of the water, are comparatively recent immigrants from Germany. Nearly all of our most destructive bug pests are importations from abroad, including the worst of the grain weevils, which, arriving in cargoes of grain, have been known to devour a large part of the cereal merchandise on the voyage.

JIM THE STOWAWAY

Jim was originally a sea captain's dog, and always accompanied his master on his voyages. When the captain died he left Jim to his friend, who was a clerk in the offices of an Eastern steamship company. Jim stayed with his new master just one night. The next morning he had disappeared.

When the boat which the dead captain used to sail was well out to sea, a gaunt, shaggy-haired dog crawled out from some hiding place in the pilot house, whining piteously. The crew received him with delight, but Jim paid little attention to them. He was searching for one he could not find, and it was long before he could be persuaded even to take food.

He showed a decided dislike for the new captain, and growled whenever that officer tried to make friends with him. He seemed to feel that the captain was somehow responsible for the loss of his master. During the outgoing voyage Jim prowled incessantly about the ship, but on the return he crawled into his hiding-place and remained there until the dock was reached.

When the ship started on its next voyage Jim was not to be seen, but later he again appeared unexpectedly. This time he contented himself with sitting by the railing, his sad, intelligent eyes fixed far out upon the waters. Did he think that he was sailing to his master? The crew to a man believed that he did.

Faithful Jim continues to sail the seas, and who shall say but that some day he will find his master?—*Gladys E. Locke.*

WHO GAVE US CHRISTMAS?

Two little boys were hard at play
With Christmas toys one Christmas day,
When suddenly there came a pause,
And Charlie said, "Who's Santa Claus?"
"Why," answered Georgie, "don't you
know?
He brought us Christmas long ago."
Then Dolly, from her corner, quick
Exclaimed, "Oh, no! it was St. Nick."
And Ernest cried, "Oh, Doll, for shame!
Kris Kringle was the man's right name."
"Why, children dear"—and Hannah's eyes.
Were filled with wonder and surprise—
"Who gave us Christmas? Is it true
That no one ever told it you?
Long years ago, my dears, one morn
A babe was in a manger born,
And shepherds, watching through the
night,
Saw all the heavens filled with light;
Heard angels sing in shining throng,
'Peace and good will'—their happy
song—
'For unto us a Christ is born!'
And that was our first Christmas morn.
Now, Jesus was the infant's name.
Led by a star, three wise men came,
And journeyed to this distant place
To look upon the infant's face;
Brought gifts of gold and perfume sweet
To shower at the Christ-child's feet.
And, so, my dears, for his dear sake
At Christmas time we give and take.
And with our gifts we seek to bless
The world with joy and happiness."

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Progressive Power of Mind

W. Burton Ellis in "The Divine Science Journal"

BE progressive in Mind and body, accept Truth wherever it can be found. Mankind is fast awakening to a higher understanding of Life now and here.

We progress from sickness to health, from fear to hope, from hate to love.

This advanced step in civilization is a move in the right direction. In all walks of life people are looking higher and broadening out in their mental capacity.

Mind Power is becoming more and more recognized by the people the world over. Thought becomes an active agent in this mental realm.

Look over the advancement within the past three hundred years. The people of the Old World came to America for religious freedom, little by little the shackles of human errors were loosened, men broadened out step by step, until we have reached this enlightened age; and we will continue on in this great Progression Movement until ultimately we shall arrive at our True Inheritance.

The mode of travel in olden times was by sailing vessels. A trip across the Atlantic in those days necessitated months of inconvenience, worry and hardship; now one may take the same trip in floating palatial ships, surrounded by every comfort and luxury, while the journey takes but a few days. All this is progressiveness of Mind. Without the progressive Power of Mind where would we be?

The Atlantic cable was the work of Mind, thought out and the plan put into operation. Yet this proposition was laughed at in the first place, and the objection raised that no ship could carry the amount of cable required. This difficulty was soon overcome by the building of the Great Eastern. The cable was then laid and has become a great success. This was all done by the Power of Mind.

The telephone was once a toy; yet today it is most essential in all walks of life, there being millions in operation all over the world. Without the progressive Power of Mind we would have no telephone.

The system of wireless telegraphy plays a great part in the advancement and comfort of freedom and happiness. Another instance of progressiveness of Mind.

How wonderfully the development of travel by rail has progressed in the past half century, especially in our own country. Here one may travel almost anywhere amidst most luxurious surroundings. Think of the difference between crossing the country in a caravan, a trip consuming several months, saying nothing of the hardships pertaining thereto, and the same trip to-day which only consumes a few days, while the traveler has at his disposal every advantage to make the trip pleasant and delightful.

The mode of travel by horse cars was once of great importance. Now we have the electric and cable cars, which comprise a vast network system over most of the land. This was accomplished little by little through the progressiveness of Mind Power.

People once were compelled to cross the East and North Rivers by means of ferryboats. Now trains of cars go

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through tubes under the water, the trip consuming only a fraction of the time taken by a ferryboat. How would this great engineering feat have been accomplished without Mind!

The Industrial progression of the South within the past few years is but another instance of the awakening of Man and the progressiveness of Mind.

The new Republic of China is one of the latest achievements in the onward movement of Progression.

The Peace Congress at The Hague is of great value in the onward movement of freedom and the right; a great change from the loss of life on the battlefield as in times past. Wars and bloodshed are of no spiritual value.

The idea of "Peace on Earth and good will toward man" is fast being realized, and is bringing about a great awakening into the image and likeness of God (Good).

All of these achievements tend to show that Man is slowly awakening to understand the Power of the Mind. All past achievements, wonderful as they have been, are as a drop in the bucket compared to what Man can accomplish when he comes into his True Inheritance; that is, when he more fully realizes the Power of Mind, and puts this knowledge into operation.

Thought has taken a new form and the sick are being healed by the power of health thoughts. This Divine Science Reform during the past sixty years has helped to awaken the mind of mankind to health and happiness.

The churches have let the fires of hell die out, and the Truth is taking its place at the head of Human Progression. This is all due to Mental Energy, or the Progression of Mind.

This great Mental Power has been reduced to a science, and Divine Science is the ultimatum of these great achievements.

The people are to-day being healed of lifelong diseases, just simply by using the Power of Mind to control the body.

Healthy Mental food is placed before the Mind, and this helps to awaken the Divine in the human.

The Progressive Power of Mind is a potential problem for most of us to grasp; in fact, there are none that fully understand the possibilities of this great Force, and it is only little by little that we are able to unfold this wonderful Truth, whereby we realize more and more the possibilities of the Power of Mind.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

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What to Do With Self

Dr. Frank Crane

IT will do us much good to set it down in our tablets that to speak evil of ourselves in any particular always lowers us in the estimation of sensible people. They immediately conclude that we are vain or weak, and, in any case, small.

For that matter, why should one speak of one's self? "Un homme vain," says Le Bruyere, "trouve son compte a dire du bien ou du mal de soi; un homme modeste ne parle pont de soi." (A vain man likes to talk about himself, good or bad; a modest man does not talk of himself at all.)

To forget and to ignore self is not only the first requisite to greatness, but it is the secret of being pleasing to others. It is the fountain of courtesy and politeness. It is the source of genuine popularity. Too much self is the chief reason why we are not liked.

But if we must allude to our own personality let us treat it as if we respected it. If we give out the air of being dissatisfied, self-tormenting and self-annoyed, how can we expect our friends to take delight in us?

This habit of self-depreciation has its root in a common and a vicious error—to wit: That one's self is uninteresting The truth is just the contrary; the most attractive thing about you is your natural, own, peculiar being. Nothing that you can borrow or put on is half so good as what you are.

When the Creator made you He made something a little different from all His other works. He intended you to be you, and no one else. If you will determine to be yourself under all circumstances, you will be happy and good and agreeable and wise.

You will be happy because the gist of happiness is self-expression. Joy is the natural acting out of what is in us. We become miserable when we try to be some impossible one else.

You will be happy because you will become acquainted with yourself, and will be amazed to find that you are a tolerably good sort after all. You will learn to enjoy your own moods, your own tastes and your own emotions. You will cease to be a play-actor striving for the applause of the world, and become a real human off the stage, just living your life and getting the good out of it.

You will be good because the essence of goodness is conformity to nature. When you are trying to be only what God made you, and to live out your own impulses simply and naturally, and not gauging yourself by the standards of other people and of institutions and would-be advisers, you will cease to vacillate between an artificial perfection of certain moods and an abnormal remorse and self-vilification of other moods, and you will have poise and peace and some real dignity.

You will be agreeable. For no one, whether it be a little child, or a youth, or a man, or a grandfather—no one is so delightful to meet as the person who is himself and acts himself without parade on the one hand or self-disparagement on the other.

And you will be wise. For sooner or later all bubbles are burst, all shams ex-

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posed, all frauds found out. The man who has never claimed nor appeared to be otherwise than God made him, therefore, has no exposure and humiliation to fear.

THE VANISHED COUNTRY

Back in the Vanished Country
There's a cabin in the lane,
Across the yellow sunshine
And the sundrift of the rain;
A cabin, summer shaded,
Where the maples whispered low,
Drew stories of the world winds
That a fellow used to know;
And it's queer that, turning gray,
Still a fellow looks away
To a land he knows has vanished
Down the path of yesterday.

Back in the Vanished Country
There's an old time swinging gate,
Through the early dusk of summer,
Where a girl had come to wait;
And her hair was like the sundrift
From the heart of summer skies,
Where the blue of God's wide heaven
Crowned the splendor of her eyes;
And it's queer that, turning gray,
Still a fellow looks away
To a girl he knows has vanished
Down the path of yesterday.

Back in the Vanished Country
There's a dream that used to be;
Of fame within the city,
Or a name beyond the sea;
A dream of laurel wreathings
That came singing through the night,
The story of the glory
Of the victor in the fight;
And it's queer that, worn and gray,
Still a fellow looks away
To a dream he knows has vanished
Down the path of yesterday.

LILY LANGTRY'S VIEWS

Apparently as young and beautiful as when she bade farewell to the shores of America six years ago, Mrs. Lily Langtry, Lady de Bathe, arrived the other day on the steamer Cedric, bringing with her a brandnew recipe for the elixir of life. Brilliant colors and pleasant thoughts keep off the years, is her theory, and when she was asked how she managed to retain her youthful appearance, she said:

"Color and sunshine in clothes, food, drink, and thoughts. Never think of things unpleasant. Never notice the dark side of life. Seek the bright and beautiful, and by so doing you will discover the elixir of beauty.

"A change is coming. It is here now. Men are going to discard the gloomy black clothes that belong to undertakers and wear colors. Bright colors they will be. Purples and yellows, greens and reds. I have gone so far as to organize a club for the purpose of making men wear picturesque and cheerful clothes. The success of any dress ball is proof that men are fond of bright colors and enjoy wearing them. Side whiskers have returned, and the stock and ruffled shirt are being worn."

DESIRED THE TRUTH AND FOUND IT

I intensely desired the Truth, whatever it might be, and found it. When I had found the Truth, I found it to be that man had a limitless supply of power and wisdom within him, and that its presence was for the purpose of fulfilling soul's desires.

I can see only that, feel only that, think about only that. "Whatsoever ye will ask." I can think only of a limitless power of love, doing all day long and all the night.—*Alma Gillen.*

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The Church of the Living

Robert Charles Hannon in "The Divine Science Journal"

DO you ask, What constitutes the Church of the Living? The constitution of the Church of the Living is Life, Love, Peace, Truth, Power and Dominion. It is really the Church Triumphant, for it has triumphed over sickness and sorrow.

It teaches the theory of Life, not death; of Love, not hate; of Truth, not error. Life is what we make it, and we make up our life out of our education.

In the theory of error we were taught that Life was full of sorrow, dread and fear. These erroneous conditions indulged in make people desperate, and the struggle is a desperate one. The imagination is enlarged upon because of the false premise, and consequently the conclusion is a false one; that is how people in the past have spent ages in error.

The object of the Church of the Living is to teach the Theory of Truth, and not the theory of error. By the Theory of Truth we arouse mankind from the slumber and dream of error, and teach only such thoughts as will enable man and woman to improve themselves.

Man is his own master or his own enemy; he must learn how to arouse his mind and improve it, and no longer be a slave of his mentality.

Mental slavery should be abolished. People have been held in bondage, in the dream, for ages and ages; now has come the time to awaken to the teaching of Life and Love, no longer bowing the head to a blind faith, obeying a "fetish" theory. "Fetishism" is only a string of false claims bound together into a theory called mortal mind, which only binds mankind to mental slavery, such as fear and superstition. The result of this error is sickness, sin and death.

The Church of the Living awakens each individual who accepts its teachings, from the dream of sorrow and death, and points to the Savior within each person. This saving influence brought to the front and developed will deliver each human being from fear, dread, sorrow and death of the body.

Mark 16:3: "Who shall roll away the stone?" Truth rolls away the stone (doubt), and sets man and woman free from the belief of fear and misery.

Man and woman are now being taught how to master their own individuality. Philippians 2:12: "Work out your own salvation, for it is God (Mind at work) that worketh in you to will and to do."

This new form of self-government taught by the Church of the Living is redeeming the Human Race from the mortal influence of fear and superstition, which have caused so much apparent misunderstanding and misery in the past.

Love is now the Divine watchword in this New Religion, the Religion of the Mind, as taught in the Church of the Living. We learn of this living influence that is present everywhere and is all power. This will in time be accepted by all people that want to live and be healthy and happy.

Mind is all power, and this is the true Jesus Christ theory taught in the Bible, Acts 4:11, 12, Truth is "The stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner." "Neither is there salvation in any other;

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for there is none other name under Heaven given among men, whereby we can be saved," saved from sickness, sin, death, evil and error of every sort.

Love is a perpetual divine quality, and it offsets hatred and malice, fear and such agencies as constitute a mortal theory; Love knows no hate, Love knows no fear, Love knows no pain or torment; 1 John 4:18, "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment." Love is ever present, and constitutes Peace, Power and Dominion, now here on earth.

Truth is the right hand of Good (called God), "Truth is an ever-present help in time of trouble," Truth is what sectarians have omitted, and Divine Science has accepted; Truth is the great deliverer, the God of eternity; Isaiah 9:6, 7, "The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

"Of the increase of its government there shall be no end." When people listen to Truth, they listen to the voice of Principle, the real Jesus Christ, the God anointed.

Peace on earth, now and here, is the result of this Principle, brought about by this new way of thinking. In this new government of thought man and woman are recognized as something and somebody, because they manifest the living substance called God.

The theory of hell fire is omitted in the theory of Truth. People are being cleansed from secret faults and many errors of past teaching; Truth is the true Gospel healing.

The influence of the Church of the Living is being felt the world over, the sick are being healed, people are taught something healthy to think about; "As a man thinketh so is he."

This is the great resurrection of Mankind, for it awakens the latent energy and brings about a better quality of thought and action.

Man is no longer to be considered a sickly, dying mortal, because he has awakened into the glorious liberty of Mind and Body.

It is now that he learns he is an immortal being, only that he has been asleep, dreaming about a dying theory.

Mind is all power, and should be so understood.

People from many parts of the land are joining this Divine Order, so as to come in touch with the active mind force that controls the universe.

This Principle of Life and Health is ever active, as this living influence is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." This living influence is sent to all parts of the earth by thought waves or mental telepathy.

Life and Love are in "the upper chamber," where right thought transcends all forms.

This order of thinking is the oldest order in the world, and it brings out in each person perpetual life; the result of it is Heaven or Harmony on earth.

The work of a quarter of a century in this line of thought has awakened me to health and happiness, and caused me to help thousands of others.

Everything that is great in life is the product of slow growth. Mushrooms spring up in a night, an oak requires decades. Fads survive only for weeks, a philosophy—for centuries. If you are sure you are right, don't let your family, your friends or the world swerve you from your purpose. Accept slow growth, if it must be slow, and believe that results will come.—*Jordan.*

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TOUCHING WITH TENDERNESS

The golden wedding had been celebrated with whole-hearted joy and good cheer, and the last guests were leaving. One of them, a life-long friend and neighbor, whispered to the silver-haired bride of half a century: "This is an anniversary of something more than your wedding. Fifty years ago to-night, as you and your husband were just getting into the carriage to start on your wedding journey I saw him stroke your cheek and hair with his hand when he thought no one was looking. To-night, as we were leaving the dining-room, I caught him doing the same thing." "Yes," was the happy response, "but it is scarcely an anniversary, for he has made his life with me for fifty years one kind caress."

And a good philosophy of life it was. The word-books say that to caress is "to touch with tenderness." For fifty years this man and woman plodded side by side; had gone "through thick and thin" together, and had grown old beautifully because of their habit of touching with tenderness. The pathway had not been always smooth; through certain stretches it had been decidedly rough, but such hardships as there were seemed easy to bear because of the talisman of the tender touch.

The two aged lovers probably never stopped to philosophize about the secret of their happiness. But thoughtful ones who knew them could see that they had grasped a great truth, no less firmly because unconsciously. They had discovered that happiness came from meeting every duty and every emergency as they met each other, in a spirit of love. They had discovered that there were two ways of doing things—the indifferent way and the affectionate way—and that the latter was invariably successful, while the former often resulted in failure and regret.—*Frank Andrews Fall in The Nautilus.*

AN UNWISE PRAYER

"There is something gruesome in teaching small children the time-honored prayer, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,'" says the Continent (Chicago), and it proposes a substitute for those who wish it. Objection to the old one lies in the suggestion of death in the third line, though it may be found that the force of habit and tradition can only slowly give way to the new reluctance to entertain the idea of death. We read:

"Of course, what has been so dear to so many generations of little folks and grown folks is not to be driven out of the field by this one objection from sensitive parents, but, on the other hand, traditional acceptance won't overcome the objections of any mother who, as one mother recently testified, remembers having lain awake whole nights in childhood terrified by the fear of death which the little prayer had instilled. Any mother with that experience in her own life will certainly refuse to submit a child of her own to the peril of such a horror. Fortunately there are many beautiful substitutes that can be taught a child with equal ease and which will be in his later memory just as dear as 'Now I lay me' can be to anyone."—*Literary Digest.*

Those who have the most happiness think the least about it. But in thinking about and in doing their duty happiness comes—because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe. —*Thackeray.*

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YOUR FRIENDS

The other day a young man asked me how he could make friends, and I am very glad to answer this question, or any other, to the best of my ability.

"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly, and there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

In spite of every possible change in the amenities of friendship, in customs, manners, environment and civilization, the ancient Hebrew sage's remark on the method of friendship making holds just as true here, now, in Washington, D. C., A. D. 1912, as it did in Palestine 2,500 years or more ago. Men's surroundings may change; their motives never have changed yet.

All humanity is hungry for friendship; indeed, every creature desires it.

What is a pet?

Nothing but a creature to which you have shown yourself friendly. You can make friends with a cat, or a wolf, or a snake, a toad, a fish or any living thing that flies, creeps or crawls. How much more easily, then, you can make friends with your own kind!

What does it mean to show yourself friendly?

It means to be agreeable, sympathetic, obliging, helpful; to yield in the little things that make no difference, one way or the other; and when your affairs go wrong it means to resist the impulse to go around trying to "take it out" on somebody.

Think, also, about the last half of the wise man's saying: "And there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

When Mark Twain said, "Be good and you will be lonesome," he did more harm than he could ever have repaired even if he had tried to repair it. There is just enough flippant wit in that sentence to make it remembered, which is a pity, because it contains a thousandfold more falsehood than wit.

For the man most encompassed with friends is the religious man. He feels what the prophet said: "God is with me: who can be against me?"

Friendship with God is thus the surest basis of creating friendships with men. —*William Knowles Cooper, General Secretary, Washington Y. M. C. A.*

There must be a renewal of mind before there can be health and prosperity. By prayer, meditation and affirmation of the Truth you may come into possession of the ideas of God-mind and thus renew your own mind. A transformation in body and affairs quickly follows. The eye of sense sees only evil. The eye of faith sees good everywhere, because there is good everywhere.

Pray believing that ye have (already) received, and ye shall receive. That means give thanks for the possession of health and prosperity and they are yours. At first they may not be visible to the natural eye, but if one can have faith that they are given by God, they will soon take form and substance in the outer realm.

God is never absent from you. He is constantly taking form in your life by the exact pattern of your words, thoughts and actions. So you see success and abundance come through thinking thoughts of success and abundance. Just as soon as you really bring your words and your expectations up to the measure of God's love for you, just that soon you will demonstrate supply. The mind has to be enlarged to take in a conception of God's bounty for His children.

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OLD YEAR MEMORIES

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us,
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret;
The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us,
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,
The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet;
The pride with which some lofty one disdained us,
Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,
The yielding to temptations that beset,
That he perchance, though grief be unavailing,
Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving,
Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng,
The faults o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,
Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving
When friends were few, the handclasp warm and strong,
The fragrance of each life of holy living,
Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious,
Whate'er of right has triumphed over wrong,
What love of God or man has rendered precious,
Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us,
We tenderly may bid the year "Goodby,"
Holding in memory the good it brought us,
Letting the evil die.

—*Susan E. Gammons.*

THE LOST CHORD

Seated one day at the organ
I was weary and ill at ease.
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife,
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright Angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heav'n
I shall hear that grand Amen.

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
There's a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the
Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a
king.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire and the
Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a
king.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame and the
Beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations that
Jesus is king.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they
bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Savior
and King.

—*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

THE CHRISTMAS CHILD

Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

THANKSGIVING

What time the latest flower hath bloomed,
The latest bird hath southward flown;
When silence weaves o'er garnered
sheaves
Sweet idyls of our northern zone;
When scattered children rest beside
The hearth, and hold the mother's
hand,
Then rolls Thanksgiving's ample tide
Of fervent praise across the land.

And though the autumn stillness broods
Where spring was glad with song and
stir,
Though the summer's grace leaves little
trace
On fields that smiled at sight of her,
Still glows the sunset's altar fire
With crimson flame and heart of gold,
And faith uplifts with strong desire
And deep content, the hymns of old.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE

The Christmas tree's a blaze of light,
And all the world is glad with cheer,
For we are here this happy night
To welcome in the bright New Year.

Our mothers and our fathers, dear,
Our aunts and uncles, cousins, too,
Are chatting gladly of the year
And telling what they mean to do.

But I have felt so brave and free
And kissed my dollies every one;
I've thanked our lovely Christmas tree,
All week it's served; the year is done.

And this is what I 'spect to do
Through all the happy golden days,
Just smile and smile and e'er be true,
And fill my heart with song and praise.

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DIVINE SCIENCE

Divine Science teaches the power of Mind, and shows people what to think and what not to think, and how to develop the Mental Power in each human being.

This great Truth brought to the front establishes man in the "Kingdom of God," and sets mean and woman free from fear and superstition.

This living Principle of Life, as set forth by Divine Science, is but the explanation of divine manhood and womanhood. It surpasses any theory yet brought forward for the redemption of the human race.

Divine Science has a redeeming feature that proves its way by its healing virtue. It heals the sick, it awakens the dreamer from the dream of sickness, sin and death. And when this new feature of thought is better understood it will prevent the death of the body.

Divine Science is the only theory or doctrine ever offered to the public to make man and woman undying. With this new life and health preserving process, what is left to sicken and die? Man must some day be resurrected to everlasting Life, and if Divine Science is the real voice of God it would be well for everyone to listen to the grand Truth of its teaching.

Divine Science is but a reproduction of the Apostolic healing, and it is bringing about a divine awakening—*Exchange.*

Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no persuasion move thee to do anything which thou knowest to be evil; so shalt thou always live jollily; for a good conscience is a continual Christmas.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

TO CURE QUICK TEMPER

A lady in Tennessee, who read my letter in the Nautilus, writes for help from our Center, to improve her temper. Says she is fretful and scolding, and makes herself very disagreeable. She signs herself "Unknown," so I do not know how to reach her, except through the Nautilus. Respecting her desire to remain "incog," I send this little prescription of an old country doctor, who passed on many years ago, but which is good, and which may give the lady in question a hint that silence is golden. Here is the hint:

"Doctor, can you cure me of scolding? I want to do what is right, but I'm so quick-tempered."

"Put out your tongue. Open your mouth wide, and let me look down your throat. Ah, hum-m-m. No wonder you scold. Throat inflamed and tongue too limber. Whenever you feel the temper rising take a mouthful of the coldest water you can get, and hold it in your mouth till it gets warm. Try it faithfully for a month, and it will cure you as sure as shootin'."

"Silence is golden." When the temper rises "Be still and know."—*Sarah F. Meader, 10 Kenwood Terrace, Lynn, Mass.*

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER

A typical Thanksgiving dinner represents everything that has grown in all the summer, fit to make glad the heart of man. It is not a riotous feast. It is a table piled high, among the group of rollicking young and the sober joy of the old, with the treasures of the growing year, accepted with rejoicings and interchange of many festivities as a token of gratitude to Almighty God.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

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INTO HEAVEN LIKE A CRAB

Some men are crabbed—all hard shell and obstinacy and opposition. I do not see how he is to get into heaven unless he goes in backward, and then there will be danger that at the gate he will try to pick a quarrel with St. Peter. Once in, I fear he will not like the music, and the services will be too long, and that he will spend the first two or three years in trying to find out whether the wall of heaven is exactly plumb. Let us stand off from such tendencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than discords, picking up marigolds and harebells in preference to thistles and coloquaintida, culturing thyme and anemones rather than nightshade. And in a world where God hath put exquisite tinge upon the shells washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in the child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of the rock by hanging a tapestry of morning mist, the lark saying, "I will sing soprano," and the cascade replying, "I will carry the bass," let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the frog to croak, and the beast to growl, and the grumbler to find fault.—*De Witt Talmage.*

GO ON SOWING

You may not necessarily see the fruition to-morrow of the seeds sown to-day; but what of it? Go on sowing. Do not be like the child who daily digs up the seed to see if it has sprouted. Of course, it has sprouted, and is not our duty plain? Continue the sowing and keep down the weeds of our gardens by refusing to harbor any thoughts of fear, worry, doubt, jealousy or kindred errors. They do not belong in our gardens. Only the pure and wholesome blossoms of truth belong there, and we alone, as the gardeners, are responsible for the kind of crop our garden contains.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Now roll along
The unbroken song
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Till ringing, singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep,
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail, the Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men."

—*Longfellow.*

GENIUS

A genius is a dreamer who has made,
By force, his dreams come true; a god he seems—
If he had failed in that which he essayed,
We'd call him, "Dreamer of distempered dreams."

—*John E. Dolsen.*

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

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THE VOICE OF THE NEW YEAR

Once more the months, in rapid flight,
Around the cycle of another year have spun.
The Old Year now its work has done,
The new days and new things invite;
To truer living, truer knowledge, truer sight;
To surer footsteps bending ever to the sun
Whose light doth come from the Great Three in One;
To truth, to service, fellowship and love,
Where'er our place, whatever be the clime,
No matter what the circumstance or time.
The best of earth, the best of all above,
May come to us on wings of carrier dove,
Or borne in melody by Heaven's chime,
If we by love and service seek to climb.

—*Mary E. Stevens.*

"To admit that sickness is a reality while attempting to destroy it is inconsistent and illogical, for all reality is eternal, and such an attempt can meet only with defeat. The unreality of all unlike God must be held strongly in mind and thought turned to the contemplation of the Divine Perfection, which man reflects. Inasmuch as all of the afflictions of mortality are but phenomenal expressions of thought, a higher thought must destroy them. Existing conditions will continue and present beliefs will prevail, while the same pictures will unfold before our gaze until we lift the thought beyond their expression. 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me,' emphatically declares that, commensurate with the risen conception of the individual, will the world be raised above its present condition."

FOR WORLD PEACE

We, the Rising Generation, want a World Agreement for Universal Peace.

We want our war vessels and battleships disarmed and turned into a Public University of Travel, a White Fleet of Peace that will tour the world every year.

We want these ships manned by the best instructors in Foreign Art, Literature, Travel, History, Live Languages, Sociology, Human Nature, and Universal Brotherhood.

We want the students selected by all-around merit from the graduates of Public High Schools and Industrial High Schools of all States.

We want this post-graduate year of travel given at the expense of the nation, the students co-operating systematically in all the work done aboard ship.

We believe in these things.
We pray for them.
We talk them.
We work for them.
We vote to this end.

—*Elizabeth Towne in "Nautilus."*

NEW YEAR VERSES

Be a mine of wealth, of joy,
Make as merry as a boy;
Life was meant for glad good cheer;
Sunshine's with thee every year!

Breathe no discontented sigh!
Let no storm cloud hide thy view,
Looking out behold the blue;
Fair and perfect be thy sky.

Here's a word of gladness,
Here's a word of cheer,
May it bring a blessing
To last the whole New Year!

—*Mary Brewerton de Witt.*

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Right Thinking and Right Living

WHAT you allow to live in your heart, harbor in your mind, dwell upon in your thoughts, are seeds which will develop in your life and produce things like themselves. Hate seed in the heart cannot produce a love flower in the life. A sinister thought will produce a sinister harvest. The revenge seed will produce a bloody harvest.

No one can do his best work while he harbors revengeful or even unfriendly thoughts towards others. Our faculties only give up their best when working in perfect harmony. There must be goodwill in the heart or we cannot do good work with head or hand.

What is there to be gained by harboring injuries, by dwelling upon misfortunes, by morbid worrying over our failures? Did it ever pay to harbor slights and imagined insults?

There is only one thing to do with a disagreeable thought or experience, and that is, get rid of it; hurl it out of the mind as you would a thief out of your house. You cannot afford to give shelter to enemies of your peace and comfort.

If we did not harbor in the mind the things that are not good for us, they would not make such a lasting impression upon us. In fact, they would not get hold of us. It is the harboring of them, turning them over and over, thinking of them, that intrenches them in the mind.

A kindly attitude, a feeling of good will toward others, is our best protection against bitter hatred or injurious thoughts of any kind, for they cannot penetrate the love shield, the good-will shield.

No one has learned the art of true living until he has trained his mind to forget every experience from which he can no longer derive any advantage—that will hinder his progress and make him unhappy. No matter how great a mistake you have made, it should be forgotten, buried forever. Don't keep digging it up. You have learned the lesson there is in it for you. The only good use you can make of an unfortunate mistake is to make it a starting-point for something better.

Grovelling thoughts, debasing thoughts, always lead downward, while the opposite thoughts lead in the opposite direction. The criminal thought leads directly to the penitentiary.

We know how vicious thoughts and wicked emotions and passions tend to produce chemical changes in the system, poisoning the cell life and producing all sorts of physical discords, and how the opposite thoughts and emotions will tend to produce just the opposite results, will heal, repair, restore, renew.

Every cell in the body gets the life impulse or death impulse from every thought or emotion that passes through the mind. It is either a friend or an enemy thought, a curse or a blessing.

You want health. Never allow yourself to think that anything else will come to you. Assume the health attitude, think health, talk it. Say to yourself that it is your birthright. Don't be afraid of thinking too highly of yourself, for if the Creator made you, you must have inherited divine omnipotent

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possibilities, you must partake of His qualities.

If your parents, teachers, or those for whom you work tell you that you are dull and stupid, just deny it vigorously every time the suggestion comes to you. Constantly affirm that you are not stupid, that you have ability and that you are going to show the people who have disapproved of you that you can do what others do.

Some people wonder that they amount to so little, that they cut so little figure and carry so little weight in their community. It is because they do not think and act like conquerors.

The mind is always in the process of creating something. The product may be vicious or helpful; a blessing or a curse; it is entirely within our power to choose our thoughts. We cannot blame anyone else if we are miserable instead of happy, failures instead of successes. Much mental distress is due to negative, destructive thinking, instead of positive and creative, which we might easily substitute.

Some people never learn to think deeply, vigorously. They cannot focus their faculties with power, and are mentally indifferent.

There is nothing more fatal to achievement than a weak habit of thinking. It takes a great deal of training to be able to use the mind effectively, and very few people ever accomplish the difficult feat.

Stand guard at the door of your mind; keep out all the enemies of your happiness and achievement, and you will be astonished at your increased power and entire change of life within a short time.

The cheerful, hopeful thought is itself a powerful remedy for a score of ills, such as the "blues," melancholia, and discouragement. Optimism alone is an antidote for some of the worst mental diseases.

Hold to optimistic ideals, and you will drive out pessimism, the great breeder of disease, failure and misery.

When you feel the "blues" coming on, concentrate your mind vigorously upon the very opposite qualities, hold the ideals of cheerfulness, confidence, gratitude, good will towards everybody, and you will be surprised to see how quickly the enemies which were dogging your steps and making your life miserable will disappear.

A tremendous power permeates the life and solidifies the character from holding perpetually the life-thought, the truth-thought, the optimistic-thought and the beauty-thought. The one who has the secret takes hold of the very fundamental principles of the universe, gets down to the verity of things, and lives in reality itself. A sense of security, of power, of calmness and repose comes to those who are conscious of being enveloped in the very center of truth and reality which can never come to those who live on the surface of things.

If you are dissatisfied with your condition, if you feel that life has been hard and the fates cruel, if you are a complainer of your lot, you will probably find that, whatever your condition may be, in your home or business or souls' life, it is the legitimate offspring of your own thought, your own ideals, and that you have nobody to blame but yourself.

Right thinking will produce right living; clean thinking, a clean life; and a prosperous, generous thought followed up by intelligent endeavor to make your thoughts and your ideals real will produce corresponding results.—*Nautilus.*

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Life

"Thoughts of Life and the Secrets of Abundant Life."

Sophia Van Marter

We have simply looked entirely at the outer and seeming, what we have thought were the laws of nature, and we have seen that there was a time of inception, time of growth and development, and a time of maturity, and, we have said, after that, decay. But we are learning to know that it is not necessary; that there are laws of life that we can apply to our existence, and it is our duty, as I have said, to find the key, so that we shall live as Jesus taught, that He came that we might have life and have it in full abundance. Over and over again, in many ways, He taught that we are to live here and now—to live immortally here and now. You have only to look for it. He never said anything about life after death. And Paul said, "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality;" in other words, we must overcome. Then, if we realize that we are something plus animal, something above the animal, that we have within ourselves a spiritual consciousness that we can awaken, we shall learn the way, here and now. It is within ourselves; it depends upon our finding within ourselves the key, upon finding that secret which will unlock within ourselves the knowledge of what we really are.

We have placed too low an estimate upon ourselves. We have thought of ourselves as weak, miserable beings, subject to animal laws instead of realizing that we were spiritual beings; that we have all the resources of the Infinite at our command; that all the infinite life of God is at our command, and that the kingdom of God is for us and in us.

We are just learning to know something of the power of thought and of how to control it. When we learn that we do not have to let in error thought as a tramp might come into our house, then we can turn it away as we would a tramp. Whenever we have thoughts flitting into our minds which would undermine them, and would wreck them, we have only to dispel such thoughts; we have only to put them out, and fill ourselves with the spirit of God, and then manifest that which we are, really, in our higher self.

Archimedes said if you would give him a place to stand, then he would use his fulcrum to move the world. We have found the place to stand, and we have found the fulcrum. The place to stand is, as the great Teacher taught us, in the consciousness that we are one with the Divine—"I and the Father are one," "Ye in me" and "I in you"—not something separate from God, but manifestations of the Infinite, manifestations of the Divine; that we are God manifest, and that the Divine Life is living in us, if we will only assert it. That is the place to stand, centered in the Divine.

And the fulcrum? Ah, that is, as you have already heard, that is love; that is recognizing that all humanity are one; that whatever you say of another, and think of another, or do to another, you are doing to yourself; that the great fulcrum which shall move the universe, which shall bring peace and harmony,

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and freedom from sin, sickness, sorrow and strife. This is the great secret—"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

THE DOCTOR'S JOKE

"When I was attending medical college," said a New Orleans physician, "our old professor of materia medica and general practice told us one day that he had a remarkable case which he proposed to exhibit next morning in clinic. 'I have persuaded the man to allow you to examine him in the interest of science,' he said, 'and you will each make an independent diagnosis in writing.' Next day the patient appeared. He was a big strapping fellow, and, without any preface, he peeled off his clothes and took his place on the table. We examined him in squads, thumping his chest, listening to his lungs, feeling his pulse, taking his temperature, and doing everything else we could think of. I soon discovered valvular disease of the heart in advanced stage, but said nothing, according to the rule, and sat up nearly all night writing my diagnosis. When the professor took his place on the platform at lecture hour his desk was heaped high with our written reports. 'Well, gentlemen,' he said blandly, 'I find here forty-six diagnoses, each describing a different disease. I consider the variety of your discoveries very remarkable, especially'—here he paused and deliberately polished his eye-glasses—'especially, gentlemen, as there was nothing whatever the matter with the patient.' The silence that ensued was so thick you could have cut it with an ax."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

SERMONETTES

What you wish others to do, do yourself.

A teaching that instills fear into its followers cannot be given the name of religion. Why should I fear the God within myself?

What the world needs is positive innocence in men and women. Not the negative innocence which comes of ignorance, but that which comes through the knowledge of the Divinity in all things.

Make a man more conscious of his virtues and you help to raise him; tell him of his faults constantly, and you are putting more weight on the drag-rope.

We are all traveling different roads on the way to Truth. Keep the weeds cut down on your own road, and don't bother about what the other fellow is doing.

It takes a live fish to swim up stream. Any dead one can float down. When you go with the crowd it is easy going, but when you turn and assert yourself, you are sure to meet with opposition.

Isn't it time that you graduated from the "I should like to" class into the "I wills?"

Knowledge leads to Unity; Ignorance to Diversity.

Illusion is real to us as long as we believe it to be so. That which we are conscious of exists to us. Change your consciousness and you change the appearance of the world you live in.

Remember this, a sincere man may be wrong, but even if he does not command admiration, he will command respect.

He can who thinks he can. Try it and watch it work. Go ahead and do, instead of wasting your time wondering whether it is beyond your ability.

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THE CRY OF THE BROOD

There's a strange boy in the barber shop—Demetrius, the bootblack, is gone. The wife of Andropoulos, the florist, conducts his business now. Three of the waiters at the Palace Hotel have thrown up their jobs. The summons has sounded—Greece has called her sons home to battle for honor and for God.

The dogs of war are loose in the Balkans. The Serb swineherd has deserted his droves. There are no shepherds for the Macedonian flocks. United in a common cause of hate and vengeance, the hill-men are swarming the Turkish border. In every Balkan heart there rankles an awful memory of pillage and cruelty. The little buffer kingdoms have for a moment ceased to be pawns on the chessboard of continental diplomacy. It is war—war, with and to the knife—reckless, checkless war! The score is heavy against the Moslem raider. Every grave on the granite slopes shrieks for blood atonement. It is Cross against Crescent.

Here, where the Knight Templar battled with the infidel, every blade of grass is fertilized with the bones of crusader and martyr and patriot.

Twenty thousand Greeks sailed out of the port of New York within one week—khaki-clad, resolute, fighting men; no longer barber and peddler and candy-maker, but again sons of Philip, Alcibiades and Leonidas. In their trade-dulled veins the mighty ichor of a heroic age is surging. From behind the walls of time they hear the ululating war-cries of Macedon's bronze-shod phalanxes and the deep-throated shouts of indomitable Lacedaemon. Scions of Hector, Menelaus and Achilles, suckled at the golden breast of History, they dare anew where once the Hundred held the gate against the Asian horde.—*Woman's World.*

FINDING THE WAY

Weary and alone I traveled the way,
Searching for Infinite Love;
Then I heard the voice of Jesus say:
"Look up; I am with you alway."

"Seek no further, for within thyself only
Can be found that which you have long sought,
And only they who listen for the voice
Can ever find the way.

"Be still and know that I am God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
And they who seek Me will find
I am the only way.

"Be still, be still,
And in the recesses of thy mind
Thou will find me waiting to reveal
The Christ whom thou wouldst find."

Alone in the silence each day I wait
For Infinite Wisdom to point the way;
No longer is there need to ask:
Is this or that the way?

—*Alice M. Ward.*

THE PROPHET OF NAZARETH

Sweet prophet of Nazareth, constant and tender,
Whose truth, like a rainbow, encircles the world,
The time is approaching when wrong shall surrender,
And war's crimson banners be furled;
When the throat of the lion no longer shall utter
Its roar of defiance in desert and glen,
When the lands will join hands and the black cannon mutter
Their discords no more to the children of men.

—*James C. Clark.*

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

BLACK SHEEP

Col. Adam Harmon, of Savannah, says that when he was a boy the pastor of a negro church in his neighborhood was detected in the act of embracing a comely sister of the congregation behind the church door one night after service. The deacons promptly convened in extraordinary session, and had the preacher up on a charge of unbecoming and unpastoral conduct.

The accused was at no loss for a defense. He stated—and proved his claim by the Scriptures—that a pastor was a shepherd and the members of the congregation were his sheep. Even the Apostles were often depicted as shepherds holding lambs in their protecting arms.

"Dis yere young lady," he added, "is one ob my lam's; and w'en I takes her into my arms I was jes' obeyin' de Good Book."

Seemingly there was no answering such an argument as that. The deacons put their heads together and voted unanimously to acquit the preacher.

"But," added the aged darky who acted as spokesman of the tribunal, "de bredderin' would reques' dat de nex' time you feels de desire comin' over you to tek one ob de lam's ob dis flock in yore arms, dat you tek a ram-lam'!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A GIFTED BARBER

The barber told me a very interesting story as he shaved me."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and also illustrated it with cuts."

ONLY ONE IN DOUBT

In the early days of the Christian Church it was sometimes called the Campbellite Church, after its founder. A prominent clergyman of the new faith journeyed one Saturday night from his home in Louisville to a small interior town in Kentucky, to preach the following morning for a young and struggling congregation.

An old darky met him at the train upon his arrival, relieved him of his hand baggage and started to lead him to the only hotel in the town.

"Uncle," said the clergyman, peering through the darkness, "is the Christian Church anywhere round here?"

"Law, boss!" said the old negro, "I reckins dey's all Christian churches—unless 'tis dat dere little Campbellite Church down yonder on de back street!"

THE STATE OF LUNACY

During the balloting at the Baltimore convention the bulletins were being read in a political headquarters in a Western State.

There was always a good crowd of the stay-at-home politicians there. One afternoon a bulletin read: "At this, bedlam broke loose," and later "Bedlam again broke loose."

"They ought to throw Bedlam out," joked the man who was reading the bulletins.

"Sure they had," excitedly assented a local politician. "I've been watchin' that feller—he's a disturber. What State is he from?"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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USED TO ARISTOGRACY

"I want somebody to show me where to unload this coal," said the grimy-looking man at the kitchen door.

"You needn't ask me about that," retorted the young woman. I don't have anything to do with unloading coal; I'm the kitchen lady."

"I can't help that," he replied. "I'm the coal gentleman and the father of three kitchen ladies, one laundry lady and one chamber lady, and if you don't show me where to put this coal I'll call the woman of the house."

"I'll show you, sir," she humbly replied, and led the way to the coal cellar.

FATHER WAS CAUGHT

"Father," asked eight-year-old Alice, returning home from school, "are you good at punctuation?"

"Yes," replied the father.

"Well, tell me, please, how would you punctuate 'The wind blew a $5 bill around the corner.'

"Why, daughter, I would simply put a period at the end of the sentence."

"I wouldn't," said Alice, mischievously, "I would make a dash after the $5 bill."—*National Monthly.*

Willie was wakeful and his mother told him to count and keep on counting until he went to sleep. All was quiet for about an hour, when he called: "Mamma!"

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"What comes after trillions?"—*Exchange.*

"She says he was just made for her."

"He has a million dollars, I understand."

"Yes, she thinks that was just made for her, too."—*Exchange.*

WHY THE PREACHER THANKED GOD

A preacher was once traveling across the ocean and a great storm arose and he became very much alarmed and sought the captain and inquired of him as to the safety of things. The captain called him up on deck and asked him if he heard the sailors cursing and swearing up in the rigging, and he replied that he did. "Well," said the captain, "just as long as you hear those men cursing and swearing up there you may be sure you are safe." The good man went to his berth very much relieved, and after a time thought he would again see if everything was well, and accordingly he went on deck and listened and said, "Thank God, they are still swearing."

HIS SECOND CONTACT

"This isn't the first time you have come in contact with the police?" said the lawyer, sternly, to the witness.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"What, may I ask, was the result of your former encounter?"

"I awoke him. He had gone to sleep on his beat."—*Tit-Bits.*

NO DIFFERENCE TO HER

"I understand your husband is a candidate for office," said a suffragette out west to her sister in the cause. "Are you going to support him?"

"Oh, I suppose so," answered the sister, somewhat wearily. "I've been supporting him for the past ten years."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Binghurst orders dinner in a restaurant with an inimitable flourish."

"That's true. I saw him flourish a $100 bill in a restaurant yesterday. I couldn't imitate that to save my life."—*Exchange.*

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IF ONLY THE DREAMS ABIDE

If the things of earth must pass
Like the dews upon the grass,
Like the mists that break and run
At the forward sweep of the sun,
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

Nay, I would not be shorn
Of gold from the mines of morn!
I would not be bereft
Of the last blue flower in the cleft—
Of the haze that haunts the hills,
Or the moon that the midnight fills!
Still would I know the grace
Upon love's uplifted face,
And the slow, sweet joy-dawn there
Under the dusk of her hair.

I pray thee, spare me, Fate,
The woeful, wearying weight
Of a heart that feels no pain
At the sob of the autumn rain,
And take no breath of glee
From the organ-surge of the sea—
Of a mind where memory broods
Over songless solitudes!
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

IN THE SOUL NOTHING IS LOST

Nothing can be put into the land of the soul and be seen no more. Whatever finds an entrance there, from whatever source, must needs come forth again.

In the land of the soul Love reigns, and nothing is allowed to take up its abode there which is not born of Love.

Love and the children of Love are the only inhabitants of this land. Strangers may come and strangers may go, but no one can live there who is not born of Love.—*Alma Gillen.*

KNIGHTING THE OXEN

That at least is what we venture to call it—that act whereby the new Emperor of Japan conferred court and nobility rank upon the oxen which drew the funeral car of his illustrious father. It is another indication of the truth that, in spite of all the progress Japan has made in adopting western ideas and customs, the past still has its hand upon the nation's heart. Be that as it may, the influence of this imperial act must be for the better treatment of all oxen in the kingdom. Call it uncivilized if you will—that, in the Japanese, which led them, at the close of the war with China, to build a magnificent monument to the horses lost in battle, and to hold an imposing funeral service in 1905 in honor of the horses killed in the war with Russia, is far worthier of imitation than the indifference on the part of western nations to the horses killed and wounded on their battlefields. Yes, "East is East and West is West," but neither has any monopoly in the things that are highest.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

A SPARROW'S SERMON

In a sad hour I have seen through the window, mounted on a rail back of my house, one of those curious-eyed little sparrows. And he was a better preacher to me than I am to you. It was Winter, and there was not guaranteed to it one day's food, nor any protection, from any source in this world. It was wholly dependent upon its God. And yet it sang—sang for its own hearing, and sang for my rebuke, saying to me, "Are ye not much more than I? And God thinks of me, and takes care of me?" How much there is in the voice of nature if we only knew how to interpret it!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

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TO THE OX

I love thee, pious Ox; a gentle feeling
Of vigor and of peace thou giv'st my heart.
How solemn, like a monument, thou art!
Over wide fertile fields thy calm gaze stealing,
Unto the yoke with grave contentment kneeling,
To man's quick work thou dost thy strength impart.
He shouts and goads, and answering thy smart
Thou turn'st on him thy patient eyes appealing.

From thy broad nostrils, black and wet, arise
Thy breath's soft fumes; and on the still air swells
Like happy hymn, thy lowing's mellow strain.
In the grave sweetness of thy tranquil eyes
Of emerald, broad and still reflected dwells
All the divine green silence of the plain.

—*Frank Sewell.*

THE SUBSTANTIALITY OF GOD

God is living, intelligent, active substance, filling all space and all bodies in space. It is a real substantial presence There is no such thing as nothingness or vacancy anywhere, except in the thought of man. This thought of nothingness or absence of substantiality (which is Being, God) created in the minds of men, prevents the perception and recognition by them of the truth of its presence and reality. Because of this false way of thinking they suffer from lack of health and every other good thing which is inherently theirs by right of their true being. When these false thoughts and beliefs shall be erased from their minds so that they can perceive the truth, the barriers will be removed which prevents their supply of every good thing from manifesting. When all shall give freedom of expression to their true being, the spirit within them, they "shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

Becoming conscious of the truth and substantiality of our ever-present being will free us forevermore from sin, sickness, poverty and all unrighteousness, and the fullness of health, happiness and abundant supply of every good thing that we desire will be realized in actual experience, here and now on the earth plane. May this blessed state of affairs come about quickly that all may be free, well, prosperous and happy, as the Creator of all wills and desires.—*Florence Willard Day in the Spiritual World.*

PROGRESS?

A silent mountain, a bunch of heather, a bird in the sky, a great white cloud, a golden hillside, a babbling brook, a sleeping valley, a country lane, a baby culling daisies, a thatched cottage, a village street, an old church, a girl's first communion, a high road, a line of telegraph poles, a row of houses, a paved street, a row of shops, a police station, a barracks, a flower-girl, an electric car, a big town, a city council, a fashionable square, a cathedral, a back street, a woman worker, a congested area, a slum.—*The Spiritual Journal.*

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THE BRIGHT SIDE

There is no chance; there are no blanks.—*Emerson.*

They who pine in their youth can never look spruce in their old age.

The universe is full of goodness. Whatever has being has beauty.—*Carlyle.*

I keep no account with lamentation. What have I to do with lamentation?—*Walt Whitman.*

Geo. McDonald says: "I myself do not believe there is any misfortune. What men call such is only the shadow side of good."

The narrow-minded ask: "Is this one of our tribe or is he a stranger?" But to those of us who are of a noble disposition the whole world is but one family.—*Hilopadessa, 246 B. C.*

I can assure you that trouble is the next thing to enjoyment, and that there is no fate in the world so horrible as to have no share in either its joys or its sorrows.—*Hawthorne.*

Emerson wrote to a friend on the death of his brother Charles: "My brother, my friend, my ornament, my joy and pride has fallen by the wayside—or, rather, has risen out of the dust."

Dr. Felix Oswald says: "If we could see ourselves as Omniscience sees us we would probably recognize our worst troubles as the work of our own hands, and we thus recognize them now with sufficient clearness to be half-ashamed of them."

Happy thoughts are regenerating forces.

CHRISTIANS AND CHRISTIANITY

Christianity must break through certain of its limitations. Christianity must triumph over its ignorance, over its superstition, over its skepticism and infidelity. In orthodox churches you will hear preached the omnipotence and omnipresence of God. Ministers quote Christ's saying, "Ask what ye will in My name and it shall be done unto you;" but suppose after the service you go up and ask the speaker if he believes that God Almighty will heal his diseases. Do you think he will give you a consistent answer? The material habit of thought under which he is living will hold him in that state of consciousness. He would not catch the understanding in this simple application. Christians do not understand Christianity. They do not apply it to their everyday life.

GOD'S EVERLASTING NOW

Has God forgotten, failed, or is He dead,
That we are ever weakly brought to say
That any age was better than to-day?
And is the wondrous world around us spread,
A woeful thing, a wretched botch, instead
Of what He meant? Has He gone away
And left mankind, His latest work, to stray
Far from the path He meant that they should tread?
Is God defeated by His creature, man;
And is not every person to be brought
To the perfection of God's primal thought?
Is't possible that God must change and plan
To save a little of what He has made?
Man saved from what? Can God's work retrograde?

—*Chester Wood.*

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Pan-American Thanksgiving

Archbishop Keane's Address at Mass Attended by President Taft, and Diplomats

ARCHBISHOP KEANE, of Baltimore, delivered the sermon at the Pan-American Thanksgiving services held in St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., attended by President and the diplomatic representatives of the Americas. The archbishop said, in part:

"The conviction that God is, has lain at the root of all man's relations, domestic, social and religious, throughout his somewhat tragic life. It has been his support and comfort, exciting him to acts of worship. It is a most just attitude and a perfectly reasonable service, and one cannot well imagine a spectacle more interesting than that of a people, preeminent in all that makes a nation great, withdrawing from all ordinary occasions of life, at the behest of the chief executive, to turn its eyes heavenward and thank the Giver of all good things for the prosperity and peace of a year.

"We are closing a year perhaps unparalleled with prosperity, and are happy in the security of peace. Recognizing the care of our Heavenly Father, we turn to Him with gratitiude today and thank Him for the double favor. Looking farther afield, we thank Him for the prosperity which blesses the nations of this hemisphere and for that peace prospect which in its universality seems growing.

"I say this deliberately while the cannons are booming over the Bosphorus, for I believe that the martyred spirits of the Balkans have done much for the peace of the future. These martyred spirits have pushed back the semi-barbarous Turk from the land he has desecrated, where he has for centuries been a menace to the peace of Europe. We may well doubt if by any other process than the martyrdom of Christians this could have been accomplished, and I am sure men venerate the swords of the brave heroes who bade the Turk slumber again over the fair face of Asia Minor and again leave Europe undisturbed and at peace.

"The sword is not Christ's way. He bade the excited disciple to put the sword back in its scabbard, and declared that He was a conqueror still, but that His conquests must not be by the sword, but by the word, and we this morning pray Him to touch the wounded Turk and give him peace in the fastnesses of his desert solitudes. We pray Him to enlarge the influences which are making for peace. We thank Him for the pacific attitude of our own wise government in the past year, an attitude that has won for us a larger respect and more confidence, an attitude that has strengthened the fraternal chains which bind us to our sister republics and gives promise of a bright tomorrow for the western continent and the world at large.

"Peace! Praised by the charlatan, the demagogue and the saint! It is prayed for by the man of blood as well as the man of peace. But the great source of disturbance and the enemy of peace is within the individual.

"Although made for society, the impulses of the individual are anti-social.

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Although made to live in peace, he is still, as in Asia Minor, excited by wild passions, excited by the desire to again tyrranize and appropriate. There man has lost sight of his own individual worth.

"Where is the remedy? From the obscure hills of Judea a prophet whispers, 'Peace be to you.' He came a conqueror, and, yet, He set aside the power of us all. There was a day at that time when men were ripe for revolution. Millions of swords would have left their scabbards and He might have led to liberty. He might have established world peace forever. But He bade the enthusiastic disciple to put his sword in the scabbard. He spoke the word: 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall set ye free.'"

FIRE-MAKING APPLIANCES

While not much has been heard of the use of airplanes in the course of the Balkan war, it is known that they have been employed by the Bulgarians to some extent for scouting purposes. Quite early in the campaign a Bulgarian aviator was killed while reconnoitering. Now comes word that a conflagration has been started in Adrianople by the dropping of pyroxylin bombs from planes flying over the city. This is the first instance in history of the use of fire bombs from heavier-than-air machines, and it is worthy of particular record as bearing out the forecasts of those who have long been urging that the aeroplane would prove a most powerful agency of offensive warfare. Fanciful pictures have been drawn of the destruction of great cities by fleets of war planes, and in most of the fiction that has been written on the subject of the future possibilities of aviation the fire bomb has played an important part. Full confirmation, therefore, of the report from Sofia which tells of the firing of Adrianople by this means will be awaited with interest. Considering the aerial equipment of the large powers now engaged in delicate negotiations, the failure of which will unquestionably mean a general war in Europe, the possibility of the airplane not merely as a means of spying but for wholesale destruction adds to the horror of the prospect.—*Washington Star.*

THE UNION OF MAN AND GOD

Ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. The simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God, yet forever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable. Ever it inspires awe and astonishment. How dear, how soothing to man, arises the idea of God, peopling the lonely place, effacing the scars of our mistakes and disappointments! When we have broken our god of tradition and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with his presence. It is the doubling of the heart itself, nay, the infinite enlargement of the heart with a power of growth to a new infinity on every side. It inspires in man an infallible trust. He has not the conviction, but the sight, that the best is the true, and may in that thought easily dismiss all particular uncertainties and fears, and adjourn to the sure revelation of time the solution of his private riddles. He is sure that his welfare is dear to the heart of being. In the presence of law to his mind he is overflowed with a reliance so universal that it sweeps away all cherished hopes and the most stable projects of mortal condition in its flood.—*Emerson.*

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FOOD FOR BALKAN POWDER

Bulgaria, Servia, Greece and Montenegro about equal the State of New York in total population and possibly Oklahoma in total wealth. Their combined revenues fall much below the yearly receipts of a first-class American railroad system, and the sum of their exports and imports is barely ten per cent of Belgium's foreign trade, though they considerably exceed Belgium in population. Yet in October, according to the cables, these four states had nearly four hundred thousand soldiers in the field—over three times as many as France sent to Waterloo, and virtually equal to the combined French and Prussian forces at the most important battle of the Franco-Prussian War. This is a much larger force than the Northern States, with twenty million inhabitants, were able to send to the front in the spring of 1861; and as Turkey will doubtless match soldier for soldier we may eventually see battles of the dimensions of Gettysburg.

This illustrates that the first and last thing any nation can do is to fight. The Sick Man of Europe has waged an unsuccessful war with Italy for many months; but, when this Balkan trouble became so acute that Turkey was confronted with a second war, Turkish government bonds sold only about five points below the best price of recent years. The Sick Man might be defeated abroad, distracted at home, and stone broke; yet he could manage to scrape up a few hundred thousand soldiers and a few million pounds Turkish for further military purposes.

We think poorly of elaborate "preparedness for war" among men. It is too much like going to enormous trouble and expense in order to secure preparedness for biting among dogs. When Montenegro, with the area of a trans-Missouri county, the population of a New York City ward, and the wealth of one medium-sized coal mine, puts thirty thousand men on the firing line, it is time to preach preparedness for peace.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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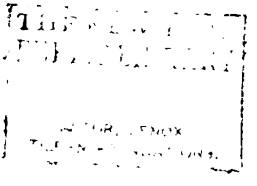

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Oliver C. Sabin

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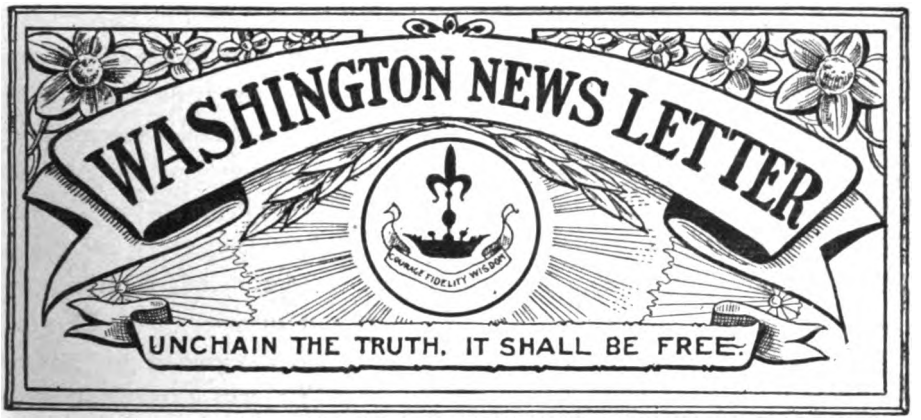

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Work For 1913

The work of the Evangelical Christian Science Church during the year 1912 progressed beyond the brightest anticipations, its propaganda having prospered in all parts of the world in a remarkable degree. Progress in 1913 may be made far greater than in any past year through the individual efforts of those who are students of the Truth that Makes Men Free. Every one who is interested in the Science should do what in him lies to broaden the spread of its doctrines by interesting others.

It is the mission of the News Letter to disseminate the words that are spoken from the rostrum in the city of Washington to all parts of the world, and to its influences are attributable very largely the spread and growth of the Science, which have exceeded the most sanguine expectations.

Now, at the threshold of the New Year, every student and worker, and

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every one to whom the Science has brought health, happiness and harmony, should resolve to do all in his power to extend its beneficent influences to his brothers and sisters. In no way can work in this direction be made so efficient and successful as in extending and widening the circulation of the News Letter.

Send copies of the News Letter to your friends, call their attention to the work it is doing for the good of all humanity, bearing abroad the good tidings of freedom and happiness. Great good can be done also in aiding in the already world-wide publications of the Church. In no way can you accomplish so much for the scattering of the seeds of truth, and thereby sending prosperity and health to the wide world, as in increasing and widening the circulation of the News Letter and distributing the books and pamphlets of the Church.

Along these lines every one can easily do his share and thus contribute to the growth and influence of the Church. By united effort a degree of progress can be attained that will exceed all previous records.

Let us, therefore, all 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.

Yours lovingly,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bishop.

The Christmas Tree

The biggest Christmas tree ever seen in England was an artificial one. It was set up in the Crystal Palace in 1878, was 120 feet high and built up of 1,500 shrubs grafted around a central stem, that weighed 2,500 pounds, and had been brought all the way from Vancouver Island. From this mammoth tree 250,000 toys, flags, bonbons, etc., were suspended.

The majority of the fragile ornaments which parents attach to the Christmas trees while their little ones are asleep are from Germany. They are made in the "Thueringer Wald" (Saxony), where every cottage among the hills is a complete little factory, and where the occupants are busy all the year around to turn out these Christmas tree ornaments. The shipping center of that section, Sonnenberg, for three centuries, has been the headquarters of the tinsel and glass decoration trade. And the good mountain folk there are kept pretty busy almost day and night, for they supply a great portion of the entire civilized world.

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

January

PAULINA B. SABIN

There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. 1 John 4: 18.

In morals, what begins in fear usually ends in wickedness; in religion, what begins in fear usually ends in fanaticism. Fear, either as a principle or a motive, is the beginning of all evil.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosen every power.
—*Thomson.*

Fear is more painful to cowardice than death to true courage.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Fear is the father and the mother of mostly all human ailments, failures in business, and disaster to human happiness. The man who fears, fails; the one who is brave has success. Fear is sin, and sin is death; therefore, eschew fear and lay your lines along the paths of Infinite Power, Infinite Love, Infinite Life, and Infinite Good.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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Perfect Faith, Perfect Results.

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., November 10, 1912.

CONTINUING the subject of How to Pray, I want to illustrate the Spoken Word and the Laying on of Hands. It is difficult for me to illustrate this lecture except by giving incidents of cases that have come under either my own practice or that of students of this church. There may be other churches or branches of what is termed the New Thought that practice this; but if this is so, I am unacquainted with them. Those who are termed the the followers of Mrs. Eddy are prohibited from this kind of treatment by her express command that you shall not put your hands on a patient.

As I have told you before, what led to the taking up of this was this: A young lady came to my house some years ago for the purpose of having another person treated. When she finished talking about the other person's case, I looked at her and saw that her face was drawn, that she was very pale, and looked as though she was in misery. I said to her, "You look as though you needed some help yourself." She said, "Yes, I have had a constant pain in my back ever since I was eleven years old, and have never known what it was to be free from suffering." I said, "If you will stand up I will cure that." She stood up, and I gave her the Laying-on-of-Hands treatment. The pain was stopped instantaneously, and she has never had it since. That was the first time I tried it. I was induced to try it because Jesus said that among the powers the believer would have after listening to the preaching of those who preacehd the Gospel throughout the world, they "should have the power to lay hands on the sick, and they should recover." It was not meant for those only who were there listening, but He told them to go into all the world and preach this gospel to every creature, and that certain signs should follow those who believed. Among other powers they would have the power to lay hands upon the sick, and they should recover.

This took it out of what we might term the personal power of any clique, or any class, but gave it to the whole world. What power one believer has, all others have the same power, and if they do not all exercise the same power, it is their own fault. I have no greater power than

> It is coming, and coming rapidly; it is the truth that does the work and not the churches, and the greatest barrier that holds you back to-day among civilized nations is what is known as "professional religion." Religion should be free; it belongs to every one of God's children, and we should not be made to bow down to this dogma or that dogma, in order to support a set of preachers who are professional men, one teaching one way and the other another. It is part and parcel of a system that has been in vogue since the earliest history, a system of holding people down in ignorance and keeping them there through suffering and death. Religion is free; it comes free; it is like the pure air of Heaven, the waters of the springs, or the broad ocean. All is free like the beautiful sunshine, and when man seeks to curtail and control it in the interest of any special purpose, he is committing sin against his fellows and against his race.

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the others of God's children, if they exercise the same absolute faith and trust that I try to exercise. I have many students who are equal to me in this respect, and all of us are growing stronger every day, but the great stumbling blocks over which they fall are fear and doubt. All we can do is to judge others by our own feelings, and as we evolve from that land of guesswork and ignorance—because we are all actuated more or less by the same conditions; we are surrounded by the same environments—I believe it is possible to heal every case instantaneously, if the healer has the absolute faith that Jesus Christ had. He knew when He spoke the word that the work was done.

A Roman officer came to him when He was hemmed in by the crowd, to have Him heal his son. Jesus said, "Go thy way; thy son is healed." The son was healed by the spoken word, and in accordance with what is this day called Absent Treatment. "The works I do, the works you shall do, and even greater," was the promise he gave to His Disciples, for they went along the lines of this liberty-giving truth. You must have faith; you must have absolute confidence. So far as I know—so far as I am trying to practice—I give the same power to the Spoken Word as if it was an accomplished fact. I do not think about whether I have power or whether I have not. The question of doubt must be eliminated, and this can be accomplished, as everything else is accomplished in this line of healing, by the prayer of the Realization. You may call it Treatment, or whatever you choose, but the prayer is, "God does give me power to treat this case—to eliminate from my consciousness all fear—and God gives me the power to speak the word without doubt." The Apostle James tells you that the one who doubts is lost. Our Savior said, "He that puts his hand to the plow and looks back is no good;" it is only those who take hold of this, knowing that they are going to receive an affirmative reply to their prayer, whether you call it treatment or whatever it may be, it is only those who have perfect faith who have perfect results, and in the degree that we can exercise that perfect faith, in that degree we have the power that Jesus said we should have. There is no room for a doubter; there is no room for a coward; there is no room for hesitation. All of these are breakers before the student as he travels through this ocean of life, and he must avoid them, keeping in the center of the stream, knowing that God Almighty is the Pilot, and that He is perfect and invincible.

There is another environment that is not under the immediate control of the healer—the environment that surrounds the patient. Unless the patient himself is recipient, having the right exercise of his own ability, compos mentis, unless such person is willing to be treated and wants this treatment and wants God to heal him, we cannot heal him, because we have that power given to us of self-selection, we may call it. Everyone has the right to do or not to do, being responsible for his doing in accordance with the seed he sows. When the patient says "I will not have it; I do not believe in it, and do not want anything to do with it," I have never been able to heal; but really I do not think I have tried. However, I would not try to heal anybody like that. You have no more right to enter another person's mentality than you have to burglarize his house or steal his horse. Your mentality is to you what the old English law made a man's domicile, it is your castle. You have no right to interfere with any other person's thoughts any more

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than you have the right to steal his money.

Never send thoughts to anyone except thoughts of love, thoughts of good, and under no circumstances ever permit yourself to ever give out a vile thought to anyone. It hurts the one to whom it is sent, and it is destructive to the sender. The only doctrine and the only path I know of are the doctrine and the path that Jesus taught us. He gave us the truth which he said would make us free. He was the Way, the Truth and the Light. His way was the truthful way to Eternal life, which was the unfoldment of the truth that makes us free. If you will follow in His footsteps, study His philosophy, practice as He told us to, have the faith and determination He exhorted us to have, you will become invincible along the lines of this advancement in Truth and the upbuilding of the nations of the earth. It is coming and coming rapidly; it is the truth that does the work, and not churches, and the greatest barrier that holds you back today among civilized nations is what is termed "professional religion."

Religion should be free; it belongs to every one of God's children, and we should not be made to bow down to this dogma or that dogma in order to support a set of preachers who are professional men, one teaching one way and the other another. It is part and parcel of a system that has been in vogue since the earliest history, a system of holding people down in ignorance and keeping them there through suffering and death.

Religion is free; it comes free; it is like the pure air of Heaven, the waters of the springs, or the broad ocean. All is free, like the beautiful sunshine, and when man seeks to curtail and control it in the interest of any special purpose, he is committing sin against his fellows and against his race. God Almighty will let them reap the crop they sow. The crop they sow is error and the reaping is death, it is sickness, it is poverty, from the cradle to the grave it is a cry for bare existence.

MAGIC WORDS

Once Judge William M. Conley, of Madera, Cal., was trying a case wherein a woman sought to recover a diamond ring she had in fonder moments given to a gentleman friend.

"When you gave this man this ring didn't you think him the best ever?" asked the judge.

The woman blushed and hesitated, and finally admitted she did.

"Now be honest," continued the judge; "didn't you think him the handsomest man you had ever known?"

The woman blushed again and then leaned over and whispered something to the judge. Presently he instructed the jury to find for her.

Everybody wondered what it was the witness had told the judge. The judge wouldn't tell, but finally a stenographer divulged the secret. What she whispered was: "Not half so handsome as you are, judge."

The mind of man is this world's true dimension;
And knowledge is the measure of the mind:
And, as the mind, in her vast comprehension
Contains more worlds than all the world can find,
So knowledge doth itself far more extend
Than all the minds of man can comprehend.

—*Lord Brooke.*

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The Student's Prayer

Wm. E. Gibson

"He who seeks of God Shall find."

"GOD does give me Wisdom and Spiritual Understanding.

"God does give me the knowledge of Truth, freedom and fullness of life.

"God does reveal to me the Kingdom of Heaven—the Kingdom of Harmony, of All Good.

"God does grant to me the Holy Ghost to lead me in all truth, to strengthen my power of thought and to bring all necessary power to my command.

"In God I live, move and have my being. I am his offspring, heir to All Good and joint heir with Jesus Christ. I am created in His Image and Likeness. God is Spirit. I must therefore image Him in spirit; hence I am a spiritual being.

"God has All Power and is All Power and Dominion. I, being like Him, have the same power and the same dominion.

"My powers are both active and latent. My active powers, like their source, are creative. My latent powers will become available and then creative.

"I do exercise at all times the power to choose. This power I know is a creative power. I may choose what I will. I will to choose only Good. Thus I am blessed with Good, the only Good, the consciousness of The Indwelling God. This consciousness gives me dominion over all the earth, land and sea.

"All yield to my demand. I demand of them Goodness, and they supply it bountifully, for they are but The Hands of God.

" 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof, the seas and all that in them is.'

"Being heir to all that He has and joint heir with Jesus Christ, my inheritance is incorruptible and inexhaustible.

"I realize this as The Truth of Being, and I thank and praise God for this realization in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

The words of the foregoing prayer, which are but personal expressions of common property, were written over two years ago, and were from the time of the writing to the dawn of 1912 my daily meditations, but during the first hours of the first morning of 1912 there came to me other expressions comprehended in these, and since then they have been my meditations. To-day, while glancing over the above prayer, I seemed to be flooded with a sense of real happiness of rather more than ordinary rapport, and with it came a strong impression to pass this common property on to whoever may have use for it.

The prayer has been expressed many times before and in much of the identical language here used, but each individual's realization of it, if expressed in words, must of necessity bear the color of his individuality. I am of the opinion that this must be so in all thought communication until we advance beyond the stage of individuality. Then will Truth have a common language.

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends, as it is one of God's best gifts.—*Thomas Hughes.*

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The Thoughts Which Heal

Lecture delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin before the Evangelical Christian Science Chur at Washington, D. C., November 24, 1912.

CONTINUING the systems of prayer by which we heal the sick, there are three or four other modes that our Savior and His Disciples used, which I have not mentioned so far in this series of lectures.

Our Savior says, "The works I do ye shall do, and even greater, for I go to the Father." The promise is that whatsoever we ask, believing, we shall receive; and while I might reiterate some of my former illustrations and lectures along these axiomatic propositions, as we might term them, in connection with the healing, you must remember that I am talking to the world instead of to a congregation. It is those who do not know that we are endeavoring to teach, so that the world may grow stronger, and understand this truth, which Jesus said would make us free.

> This is a science pure and simple, that can be learned, and must be learned, by hard study, by practice and by persistence. You cannot learn it to-day, and then go into the world and take up something else, because this work, as Blackstone said about the law, is a jealous mistress, and permits of no interference. If you put your hand to the plow, you have to keep your face toward the front; if you look backward, you are lost. He who hesitates is lost. Let a man who has gone into this work hesitate, and he has no power at all. It is only those who know, and who know they know, that have no fear, and when they speak the word, speak it with the knowledge that the truth is going to be manifest. They are the mountains in the work that can fill the valleys and make all things smooth in God Almighty's Kingdom, and as we gradually know we become more and more as our Savior said, perfect, for He said we would do the work that He did.

The first of these auxiliary systems, as I might term it, of healing is the blessing of handkerchiefs. We have the story in the New Testament of how the Apostles blessed handkerchiefs and aprons and sent them forth, and the people would be healed. We do that in practice every day. Oftentimes wor ful healing is manifested, but the b system is to use the mental syster connection with the articles blesse make a perfect cure. We take the h kerchief, for instance, in two han hands placed p together with handkerchief betv them. We rub hands together the handkerchief tween them and this prayer: "Ja Smith, (or what the name may God Almighty ble this handkerchief sends it to you— Truth which H and makes you Fre and we thank I and praise Him that in the Name Jesus Christ." the handkerchief an envelope and s it where it is to g

We make no cha for this; it is all f but in writing to for the blessing of handkerchiefs, must remember I do not keep a shop cannot have some one running to dry goods stores and buying hand chiefs for people. Send the handkerc to me with the postage for its ret and it will be blessed and returned.

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The next I will present is healing by your presence. Our Savior, if you remember, was in a crowded street. He turned around and said, "Who was it who touched me?" His Disciples expostulated with Him, and said, "Why do you ask in this crowd of so many people 'Who touched me?' inasmuch as everybody touched you?" Our Savior said, "No. Someone touched me, for I felt the virtue go from me." A woman had touched the hem of His garment; and when it was found out she came and confessed, and she was perfectly healed. In order to be a healer through the touching of the garment, you must live a life that is always pure. It must be in touch with God Almighty Love, and you should treat yourself when you want to prepare yourself. For instance, sit down and treat yourself for a half hour or an hour until you become thoroughly in harmony and surcharged, we might term it, with this God Almighty Love and Truth, with the Perfect Realization. Then let the people walk by your side. There may be a hundred people in this room, everyone diseased, but fifty per cent of them will be well before they pass through the aura of your body. It is the Truth. It is like taking a firebrand and putting it through a waterfall. The brand, we say, represents what is called evil; the water is Truth, and it destroys the fire. Truth destroys evil, and you can do the same as Jesus did, because He says so. You have either to believe what He said or you have to believe that He told an untruth. You cannot believe that He told an untruth, because the work proves itself and demonstrates itself. It is nothing uncommon for us in our practice that people sit down beside us and go away well. It is the same thought as that in touching the Hem of the Garment. It is the power of the Truth that does the work.

Now, the next and last of these auxiliaries which I will give today is the blessing of water. You can take this glass of water, which I hold in my right hand, and bless it, and give it the power to cure nervousness, or ailments of any kind; give it power to overcome insomnia—give perfect sleep. You remember that our Savior, when the blind man came to him, stooped down and took up a piece of earth, spat upon it and rubbed it on the man's eyes. That earth, per se, had no virtue in it, but it was the blessing by Jeusu Christ that gave to it power. The man's eyes were cured. He says, "The works that I do ye can do." All you have to do is to practice. A novice, such as I was when I started to study, could not accomplish this the first time he tried. It is a work of growth; it is a growth of faith—stronger than faith—it is a growth of understanding; it is a growth of confidence. When you have a case come to you for healing, and you have a fear in your mind that you cannot heal it, you can have no effect upon it. It is after you become strong by gradually filling in that you can succeed. I used to think that it was a merciful Providence God gave to make us strong. He would heal this and that, and by and by we would have some wonderful disease healed that we never heard of being healed in this way before. The worst diseases known on the face of the earth are healed by the power of God Almighty. The work makes you strong. Every healing makes you stronger, until by and by, when you fail to heal, you look around for the cause of failure. There is no such thing as limit to the power of God Almighty Truth, for if God Almighty heals one thing He will heal other things, and the lack of healing

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in any case is because of the healer himself or of the environments surrounding the patient and the patient's mind.

Oftentimes I tell my patients not to let anyone know that they are being treated. They get well a great deal more quickly than the ones who talk to everybody, telling how wonderfully they are being healed. There was a woman in Washington suffering from a disease the doctor said was incurable. She came to me and got one treatment. She felt so good that she went home and told her husband and friends and everybody about it. A couple of the Eddy people came to see her and told her she must burn my books, because they were anti-Christ. She said she would not burn them, but in a month or two she commenced to go back, and stopped coming to church, and I have not seen her now for a month. The last I saw of her she had slipped back, because she talked and got the enemy to treating. I tell my patients everywhere not to talk about their being treated. They say they will advertise me all over the world. I do not want their advertisement; God Almighty takes care of me and my work, and I ask no advertisement from anybody on the face of the earth. God will take care of His work. He will push His work, so do not try to bolster up some human personality. They say to me: "I will love you, personally." How absurd such talk is! If this healing belonged to me individually there would be some sense in such talk, perhaps; but it does not belong to me any more than to any other of God's children. This is a science pure and simple, that can be learned and must be learned by hard study, by practice and by persistence. You cannot learn it today and then go into the world and take up something else, because this work, as Blackstone said about the law, is a jealous mistress and permits of no interference. If you put your hand to the plow you have to keep your face toward the front; if you look back you are lost. He who hesitates is lost. Let a man who has gone into this work hesitate and he has no power at all. It is only those who know, and those who know they know, that have no fear; who, when they speak the word, speak it with the knowledge that the truth is going to be manifest. They are the mountains in the work that can fill the valleys and make all things smooth in God Almighty's Kingdom, and as we gradually grow we become more and more, as our Savior says, perfect; for He said we would do the work that He did.

The thought with which I wish to close this lecture is one that you must impress on your own mind and in the mind of your patient. When you are employed to treat a patient you are put in command of the mentality of that patient, and you are responsible in a very large measure for the condition of the mind. Solomon says, "As a man thinketh so is he." Take a person who believes that he is filled with disease. So long as that belief is undisturbed and his feelings controlled by it, your treatments in the way of mentality cannot affect him. You must heal the mind. Where we have instantaneous healings the mind is healed instantaneously, and it is so in all your treatments. Treat your patient's mind. Treat him against the fear of disease, treat that all is perfect in God Almighty's Kingdom, and that there can be no such thing as evil; that all that is is good, and that there is no opposite, because God is All, and God is good. Hold these thoughts, and more than that, express them, throw them into the vibrations, for unless the child is born it never has an existence.

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It is so with this; you have to throw it out. It has to come into contact with the world before it can have any force or effect. You may be filled with the most beautiful thoughts in the world, but unless you express them, throw them out, they have no force or effect. Remember the parable of the man who had the one talent, and hid it, and when the master came back, gave it back to him and said I knew you were a hard master, so I hid it. You have to do your part. You will find that the truth will always demonstrate its power, and the thought of your patient is made clean and with it his body.

WOOLIE SCHELLING'S EULOGY

Twelve years ago I saved from drowning in Saranac Lake this little water-spaniel, then a puppy, who had been thrown into the water by some lumbermen from a camp near by. I happened to be passing in a canoe, and rescued the little fellow, struggling bravely for his life.

For twelve years thereafter he was my steady companion and comrade through thick and through thin. He never gave me any trouble of any kind whatever, but rewarded me with that life-long devotion such as only a dog can give.

I can cheerfully say that I was almost as much devoted to him as he was to me, and that in all those twelve years I cannot recollect any act of mine that I have to reproach myself for, now that my dear old friend has gone to his rest.

I am sure that God, who does not let even one sparrow fall to the ground without His knowledge, has a little place for just such a dog, who, much better than some people, has comforted me on many a sad day in my life when human sumpathy was wanting. As I write this with tears streaming over the body of my dear friend, I am comforted by the heaven-sent thought that perhaps some day when my span of life is ended, I may meet the spirit of my dear departed dog again and talk about those happy hunting-grounds we used to roam over in God's open nature, with never a gun along to break the silence or interrupt the singing of the birds or even a thought of destroying or taking the life of a single one of God's living creatures.

May God, from whom all blessings flow, take this message and use it to make other people who may read it kinder to their own and all other animals, is the sincere prayer of Paul Schelling.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

WORDS

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.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

ALL THE WORLD'S AKIN

All the world is so closely akin that not one individual may realize his high desire except all the world share it with him.

Every good thought you send is a silent power working for Peace, Health, Love, Joy, Success to all Humanity—including yourself.—*Elizabeth Towne.*

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Thought Activity

Harriet Doane Prentiss

THERE is a great difference between active and passive thinking in one's endeavor to illustrate the power of mind.

Active thought impulses set things in motion, and start forces to work which accomplish their mission.

Passive thinking will not produce a mental jar; neither will it generate productiveness, and that is why the optimistic dreamer does not achieve satisfaction from his visions. He is not connected with the live wires of success.

There must be a great depth of feeling in order to generate a thought current strong enough to set things in motion. If the feeling is constructive in its character, there is no limit to what may be accomplished.

Apropos to this the writer chanced to hear two men conversing about the difficulty of securing occupation. They were the ne'er-do-well variety, shabbily dressed, unkempt in appearance, with a limp expression of feature. As they passed me, one of them remarked: "I just don't have any luck at all. I have advertised in a dozen papers, and it brings me nothing, and I don't understand why."

The reason was written all over the speaker, for those who had eyes to read. Every gesture and snail-like movement of the body indicated non-success. The man simply expressed a listless type of being who puts nothing into his environment and receives nothing in return.

Thought is given us for the purpose of generating ideas, and it is ideas put into motion that figure in results.

I imagine the heart of a rose is thrilled with active impulses, which generate fragrance and beauty, and will accept from nature nothing but the most exquisite tints the God of Color has to offer. The little flower impulse is beating to a high rhythm of loveliness, and no substitutes will be accepted. The reason so much charm is expressed is because it works with confidence, and no element of fear is present to change the color vibrations to sombre hue.

So it is with the individual who would achieve. He must keep his ideals high and his standards exalted, and must complete the circle of his lofty aspirations with action.

The dream of a poet must be charged with life in order to be worth while. When one gazes at the stars or looks out upon the landscape, it must produce a thrill if one would catch the message it imparts.

The pulse of nature is ever beating with action, and it is only through persistent effort, faith and confidence, coupled with supreme intelligence, that the great conception of life is demonstrated for the delight of man.

We will do well to draw our hints from nature, to work quietly and patiently, but with a serious interest in whatever we wish to accomplish.

"The pessimist is always wailing about the other fellow's luck. The optimist knows that 'luck consists in being at the right place when something is going to happen, and then assisting Destiny with a push.'"

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How to Demonstrate Prosperity

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., December 8, 1912.

THE subject of this lecture this morning is Prosperity, and How to Demonstrate it.

I presume that this lecture will appeal more to the scientist and those who are partially learned in this Science than to a novice knowing nothing of the Science. The latter have read the lesson that was read to you this morning, time and time again, in their churches and in their families; but it slips over; it does not seem to touch, to impress. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." They do not know what that means. When it says that God will feed you as He feeds the sparrow they do not know what that means. They think that that is a spiritual manifestation that they are to get in the sweet by and by, but they do not know what it means today. The world at large looks to the future for its reward. This thought of rewards and punishment is what has held the whole theological world together from the earliest history.

> If you are going to succeed, you must follow the rule. If you do not want to succeed, you will not succeed; that is all.
>
> What is the rule? In the first place, you have to deal on the square—you have to love your brother as yourself. It does not mean that you are not entitled to compensation for your labor, or to a profit on your goods if you are a merchant, or to a profit upon any other legitimate business you are in. You are entitled to that; that is loving your brother as you love yourself. The rule means, further, that you are to be honest with your brother, not cheat him or rob him, but do unto him exactly as you would have him do unto you. Deal exactly on the square.
>
> So long as you hold to the thought that you are a failure or a partial failure; so long as you hold to those thoughts, which are thoughts of death in that line, you will never succeed. Commit your ways unto the Lord and trust in Him. That is all you have to do. The answer comes from God; with that we have nothing to do. Unless you come to God Almighty as a little child, trusting, the blessing is not for you. Affirm that God Almighty gives you prosperity; that He opens up ways and means for your advancement; that He gives you the necessities and luxuries of life; that there is nothing too good for you. Affirm that He does, and thank Him that He does it in the name of Jesus Christ, and close the door. That is as far as you have to go. You will be answered by God Almighty.

There is a perfect rule to demonstrate this Science; there is a perfect rule to demonstrate health; there is a perfect rule to demonstrate wealth. If the word went out that a gold mine of rare richness had been discovered upon the top of the very highest and most difficult mountain in the world, men would go there, and they would get that gold. Hardships and sacrifices would be nothing compared to the almighty dollar that they are all struggling for; but right here at home there is a better gold mine with certain returns to each who is willing to follow the rule and get the Science.

In the first place, you have to know what to do and what position you have to be in in order to succeed. I have had a great many men and women working for me at different times, students in various parts of the world, who succeed in everything but finance, and they are dismal failures, many of

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them; in that they make a bare living, and that is all, scraping and hanging on by the bill, and they want to know how can God Almighty help them. They say, "I am on a salary; is He going to raise my salary?" The trouble with all of them is that they want to dictate to God Almighty how He is to help them, and all of their figuring results in this: that it cannot be done, and it never is, because "As a man thinketh so is he." That is a prophecy of what is to be as well as what might have been, but they do not follow it. Some of them will say, "It is not for me." I am talking to a great many grey-headed ones in this Science. It is because you are utterly worthless in following the rules that are laid down to you that every one of you is not rolling in wealth. I am not making any exception. If I could hit them on the head any harder I would do it. If you are going to succeed, you must follow the rule. If you do not want to succeed, you will not succeed; that is all.

What is the rule? In the first place, you have to deal on the square; you have to love your brother as yourself. It does not mean that you are not entitled to compensation for your labor, or to a profit on your goods if you are a merchant, or to a profit upon any other legitimate business you are in. You are entitled to that—that is, loving your brother as you love yourself. The rule means further that you are to be honest with your brother, not cheat him nor rob him, but do unto him exactly as you would have him do unto you. Deal exactly on the square.

Take men like me, for instance. I think we have to go further than you do for your brother, because I hope I have advanced far enough in this Science to be beyond the good-will or ill-will of any human being in the way of demonstrating success in finance. I go beyond all human aid and all human thought. I go to the One—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." I go to headquarters. Therefore, I would not ask of my brother many things that he would ask of me, and that I ought to give until he gets strong enough to walk alone. But if anyone is to be wronged in any transaction, be sure that you are the one that is to be wronged. Do not wrong your brother. "In all things prefer one to another."

The lesson read to you is the lesson of our Savior, and a more perfect rule, a plainer rule, never was written or enunciated by any person. He says do not worry about what you are going to wear, or what you are going to eat, or about your temporal affairs; and He might have added, if He had lived in this day and age of the world, "Do not be afraid you will get things too nice for you." You are entitled to the very best. What kind of a set of Scientists would we be if we went out on the sidewalk where the sun shone on us and said: "I will have a pale streak of sunshine; I am not able to stand the good; it is too good for me; give me skim milk, bread and butter; give me that kind of sunshine." The supply of everything is just like the sunshine; it is inexhaustible; it belongs to you—all of it you can absorb, and after you have gotten through absorbing there is no less of it than when you began.

As long as you hold to the thought that you are a failure or a partial failure, or that you are poor or partially poor; so long as you hold those thoughts, which are thoughts of death in that line, you will never succeed. Now, I will tell you

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how you are to get over these thoughts. I am going to give you, as an illustration, an incident that occurred in my life. After I had been studying this Science for six or eight months, and I could heal the sick just as well as I do now, I was losing money every day. I commenced to lose money in the Grover Cleveland panic, and I had been losing money all the time. Every night I went to bed poorer than I was when I got up in the morning. There were some fellows who thought they had me in a corner on a certain trade, but I balked, and told them to go to; that I did not want them to speak to me any more about it. I spoke to the healer who was treating me; told her I did not feel very well; that some men had been annoying me—robbing me of some thousands of dollars. She asked me why I did not treat the situation. I told her I had not treated anything of that kind, and did not know it could be treated, but told her to treat it, and that I would pay her. She commenced to treat me, and it was not more than a day or two until those men came around to my proposition; said I was right about it, and gave me what I wanted. From the day I commenced being treated I quit losing money, and gradually commenced to go the other way, and from that day to this I have not had any anxiety about future reward in the way of prosperity. Anxiety is a species of fear—fear is simply doubt, and doubt is death.

We have nothing to do with the answer. Commit your ways unto the Lord and trust in Him. That is all you have to do. Commit your ways unto God and trust. The answer comes from God; with that we have nothing to do. I used to pray and affirm that God did give me wisdom to teach this Truth; did open up avenues for its expansion, so that I could give it to the world free. In answer to that prayer, I could not say definitely, but it is easy to say I have sent out into this work at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of books, periodicals, and so forth, and the money has come from God Almighty. Nobody hears me dogging him for money. If you have money, I am glad that you have it. If you have not sense enough to spend your money in the right way you will suffer. If you are a pinchbeck, it will come to you in pinchbeck quantities. I have told you that time and again, and I do not care personally whether you give any money to the church or anything else; that is for you. Each one of us must work out his own salvation. It does not impoverish to give any more than it does to take a drink of water. There is no such thing as impoverishment if you give properly, but do not give anything with a string to it. Time and time again have I turned down cases that have come to me with strings to them. I do it almost every day. Unless you come to God Almighty as a little child, trusting, the blessing is not for you, and especially you Scientists to whom this lecture is given, you know enough to know that you have to trust. Therefore, affirm that God Almighty gives you prosperity; that He opens up ways and means for your advancement; that He gives you the necessities and luxuries of life; that there is nothing too good for you. Affirm that He does, and thank Him that He does it in the name of Jesus Christ, and close the door. That is as far as you have to go. You will be answered by God Almighty. In other words, you have created a vacuum, to bring it on another

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line of philosophy, which must and will be filled by this responsive power which fills all wants.

But if you go along and say nothing, and growl about hard times, of course you will have hard times. You can take the most prosperous business that exists anywhere and let one of these cranks get hold of it and blackball it, and in ten years it will be destroyed, I do not care how big it is.

Now, do not commit your ways unto the Lord and stop, but do that day in and day out. You will say, maybe: "I am a woman. How can I get anything that will help me? The gates are up against me. How am I going to get help?" This is one religion, thank God, that the question of sex has nothing to do with. It is recognized that woman is man and man is woman so far as that is concerned. Male and female created He them, and all the blessings of God come to us without the thought of fear. We are each one part of the other.

If I were teaching the road to some hidden mine or some kind of philosophy that would turn a baser metal into pure gold or turn something into diamonds, the room would not be big enough to hold the audience, but here is an infallible rule, as certain as the law of gravitation, and yet the leatherheads will not let the truth be pounded into them, and they stay here and suffer. That is what they do, and they are leatherheads. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Good and its rightness, not because you love to obey the command, but because you love to do right, because it is the right thing to do. You love to do it, not because you are held over with a hope of reward or fear of punishment, but so treat your mind that you will do right, and do it in accordance with the rules laid down by our Savior, and you cannot fail to succeed.

I promised a young lady I would teach how she could have an automobile. Treat for it, I said, this way: "God does give me an automobile, and I thank Him for it." Treat for it. Do not peek around the corner to see whether it is coming down the street; treat for it, and let God do the answering of the prayer. Treat for anything you want. You are not beggars. Our Savior said, "Look at Solomon in all his glory," and yet he is not arrayed in the beauty of the beautiful red lily of Palestine, with which He was comparing him. Those who are worrying about what they are going to eat, how they are going to get food, should look at the sparrows. They are not worrying, they do not plan, they do not fill barns, they do not worry, yet God feeds them. There is a little squirrel that has his nest not far from my window, and when I open that window he comes out and gets his nuts. He feels very much gratified and rewarded. He knows that the nuts will come; if not, there are other things. He gets his food; he does not worry. That is the way we should do. Trust God implicitly. Even as Job said, "Though He slay me, yet will I maintain my integrity." You have set your stakes down there. Trust God for what you want, ask in a scientific manner, and you cannot fail. It is only the beggarly mind that fails; the mind that doubts, that does not believe, gets nothing, and does not deserve anything. You are precisely what you want to be yourself. You reap as you sow. If you sow this seed of prosperity and follow it, you can have everything. If you sow these beggarly doubts and fears and unbeliefs, you are a beggar all your life, and will go down to the grave as one.

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I tell you, there is but one rule of life to follow, which is to trust God implicitly for everything you want; not only trust Him, but affirm it and stick to it. When the question of clothing comes up, affirm that you have plenty of clothes; or if the question comes up about food, affirm that you have plenty of food. Thank God for everything.

I have given you this lecture in plain English. It is practical to the last utterance. It is a lecture that will give every man and woman prosperity who follows the rule. There will be no mistake, and there can be no mistake. But you will be forced to quit this beggarly idea that you are filled with lack, filled with want, and the bugaboo of the almighty dollar and how to get it. Look at the world at large. What is it? It is a scramble, a disgraceful, ungodly scramble as to who shall get the almighty dollar. That is not the way to live; that is not the way to have prosperity. It is the way to kill it; it is the way to create disease, sorrow and want and misery and all of the thousand and one kinds of evil that we see manifested throughout this so-called material world. Trust God, and all will be well.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of good and its rightness, and all things shall be added unto you." Follow this rule, and before Christmas a year you will all be rich, because you will feel rich. You will know when you are rich, and when you want a dollar it will always be in your pocket, and when you want anything it will always be there for you, and you will have a better bank to draw on than you have to-day.

All blessings are in the way of him who, forgetful of self, tries to be helpful to the world, and who spends his life in loving deeds.—*Anna R. Brown.*

THE LAND OF CORN

There is small enough reason for calling this continent after the Florentine navigator who came west five years later than Columbus; and probably, if everything had its due, the continental name would not be Columbia, but Cornland. As A. M. Simmons has suggested, a true account of that cereal would contain more of the actual history of North America than could be found in the biographies of any half-dozen of the greatest men who have lived here.

To the Indians, corn was what domesticated animals have been to other savages. With no other implements than a stone hatchet—to girdle the trees, kill the foliage and let in sunshine—and a sharp stick to make a hole in the ground, they could raise a crop that hung on the stalks without injury for weeks after ripening. This released them from complete dependence upon the chase, enabled them to live in settled habitations, and so to take that long step from savagery to barbarism that was in process when the white men came. The first white settlements subsisted upon corn, and largely upon it were borne those successive pioneer waves that subdued the continent from the seaboard to the Rockies—pioneers borrowing the simple Indian practice of girdling the trees to let in the sunshine and planting seed in unbroken ground. By corn more than any other cereal was developed the system of small farm proprietors, which to this day has been the biggest force in shaping our political life.

I never let an idea escape me, but write it on a piece of paper and put it in a drawer. In that way I sometimes save my best thoughts on a subject.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Spiritual Healing

Christian Yoga Monthly

TWO thousand years ago a great teacher lived. We read that he created considerable commotion by healing the sick of all manners of diseases, and in two or three cases it is even recorded that he brought back to life and health people who had been given up as dead. This teacher, we read, used none of the accepted remedies of the day, but by the touch of a hand, sometimes merely a spoken word, he performed remarkable works in healing.

Down through the centuries occasional instances of similar healing have been recorded, but during the last fifty or one hundred years several strong organizations and sects have proclaimed that the power is still known to man. Cases of relief by this power are becoming common. If it were merely a few isolated cases they would be forgotten; if they had not been sworn to by some of the most honored and respected citizens they would have been passed by as the work of fanatics. But their frequency, and the fact that the cures were permanent, have attracted the eye of the public at large, and people are asking what is the power used; is it practical, and how can it be applied?

To many it is hidden in the systeries of "holding the thought." They have a vague conception that some special condition of the consciousness is necessary, but no idea as to the mode of reaching that consciousness. Like all mysteries, to those who are initiated it is a simple matter, and one that is quite natural and scientific. To understand it, however, we must first understand what man is. When this is clear we see that it is a simple process that changes the condition which we call disease into that which we call health. In the first place, man is nothing more or less than what he is conscious of. On the condition of the consciousness depends the state or condition of the body. Without consciousness there would be no perception; without perception there would be no recognition of impressions or conditions, and without recognizing conditions the individual would not be conscious of the reaction of the condition we call disease. That is why it is a demonstrable truth; change the consciousness and you change the man.

Every thing is within the consciousness, and according to its state we know or perceive all things and conditions. Change the state, and the same thing is seen differently. Then the question may be asked where is the application of spiritual power in healing? The answer is this: Although man believes himself to be a separate individualized entity, he is not so in the absolute sense. It is true that what we are conscious of is real to us, and our consciousness of separation is real to us, but the fact remains that a wrong name does not change a real thing. The separation exists to us as long as we are conscious of it, but that does not separate us in reality from the One we call God. An analysis of the self will show us that when we try to find the ego we are forced back to the recognition that the power, intelligence and consciousness that we call ours is the same that other people are using, the difference being in

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degree, depending on the opinion or belief we hold regarding ourselves and our capabilities.

Here is where the spiritual power is applied to healing. When the healer treats a patient he does not attempt to change the physical body; in fact, he does not recognize the physical man as being in need of change; his aim is to change the consciousness. To do this the indirect method is followed. The law is this: "We manifest what we are conscious of." Then as long as the physical is in the consciousness of the healer he cannot rise above it; therefore, his first effort is to change his consciousness so that he may become conscious in as great a degree as of his unity with the One Power. To the degree he becomes conscious of power, he manifests it. Now it can be seen that as the healer rises in consciousness he becomes conscious not only of his own, but also the consciousness of the patient, as one with the Absolute.

It should be remembered that the God-power, or the knowing power of consciousness, is ever active. To make this plainer, consciousness must be always conscious, and the activity which is the knowing power is always the same. This knowing power, however, is apparently colored by the medium through which it passes, or according to the opinion held, this power works. Then it can be seen that when the healer holds the medium for the power to manifest through by the condition of his consciousness, he is able by a mere wish or thought, by holding the other in consciousness, to change him.

The power of spiritual healing has been demonstrated. It is not necessary to quote cases to prove its reality, but for an illustration, I wish to tell of one case. The case comes to mind because I remember the distress of the lady that came for treatment. Twice she had been on the operating table for cancer, and now a third time physicians stated that symptoms made another operation necessary. She came to the healer confessedly as a last resort, but having done this, promised to follow the directions faithfully. The first treatment seemed to calm the fears of the patient, the second to take away the pain, and now today, after two or three years' freedom from all signs of a recurrence of the trouble, she is further from the operating table than ever she was.

Spiritual healing proves itself; it is no longer an experiment, for people are today beginning to learn something of the force wielded by the Master of two thousand years ago.

A FOOLISH CONSISTENCY

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with pack thread, do. Else if you would be a man, speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood. Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood."—*Emerson.*

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Questions From India

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., December 1, 1912.

RELIGIOUS dogma has been and is, today, the Father and Mother of every crime, of every error, and every particle of suffering the human family experiences. It is not only so today, but it has been so long as we have a history of the human family. It is true there has been a gradual emancipation since the days of Jesus Christ, who was one of the most profound philosophers the world ever knew. You can talk of Buddha, and of Confucius, of Zoroaster, and the long list of the world's philosophers, and you will find none of them that give you the insight, lifting up the veil whereby you can see beyond, see the future, see what you are and who you are, and from whence you came. Socrates was the only one among the old ancient philosophers who believed in a resurrection of the body, and that the soul was deathless. Moses gave us no such doctrine, and no other philosopher before the days of Jesus Christ, excepting Socrates.

> Life is God, and wherever you see it manifest, whether in the beautiful wonders of Nature, or amid the starry hosts of the heavens, the wonders of the sea, wherever you see it manifest, that wonderful life belongs to God Almighty Good, and it belongs to us all, and we are all part and parcel of it. The life that pushes the blood through your heart and makes your heart beat, the life that gives you air to fill your lungs, the life that animates you and gives you intelligence, that life is God Almighty life manifest in you. Therefore, we all live, move and have our beings in Universal Life. It matters not who we are, what our religion may be, the one great philosophical principle remains solved, answered: God Almighty is All in All and through all, and you are part and parcel of it.

When Jesus came, He came teaching the philosophy that He told the people would make them free. He called it the Truth—the Truth which would make you free if you understood it. I am going to read part of a letter which I received from a gentleman in Ceylon, and then I want to discuss the answers to his question along the line of a logical argument, proving the position I take, so that the hundreds and millions of Indians will look up and see God Almighty Good in the bright sun light. I read as follows:

"I have received and completely read your book, 'Christian Science Made Plain,' for which I am highly obliged for my whole life. I daily send my best wishes, under mental treatment stated by your Honor, to your most kind honor, and feel better.

"The question which I wish to put under your kind control is this: We are (I am also) Hindus of this India, and we believe in Krishna, Rama, Shiva, etc., as our gods. Also, in our Sanskrit Science, it is clearly stated that God Almighty is the same and one for the whole world, but the Krishna, Rama, Shiva, etc., are the separate forms of God—say, in the same way as you believe the Christ. Now, if our heartily prayers to that Dearest Almighty Power may be performed

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through our forms of God, as stated above, then is there any wrong in it, or we also should pray through Christ? If so, it is rather objectionable to us.

"Also, if we pray without any kind of *through,* then is there anything wrong, and by doing so direct prayers, may these be answered or not?"

The answer to these questions is substantially the same as the fundamental principle upon which this Science is based, because this is a science as much as the science of mathematics, or chemistry, or the other liberal sciences. The results, everything being equal, are just as sure; and where there are failures in any science, it is not in the science, but in the operator or the environment which surrounds him. Take the question of God as the fundamental principle upon which the whole science is based, and investigate. We find God known in the different languages of the world in over a hundred different ways—a hundred different names. The word we use mostly is God, the meaning of which in its original language is Good. The Jews had their name, the Hindus have their name, the Chinese have their name, the Japanese have their name, and as wide as the broadcast of human life you will find the different names for the Jehovah, or God.

To use a commonplace illustration, I will repeat the poetic line, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." It matters not whether God be called Good, or Jehovah, or the I Am, or the Universal All in All, so long as you give out an understanding in your own consciousness what God is. This idea that is almost universal throughout the entire world is that God, per se, is a person; that He is a body—a concrete substance that draws things to Himself; whereas the opposite is the exact truth. Instead of being concrete, He is universal. Go wherever you will, travel to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south as many miles as there are figures in the enumeration table, and then square it a million times, and each of the messengers stop who have been traveling that distance with the velocity of light, and you are no nearer the end than you were when you started from the starting-place. There is absolutely no circumference; it is Infinity. God Almighty is there, and He controls. He is Life, He is Love, He is Good, He is Power, He is Wisdom, and throughout this whole broad expanse of the Infinite universe God Almighty reigns. The same with the Hindus as with the Americans; the same for the French as for the Russians; all living in this one universal effulgence of light, of life.

When we speak of the Divinity and life, we do not mean that this Divinity has life as you or I have it, because if you take the so-called life away from us we would be what is termed dead. Take life away from the Divine Universal, the All in All, if it would be possible, then the All in All would be dead; that would be the end of it, making life itself greater than God.

Don't you see the absurdity of the proposition? Life is God, and wherever you see it manifest, whether in the beautiful wonders of Nature or amid the starry hosts of the heavens, or the wonders of the sea; wherever you see it manifest, that wonderful life belongs to God Almighty Good, and it belongs to us all, and we are all part and parcel of it. The life that pushes the blood through your veins and makes your heart beat, the life that gives you air to fill your lungs, the life that animates you and gives you

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intelligence, that life is God Almighty life manifest in you. Therefore, we all live, move and have our beings in Universal Life. It matters not who we are, what our religion may be, the one great philosophical principle remains solved, answered: God Almighty is All in All and through all, and you are part and parcel of it.

Now, if that be true, I ask my friends in India why cannot they go to this Universal Power, call it by any name they choose? Why cannot they go there and demand with the understanding of who they are, and to whom they talk—why cannot they go to God Almighty Good, demand in accordance with the rules laid down by that great philosopher, Jesus Christ, and obtain results the same as anybody else? They can do it; it is the truth that does the work and not the dogma.

. This dogma of religion, as I before remarked, drags the world down. It is what has divided India today into her castes and made it a nation—if we may even term it a nation—of abject slaves to religion. We used to think that the African slave system was pretty hard in this country, (most of you were too young to remember that, but I happen to have lived back so far that I saw it; saw what that slavery was) but the slavery of the African of our Southern States was a condition of Paradise compared to that of these poor creatures today who are being crushed by the dogma of Buddha and the other so-called gods of India.

Now, can they heal the sick? The power that heals the sick is the power of truth. You must further understand, in regard to this great God, this great Creator, this great All in All, that there is something yet beyond these characteristics that I have mentioned; that when you take them all in all, bring them all together, there is something that takes the child by the hand and leads him along the pathway of life, making success possible, making health perfect, and putting him in such a condition that he cannot make mistakes. In other words, God leads. What is that? It is not a person, for Omnipresence everywhere shows that there could not be any person, but It is something, as an ancient philosopher has said, that we cannot fathom; cannot fathom until after awhile when we pass into the invisible, and then we will see Him as He is, because we will be like Him.

There are things beyond regarding which the world has not been enlightened. This Science is opening up the door; the developments are wonderful. The results are most wonderful, but it is only in its infancy, and I say to my friends in India: Study this God. Call Him what they may, know that He is Life, that He is Truth, that He is power, that He is wisdom and that He is all Good. Know further that He is all in all and through all; that there is no opposite and can be none. It would be as impossible for God to create a so-called devil as it would be to pluck the sun from the firmament. It cannot be. You cannot drag a streak of darkness out of a sunbeam; you cannot make white black; it is an impossibility. There are certain axiomatic principles that run through all sciences that are self-evident. And they cannot be gainsaid, they cannot be denied, and they cannot be controverted. Therefore, study; study this, who you are and what you are. You are the Infinite child of this Infinite All in All, and no priest has the right to give out what you have to believe. There is

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no Car of Juggernaut that you have to let run over your body and crush you to pieces, nor any of the thousand and one systems of reincarnation that you have to pass through before you can get to where all is good. This reincarnation, this car of Juggernaut, and these other systems of deviltry are simply nothing more nor less than dogma put into practice for the destruction of the liberties of the human family, and they do effectually destroy them as long as they live up to them.

I now come to the second part of his question: "Now, if our hearty prayers to that dearest Almighty power may be performed through our forms of God, as stated above, then is there any wrong in it, or should we also pray through Christ? If so, it is rather objectionable to us."

I have received a great many letters from India and other countries believing in dogma, and they claim that the system of our missionaries over there has the tendency to do more harm than good, for the reason that they teach that God had to kill His own Son before He could have His wrath appeased and forgive the world their sins, and that God gave His only begotten Son that we might have life, God laying on Christ the sins we had done, therefore forgiving us and letting Christ carry them. They do not like that kind of a God. They say there is no love in it, and I am very much of the opinion that the Indian is right. There is nothing in God Almighty good but love. Jesus Christ Himself never made pretense that He was God. None of the Apostles, except Paul, ever made pretense that He was God. Paul was the one who took down the Father of All and placed in His stead Jesus Christ.

Now, remember this: Christ said there is none good but the Father. Peter, on the Day of Pentecost, when they were surrounded by the thousands, told the people, talking to them about Jesus Christ, that God did or had through this Man done many wonderful works. Jesus Christ cannot be God any more than you are God or I am God. It is all one and the same thing. God is universal. God is Omnipresent Life everywhere. God is Omnipresent Love everywhere. God is wisdom, and it is by His divine wisdom that the phenomena of the universe are controlled, and controlled with an exactitude that human ability cannot equal. God is all this.

Jesus Christ came in answer to a great necessity. Man had been created and given eternal life, that eternal life which he had forfeited by his sin. If the rule that as you sow you reap was applied then as it is applied now, and always will be applied, there is no dodging a sin, there is no dodging a wrong, and you will be governed and punished in accordance with the seed you sow; it cannot be evaded. There is no washing-out business about it; there is no blood atonement about it; you will enjoy or suffer as you sow the seed; but God in His mercy has through Christ given us a system whereby we can know this truth and bring it in, and this truth, Jesus said, will give us freedom.

Now, I ask this audience, and I ask the world: Where is the religion that gives you freedom? Is it in India? No, because we have the most abject system of slavery the world knows. Is it in China? No. Hundreds and millions of their people are dragged down and oppressed in the very slums of theological dogma. Is it in our more enlightened country? No. Look at the greatest and most effective churches in the United

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States. Go to them, and who doles out the dogma to you there? It is the Catholic priest. Go to the Protestant churches. Who is it who doles out the dogma there? It is dogma? You have to get right down on your marrow bones and bow to the controlling power, who dictates what you shall believe. Prominent among their beliefs, not only in one church, but in all of them almost, is the beautiful summer garden that has been prepared for the devil and his angels, and incidentally ninety-nine per cent of these fellows on earth. It is a good, warm country, a summer garden. They call it hell for short, and there is where you are expected to go when you die unless you die in accordance with the dogma. I can be a Baptist by sprinkling, and I will be just as sure as can be to go to hell, according to the Baptist Church, or the church I was raised in, which was the Campbellite, because we believe in dipping. We want to go clear under. That is dogma; that is the sin that holds the world down, the sin that destroys the liberty of the people, the sin that is holding India down and all the world. By these denominations called religious dogma the people are forced to believe whether there is any truth in the system or not, and ninety-nine per cent of what these so-called religions teach is false, absolutely false, and is susceptible of being destroyed by logical argument and demonstration.

They are now about to translate my books into the language of the Indus, and this lecture, I hope, will be added to the translation. I give out to all the world now the facts that this universal, beautiful God, this All in All, loves us all alike; the same salvation is for the Indus as for us. If you wish to treat "in the name of Jesus Christ," as I do and as I teach, do so. If you wish to omit that, do so. You will have greater power when you understand His philosophy by treating through His name, but that does not recognize Him as God. That is not part and parcel of the recognition, but it is in harmony with this great universal truth that gives you freedom, that was taught by Jesus Christ better than has ever been taught by any other in all the world's history. I can recommend His writings to all the peoples of the world wherever they may be, as being true in their every word. As to the rest of the Bible, like the Sanskrit and other ancient documents, you can believe just as much as you choose.

THE GREAT AMERICAN QUACK

The great American quack has found more favor, and amassed more money, through pretense and fraud than any other one element of the criminal class. He has long enjoyed a leeway that no other country would accord him. But the Government is at last about to lay hands on him with a prospect that he will get his deserts. The practice of medicine is an honored profession, and the use of drugs is legitimate in ways which science has pointed out, but there is evidently need of a shaking up in the business so that the people may be protected from vicious and murderous charlatanry, and it is well indeed that the Government is taking an interest in the matter. If a few hundred of these brutal bunglers with the lives of the people and the laws of God were behind prison bars, it would be a great relief.—*Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph.*

If one would be happy, let him forget himself and go about making someone else happy.—*Lilian Whiting.*

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Life's Problem

W. Burton Ellis in "The Divine Science Journal"

WHAT is agitating the mind of humanity to-day as much as the great problem of Life?

The problem of death has been demonstrated in its fullest capacity. Disease in all its various forms has had its day. People are tired of disease and misery. But the question arises: How are we to live without disease, misery and trouble? The graves of the dead stand out in bold relief the world over. This is a strong and convincing proof of its stern appearance.

The question arises: Is death good for anything? Is sickness of any special comfort? Is trouble of any comfort to anyone? Then why support this conglomeration of mortal belief if believing those mental errors is the seed of their reappearance in coming generations? Then it is our duty and privilege to expose, deny and reject such notions from our memory.

As these human errors seem to hold people in a dream, tied to fear and superstition, it is high time to adopt a better plan of salvation.

Theology has failed to awaken the mind of the people from the night of materialism.

Materia medica has not spiritualized mankind. It has not awakened the spark of manhood or womanhood. Yet there have been medicines and plasters of all kinds offered to relieve the suffering of human beings, and suffering goes on just the same to those who are on those planes of thought.

Religion has largely been misunderstood, and the people have indulged in this wrong way of thinking.

Divine Science offers the solution of this problem and gives the elixir of Life, health and peace. It demonstrates the Problem of Life, and opens up a new class of thought.

Divine Science breaks the seal of the Bible and opens up the Divine understanding, and it teaches us how to grasp and understand the divine in what has been called the human.

This great Problem of Life has been a mystery shrouded with dying notions and the promise of a far-away heaven and the dread of a burning hell.

Divine Science points to the fact that Heaven is found within, and that God is found as the life of the universe and man.

This newly discovered thought put into practice brings about an awakening into the image and likeness of God, which really means awakened into Life, Love and Truth. This grand awakening will eventually spiritualize the universe, and mankind will have more health and happiness than ever before.

Alkon's ox is worn and old,
It has gained him grain and gold;
Must it to the shambles go?
"Nay," says Alkon, "never so.
Long he helped me at the plow,
I'll be grateful to him now—
His declining days shall pass
Knee deep in the pleasant grass."

—*Addaeus Macedonis, an old Greek poet.*

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

TEACH ME THE MESSAGE

Teach me the message of a flower—
Lead me by faith to know
By what soul-nectar and what power
The Heavenly splendors grow.

May I not, like the violet sweet,
Love's perfect emblem be—
So live that joy will come to meet
Each thought that flows through me?

Then, with the glad birds, let me sing
Love's carol every morn,
And know that on time's golden wing
Peace in my soul is born.

That I may have a tranquil mind
Is e'er my fervent prayer;
A loving heart, where God may find
An open entrance there.

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Love

Mrs. Susan Q. Morris

"LOVE the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Love is the fulfilling of the law. John's Gospel says: "He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God, for God is Love." He does not say: "He who dwelleth in a creed dwelleth in God, for God is a creed." He does not say: "He who dwelleth in forms and modes and ceremonies dwelleth in God, for God is a ceremony." Nor does he say: "He who dwelleth in feeling and emotion dwelleth in God, for God is emotion."

MRS. SUSAN Q. MORRIS.

No; Love is something higher than all this ritual, creed and ceremony; it is the God-given soul going out of itself in a living generosity, giving itself to truth and duty, living for these. There is a golden cord running through all the Ten Commandments that binds them fast and makes them one. The cord is Love, and it belongs to every word of all the ten commands. If one is full of Love, he can do nothing else than worship God, for God is Love.

If one is full of love he cannot kill, he cannot falsely testify, he cannot covet, he can do naught but honor God and man. If one is full of love he does not need commands of any kind.

Love, universal love, is the great transformer and reformer, beautifying and glorifying all it touches. The love of God taketh away all pride, arrogance, hatred, envy and purifieth the mind and heart. He who loves all will be loved by all and served by all, because such a universal lover is always a worker for the good of the whole. He becomes a magnet center that naturally and without effort draws and attracts all good, health, strength, prosperity and happiness. Such a soul chooses work of the highest order. He is called into the very highest service.

Millions of people come to live in this world for a little while, to suffer much and to die in fear and anguish, because they continue to ignore the blessed God of Love and His laws.

We believe that Jesus' mission to the world was a mission of love; to bring redemption to man; complete redemption as certainly from sickness, sorrow and sighing, as from sin. And all for the

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glory of God. Therefore whatever brings peace, contentment, health, hope to mankind, is an inspiration of good; is of the essence, the soul, of Christ's mission. Any religious belief that does not render us more happy, more free, more lovable and loving, however redolent with the odor of antiquity, is not of the Christ, has no gleam of the love of God in it.

Learn and live the law of love and be forever blessed. There is no other way out of suffering. A pure heart is the beginning and end of all religion; is all religion.

The law of love forms and reforms all things, and it is only the universal man who can fully comprehend God. The strict sectarian or dogmatist is a partial and is only a part of the whole. The universal God-loving man lives in all parts, and becomes one with the whole. Wherever God is, he is also, in spirit. And as there is no place God is not, there is no place man is not in spirit. Each person is exactly like the deity they worship. A little man of fear has a little angry, wrathful God. A great, whole-souled man has a great, whole-souled God, a loving, compassionate, powerful God whom he loves and adores.

Happy are they who can feel God with their souls as really as they feel the air they breathe. Thrice happy they who have so vivid a sense of the actual presence of the Master that they walk with Him and talk to Him more intimately and constantly than with any earthly friend.

Many will think that this cannot be done; that this nearness to Christ is impossible. But all things are possible to those that believe. For instance, the smallest brook on earth, by continuing to run, has hollowed out for itself a considerable hollow in which to flow. So this nearness to Christ will grow, by perseverance and love and faith, to be the greatest of one's days, the sweetest refreshment of one's nights.

Prayer to God is ever profitable. At night it is our covering. In the daytime it is our armor. Love is the key to unlock the day and the bolt to shut out the night. Love and prayer sanctifies all our actions, and our actions are rightly directed by prayer.

The old year 1912 is gone forever. Let us begin the new year with love to God and love to our fellow-beings. Begin the new year with hope. Look forward to better things, expecting them, working for them, believing in them. Hope is the lamp which keeps the window of love bright and cheering to the wayfarer. Keep it trimmed and burning in your love window.

SONG: "IN THE HOUSE OF RIMMON"

Above the edge of dark appear the lances
of the sun;
Along the mountain-ridges clear his rosy
heralds run;
The vapors down the valley go
Like broken armies, dark and low.
Look up, my heart, from every hill
In folds of rose and daffodil
The sunrise banners flow.

O fly away on silent wing, ye boding owls
of night!
O welcome little birds that sing the coming in of light!
For new, and new, and ever-new,
The golden bud within the blue;
And every morning seems to say:
"There's something happy on the way
And God sends love to you!"

—*Henry Van Dyke in Fellowship.*

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THE WAGES OF WOMEN

About 1850, it appears from an old report, New England seamstresses earned a dollar and a quarter a week, making shirts and the like; and paid seventy-five cents a week for lodging, light and fuel. This would have left only seven cents a day for food, clothing and incidentals; "but the fact is," says the candid reporter, "they generally contrive to raise their rent by begging from benevolent citizens." This condition led to an agitation for the employment of women in drygoods and other shops. Well disposed ladies were urged to boycott shops that refused to employ women. More and more the shops did employ women, but paid them, of course, only a little over what they could earn outside. The textile mills paid women two dollars a week, with board, because as domestic servants they could earn only a dollar and a half, with board. So, in every new employment that has been opened to woman, the pay inevitably has been based on what she could earn elsewhere. This, of course, is the law of wages for unorganized labor in every field. No good business man bids for any article more than just enough to get it. Beginning at a dollar and a quarter a week, the upward path of women's wages has been excessively long and arduous.

This lies at the bottom of the agitation for minimum wage laws for women. Massachusetts has already passed such a law. The movement is making headway in other States, notably Illinois. The objections are of the same sort that have been urged against every child-labor law; but more and more the country is realizing that no business has any right to employ women at less than a decent living wage.

REGENERATION

Everyone who gives himself over to the Spirit to be regenerated is uplifting, healing and regenerating the whole earth. It is to the beautiful characters in this world that we owe the beauties of nature. And the more one looks to the Spirit as one's example and power, the more nature reflects the beauty of one's soul. It is not for us to follow nature, but for nature to follow us. Those who use nature as an example and cry, "Be natural," are seeing nature in her fairest aspects alone. They do not mean that one shall be cruel as the tiger or unclean as the hyena; they forget the treacherous snakes and the noisome vultures when they say: "Be natural." They are really looking at the play of the Spirit upon nature's receptive surface, and they see her only in her innocence and simplicity. To them she is free and candid, pure and strong, gentle and constant, for their clear eyes behold her in her regeneration. But let them lift up their eyes to nature's God, to the Christ that redeems all nature from the bondage of woe. Then shall they uncover the secrets of her redemption, and they shall lead the lion about with a ribbon; they shall harness the storms to their chariot; they shall say to the stalking epidemic "Thus far and no further;" they shall mount the throne of their Omnipotence, and all the kingdoms of the earth shall bow to them and say: "My Lord and my God!"—*The Master Mind.*

Never attempt to bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—*E. E. Hale.*

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The Cloud Fairy and the Giant

ONCE upon a time there lived a wicked old giant in the very middle of a great forest. And the trees grew so thick before his door that no one could get past them. Besides, in the woods were big black dogs, which drove away all who ventured near.

Back of the giant's home was a tall mountain of beautiful pink stone, which would shine at night far out over the whole country, so that people who saw the light would tremble at the thought of the bad giant who spent his life at the foot of this pile of stone.

But he did not live alone, for he had as his workmen in the mountain dozens of boys that had run away from their homes and strayed on his land. These boys he would put to work in the morning at the stone, and at night they all slept in a cold dungeon without any cover. They could not get away, for the fierce dogs drove them back, and then the giant would put chains around their legs to keep them.

One of these boys, who was named Arthur, was a delicate lad, and he would rest when at work, and when the giant was not looking, watch the clouds hurrying by in huge shapes. To him they looked like castles, and so fond did he grow of studying the clouds that at last he could see within them the little fairies in their sky homes. One day the queen of the fairies saw the small boy at work, and noticed that he would stop to gaze at her home as she sailed by. So she caught a passing breeze and floated down to where the boys were at work on the stone mountain.

"I saw you to-day for the first time," she said to Arthur. "It is a shame for that wicked giant to work you poor boys so. I have no power over him in his present form, but I know of one way in which I could aid you."

"Oh, we will do anything you say," cried the boy, "if you will only get us away from here."

"Well, it is this," said the fairy queen. "The boy who undertakes to save the others must not be afraid to risk his own life."

"Well, I will do that," replied Arthur. "I am willing to take any risk to get us out of here."

"My plan is this," continued the queen:

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"I cannot hurt the giant as he is, but if he is changed into a bird I will have power over him. I will turn you into a sparrow, and when he sees that he will likely change himself into a hawk to chase you. If he does, I can place my magic power on him and keep him forever in that form; but I can turn you back again into a boy."

"I am willing," said Arthur, and it was agreed to try the very next morning. So when the giant followed the boys to their work the next day the fairy Queen came sailing down and touched Arthur with her shining wand. In an instant he was a twittering sparrow. When the giant saw this he turned pale, then he turned around seven times and said some strange words. Suddenly he seemed to blow away, and there in his place was a big, ugly hawk, which set out flying after the bird. Fast flew the little sparrow—who was really Arthur—but faster came the hawk. And the boy feared that he would be caught and killed before the Fairy Queen could worm her charm on the hawk. So he turned and sailed by the Queen. As he passed her she told him to rise higher, which he did, and the hawk followed.

As the hawk came floating by her feet the Queen threw on him some magic powder, which settled over all his feathers in a fine dust. Then she waved her wand over the sparrow, and it became a boy again.

"Farewell, hawk," she called as she and Arthur walked down to where the boys worked. "Farewell forever. You are a hawk, and a hawk you will be to your dying day."

And it was true, for the wicked giant never became a man again, but remained a big, ugly bird the rest of his life.

But Arthur and the Queen set the boys free, and after taking the bags of gold they found in the storeroom with them, they never returned to the giant's part of the country again. Little Arthur, who had saved the rest, took with him a box of jewels to his mother, which made them so rich that they lived ever afterward in great splendor, and he never ran away from his home again.

THE FIRESIDE CAT

Old Mother Tabby sits all the day long,
Purring in tune with the crackling fire's song,
Warming her mittens and toasting her toes,
Surely a picture of perfect repose.

When I come in the room she will jump to my knees
And beg for "a pat, mistress dear, if you please,"
Then draw her tail 'round her and sleepily purr
While I tickle her whiskers or smooth her soft fur.

Perhaps Tabby thinks, as serenely she sits,
Of the three grown-up cats who were once her small kits,
Or it may be her beautiful, drowsy day-dream
Is of scampering mice and rich saucers of cream!

A witch is that pussy; by magical art
She has cozily curled herself up in my heart,
And the room would seem lonely—quite dreary the day
Were there no crackling fire and no sleek tabby gray.

—*Marion Hovey Briggs.*

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BELIEVE IN YOURSELF

FOLGER McKINSEY

BELIEVE in yourself, for that means much.
Yea, that means all when the tale is told;
Belief in one's self is a talisman
Far more precious than gems or gold.
Believe in yourself, and the rest will come,
The climbing upward toward the height;
The summit gained, and the victory won,
And the soul struck clean in the living light,

Believe in yourself, and it wins your battles;
Believe in yourself, and it shows the way
To make things go and to bear your burdens,
To do your work and to crown your day.
Believe in yourself, and it ends the trouble,
Or whether you sing or whether you till,
The same faith counts in the same marked measure,
The same strong purpose, and deed, and will.

Believe in yourself, and you'll soon go forward;
No lurking back for the man that strives,
With trust in himself and the true upbuilding
Of the life he lives for his loved ones' lives.
Believe in yourself—it will win the triumph
When worlds seem lost to the men who doubt.
Believe in yourself, and you'll some day master
The things that are worth your finding out.

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At the End of the Long-Distance Phone

Barbara Boyd in Washington Post

SOMETIMES it is helpful to get away from the world for a while; to sit, as it were, at the end of long-distance phones, and hear the voices from the world coming to you, but yet to have no part in that rushing, busy life of which the voices tell. As you sit and listen, you seem to see life as in a vision, and to get a better understanding of it.

One voice comes sad and bitter. The speaker is consumed with the desire for money. For him, everything in life centers around that one frenzied ambition to be rich. And all the good things of life that he has, his comfortable home, his charming wife, his good children, are as nothing to him. He neither appreciates the blessings that are already his, nor enjoys the pleasures at his hand, because his eyes are fixed feverishly on the money goal ahead. And the harder he strives for it the farther it recedes from him.

Over another wire comes the troubled voice of one whose family is a continual source of worry. He is doing his part courageously in the world, and standing by his post unflinchingly. But others are making his life unhappy. One sister's violent temper is upsetting the family peace, almost disrupting the home. A brother's laziness puts a double burden on him. And so the tale goes. And life to him is one continual session of worry and unhappiness because of the conduct of others.

And over another wire comes a sorrowful voice telling of unrequited love. Life is black to this one and full of emptiness because his very deep and sincere love has gone out to a woman who does not return it. To him it is a sorrow that simply must be grimly endured. It cannot be cured. But life has lost all savor. And nothing seems worth while.

And other voices come full of petty troubles—of dress longed for but beyond the means, of social slights, of lack of appreciation, of unsatisfied ambition.

And all the time, life itself is flowing around this old world of ours, serene and goodly. There is nothing wrong with life itself. It is sweet and wholesome. The fault is with us, and the way we are using it. We are twisting it and warping it and trying to bend it into channels that never were intended. And thus we reap confusion. Humanity is making all the woe and misery that floods the earth by misusing life. Life itself is a goodly thing.

ADVICE TO WRITERS

To anyone, young or old, who is thinking of writing for publication, I would say, don't try to write poetry. The market is overstocked, and few who think they can write poetry really know how. Try human interest and personal experience articles. Make them condensed and to the point. There is a large field for this class of literature just now, especially such as has a practical value. If you can tell the public, in an interesting way, how to conserve time, energy and emotional power, you can sell your work for cash.—*William E. Towne in the Nautilus.*

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The One Healer, Infinite Life

The Gleaner

A HEALER is merely a teacher—one who explains difficult and abstract situations as you go along in your studies. Other function he has none. He is not a healer—not at all. He is an instructor, a teacher. There are no healers. The one Healer in the universe is Infinite Life itself. No man can arrogate to himself such a proud title as that he is a healer. No teacher of mathematics could say that he is mathematics. All he is, is a guide to those who know less than himself. And so in this great science of spiritual healing. This science, I was going to say, is as exact as mathematics, but it is more—it is the very underlying fact or principle of mathematics itself—the science which has for its basis the unit, the One, the one spiritual Cause and Creator, the One God, the one Healer, the one Divine Principle, than which there is none other, the spiritual means, the divine method, to which there is nothing opposed, nothing quite like. Other things have a semblance only to the man who does not know the Truth. Other things appear to be true to the man who has not yet discovered what is true; but that man who has discovered the Truth immediately detects error in the vainest and proudest philosophies. He is not deceived.

Those of you who need to know more about the science of spiritual healing as taught by Jesus and his Disciples have at your very doors abundant possibilities. There is much that is being written that can be safely and sanely indorsed, safely recommended, safely studied, and profitably applied. I recommend those of you who have not studied along these lines to take up the study; but be careful of anything that does not emphasize the spiritual, that does not make God the great Foundation of your healing, moral, physical and financial. Shun them as you would a pestilence. Their promises are like Dead Sea fruit, beautiful without, empty within; mystifying, but not edifying; deceptive, but not beneficial.

Take up this study carefully. Your Bible will help you, because your Bible is a compendium of human experience. It reveals to you, if you study it carefully, that the things with which we are coping today are not new things. Truth and error have ever waged conflict in the human mind throughout all generations, and these lessons are set forth in this great, good old book for the guidance of future generations. Take it up, study it carefully, apply its principles. Heal yourself, and assist in healing others, by that method of healing which will leave no bad future results.

For the purpose of supplying the women of the world with furs there were killed in Russia last year 4,525,000 gray squirrels, 1,500,000 white hares, 200,000 ermine and 12,250 sables—a total of 6,237,250 victims of fashion.

One sunbeam shot across a cloudy day
Can brighten all the drear expanse of skies;
One living smile can make a dreary way
A path to paradise.—*Clinton Scollard.*

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OVERTAKING THOSE WHO HAVE PASSED ON

It is rather interesting to speculate now and then upon the other side of life, even though we lay little stress upon the result of our speculation. And so many minds are turning now to the study of the occult, and so many theories are being advanced, that much food is being furnished for speculation.

One of the latest theories has to do with mediums. And in this connection a new idea is being brought out that is rather interesting to dwell upon. There are, as is generally known, many who believe that the medium is a legitimate means of communication between the living and the dead. And this belief has stirred up endless arguments and controversies. But the new thought that is now being advanced is that we should not endeavor to call the dead back to communicate with us, but that we should reach out and overtake them. This is the newer way of looking at the matter. And if we are going to consider it at all, isn't this the more inspirational way? Isn't it more in keeping with growth and progress? Isn't there something uplifting about it?

Heretofore we have sat in sorrow and wanted our loved ones to come back. The new note is not for us to sit idle and wish them to return from their larger life, but to be up and follow them into their larger life, and get into touch with them there. In other words, to enter into the beyond now.

We may not be able to do this. The bonds of the flesh may hold us too tightly. But is it not going to be of benefit to us to try to lift ourselves to what we think they are, to try to pierce the veil and see into the beyond, and to try to live up to the life that is lived there? So that though our body is on this plane, our spirit is on that, and we are living with them in spirit, if not in the flesh. Will we not, for this very striving, live a better and a happier life here?

At any rate, it is worth thinking about, is it not? Is it not better than trying to bring them back to a realizing sense of our grief and loneliness and desolation, even were this possible; to bring them back from the larger realization of life of earthly bounds and bonds again? This is no kindness to them, even though it may be a consolation to ourselves. The other is a better way for us and a better way for them. And the very thought is uplifting.

And even though it is altogether denied us to pierce the veil, to cross the threshold, the following of our loved ones in thought into that higher life, the reaching out after them, and the trying to live with them, will make us better men and women here. For if we can see this life from their heights, we can live it more worthily. It will do us good to try to see things here from the other side of the threshould—*Barbara Boyd.*

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh,
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day;
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings;
And dark were the world and sad our lot,
If the flowers should fail, and the sun shine not,
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.—*Susan Coolidge.*

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INCREASE OF TRAIN WRECKS

The adoption of steel passenger coaches, better rail equipment, grade crossing safeguards, block signals and other precautions against railroad disasters have been offset by heavier traffic and faster speed, accompanied by a share of responsibility that falls on the traveling public on the score of speed madness and on railroad employes on the score of disobedience of orders. Actually, the roll of dead and crippled is mounting higher and the financial loss is greater in the last four years than under the old conditions.

This brief summary of the analysis of the accident record as given by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its annual report covers only the heads of the subjects discussed at length by that body in its treatment of the most baffling of railroad problems, but suffice it to say that on none of the controversial points involved has the last word been said. The commission may expect to see its conclusions as to the causes of accidents seriously questioned by others who are qualified by experience and observation to put two and two together.

For instance, is it not in evidence that business rivalry between the roads has as much to do with thunderbolt speed as the public demand for it? "Greater speed, greater safety, greater comfort of travel," in poster type—and you might add "higher cost of travel"—affords ample proof that the companies are not merely responding to public pressure. It all lies with the railroads to say at what rate of speed trains can go with due regard to safety. As the traveler is never warned of greater risks owing to traffic congestion, the mishaps arising from that condition clearly are not chargeable to speed madness.

Railroad employes are to blame for 63 per cent of the accidents, according to the returns, a terrific indictment against railroad efficiency. The commission properly attributes much of this failing to want of discipline, and holds the managers largely responsible. It should also be said that the heavier traffic contributes to the increasing number of accidents laid to carelessness, so that if the trains were manned by men highly trained for the service and the volume of traffic kept down to somewhere near normal the chief factor of mischief doubtless would be largely eliminated. There is the irreducible minimum of human error to be taken into account, but putting that aside as a characteristic common to all peoples, there is no good reason why error should cut a greater figure in railroading in this country than in Europe, where the share of blame laid to employes is nothing like as heavy as with us.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has striven hard and successfully for the adoption of corrective measures toward reducing the number of disasters, often to find its efforts minimized by influences that could not be provided against. The railroads on their part say that, on the whole, government supervision has had the effect of keeping them below the increased requirements of traffic, else the growing frequency of fatalities would have been avoidable. Dismissing that side topic of discussion, the lesson of government inability to remedy railway conditions having to do with public safety would appear to be that the solution must come from within, in view of all the circumstances—from the ownership and management of the railroads themselves. The government may arouse the people and bring pressure to bear on the railway officials, but the details and a free hand to carry them out should be confided to those in direct control.

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"LIFE IS ALL THERE REALLY IS"

The blood pictures forth our belief about life. Some of these opinions are just surface thoughts, which can be changed quickly, and so bring instantaneous demonstrations. Thus hemorrhages have been speedily stopped by the substitution of the true thought, "You cannot lose your life, for God is your Life, ever present with you—your strength and your salvation," for the old thought that one's life ebbs away with the blood. The human system has been known to manufacture blood almost if not as rapidly as it was flowing away. Life is. It neither ebbs nor flows, but abides in fullness everywhere. This realization was with a lady once, when she witnessed an accident in the streets of Sacramento. A large, full-blooded man was thrown from a runaway horse, and fell so that his leg was deeply cut upon a sharp projection. The blood flowed copiously. In former days the sight of it would have made her faint. But being full of true thoughts and feelings, she sought a way to help the unfortunate man, and walked calmly over to where he lay, silently holding the thought, "There is nothing to fear! There is no death; Life is all there really is."

As she reached the place, others also gathered about, filled with consternation, because an artery had been severed, shown by the spurting. Some ran for doctors, others tried to lift him, none resorted to the usual methods in such emergencies in order to stop the hemorrhage.

But this lady stood quietly by and spoke the silent word, "Peace! Peace! Life is here; Life is doing its perfect work," and presently the blood ceased to flow while the man lay quietly waiting the coming of the surgeon. When he arrived the doctor was filled with astonishment that such an effect had been produced without a tourniquet or other external means. The lady afterwards visited her patient in the hospital—he had requested it—and told her that he knew she was helping him, as he lay on the ground, and he was glad to know how it was done, with the result that he became an ardent student of Truth.—*Exchange.*

MULTUM IN PARVO

Yesterday is past and gone forever,
Today is here;
Tomorrow is not come, nor will it ever,
Today is here.

Forget the past with all its load of sorrow,
Today is here;
From this sweet sacred now of joy let's borrow,
Today is here.

We cannot change the past, nor yet recall it,
Now is the time for us to ply the wheel.
For we must live forever and forever,
For woe or weal.

And it behooves us now this very moment
To wield our power;
And with our every act as time's exponent,
Improve this hour.

There is no past and there is no hereafter,
Today is all the time that we can plight,
So let us do each task with joy and laughter
And know Almighty God made all things right.

—*Betsy Taylor in Christian Yoga Monthly.*

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Charity

Giving is the Primary Principle of the Universe of God—"The Greatest of These is Charity."

Miss Booth in the Christmas "War Cry"

"AND though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."—1 Cor. 13:3.

Is it possible to give from any other motive than love? Can we sacrifice, and the offering be worthless? Can surrender reach degree so great, as my verse here describes, and be profitless? Surely there must be some great mistake, or, anyway, unsolvable problem connected with the quotation.

Assuredly it is the right thing to give. It is the primary principle of the universe; the axle upon which the wheel of nature, all industry and spirituality, swing round.

I look into the forest and I see tree-branch nurturing with sap-food its infant buddings into maturity. I find the decaying, trodden leaves returning in death nutriment for their parent foliage. I hear the night wind's lullaby hushing earth to sleep, while earth in its morning glory repays its kindly benefactor with tint of color, thrill of music and bountiful service. I perceive in the veil of vapor arising from river, ocean and lake, water's generous offering to the sky, and floating cloudlet, and hear in the outpour of gratitude on the stormy morrow Heaven thanking earth by its feeding of all nature.

When I think of all these things, do you know what I say? I say that Nature remembers so well what creature so oft forgets, that "they that sow bountifully shall also reap bountifully."

Withdraw this fundamental agency of giving from the commercial world, and watch the effect; the great engine comes to an abrupt standstill.

Ah! but you may argue that the world gives for what it gets. I am glad that you put in those three letters spelling f-o-r, for what giving is there that does NOT get? God has too well arranged the law of sowing and reaping to allow offering to pass without rebounding in receiving. But this is just what I want to show. There is all the difference in the world between *giving for* what you get, and *being given to for* what you give.

But even giving out of a sense of obligation, because of having generously received, is a great advance on the practice, if not the profession, of thousands—I refer to those whom I classify in my own mind as the spongers.

They throw themselves on the charities, on the virtues, on the labors, on the prayers, on the tears, on the generous administration of others in ten thousand ways through life, and when you come to squeeze them for a little return you find them dry.

If you are seeking sympathy, they will say: "It is not in my nature to be demonstrative, and to say that I am sorry for people."

If you are seeking a little service to save some back from breaking, they will

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plead overtaxed time or physical weakness.

If you are seeking a little cheer or congratulation to save some toiling spirit from fainting, they will say that they don't believe in praise—it elates and puffs up.

If you ask for some roll of material from their elaborate stock, or some food for the hungry from their well-filled pantry, they will direct you to some charitable mission, and speak of the advisability of these requests being made exclusively to the fitting parties.

If you ask for a word to save a soul from sinking, they will say that public speaking is outside their vocation, thus giving most brazen manifestation of that gross ingratitude which unblushingly absorbs all, but yields naught in return.

I call these people "the spongers." They get, take, receive, and give nothing. Thinking of this class makes me to say: "Giving is a grand thing, a splendid thing, a beautiful thing." Yes, beautiful! Generosity makes the face beautiful. It takes the hardness out of the lip, the sharpness out of the nostril, the coldness out of the eye, and the bitterness out of the expression.

A poor, grief-stricken mother, whose son had been condemned to die, sought the presence of Abraham Lincoln to plead for his Presidential reversion of the fatal sentence. Love's ingenuity and sorrow's passport pressed through all intervening formalities and reached his council chamber. Returning with transfigured face, and clutching with joy's trembling fingers the pardon she had gained, she was heard to murmur on descending the broad steps of the White House: "They lie when they say the President is plain looking; why, he's the handsomest man I've ever seen." And so I say that generosity, which hands out gifts of all descriptions, is a lovely thing.

MENTAL EXERCISE PAYS

Exercise your body if you will—that cannot harm you, and is pretty sure to do you a great deal of good. But whatever else you do or neglect to do, keep thinking. The well-established law of the physical universe that a machine tends to rust out more quickly than to wear out holds equally good in the psychical sphere.

It is no mere coincidence that most of the great thinkers of the world—whether in philosophy, science, industry, literature or the arts—have lived to be old men, despite the fact that in youth they were in many instances physical weaklings. Significant, too, is the fact that the majority of them began to think, began to exercise their minds along the lines in which they ultimately achieved greatness, while they were still young. There is here a pregnant hint for parents.

Whatever aptitude, whatever special interest, your child chances to display, encourage him in it. Don't deaden his desire for knowledge, his instinctive tendency to think, by indifference, by failure to answer his incessant bombardment of questions. Rather thank God that your child has an active mind, and set about training him in the proper use of it. Teach him the principles of observation, of analysis, of synthesis—the principles, in short, of truly effective thinking. Accustom him to thinking things out for himself, and seek to interest him in whatever it is well for him to know. You need not be afraid that he will overtax his mind. No child's mind—and no man's, either—is overtaxed by anything in which a real interest is taken.

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The Brotherhood of Man

It is Emphasized in Christ's Teachings—Peace Shall be Established Among All Nations

Harvey S. Irwin in Washington Star

THE great truth of the brotherhood of man is given strong emphasis in all the teachings of Christ. What Christ has done for the world in impressing the obligation of love and service of one to another is one of the transcendent achievements of His coming among men.

"All ye are brethren." These words of the Master have a deeper and more far-reaching significance than even the church as a whole has comprehended. But in these late days the spirit of unity and fellowship is finding more enlarged expression. The thought of universal brotherhood is more and more in the minds of men, and this thought is strengthening the movement for universal peace. God speed the day when there shall be no more wars.

The teaching and example of Christ taught that the idea of brotherhood was not limited to any class or condition of men, but that it included all men. He did not count it as a praiseworthy virtue, to simply love them who loved us. His injunction is to do good unto all men. He condemned the world's maxim: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy." In opposition to that idea He declared it to be the duty of all His disciples to love their enemies. (Matt. 5: 44, 45.)

"I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which 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 the unjust."

By many this passage from the Sermon on the Mount is considered a hard saying, yet in the light of Christ's voluntary surrender of His life to save those who were His enemies we see truth, beauty and sublim ty in His words. Even the heathen mind has often been moved by a glimpse of the divinity in Christ's love for His enemies.

It is related that the venerable Dr. Huff was once reading the Scriptures to a number of Hindoo youth and came to the passage: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you * * *" One of his hearers became deeply, intensely impressed, and exclaimed in ecstasy: "Oh, how beautiful, how divine! This is the truth; this is the truth!" And for days and weeks he could not help exclaiming, "Love your enemies," and repeating over and over: "How beautiful. Surely this is the truth."

Everything that relates to sympathy, fellowship and love between man and man is beautiful, and such expression is a requirement of Christ's gospel. Universal brotherhood is based on the truth, as declared by Paul in his great speech on Mars hill that "God hath made of one blood all the nations of men that dwell on all the face of the earth," and that all alike "are the offspring of God."

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As children of one Father, members of one great family, we should love one another.

Many volumes could not tell the story of what Christ has done by His mission to earth, nor can it be fully told what His advent is yet to accomplish for the world.

This, however, we know, on the authority of God's word, that He shall reign over and establish peace among all nations of the earth.

Isaiah, in his prophecies concerning the coming of Christ's kingdom, said:

"It shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow into it. * * * And He (Christ) shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people, and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more."

A glorious day is coming for this strife-ridden world of ours, when avarice, ambition, envy, anger, pride and all the lusts of revenge and conquest shall have passed away, under the benign reign of the Prince of Peace.

"Happy the day," said Spurgeon, "when every war horse shall be houghed, when every spear shall become a pruning hook and every sword shall be made to till the soil, which once it stained with blood.

"This will be the last triumph of Christ.

"Before death itself shall be dead, death's great jackal, war, must die also; and then shall there be peace on earth, and the angel shall say, 'I have gone up and down through the earth, and the earth sitteth still and is at rest; I heard no tumult of war nor noise of battle.'"

There is no uncertainty about the final triumph of Christ nor of what it means to the world. The prophets of God have given clear and distinct the message that all the world's powers shall in due time surrender to the sway of the all-conquering scepter of the once lowly Nazarene.

More than 700 years before Christ came to earth it was written by Isaiah, God's holy prophet:

"For unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given;
And the government shall be upon His shoulder;
And His name shall be called
Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God,
The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.
Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end."

These are the great names by which the Child of Bethlehem is yet to be known to all the world. He was wonderful even in the days of His earthly humiliation. In His birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension, He was wonderful. In His exaltation how peerless He stands among all the sons of earth or heaven.

THE INFLUENCE OF GOODNESS

It is the lives like the stars which simply pour down on us the calm of their bright and faithful being up to which we look, and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage. No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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THE SUNSHINE TRAIN

The sunshine train to lands of light
Goes by, the windows gleaming bright.
  The sunshine train—oh, let us start
  To valleys of the happy heart!
The sunshine train, through wind and rain,
Will take us down to joy again;
  Aboard, aboard, and let us flee,
  Along the golden rails of glee.
Good-by, good-by, to grief and care,
To weary whirl and blinding glare!
  The sunshine train—it leaps and swings
  Across the land on glimmering wings.

The sunshine train is due at dawn
At greenwood station, near the lawn:
  With soft, exquisite speed it flies
  On velvet rails from violet skies!
Awake, awake—it may not wait
Until we reach the station gate,
  And then all day we bide in gloom
  Beside the shuttle and the loom,
While far and near our hopes and dreams
Wend up and down the hills of gleam,
  And care would bow and toil would bend
  Our hearts with grief till even-end!

The sunshine train is on the line
Of light and joy and cheer and shine;
  From heartbreak hill and worry vale
  It carries all the sick and pale;
In dingy cot and draggled den
It gathers children, gathers men,
  And without cost and without fare
  It takes them dancing from their care
To happy lands of dream and song
Where little laughing childhoods throng,
  And every passenger can take
  A childhood back for old sake's sake!

The sunshine train—oh, rise betime
To ride upon its cheer and chime!
  Without a sound, except the kiss
  Of bloom to bloom in wakening bliss,
It creeps, it creeps around the curves
Of slumberland with swing and swerve,
  And here it blows and there it roars
  By garden gates and nursery doors,
By mill and meadow, tower and hall
With one clear call to one and all—
  Oh, get aboard, it rings, it screams,
  To lands where love with laughter gleams!

The sunshine train—ah, you are one,
Pale toiler, that hath need of sun;
  Wan childheart, struggling in the street,
  Loves lass in country byways sweet!
It always comes—today, tomorrow,
To scatter wide the clouds, the sorrow!
  Its signals fly, its whistle shrieks—
  To care and grief and toil it speaks—
Aboard, aboard, oh, rise and mark
Its windows gleaming through the dark,
  From valleys sweet with bloom and dew,
  And good green hills, and skies of blue!

—The Bentztown Bard.

FOR YOU

Shall you complain, who feed the world,
Who clothe the world, who house the world,
  Of what the world may do?
As from this hour you show your power,
  The world must follow you.

The world's life lies in your right hand,
Your strong right hand, your skilled right hand;
You hold the whole world in your hand,
  See to it what you do!
Or dark or light, or wrong or right,
  The world is made by you.

Then rise as you never rose before,
Or hoped before or dared before,
And show as was never shown before
  The power that lies in you.
Unite as one, see justice done;
  Believe and dare and do!

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

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MY DOG

Sublime are they—the mighty minds
Whose thoughts will down the ages roll;
A lofty paean, perfect whole:
My dog has but a simple soul.

So guileless that each waking day
Comes unto him as glad surprise;
Such questions leap his lambent eyes
I wonder if he, too, is wise.

Great seers and singers there have been
Who delved into the infinite
In search of Truth's eternal light;
But may not he as well be right?

He knows the purling woodland brooks;
He knows the scent of hare and hound;
So near to nature dumbly bound,
He knows where perfect faith is found.

Submissively, thus day by day,
He lives as joyous blithe a thing
As ever bird upon the wing,
Yet constant as the buds of spring.

Their source—the buds, the bird in air,
Each beast and insect in its place;
The seer's rich fount—I all can trace
Within my dog's dear upturned face.

—*Magdalene Merritt.*

IF I BUT COULD

If I could clothe each jewelled thought
That comes to me in nature's bowers,
In classic language such as taught
Away from Western woods and flowers;
If I could sing the sweet refrains
That on my soul in silence cluster,
From many a heart I'd strike the chains
And give the stars of hope new luster.

If I could scatter all the gems
That light my soul in darker places,
I'd pluck the hope-buds from their stems
And wreathe them o'er despondent faces;
If I but had the power to stay
The blighting hands of pain and sorrow,
The human hearts that wilt today
Would lift their heads and bloom tomorrow.

If from the Master's hand above
To me the longed-for power was given
To change all bitterness to love,
Of every earthly hell make Heaven,
The lowering clouds would swiftly flee
From the light that follows after,
And every wave of life's broad sea
Would gleam with love, and song, and laughter.

—*The Mentalist, Johannesburg, South Africa.*

ONE CHRISTMAS GIFT

The snowflakes were gently falling;
Christmas eve was drawing nigh;
A shopper, hurrying onward,
Heard a faint and piteous cry.

He stopped and, as he listened,
Again he heard the sound;
Then his eyes beheld an object
Upon the snow-clad ground.

His heart was touched at beholding
Such a pitiful little mite,
Though 'twere only a wee black kitten
Stretched out before his sight.

He felt he could not leave it—
This poor and helpless mite—
To die upon the pavement
Or suffer through the night.

With gentle touch he bore it
To his home not far away;
And then he named him "Christmas,"
In memory of that day.

—*Jennie Lind Allen.*

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The American Girl in Europe

Dr. Frank Crane

MY dear young lady, you write me that you have an ambition to study music abroad, and you want me to give you a few words of advice.

I have three words of advice: First, don't; second, don't; third, forget it.

This "studying-abroad" fever gets into a girl's brains and becomes a deadly obsession, which in ine cases out of ten brings heartbreak or worse.

There are hordes of American girls in Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Florence fluttering like moths about the candle of art. The end is almost invariable—they are scorched, if not ruined, at the flame.

The ambition to be an artist is laudable, but it is surrounded with a glamour of romance and beauty that lures thousands of utterly unfit persons to a career that is fatal to all but a very, very few.

In the first place, success as a singer is even more of a gambling matter than success as an Alaska gold seeker. It is sheer luck for the most part, even if there be considerable talent. Occasionally some one achieves fame, such as Garden or Farrar, just as Stratton found gold at Cripple Creek; and straightway hundreds follow, to be lost in misery and failure.

You must have money—not a little, but a great deal. You must have tremendous physical endurance. You must have an iron will, so much so that it is almost a stone heart. And you must have unmistakable and extraordinary genius.

And all artistic Europe is organized to prey upon such as you. If you have good looks you will find flocks of past masters in scoundrelism who will leave no stone unturned to ruin you. The great European game is the woman-hunt, and the American girl is the favorite quarry. It is impossible to magnify this danger.

The career of a successful artist is one of the hardest toil, of the most Spartan self-denial. It is not a life of ease and luxury. Have you the strength for this? Above all, are you willing to give up all the rest there is in life for this one bit of glory?

Besides, the probability is you cannot sing. I don't know. I never heard you try. But I have known so many pathetic creatures persisting in paying enormous prices for lessons, while it was all too apparent that their voices were not above the ordinary.

They seem, too, to be all people to whom you cannot tell the truth. They won't believe you. They are infatuated with their dream.

And if you can sing, if you really have the one voice in a thousand, there are plenty of places in America where it can be found out.

Occasionally one succeeds in Europe, alas! The example draws hordes to destroy themselves pursuing an unattainable goal. And there is nothing sadder, more heart-sickening, than to think of the stream of mistaken young women pouring into the cheap boarding-houses of Europe's capitals, pitting their youth and innocence aginst the shrewd, refined

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cunning of the men whose business and craft it is to deceive them and destroy them.

And are you sure, after all, your desire is not merely to get away from home?

KING EDWARD A PEACEMAKER

"The late King Edward did more to promote peace in Europe than any other monarch of the Old World," said Henry Gillig, of New York, founder of the American Exchange in London, and erstwhile entertainer of royalty and American aristocracy, at the Willard. Mr. Gillig, who has crossed the Atlantic more than 100 times, enjoys an acquaintanceship as large, perhaps, as any American who ever visited the capitals of Europe. He became widely known abroad as a giver of lavish dinners, his dinner to the late James G. Blaine in the Grosvenor Gallery in London in 1884 being one of the most elaborate affairs of its kind.

"King Edward," continued Mr. Gillig, "was not an aggressive ruler of England, but he was firm, diplomatic, wise and a man of extraordinary genius. Without ostentation, he held in check the pugnacious statesmen of England who would have precipitated Great Britain into war on numerous occasions had they been given their way. His influence with the rulers of other nations was larger, perhaps, than any king of England has ever had.

"And yet Edward was renowned more for his good fellowship, his geniality and sportsmanship than for his statesmanlike qualities. I never knew a man who enjoyed a joke more than he, even if it were at his expense. On one occasion, I recall, Edward, then Prince of Wales, visited the late P. T. Barnum, whose circus was exhibiting in London. The great American showman was no respecter of persons, and he joked with the Prince just as he would with any other man. Edward laughed at the bon mots of the American, and by way of retort suggested to Mr. Barnum that if permitted he would take the flower of the English army to America to exhibit them.

"'Yes,' replied Barnum, 'but if Your Highness will consent to go to America under my management, I shall give you 95 per cent of the gross receipts.'"

A SONG OF MERRY HEARTS

A cheer for the merry-hearted!
The folk who've time to laugh—
Who seem to drive the gloom away
Like so much wind-blown chaff;
The glamour of whose cheerfulness
Dispels the clouds in view,
And leads us back to Merryville
Where skies are always blue.

A cheer for the merry-hearted!
Those whose contagious smile
Can make us feel a frowning face
Is scarcely worth the while—
Whose light and happy fingers lift
The sombre mask of Care,
To leave us scanning sunny skies.
And dreaming thoughts more fair.

The brave, helpful folk—God bless them!
Whose souls are full of song,
Whose presence eases aching hearts,
And cheers the weak along—
The ardor of whose hopefulness
Sets all the world in tune—
The folk who spread the magic ways
And jollity of June

—*Eleanor Robbins Wilson.*

None wield such absolute power over others as those who think little about themselves.—*Miss Mulock.*

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The Christmas Flower

"EACH month has its flowers," said a florist friend of the Rambler. "Last month the chrysanthemum was king and queen of flowers, with perhaps multi-colored dahlias holding minor positions at court. It was the pet of "society," and its size and beauty compelled admiration even of those persons who are not society. The chrysanthemum—"mum" for short—was November's flower. Shows were held in its honor—even the Government of the United States giving a mum exhibition.

Now, a brighter flower reigns. It is the poinsettia. Because of circumstances, and because of gardeners and florists, it has become the flower of December and the chief Christmas flower. It is a good Christmas flower because of its brilliancy and gayety. There has for centuries been a demand among men and women of northern latitudes for something glowing at the season when the vegetable world is in winter dress. People want green and red, and to satisfy this want they take warmly to scarlet berries—the holly and the dogwood. They carry glowing berries by the million into their homes.

The poinsettia is burning red—flaming scarlet, and it is a big blossom. One poinsettia is more spectacular than a bunch of shrinking violets or modest pansies. It is loud flower, but when a man buys flowers he wants them to look their price. Then, there is this important feature: Gardeners found that by judicious forcing they could bring this resplendent blossom on the market at a time when other blossoms are not at their best, while many of them are at their worst, when flower-lovers are flower-hungry and when gifts between friends are demanded by the season. The poinsettia fills the bill.

Visit the great greenhouses around Washington and you will find a larger acreage under glass than most Washingtonians wot of. You will see fertile tracts as large as city squares blazing with poinsettias. Nearly all the poinsettias used in Washington are grown under glass in the vales and dales and southsides roundabout.

The poinsettia is a remarkable flower. Its petals are like its leaves in form, but different in color. It will quickly bleed to death if the stem is cut—its blood is white and creamy like the sap of the milkweed. When the stem is cut, it must be cauterized by dipping the wound in hot water or searing it with a flame. It is the only flower that warm water freshens instead of wilts.

Like the chrysanthemum or the rose, many blossoms will come forth on the same plant, but to produce the largest blossom possible only one is usually allowed to bloom on each plant. Poinsettias are grown in the open in southern California and are shipped as far as Rocky Mountain points, but it is a poor shipper. It belongs to the family euphorbia, if the Rambler got it right from John Brady, who, besides being one of the poinsettia enthusiasts of Washington, is the man who developed the American Beauty rose—a flower that has played a conspicuous role in love and romance. No flower of modern times has had more priceless caresses kissed upon it or more tender and ardent notes sent with it than the American Beauty rose; but this little story is about the poinsettia and not about the rose.

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EXPECT MIRACLES

"But you seem to be expecting a miracle," said my friend in a somewhat reproving tone.

"Expect miracles," I answered; "I not only expect them, but I demand miracles. A miracle is the normal expression of Omnipotence! If Divine Being were restricted by our limitations; if it were measured by our standards; if it worked as we work and achieved only what we accomplish, where would be its infinite power? A miracle is not a transgression of law; it is simply the operation of the higher Law, whose manifestations we seek to externalize."

And this, it seems to me, is the soul-attitude that most readily brings us into realization. It is by expecting—yes, demanding—nothing less than what is called a "miracle" that we obtain, without strain or effort, the greatest demonstrations. If we did not know the sun would shine to-day, how the miracle of its rays would dazzle and astonish us! It is only because this and similar "miracles" have become a part of our everyday experience that we do not live in a state of continual awe and fear. When we learn to expect "miracles" of healing, happiness, success and all the good gifts that the Divine Love is urging upon us, as confidently as we look for the rising of to-morrow's sun, every minute of our day will be bright with the light that lights every man who enters into possession of his rightful world.—*Katherine Whipple-Dobbs.*

Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.—John 15:16.

If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.—John 14:14.

THE ROMAN MOTHERS

The Roman mothers were, by a law of the nation, surrounded by examples of strength, heroism and purity, so that these qualities might be transmitted and become the birthright of their children. To be a Roman mother was an honor; special homage was paid her, even on the street and at the arena. This sense of freedom and superiority she gave to her child. The young Roman thus inherited that love of liberty and power which in its aggregation made Rome mistress of the world. Later on, when capital had consolidated in high places, Roman society no longer recognized the sacredness of wedlock nor the sanctity of maternity. Dissipation reigned in high places, children received an unfortunate inheritance, and the nation was thereby robbed of its physical strength, mental vigor, moral courage and social purity. Rome fell because depravity had shorn the nation of its strength.—*Riddell in A Child of Light.*

If we will acknowledge what Jesus did, that he understood His oneness with the Father, then we will set in action this great principle of redemption. We can never commune with the Christ except we rise up and know to some extent the Divine Self, and will accept His statements: "Ye are the offspring of the Infinite; ye are born of the Father." If we will take His sayings, we will find the light and life beginning to operate in our lives. We will know a new quickening, a new influx of the life principle in the consciousness and in the body.

Every man stamps his value on himself; the price we challenge for ourselves is given us.—*Schiller.*

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Man Created Perfect

THERE are two phases of creation described in the first of Genesis. First, the ideal; then the manifest. After creation is described as complete (see first chapter), we read in the second chapter that "there was not a man to till the ground," showing that manifest man had not yet appeared. The creative process given in these two chapters is seen in every action of mind. A house could not be built except it was first in the mind of the builder. Nothing is ever manifest that is not first an idea in mind. So creation was complete in Divine Mind before it came into manifestation. God could not produce anything but perfection, so his Man Idea was perfect. He created a perfect man and pronounced him "good." But man was given free-will, and in the process of bringing the Divine image into expression he was thrown upon his own responsibility in choosing whether he would work out the God pattern or substitute one of his own. Perhaps his losing sight of the Divine image was a gradual process, but it was done anyway, and man became lost in a maze of ignorance of himself and his creator, and used the power of mind to build up a false state of consciousness, termed by Paul "the carnal mind." As he was hopelessly lost in the darkness of his ignorant thinking, he needed a light to show him the way back to the Truth of his being. Jesus came as this light, and the Way, and through him the Divine image and likeness is to be restored in man. He reveals it to men, and through the Spirit of Truth they are helped to drop their old ignorant thoughts about themselves and build anew, after the Pattern given in the beginning. This Pattern, the Divine image and likeness in man, is Christ. It is a spiritual Principle, eternal, changeless, absolute. Jesus recognized the Christ Principle in Him, and brought it into manifestation, and so became Jesus Christ. It is His work to lift all men up to the same place He is in. This lifting up is based on the laws of mind, like producing like. The mortal concept of man is erased, and the Christ concept takes its place. Christ is the Word. When this Christ-Man, the Word, is received into mind by faith it begins a transformation and man becomes a new creature through the power of His thought, making connection with the Christ within, instead of the mortal.—*Unity.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR DAILY MEDITATION

Monday. I live to-day in the knowledge that all things are now mine.

Tuesday. I live in harmony with Divine Law.

Wednesday. The indwelling spirit of Truth fills me with abundant life.

Thursday. I do not worry, because I have faith in God, and I know that He is now guiding me to do all things well.

Friday. I am not afraid of evil, because I know that it is not reality. God is good and God is all.

Saturday. I am not bound by personality and environment—I express God's life freely.

Sunday. "Nothing exterior shall take command of me"—I am under the law of Spirit.—*Unity.*

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CHILDREN AND FLY-KILLING

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Los Angeles Herald, makes protest against teaching children to kill flies. She gives an epitomized account of Prof. Elmer Gates's experiments in brain study, proving that impressions from the outside, with their corresponding reactive inner activities on the part even of animals, build and give character to the brain. If so the child brain is fashioned with a permanent touch by its activities, the greatest care must be taken as to what impressions are made on children's brains and what thoughts awakened. She says:

"The child knows the fly is a living thing and that the classic edict which has been sent forth by its elders to "swat the fly" means to kill the insect.

"I have seen a boy of 10 seize the wriggling creature which he had but half killed with one blow and hold it before the face of a visitor with a look of savage glee in his young countenance as he related how many he had killed that day.

"Imagine what such thoughts, ambitions and feelings are doing to that young brain; how every thought of killing is shaping and forming the brain cells of destruction and making it an easy matter for the boy to destroy life without a qualm.

"It is right and commendable for grown men of reasoning age and scientific tendencies to make warfare on all unclean insects, reptiles and dangerous animals.

"The earth must be made habitable, comfortable and sanitary for the highest evolved expression of the Creator—Man. It was once the home of monstrous beasts, snakes and insects. They ruled the earth.

"The giant animals have gone, and all the useless or dangerous creatures must go in their turn.

"But it is far less a menace to the race to allow some of these creatures to survive than to breed a race of men and women whose brain cells have been developed in criminality by the wrong process of thought in early youth.

"Children are not ready to cope with the problem of freeing the forest of reptiles and savage beasts or of freeing the marshes from mosquitoes, or of planning sanitary sewerage for the home. These things must be done by grown men with trained minds.

"And it is most dangerous to undertake a simplifying of any one of these undertakings by teaching the children of to-day to kill even insects for praise or prizes."

GIVE UNDIVIDED STRENGTH

Everybody should be interested in bringing about the time of peace and plenty to all the people of the earth. If one sees nothing better than the plans and methods of some political party he should support that party with his thought and word and vote. If he knows that Spirit is the only remedy for all ills, he should give to Spirit and the spread of spiritual understanding his undivided strength and power and wisdom. Those who know that Spirit is the only healing power do not give pills to cleanse the system of impurities, and by the same logic those in spiritual understanding do not expect to purify the body politic by administering the doses prescribed by the various political parties. If a great plan is being worked out, it would seem the part of wisdom to study it and fall in line with it, and be ready to be partakers in the work of carrying it out, when the time is ripe.—*Edna L. Carter in Unity.*

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"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind" (Matt. 22:37).

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Matt. 22:39).

True religion begins and ends in love to God and man. Love is a test of our Christianity. It is the strongest and most infallible test that could be given. Love is the image of God in the soul. Without love to God and man there never was true religion and never can be. Our love to God is shown by our walking according to His commandments. "Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." Whoever is filled with love will do all things that are pleasing to God, for love is the very principle of obedience. If we love not our brother it is a proof that the love of God is not in us; and if we have not the love of God in us we cannot love God, for God can be loved only by the influence of His own love. So without this love for our brother any profession that we make is but an empty one.

The Bible is a mirror to the soul, and when we examine our hearts in the light of God's Word we can always find out our true condition. In the third chapter of 1st John it says: "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren."

Love is so active in its nature, and so marked in its effect, that none need be in doubt as to whether they possess it or not. Love is not desirous of its own welfare only, but of its brother's also. No one is a Christian who is solicitous for his own happiness alone, and cares not for his brother. Love to God and love to man can never be separated. No man is of God who is not ever ready a ing to perform any act of kind ward another.

Love does not think evil of but is ever ready to believe the v of every person, and will credit against anyone without the most proof. When a Christian gives unkind words about another, he l spiritual balance and grieves the S God. Not only are we not to do toward our brother, but we are harbor any hatred in our hearts. so hateth his brother is a murd that is, he has the same principle that was in Cain, and it may lead same consequences unless gotten r

Love is not grieved or vexed b another is preferred above it. Tho have pure love are willing that should be preferred above them, a joice with them in it. We owe borther what we expect from hin love our brother as ourselves is a p command. By this rule we should speak and write concerning every

Love in the heart makes it easy t love in the life. All Christians have love, but we all need more, and wh get more we shall need still more. loved, let us love one another, and e ready to promote each other's welf

Alfa E. Murray in The War Cry.

THE GIFT OF MAKING FRIE

Blessed are they who have the g making friends, for it is one of best gifts. It involves many thing above all the power of going out of self and appreciating whatever is and loving in another.—*Thomas H*

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CHRIST AND THE CATTLE

It is a significant fact that our Savior was cradled in a manger, and that Mary, crowded out from the inn or caravansary, found shelter with the beasts of burden and cattle of the field, and brought forth the Prince of Peace in a common stable. It was literally true, as we sing at Christmas-time:

"Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall."

Nothing in our Savior's life is without its lesson of divine wisdom, and we may study the circumstances of His birth, sure of finding at every point ample reward for our industry.

I call attention to "Christ among the Cattle" Why was our Savior cradled in a manger? Why was He, whose advent had been the exalted theme of prophet and psalmist, denied the honor so readily accorded children of a royal line? Excellent reasons have been advanced, and yet one of great importance seems to have been overlooked. Was not our Savior's advent associated with beasts of the stall to teach us lessons of respect for and kindness toward the animal world?

Certain it is that whenever the Christ is born again in the manger of the human heart, the fragrant flowers of mercy and kindness spring up on every side, and I would not give much for the religion of a man who has no sacred regard for brute life. —*Frederic Rowland Marvin in Our Dumb Animals.*

Wisdom is knowing what to do next. Skill is knowing how to do it; and virtue is doing it.—*David Starr Jordan.*

DEEP THOUGHT IS WHOLESOME THOUGHT

The trouble with most of us is that we are not really interested in anything. We have interests, to be sure, but they are diffuse, thin, weak—they do not grip us. That is why comparatively few of us ever think in the true sense of the term. That is why, when we are called upon to do anything in the nature of sustained mental effort, we are overwhelmed by doubt, fear, worry, and mayhap have finally to call in the doctor with his sage pronouncement: "Poor fellow, he has been thinking too hard." In point of fact, we have not been thinking at all, simply because we have not been interested enough to think.

Let us get truly interested in something, no great matter what it is, and thinking about it—definitely, tirelessly, earnestly thinking about it—we shall find ourselves grow both in mental and bodily vigor.

SENT HERE TO HELP

Whoever you are, wise or foolish, rich or poor, God sent you into His world as He has sent every other human being to help the men and women in it, to make them better and happier. If you don't do that, no matter what your powers may be, you are mere lumber, a worthless bit of the world's furniture. A Stradivarius, if it hangs dusty and dumb upon the wall, is not of as much real value as a kitchen poker which is used.—*Rebecca Harding Davis.*

Wouldst thou enjoy life—a healthy body—a vigorous mind? Labor to bring thy appetite to reason.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

SUICIDE IN COMFORT

"No nation is so fitted to celebrate Thanksgiving as the Irish," said Chauncey Olcott. "Our Irish citizens enter into this feast with a zest we might all emulate. This is due, no doubt, to the high spirits of the Irish and their love of comfort and good cheer.

"There's a story illustrative of this Irish trait—a story about the only Irishman who ever attempted to commit suicide.

"The man was found struggling furiously in midair. He had fixed one end of a rope about an oak and the other end about his waist. His rescuer found him spinning and kicking and groaning lustily, eight feet above the ground.

"'But, Pat,' the rescuer said, after cutting the Irishman down—'but, Pat, why didn't you tie the rope around your neck instead of around your waist?'

"'Shure,' Pat replied, 'sure an' I tried it round me neck first, but I couldn't breathe.'"

HER RULING PASSION

The woman who had chased dust and dirt all her life finally reached St. Peter.

"Come in, you poor, tired woman," he said, and held the gate ajar.

But the woman hesitated.

"Tell me first," she said, "how often you clean house?"

The saint smiled.

"You can't shake off the ruling passion, can you?" he said. "Oh, well, step inside and we'll give you a broom and a dustpan instead of a harp."

A "HOT ONE"

Two English women met, at the end of the summer, on top of an English 'bu One said to the other: "Well, Miss Eusti did you have an enjoyable holiday?"

"No, I didn't," replied Miss Eusti "I went to Ireland and had a miserab time."

"What was the matter?" her frien asked.

"Well," was the reply, "I saw nothin in Ireland but rain and Catholics."

At which an Irish woman sitting in th seat in front of the two turned aroun and said: "Excuse me, Mum, but take bit of advice. The next holiday you ge go to hell, Mum, and you'll not be trou bled there with rain or Catholics!"

GOING TOO FAR

Mitchell Kennerley, the New Yor publisher, had just rejected a novel.

The mortified author called to see M Kennerley at his office about it.

"I think you are making a grave mis take," the author said. "This book c mine is sensational. And don't yo know, sir, that all the best sellers hav been sensational of late?"

"That may be true," Mr. Kennerle answered coldly, "but surely it is goin too far when you so murder the Englis tongue as to make three or four sens tions on every page."

ONE VICTIM

Napper—Jones is so visionary! N body takes any stock in his schemes.

Snapper (gloomily)—I did.—*Judge.*

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A HINT TO UNCLE

Miss Mary Garden, at a luncheon in Chicago, said, apropos of Christmas:

"To secure nice Christmas presents, there's nothing like a delicate hint or two.

"I know a Philadelphia girl whose uncle, having grown rich from a western mine, proposed to visit her at Christmas for the first time in seventeen years. She wrote to the old gentleman:

"'It will be glorious to see you again, dear uncle. I will meet you at Broad street station on your arrival at Christmas eve. But I might not recognize you after all these years, and so I think it would be best for you to hold, for purposes of identification, a long string of pearls in the left hand and a bit of fur—such as an ermine-lined sable stole, for example—in the right.'"

BAITING HER

"What are you cutting out of the paper?"

"About a California man securing a divorce because his wife went through his pockets."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my pocket."—*Boston Transcript.*

FATHER EXPLAINS

"Pa," asked the young hopeful, "what does dining a la carte mean?"

The father did not know, but he did not wish to show his ignorance. "It means," he explained, "that is—er—it means eating in a lunch wagon."—*Judge.*

ONE USE OF IT

"This wireless is a great thing."

"Yes, indeed. Now an actress going to Europe can quarrel with her manager all the way across."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

OUR DISCONTENT

Brand Whitlock, the mayor of Toledo, was talking about discontent.

"It is our discontent, our divine discontent," he said, "that will make a great nation of us.

"I believe in discontent. I can sympathize even with the discontented old farmer who said:

"'Contented? When'll I be contented? Wall, I'll be contented when I own all the land adjoinin' mine—and not befur, be gum!'"

THE FOOLISH CELEBRANT

E. L. H. Hohenthal, associate of the National Sons of Temperance, was talking in Manchester about Christmas.

"The wise," he said, "celebrate Christmas temperately. Their Christmas drink is tea or coffee, milk or lemonade.

"The wise are not like Blanc, who was asked, the morning after Christmas:

"'Well, Blanc, how was Hi Roler's Christmas dinner?'

"'The best I ever drank,' was the reply."

THE BALANCE

Representative Pujo was talking in Washington about the currency.

"It must balance," he said. "It must balance automatically and delicately. It must resemble the Christmas husband."

"'Oh, John, dear,' said this chap's wife, 'I'm so sorry you've got all those heavy parcels to carry!'

"'Well, you see,' John panted, reassuringly, 'my pocket is very much lighter now.'"

AN EYE-OPENER

The Cinnaminson Scimitar says:

"In youth we thought we were born to command—and then we married our wife."

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How Dixie Land Keeps Christmas

ON Christmas morning in Dixie Land you are awakened by the roar of giant firecrackers. The Southener does not think much of the Fourth of July. It is too much of a Northern institution to meet his whole-hearted approval. But he must have some day in the year on which he can burn red fire, shoot firecrackers and listen to the roar of anvils.

Christmas is that day in those few sections south of the Mason and Dixon line that are really old-fashioned and Southern. The noisy celebration of the day is pretty general, but the influx of Northern men and money, with the new ideas consequent upon such an invasion, has toned down the old-fashioned Southern Christmas.

The colored population make the most noise now. They like the clamor of the bells and horns and roaring crackers. They virtually made the Fourth of July their own in the South, and they get all the fun out of Christmas that they can.

The fireworks man does a good business down South during the winter holidays. Firecrackers crackle in the streets all day long. There is an almost constant noise from this source during the whole week that separates Christmas and New Year's. By that time the money of the celebraters is exhausted, or it might continue.

In many of the more remote neighborhoods down South shooting matches is the popular introduction to the holiday week. The old rifles are brought out and shouldered. The local marksmen trudge off across the country to some village or rural store, where the match is to be shot. Turkeys are the targets. An old gobbler is inclosed in a box with nothing of his anatomy showing except his head and his big red wattles.

The winner must hit this red and brown spot from distances varying from 50 to 100 yards. As a proof of their marksmanship it may be stated that more than a score of birds are usually killed in this manner in an afternoon's shooting. Many of the competitors are men well along in years, and a number of them use the same weapons they used as lads, old muzzle-loaders, the typical deer guns of fifty years ago.

At a distance of 100 yards the turkey's head shows as a tiny red spot. It is this mark that the winner must hit. From 10 to 20 cents a shot is charged for the privilege of drawing bead and pulling trigger at this Christmas dinner.

Some of the acknowledged marksmen are barred from competition in many matches. When they are permitted to compete they are usually required to use some other gun than their own in order to equalize conditions. The use of the shotgun, the "scatter gun," is frowned upon. It is looked upon as a weapon for the unskillful.

Sport and a turkey dinner is the motive that draws the country side to these matches. The Southerner in the city has a Christmas that is not very different from those celebrated in the North. The Christmas tree comes from the Southern pine and cedar forests, but it is fully as satisfactory as those garnered from the Northern woods.

The rural Southerner likes to hunt, and those Christmas days that fall on the

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regular days of the week are usually given over to hunting by the younger population. There is much visiting to and fro between kinsmen and friends at Christmas in the South. Old friendships are renewed and new ones cemented during the short era of peace and good will.

AMERICA IS ALL RIGHT

The twentieth century has introduced innovations faster than we have been able to administer them properly. Invention has crowded upon invention. Labor-saving, time-shortening devices have poured upon us in a steady flood; agriculture has changed from a trade to a science; transportation has not only been extended but quickened; railroad mileage and telephone systems have been enormously multiplied; millions of acres have been irrigated and opened to settlement; advanced notions have been introduced into business.

But more important still, the continent has been standardized. Mile-a-minute trains, long-distance 'phones, night lettergrams, fast mail service and colossal newspaper circulations, efficiently covering entire sections, have made East and West realize a closer kinship with North and South.

State insularity (and, therefore, provincialism) has gradually lessened under these conditions, and a closer communism of interests has resulted.

Not only have we made titanic industrial strides, but we have, as well, encountered hundreds of equations with which business never before dealt.

The relation between workers and their employers is constantly improving. Innovations which a preceding generation declared socialistic have been enthusiastically adopted by the great trusts—old-age pensions, accident liability, profit sharing and welfare work are already in operation in almost every important corporation.

The people are better educated. There is a higher intelligence in the masses.

We never before had so much land under cultivation, and we never before realized better prices for our crops. The masses, as a whole, are in a contented frame of mind. Cost of living is high, but so are wages; employment is steady; mills are running at full time; the reports of the commercial agencies show few failures; the banks are bulging with reserves; there's plenty of money everywhere for every legitimate undertaking; interest rates are reasonable; there are few strikes and these are local and sporadic.—*Herbert Kaufman in Woman's World.*

THE GREAT MISTAKE.

It is a great mistake to try to study Man from a material standpoint, for Man is spiritual, birthless and deathless, and any human being who knows of his spiritual source, and tries to live by it, must in some measure demonstrate the power of that source. This is the purpose of our existence, to know of this first-born of us, and to demonstrate the powers that belong to the Son. Jesus Christ did not claim any limitations whatever, but said: "All that the Father hath is mine." Naturally one who knew the fullness of his true nature could not claim less than all. He constantly denied any earthly relationships, and claimed only the divine parenthood, and as the substance from the divine parenthood was unlimited, his constant supply of all good was unlimited.—*Horatio W. Dresser.*

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THE CASE OF EGGS

The decline in the price of storage eggs is a striking feature of the provision market just now. In Chicago more than a half million eggs have been thrown on the market at a loss of two cents a dozen. Thousands of dozens were offered with no takers, and the prediction is made that the price is not yet at the bottom, and that more than a million and a half in storage will drop nearly ten cents a dozen before the first of the new year.

The egg congestion is explained in part by the fact that there are now in storage in Chicago 1,670,555 cases of eggs, or 341,374 more than last year. This represents more than 600,000,000 eggs in storage. A large portion is held by speculators who borrowed money to make the purchases. It thus appears that there is great disappointment in the expectations of the holiday egg market, and that some one has lost a lot of money. There may be two reasons for the collapse.

One may be found in the oversupply in storage and a consequent weakening of the market. Assuming that storage eggs are a good thing, it seems to be possible to have too many of them on hand at one time. But another and more plausible reason can be given.

The storage egg is under a degree of suspicion. It is on its good behavior and has not thoroughly vindicated itself. The "freshness" claimed for it after a slumber of six or eight months has worn off in the public mind and in the kitchen. It does not go any more like it did at first. The agitation for pure food, since the storage art was discovered, has had a direct tendency to lessen the demand for the product. Thus while the speculators have grabbed more eggs for their immense plants each year, the American stomach has gone back on the egg itself. The two causes operating at the same time could not help producing a crash.

As an economic proposition, the Pantagraph has stated for several years that the storage egg is a misfit. It has represented a loss to the public, while profitable only to a few speculators, and now that the speculators themselves are beginning to lose, it is to be hoped the business will close out. It might have been better for the country if the storage process for eggs had never been discovered.

It has taken out of the spring and early summer market millions of eggs that were wholesome, that were needed by the people and could have been had at a reasonable price if the natural supply had been allowed to take its course in the regular market. The speculators have cleaned up the cheap and edible spring supply and held the eggs for six months or more, and then have turned them back on the market at double the spring price, with the product impaired as food and under constant question.

This takes no account of the millions of storage eggs that each year are condemned by the pure-food authorities as wholly unfit for use and dumped in some lake or bay—all of which represents a dead loss to the ultimate consumer.

It may be wrong to wish harm to anyone, but if the storage egg speculators should go broke it would be as well for humanity if they should forget the business and turn to other lines. Leave the egg market in the springtime to the gladsome hen and the natural laws of supply and demand. All the product—fresh, wholesome and nourishing—will then be eaten at prices within the reach of all.—*Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph.*

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"THE DYING OF DEATH"

At the Baptist church recently Dr. Jackson concluded his series of Sunday evening lectures on "Religion and Health." His theme was "The Dying of Death." The text was in I Cor., 15:26, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." He said:

"It is not very clear just what Paul meant by his teaching. He seems to look upon death as an enemy of man—one that has in all ages past been triumphant over the human race. He looks forward to a time when at last even this destroyer shall be destroyed. He teaches that this is to come about through an entire change in the nature of man.

"The question that concerns us is how are we getting on in the struggle with this old enemy? Are we gaining ground? Are we driving him off the field? Has there been any advance in this struggle with death since the day when Paul gave to the world this word of hope and cheer? Let me indicate some ways by which we are gradually winning the mastery over this destroyer.

"Statistics prove that we are able to hold back the hand of this grim executioner for an ever-increasing length of time. The average length of human life is steadily increasing in all civilized lands. Many thoughtful people are taking on hope that they can very materially increase the span of human life. There has been organized in this country a 'two-hundred-year club,' the members of which hope by careful study of physical conditions and faithful observance of nature's laws to reach that age. There is no reason in the nature of man why it should not be done. After that is accomplished who shall set the limit to the length of human life?"—*Bloomington (Ill.) Exchange.*

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN

David Jane Hill, formerly American Embassador to Germany, spoke recently on the politics of France and of the United States to the Franco-American committee in the Theater Michel. The gathering was large, and included many notable persons. Mr. Hill closed by sketching the average American, saying:

"If you wish to judge rightly of what the United States, when it comes to deliberate action, will do, you will perhaps be interested in the portrait of the average American citizen.

"He is a man who is neither rich nor poor. He is a substantial and industrious member of society, with enough property to be interested in public policies concerning it. He has usually acquired what he possesses by industry and economy. He has no very exalted opinion of those who are idle or extravagant. His experience has convinced him of the reality of a moral order, and of the substantial goodness of the heart of the universe. He is often openly and practically religious.

"He has a large fund of self-reliance, and, if defeated in his efforts or disappointed in his hopes to-day, he expects to succeed to-morrow.

"In expressing himself he goes straight to the point, speaks with emphasis, even with exaggeration. He does, however, mean exactly what he says when he 'talks business.' It is by character more than by intellectual endowments that he measures men; and it is by the qualities of character which they would promote and stamp upon the history of the nation that he estimates, approves or repudiates the policies which statesmen have to propose."

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EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

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HAVE THE HORSE ROUGHSHOD

Today, when every one is thinking of every one else, when almost their entire time is taken up with making it pleasant for family and friend, The Washington Herald pleads for another old partner—the horse. He may be sidetracked by the auto for the time being, but he has been with us so long, has done and is doing his share in making the country what it is today, is still the standby of the farmer and the toiler, is still the joy and pride of millions who love him, is still as dependable as ever he was and will remain so as long as the human race depends on strength and speed to make the wheels go round.

He is usually well cared for in the stable, blanketed when left standing out doors, and since it has been recognized that kind treatment goes farther than blows the whip has almost been discarded. Winter days are with us, snow melts and freezes, the asphalt pavements become slippery, many autos are laid up, but the horse is ready for work, irrespective of weather conditions. He brings our bread, our milk—in fact, all our provisions to us regardless of the ice or the snow.

The least that can be done for the faithful old fellow is to see that he is well shod, and especially during this slippery period to see that he is roughshod. Yesterday it was a common sight to see him slipping and falling, straining himself to keep on his feet and sometimes getting up stiff and bruised. It is a duty to see that the blacksmith does for him what the cobbler does for his owner—give him shoes that will help him keep his feet during the present icy spell. Have him roughshod, and have it done before he is taken out this morning.

ETERNALLY TRUE—WITHOUT BEGINNING OR END

The principles of arithmetic were true before an arithmetic was ever written, and the principles of Truth contained in the Bible were true before any Bible was written. They are eternally true, without beginning, without end. After you learn the principles back of subtraction and division, you do not carry about an arithmetic for reference to the rule. You can write an arithmetic yourself. So we feel that your growth and understanding in Truth is beyond the need of any outside authority. The Bible should be used as corroborative evidence and not as authority. The one and only authority is the Spirit of Truth, and it is within you. The Truth discerned by Isaiah and Paul is of no greater value than the Truth discerned and expressed by you when you have hold of the principle lying back of it all. Any book, however true, becomes bondage when it takes the place of the indwelling One in whom are hid all the treasures of knowledge and wisdom. The only authority we accept is that shown by Jesus Christ—"The Spirit of Truth shall guide you into all Truth."

THE VALUE OF CHARACTER

Character is more precious than craft or skill. Fullness of being is superior to encyclopedic learning. The graces of gentleness and pity and love are more beautiful than all the accomplishments of art. Integrity and wisdom and chivalrous temper are better than power and fame. To be a capable artisan, a successful salesman, a great financier, an eloquent orator, a brilliant writer or an accomplished teacher is of much less importance than to be a true whole man, a true whole woman.

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AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

Says old man Jones, says he to me:
My appetite ain't what it used ter be,
Though I haven't begun like some weak doods
T' whet it up with breakfast foods
That don't last till you're out of sight.
But still I can't say as I feels jest right—
My regular vittels they don't taste t' me
The way they used to taste, by Gee!
Sairy Ann, she says it don't hardly pay
T' mix fresh pancakes every day
When I only eat a dozen or two
For breakfast, 'stead of the way I used ter do.
I seem t'be hungry at times, but yet
I don't get started till I'm ready t' quit.
Some pancakes an' coffee an' cold Johnny Cake
With eggs an ' pork sausage are all that I take
To eat for my breakfast, because, as you see,
My appetite ain't what it used ter be.

KEY TO MYSTERY

Through the medium of a humble, flat stone, carved on one side in a mysterious unknown tongue and equally carved on the other in partly known Nahuat language, Prof. Ramon Mena has unlocked in Mexico a volume of history which had been thought to be forever sealed when the Catholic priests of Cortez's expedition burned the 20,000-volume library of the Aztecs at Tlacolula.

This key has been found in the ruin of Xochicalco. Xochicalco was a city fifteen miles in one dimension by ten in another, a closely built town of stone and cement, its center a magnificent temple, crowning a lofty artificial mound or pyramid, whose truncated top has an area of 12,000 square yards. In the center of this plain rises the ruined temple. It stands true to the compass, and the height of the base walls alone is twelve feet. The temple topping these walls rose about thirty feet higher, and was constructed not unlike the noted open-front temples which the Greeks erected to Minerva.

Carvings five inches deep, despite the wear and tear of fifty centuries, cover this basic wall, the tale of the race that built the ruin, preserved from the hands of vandal priests forever in imperishable stone. On one of these carved stones is a double carving. On one side is the original, done by the men who built the temple. On the other, cut by some Aztec priest, is the translation of this carving, done into the picture writing of the Nahuat tongue, the name of the language spoken by the Aztecs, and their contemporary race, the Tlascallans.—*New York Tribune.*

SOCIETIE VINITIVE

Societe Vinitive (the International Unitive Society) is the name of a society formed in Paris, France, whose objects are the teaching and practice of the Science of Life, which aims to attain the highest possible state of individual and collective harmony and the establishment of an International Bureau for the centralization of the views of the many philosophical, philanthropic and other societies, without distinction of creed, as well as those of independent thinkers concerning the Science of Life. The office of the society is 240 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, France.

By the faithful plying of the shuttle of daily duty we weave a white raiment for the soul.—*Mary A. Stafford.*

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Elizabeth Towne
who also edits
Nautilus Magazine

The Nautilus is the leading magazine of practical New Thought in America. It teaches how to increase human efficiency.

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A second experience in self-healing.
How she acquired the habit of sticking to things.
How there came into her life a time of darkness when she seemed to have failed in everything, and how she found finally a principle to live by, faith was revived and a way out discovered.
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The greatest aid to mental control which she found.
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How she learned of the unseen tides of spiritual force which work in and through everyone.
How she learned to work with these tides.
How she learned to get away from the material to that which is potential and creative.
How she used suggestion, and how you can use suggestion, for self-healing and the settling of right habits.
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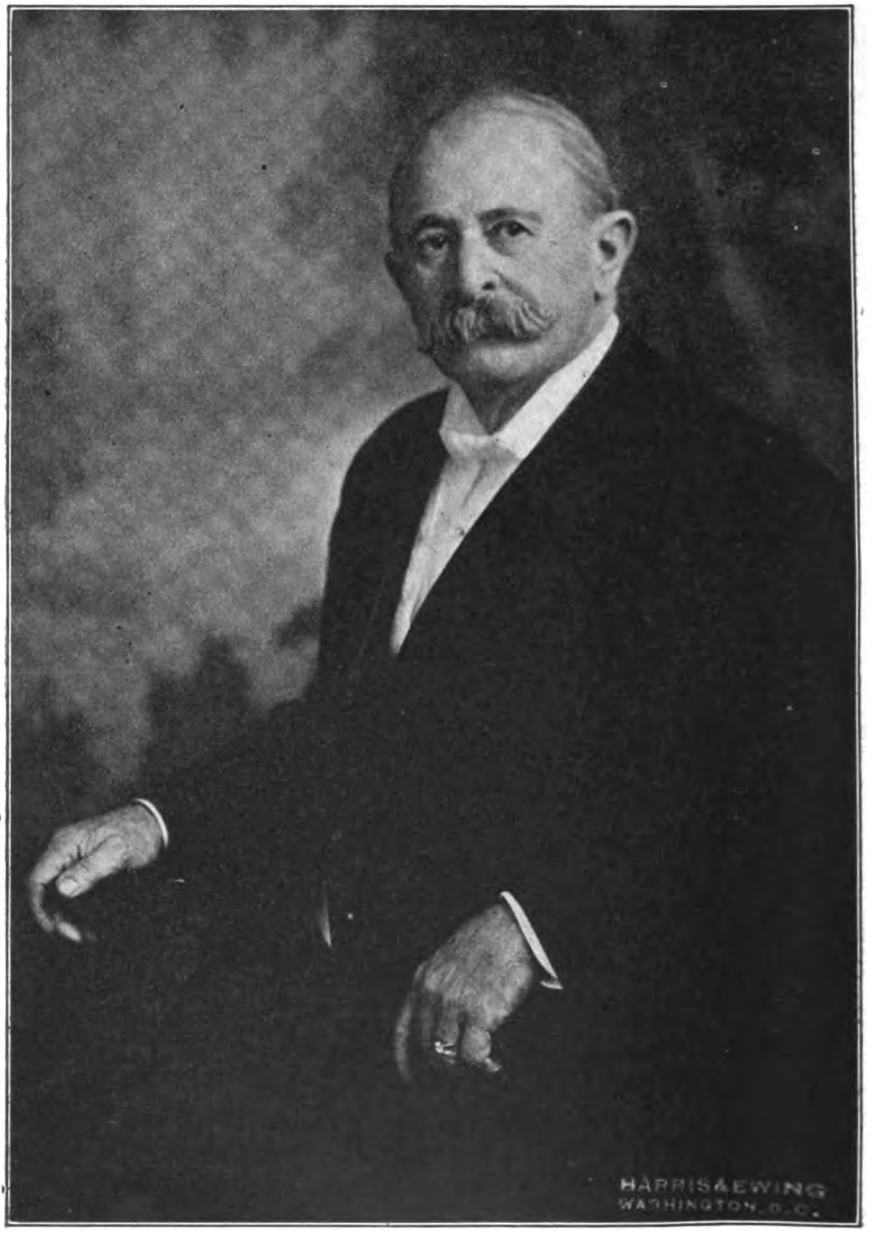

Oliver C. Sabin

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OLIVER C. SABIN, JR.....*Business Manager*

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A Special Invitation

Visitors in Washington are always gladly welcomed at the services of the Evangelical Christian Science Church, which are held at 11 a. m. each Sunday, at Rauscher's Hall, Connecticut Avenue and L St. N. W. A special invitation is extended to the host of visitors who will be in the Capital to witness the scenes attending the inauguration of President Wilson.

Greatest of All Treasures

It seems strange that, although there is something obtainable for the seeking and asking which is of more value to the human race than all the money in all the treasuries and banks in the world, yet comparatively few seek for its possession.

This wonderful gift is the Truth which gives harmony, gives health, gives happiness and prosperity; which gives wisdom and spiritual understanding. He who is the possessor of this gift is covered in all

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the vicissitudes of life by God Almighty's love. God's hand guides him, His goodness supplies him, and His power protects him everywhere and always.

There is no necessity for our bowing down to evil thoughts, submitting to evil conditions, or suffering from inharmonious circumstances. The only reason why mankind does not embrace this Science is because they imagine its promises are too good to be true.

And yet it is clear there is no measuring of God Almighty's Power. Is there any limit to God's Goodness, or His Love, or His Wisdom? He is able to do all these things, and has He not promised to do them?

Read the promises in the Bible; read the promises given by Jesus Christ; read the promises given by the Psalmist. From the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations, promises are interspersed throughout the Bible, giving perfect authority for all we claim. Yet lookin the world we see mankind bowed in sorrow, in poverty, in wearine suffering, in sickness, and inhar This Science is throwing out to th man race the Life-Line of Truth millions look on in derision becau their unbelief.

We say to all who may read these the dearest of treasures, the richest gifts, is yours if you will but seek ask. If you will study this Scienc Truth will force you to believe, an will be emancipated, you will be r mitted, you will be free. The will make you free. The Tru here, and it is as easy of understa as a primary school book. All you to do is to bring to the study an h heart and the desire to do good. " ye the Kingdom of God and its right ness, and everything else shall be a unto you."

Yours lovingly,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bisho

In all of our lives we should condemn nothing that comes to us and nothing that we do. We know the law; let us keep it, and not set up any adverse conditions by our thoughts of condemnation. Whatever you are doing, be happy in it. If you are getting wrong results do not believe in an angry God. You are getting the result of your acts according to your faith. Be wise; pronounce nothing evil, and only good will come.

Some one has said that if all the words never spoken were to bloom flowers and shed their fragrance ou the common air, the breath of he would be everywhere. As the soul a ens, it finds heaven everywhere, for is each-other-ness, and we harvest fruit divine—of love, of joy, of pe of happiness, of wholeness—from seeds of courage, patience and kindli to one another.

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

February

PAULINA B. SABIN

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

They are not dead! they have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

—*John L. McCreery.*

There is no death;
What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

—*Longfellow.*

There is no death! although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead!

—*John L. McCreery.*

Man is the image and likeness of God. God is Life, and in life there is no death. It is not that we mean that God has life, but that God *is* life, and in all life we see God manifest, and there is no such thing as death.

Angels are men in lighter habit clad;
Men are angels loaned for an hour.

—*Bishop Sabin.*

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The Proper Way of Living

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., December 15, 1912.

THE subject of the lecture this morning is "The Rule of Proper Living;" in other words, the rule which gives us happiness, harmony and success in this life.

In the first place, the mind has to be kept right, the thinking must be healthy and normal. You must be in harmony with universal good, universal love, universal wisdom, and universal power with God, All in All; and in order to obtain that condition of mind, each and every one should call on this Divine Power at the commencement of our day's work, fit ourselves for the day as it may come to us, in order that we may be so led throughout the day that there can be no mistakes on our part, and that we will so conduct ourselves as to be successful and harmonious.

You can obtain nothing except as you seek, ask and knock. We ask through what we call the common five senses—you may call it carnal mind or whatever you choose—but it is that part of us that sees, hears, feels, smells and tastes. We seek through what we term the under-conscious or sub-conscious mind. It is through this channel that all our treating is done; it is through this channel that we bring ourselves in touch with the Divine Spirit. When we treat, we do not treat the patient; we have nothing to do with him in his initial condition, but we go immediately to God Almighty, affirming that John Smith is the perfect child of God, filled with all harmony, with all good, and it radiates from this great Center of Good, and takes up and controls the mind of this John Smith.

> The proper way to live is to be honest and upright and deal on the square. Do not see how far you can overreach your brother in a trade, but do unto him as you do unto yourself under like conditions. The rule is to love your brother as yourself and do unto your brother as you would have him do unto you. Do unto your brother as you would do unto yourself, and when we become so we can follow that rule and demonstrate it in its purity, I tell you we can command the mountains, and they will tumble into the sea, if it be necessary to carry out any of God's great works.
>
> Love your brother. That does not signify picked-out lovers, but it is the broad family of man. Jesus said if you love your friends only you deserve no reward, for everybody would do that. Love those who despitefully use you; do good unto them that would harm you; throw out the vibrations of love and you are the conqueror. That is what brings you in touch with the universal family of man, all animated by the one great God Love.

It is the truth which our Savior said makes us free. It is this freedom from care that Divine Power has thrown over us; it is this freedom from fear in all of your undertakings. In all so-called diseases there is to the seeming a factor which we call fear. Fear is the mother and the father of every kind of disaster. A person who has no fear and places himself in touch with God Almighty love, power, good, wisdom, in a proper way, can have no failure, can have no disaster, can have no sickness, no inhar-

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mony of any kind or character. These come to the one who is always looking out for breakers—the one who is always fearing. You find this everywhere right amongst us. We are filled with fear, and fear is killing the world—fear of disease, fear of poverty, fear of sorrow, fear of catastrophe. All of these destructive agencies are destroying the proper harmonious condition of man and keeping him in a state of quasi-slavery. Therefore, the first rule of living is to keep your mind in a harmonious condition.

Take a person who is always prophesying that he is going to be sick, that he is going to have a cold, have this disease or that; take a person who believes in contagion, and let him go in contact with this so-called contagious disease and he will have it; but take the person who knows the nothingness and realizes the nothingness of so-called contagion, of so-called inharmony of any character, and he cannot be touched. Therefore, keep your thinker, so to speak, in a healthy, normal condition, and in touch with the Infinite All in All. If you are going into an enterprise of any kind, treat that God Almighty leads you, that God Almighty gives you success, and continue to treat, and so ask, seek and knock. You have a right to knock, and by virtue of that power of knocking, the heavens will open and you can command and all will obey, because that power is given to you by the Infinite.

Remember one thing, as I have told my readers in a great many instances, you must practice what you know. It will not do to go to sleep on your beat—to use a military phrase. You must be wide awake, standing upon the place where you are supposed to watch and guard, and whenever anything evil comes to you, knocking for a home, knocking for entrance, say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Get thee behind me, Satan, is the answer to all carnal mind requests to enter and make a home with you, and in this thinking you must recognize the power of thought.

Thoughts are things; thought is a noun, instead of being a barren ideality; or, as Blackstone may term it, "an incorporeal hereditament." It is a reality, and unless you so recognize thought, and treat it in accordance therewith, your thoughts will find homes in your body, in your mind, and you will be destroyed by the wicked combination of so-called carnal thoughts.

The proper road and the proper way of success are to have your mind in condition, in touch with the Infinite, and allow the Infinite to lead you. Do this, and you can make no mistakes. The person who is always worrying about impending catastrophe, the person who is always worrying about the dead, the person who is always worrying about his own ailments, is not in harmony with Infinite Love, and no inharmonious conditions can come to him if he places himself in tune, in touch, with the Infinite. You cannot worry about those who have gone on if you understand that there is no such thing as death, and that your friends are surrounding you and about you, happier in their condition, possibly, than when here. A person who passes over this earth, so to speak, into the next dream does not pass from a state of sin to a state of righteousness. If he has committed sins he has to make reparations for those sins somewhere sometime. He has to work out his own salvation. I believe the opportunity will

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be given to us all somewhere sometime to have the power and the privilege of making right every wrong we have ever committed, and thus become in harmony with perfect brotherly love. Then we will be as the prophet said, "whiter than snow." But until all the sins of life are gone over and everything that is smirched is washed clean by proper action on our part, you cannot be in perfect harmony, because there are sins that must be atoned for—you must be made right, you must reap the crop that you have sown.

One great trouble with this country—and I find it worse in many others—is this universal fear of poverty. The people have a tendency to intensify the feeling by the thought that it is coming on them worse and worse. Take the Parable of the Sparrows and the Lilies as given out by our Savior in the 6th chapter of Matthew, follow it out, practice it as the birds do, and you will never know what want is; you will never know what the fear of want is. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" you can reverse it, "Sufficient unto the day is the good thereof."

Suppose the thought comes to me that I am going to want. I ask myself the question, have I had my breakfast? Yes. Have you all you want yourself; have you good clothes, sufficient to make you appear respectable in society? Yes. Have you air and water, plenty of that; are you in the enjoyment of health? Yes. Then I ask you, What do you want? Can you use any more than you have? It is God's way of living to take no thought of the morrow—what you shall eat or what you shall wear. Live in the eternal NOW, enjoy the NOW, enjoy the pretty things and the good things of earth. Nothing is too good for you. Why? Because it all belongs to you; you are God Almighty's heir; it belongs to you; therefore, everything that is belongs to you. But you can build up barriers in front of you that we call limitations; that will keep you down in poverty, in sorrow, in sickness. It is within the power of yourself through God Almighty's unchangeable law to be or not to be, to be perfect or to be imperfect; and you will be judged in accordance with the seed you sow—the crop will be in accordance with the sowing.

I received a letter some time ago from a lady in regard to the Day of Judgment. I replied to her that the Day of Judgment was today, and that never would a day be set up for the world to be judged, but that we are judged constantly. If you commit sin, the sin puts the condemnation on you, and you are judged by the unchangeable law, and you have to reap the crop of your commission of that sowing; that is the Day of Judgment.

Another line along this proper way to live is to be honest and upright and deal on the square. Do not see how far you can overreach your brother in a trade, but do unto him as you do unto yourself under like conditions. The rule is to love your brother as yourself, and do unto your brother as you would have him do unto you. Do unto your brother as you would do unto yourself. When we become so we can follow that rule and demonstrate it in its purity, I tell you we can command the mountains and they will tumble into the sea, if it be necessary to carry out any of God's great works.

Love your brother. That does not signify picked out lovers, but it is the broad family of man. Jesus said if you

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love your friends only, you deserve no reward, for everybody would do that. Love those who despitefully use you, do good unto them that would harm you, throw out the vibrations of love and you are the conqueror. That is what brings you in touch with the universal family of man, all animated by the one great God Love, and there are no big I's or little you's in God Almighty's kingdom of universal love. We all stand upon an equal plane, all to enjoy the beneficence of God Almighty's love.

Let your thoughts be directed along these lines, and let us harmonize all our actions to the lines along which we are led. Ask for the leading and the answer will come, and your life will be perfect and you will be happy.

BELIEVES PONTIFF'S BLESSING IS CURE

Miss Mamie Wilson, for twenty years an employe of the Treasury Department, is returning to Washington from Rome, happy in her faith that a disease pronounced incurable by physicians has been banished from her by the touch of Pius X, according to a cable dispatch from Rome.

Certain that the touch of the Holy Father had the power to heal the bodily infirmities, Miss Wilson applied for an audience with the Pontiff immediately upon her arrival at Rome. She was unable to persuade the Vatican officials to inform the Pope as to just what she wanted him to do.

After several days of anxious waiting, she was granted an audience in company with many others, whom the Pope blessed in the ordinary way. Fearful that her only chance of restored health was slipping from her, Miss Wilson motioned excitedly to the Holy Father that she had something to say to him.

The eloquent sincerity of the plea in her eyes moved the Pope to find out what she wanted. No one was present, however, who could interpret her request, made in English. The Pope gazed upon the upturned face, with its dumb appeal, and remained for a moment in deep thought, as if in prayer. Then his face lighted up as though his prayer for understanding of the needs of the kneeling woman had been answered. He placed his hands upon her head and lifting his eyes to heaven blessed her.

Miss Wilson is returning to Washington jubilant in her faith that her sufferings are at an end.

HEROINES

There's a grand old recitation
  Of a girl who bravely swung
From a belfry. Hope was shattered
  If that curfew's note was rung.
Still the heroine is with us,
  Staunch and true, although polite,
And she cries in tones triumphant,
  "Turkey shall not trot tonight!"

Though the band tunes up for ragtime,
  Though the gay and thoughtless throng
May affect the reckless rhythms
  Of the syncopated song,
She steps forth with simple courage,
  Conscious in herself of right,
And sounds forth the ultimatum,
  "Turkey shall not trot tonight!"

There are always heroes waiting
  Each emergency to meet,
Some upon the field of battle,
  Some where gayeties compete.
Here's a laurel for the hostess
  Who a custom dares to slight
And sends forth the cry defiant,
  "Turkey shall not trot tonight!"

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Jeffersonian Simplicity

THERE is a great deal of talk about democratic simplicity at the forthcoming inauguration, and especially are the references frequent to Jeffersonian simplicity. As a matter of fact, Jefferson was an aristocrat, and this statement is not to derogate one jot or tittle from the honor due Jefferson as a writer on the theory of equal chances for all men, or equal rights before the courts, or as a brilliant and sincere popular leader. But Jefferson was an aristocrat and a man of luxurious habits, though of intellectual industry, a combination frequently found in men of high intellect.

Jefferson lived in a fine house in splendid surroundings. He owned fine paintings and statues, and used the finest furniture of the time, the finest china and the finest silver tableware. He owned blooded horses, negro slaves and fertile lands. He had entry to the most exclusive social circles in Virginia and elsewhere. The difference between his standard of living and that of a "poor white" of his period was greater than the living difference between a rich man and a poor man today. Time has a "hazening" effect on class distinctions as those distinctions were observed by our ancestors. In the section of the country in which Washington stands today pioneer conditions had been long outgrown a century ago, and class distinctions based on family and wealth were harder to break through then than they are now. The people of these parts a hundred years ago were much closer to the English idea of class of that period than we are to the English idea of class today.

One of the things constantly cropping up is the reference to Jefferson's inauguration and his simple horseback ride from his boarding-house to the Capitol. Jefferson was stopping at one of the expensive hostelries of the young capital—as much difference separating it from the usual drovers' tavern as separates the tall hotel with oriental rugs and liveried bellhops from the plain commercial house today—and the simple horseback ride is a myth. That story had its origin in a book of travels written by an Englishman—John Davis, of Salisbury. He called his book "Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America During 1798-1799-1801 and 1802." The following extract from Davis's book contains the horseback-ride story, which is refuted by numerous current accounts of the inauguration of President Jefferson:

"The city of Washington was now the center of attraction for the nation. Multitudes flocked to it in different directions to hear the inaugural speech of Mr. Jefferson. Of this general enthusiasm I was not without my share. Mr. Jefferson's notes on Virginia was the book that first taught me to think, and my heart now beat with a desire to hear the accents of wisdom fall from the tongue of that man whose pen had engrafted much truth on my mind. I therefore departed for the city of Washington, passing through, in my way to it, Philadelphia and Baltimore. * * * Let me now come to the object of my journey to Washing-

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ton. The politeness of a member from Virginia procured me a convenient seat in the Capitol, and an hour after Mr. Jefferson entered the house, when the august assembly of American Senators rose to receive him. He came, however, to the house without ostentation. His dress was of plain cloth and he rode on horseback to the Capitol without a single guard, or even servant in his train, dismounted without assistance and hitched the bridle of his horse to the palisades."

The facts are that Mr. Jefferson walked from his boarding house—Conrad's—on New Jersey Avenue, to the Capitol, escorted on one side by Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Treasury, and on the other by Benjamin Stoddert, of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy, and accompanied by an honor guard of a battalion of militia. An Alexandria militia battery fired a salute in his honor.

A great parade in those days was not held, not because of any leaning toward simplicity, but because of the obstacles to such an undertaking. Such streets as Washington had then were roads which in any part of the country today would cause the farmers to form a road improvement association. Travel between cities was by schooner or chaise or coach, on horseback, or afoot. The population of the country was thin, and a ten-mile trip took more time and cost more money than a hundred-mile trip in a parlor car costs today. It was harder to get a crowd of a thousand Americans together at an inaugaration in Jefferson's time than for a hundred thousand to get together now.

It is a reasonable belief that in Jefferson's time every American—especially every Democrat—wanted to attend the inaugural ceremonies. But the hardships, the delays and the cost of traveling were too great, and a small crowd would have overtaxed the accommodation facilities of the little capital.

HOW TO BE AN ARISTOCRAT

Eat dinner at night.

Mortgage your house and buy an automobile.

Let the groceryman and meat dealers wait awhile.

Borrow money to join a couple of country clubs.

When there is a reception, have garments sent up on approval, and wear them to the reception.

Place your nose at an angle of forty-five degrees when you meet an honest working man on the street.

Refer to your $475 car as a "motah," and shun the street cars on all occasions.

Forget the letter "r" in all your conversation and cultivate a fondness for grapefruit.

Make a loud noise through the nose when anybody mentions such a plebeian thing as work.—*Exchange.*

ARE YOU A "SPUG?"

At the most auspicious moment a newly coined word by Mrs. August Belmont, "Spug" was launched forth and the long suffering public eagerly claimed the snappy new word for its own. Spugging means to cut down one's Christmas list—a society for the prevention of useless giving, as it might be said. This idea seems to be as welcome to the rich as it is to the middle classes and those even less financially able to bear the heavy burden of perfunctory giving. The idea is not to cease to give at all, but not to make Christmas a time when purses and nerves are over strained in the effort to give a gift one cannot really afford and because one is "indebted."

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Christian Science: What It is and What it Does

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., December 22, 1912.

THERE is a panoramic view in my mind of Jesus Christ and his five hundred followers going up the mountain on the day of His Ascension. He was talking to them, and they were listening to every word that He said, and among the things that He said that have come down to us is this: "Take this gospel; preach it to all the world." In other words, evangelize the world with this gospel of good news—this news that gave you the truth and gave you liberty. That is the foundation principle on which this Church, the Evangelical Christian Science Church, is based. It is in accordance with the commands of Christ to "Go into all the world and preach this gospel—Freely you have received, freely give." That is what we are endeavoring to do, and what we have been doing, since this Church was organized, teaching the world how to heal, teaching the world the basic principles of this great truth, this great science, so all might stand alone in the majesty of truth and demonstrate the great work there is to do.

> **The veil is still between our eyes and the personality of God. Of course, it is not a personal God. It cannot be that, because it is Omnipresent; it is throughout the entire endless universe, and therefore it cannot be a person. It is something within all these characteristics that enables you and forces you to love. He takes you by the hand and leads you along the pathway of love. He gives you every good gift, blesses you with health, drives every sorrow from your door, loves you and makes you prosperous. Every good thing in God Almighty's universe is laid out before you as upon a table, and you go and help yourself without limit and without stint, knowing that it is more precious for this Divine Being to give than it is for us to receive. We can love a character like that. We can love that kind of a personality, but we cannot love just the barren ideality of "So saith the Lord," with no sympathy about it; it is beyond the possible. We are part and parcel of this great whole. Therefore we love one another. Jesus Christ says: "You may know My disciples, for they love one another."**

The subject, as you remember, is "Evangelical Christian Science: What It is and What It Does." The second part of this question, and the great part of it, is what the science does, but as a further definition of what it is, it may be termed this: It is the rule by which man, the child, can go to God, the Father, with his prayer and receive an affirmative answer. In other words, it is the method which God has given to us of teaching us how we may approach the Divine Power and receive the blessings of an affirmative answer. If you want anything, you go to God for it, and you must permit yourself to be led by the Divine Spirit and controlled by it.

God is Spirit, God is Love, God is Wisdom, God is Power, and God is Good, and something beyond all these that we might term characteristics, is what we would term the concrete. There is something more than all these things in what we term God. We are commanded to love God with all our mind and strength. You cannot learn to love a barren state-

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ment of facts. Take the law, "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal;" each of these laws is good, but there is nothing in them that calls forth the affection that reaches out and takes hold of you and brings you within this great aura of love, where you can love God with all your mind, might and strength. Therefore, there is something beyond these abstract, unchangeable principles; there is this inner and great God.

I think it was Paul who, in discussing this subject, said we could not understand that now, but by and by we would understand it, because we will see Him as he is, and we will be like Him. The veil is still between our eyes and the personality of God. Of course it is not a personal God. It cannot be that, because it is Omnipresent throughout the entire endless universe, and therefore it cannot be a person. It is the something within all these characteristics that enables you and forces you to love. He takes you by the hand and leads you along the pathway of love. He gives you every good gift, blesses you with health, drives every sorrow from your door, loves you and makes you prosperous. Every good thing in God Almighty's universe is laid out before you as on a table, and you go and help yourself without limit and without stint, knowing that it is more precious for this Divine Being to give than it is for us to receive. We can love a character of that kind; we can love that kind of a personality, but we cannot love just the barren idealty of this "So saith the Lord," with no sympathy about it; it is beyond the possible.

We have great and good laws in our land and upon our statute books that rule and control, but nobody loves them in the sense that they have an affection going out toward them. They respect them as good things for society, as giving a prosperous country and all that, b there is no element there that calls fo this affection. Therefore, when Je came teaching the truth, He told th that this was the truth that gave th freedom, that they must recognize w they were and to whom they prayed, a take this Great Personality into th hearts and love It and love the rep sentative here on earth of this beauti beneficent "I am that I am," their brot man.

Some of these great people prate ab their being great lovers of God, but wh you mention this or that person th lovers have a hot iron, so to speak, stick into them. They have an envi tongue; they have hatred and mal deep in their very soul. Now, Je Christ said about persons of that ki if they love God and do not love th brother, they are liars, and the truth not in them. This great principle rec nizes not only God, the Good, the U versal I AM, but it recognizes the bro erhood of man. We are part and par of this one great Whole; therefore, love one another. Jesus Christ s "You may know my disciples, for th love one another." It is a doctrine love personified, carried out, put i practice. It is not a mere mouthi but is beyond that, and must be put i practice, and we must practice it order to receive the benefit of this gr liberty-giving truth.

Now, our Church gives the rule living, how to live—teaches you fundamental principle of how to s ceed, and destroys every thought of harmonious conditions surrounding y teaches you how to be happy; teac you how to enjoy the sunshine; teac you how to enjoy your brother and sis

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how to enjoy one another, and how to enjoy the good things of life, and how to have them. Another thing is, it teaches you how to dispel all sorrow. The world is filled with sorrow—sorrow for those who are supposed to be dead. I know it is a great relief to have this question of sorrow driven out of your mind. We must realize that there are no dead. Death to me would be no more than it would be for me to be taken from this rostrum and put into another room and told to preach from there.

Our life is continuous, onward and upward. If we were environed by what we term reincarnation, and if we did not know what shape we might come in, it would be different. If we had a religion like that, it would be different, and we might not blame the people for worrying about the loss of their friends.

This Church of ours teaches you how to do; and when you talk about loving your brother, you love man. God said, let us make man, and He said afterwards, He did make man, male and female made He them. Woman is as much as man; we are all mankind, and therefore we must love one another, practice it, and bring it into the everyday life. That is the teaching of this Church, and one of the ways to manifest this love, as Christ commanded, is to take this gospel into all the world, preach it everywhere. That was the command, and one of the last things we have any record of His giving. Our Church is entirely practical; we bring into practice all these things we want, and all of these good things that are promised. Suppose we want prosperity, all we have to do is to ask, seek and knock in accordance with the rules laid down in the Bible, and you will have prosperity. It is only the coward who prays and then watches for an answer that ever The command is to commit your unto the Lord and trust. It does nc commit your ways unto the Lord watch to see if He does what He ag that is doubt; doubt is sin, and s death; consequently, you receive ing. Commit your ways unto the and then do not worry. Do I want perity; I affirm that I have it; al I want belongs to me—belongs to abundance—not only the necessiti life, but the luxuries. Everything longs to me; I am God Almighty's joint heir with Jesus Christ; and can be nothing withheld from that God Almighty has pron therefore, trust and stop thir "Will it come?" and write your l that you do not feel a bit better tha did; that you have been watching a time, and have not felt one partic help. Of course, they will not; have to commit your ways unto the and trust—come as a little child. Christ says do not come filled with or with fear, unbelief, with your full of doubt and mistrust. You can get anything in that way, not a but go to God Almighty and trust have nothing to do with the answeri the prayer. The only way to do is to it is the only way to prosper; and I upon every one who hears and rea they would have success in any de ment of life along these lines of physical demonstration, trust, driv all fear; trust God Almighty ar will be yours; but if you fail to do you will fail in receiving an answ your prayers.

Therefore, take it as a practical of life; let God lead you; do not about results; let Him take you in loving arms, carry you through life

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happy, enjoy good things, and do not be long-faced; do not be a fool, but let your heart be filled with love, and carry it out. God Almighty will give you all that you can enjoy; that is the rule of life; that is what our Church teaches.

"CHALLENGE OF THE CHANGED CALENDAR"

Among the manifold values of the Christmas season, not the least is its annual witness to the stupendous fact that all civilized time is dated from the birth of Jesus Christ. This is the year of our Lord 1912. Books, magazines, daily papers, checks, letters, documents of multiform description confess that the centuries are reckoned from the birth of a peasant Jew, who was born in an obscure province, amid poverty, who wrote no book, and led no army, and who died while still a young man the death of a criminal. How marvelous is this! Behold how wonderful to write as Jesus has done, His autograph upon the brow of centuries.

Many have been the ambitious attempts to rewrite the calendar. Rome attempted to start time anew from the founding of the city by the Tiber, but the eternal city perished in her pride. LaPlace proposed a calendar according to the stars and failed. France set about to redate the almanac from the beginning of the French revolution, but that almanac was short-lived. All failed, but Jesus' lowly birth has changed the world's almanac and the latest convert to His calendar is China, the young-old republic.

The changed calendar is a challenge to the world of commerce and industry that it give place to the spirit of Christ; is a challenge to the world of politics that it permit the mind of Christ to mold and make; is a challenge to the church that it come fully to Christ and become energized by His power so as to lift and love and lead humanity along the worthiest way.

Gen. William Booth answered the challenge of the changed calendar. He traced the march of the Master across centuries, and opening his heart accorded the spirit of God fine access. When last in America, the old General told us how he came to organize the Salvation Army. "I hungered for hell," he said; "I pushed into the midst of it—the east side of London. For days I stood in the seething streets drinking it in and loving it all. Yes, I loved the souls that made up the muddy stream. I went home one night to my wife and babies and said to her: 'Darling, I have given myself and I have given you and our children to the service of souls.'"

The great Galilean has captured the centuries and they wear his name, but a still greater capture is that of lives that "hear his call and own his sway."

No better way is there to honor the Christmas season than to let the spirit of the Savior fill one's life even as His name has crowned the centuries and changed the world's almanac.

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 those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith.—Mark 11:23.

To-morrow you have no business with; you steal if you touch to-morrow. It is God's. Every day has in it enough to keep every mind occupied without concerning himself with the things that lie beyond.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

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The Inner Light

Harriet Doane Prentiss

WHEN we fail in the solution of our daily problems, and do not find satisfactory answers to the equations of life, it is safe to conclude that we are doing our examples the wrong way or are straying too far from home in search of truth.

There is a great deal of mystery still woven about the Science of Being. Too many who are active in the promulgation of its principles are groping about with more or less uncertainty as to how they can work their examples by a definite rule.

We cast about in different directions with slender faith, hoping that we have found the right course to pursue, but even those who have pinned their faith to the tenets of the new religion are not quite sure they have reached the goal of a scientific reality.

Some one has said we have had but one Christian; and it would indeed seem as if Christ was the only perfect example of His beautiful faith. It was not a religion with this great teacher. He was illustrating the principles of an exact science—a science as accurate as mathematics or chemistry, and one which would prove itself as readily.

There is no mystery regarding the air we breathe. We do not stop to ask about the laws of gravitation, or to inquire as to its origin. We are well acquainted with its laws of attraction, and know that it is simply one of the potent factors of the universe.

The action of mind is just as definite, and would be quite simple to understand if its effect upon life were as easily explained and it was simply accepl the great building and propelling of creation.

We grope about and look far av some central figure for the adjus of our problems, not realizing th are as near to the source of our su ing power as to the air we breathe

In our prayers and petitions w vaguely upon some unseen, inta power to grant our request, not rea that it is the thought currents we a tracting to us, that are giving u answer to every equation of our liv

God is omnipresent thought ac the reservoir of supply.

This great universal substance of is present in the ether, the same a or gravitation are parts of the schei creation. Mind is the building q of all life. Individual souls receive supply from the great Omnipr Source of mind activity. We attrac quality of our own selection, and choice of ideas is manifest in our vidual expression.

Mind Life is ceaseless and perpe We can by our thinking, however, r ter old age or youth, health or sick prosperity or poverty.

Mind is the only propelling powe humanity, and yet it continues to more mystery for us than any o minor factors. One's soul is his vidual pivot upon which his expres depends, and what he chooses determ the outpicturing of every individual. keep the mind in tune means per rhythm in the conditions of life.

One must only attract profit

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thoughts if he would realize normal conditions in his surroundings. This is a law, and when we break a law we suffer the penalty.

Thought must ever be actively on the progressive side. It is not easy to dodge the waves of all the unprofitable thoughts generated by humanity, but it can be accomplished by us, as it was by The Great Teacher if we persistently set our minds in the right direction.

Every living soul is the counterpart of his own suggestions and his habitual trend of thought, and it is useless to blame Providence for any lack we experience. Many stumble and fall through ignorance, but no one is excused because he does not know. Mercy is extended, however, as soon as one's ideas are turned in the right direction.

Universal mind responds quickly to every suggestion generated by the individual soul, just as air rushes into a room when the window is raised. Then—

Open the windows of your soul,
And let God's light shine through;
Absorb its purifying rays,
That it may glow in you.

FIRST COW OF THE LAND

When on the 4th of March there will be a change in tenant for the White House, Pauline Wayne, the present first cow of the land by reason of her furnishing the President with cream and milk, will be superseded by another bossy from away off in Waterloo, Iowa.

"Nona of Avon" is the name of the Iowa cow selected by William Galloway as a present to President-elect Wilson. She is valued at $5,000. She is a Holstein-Friesian and comes from the best bovine stock in America, and while she is now but a young cow, Nona is expected to give plenty of milk by the time she is installed in the White House pasture. This pasture, by the way, is probably one of the most expensive pastures for cows in the world. Nona will have exclusive range over a pasture of more than one hundred acres, which if sold would not be put up at acreage prices, but by the square foot.

Mr. Galloway, Nona's godfather, in presenting the cow to Mr. Wilson, said: "I thought that since Iowa is such a great agricultural State it was only right that the State should contribute one of the best dairy products to our Chief Magistrate."

THE NEW WOMAN OF CHINA

Dr. Yamei Kim, a Chinese woman, who is at the head of a medical school and hospital for her sex at Pei-Yang, and who last week lectured in Washington, makes the statement to the New York Times that Chinese girls will never again be forced by their parents in marriage. "Marriage for love," says Dr. Kim, "will be practiced hereafter all over China."

If this revolution in one of the fundamentals of the ancient social system takes place, it will be more startling than almost anything that has happened yet in the land of the peacock feather. For centuries the Chinese maiden has accepted it as a fact that she must be disposed of in marriage by her parents, with her father exercising the controlling voice. This was one of the customs that kept woman in a definite position of inferiority which it seemed almost impossible to change except by long and gradual process.

The Oriental woman is far different from her American sister in many ways, but there is no telling what she will finally be if she can break her bonds in the amazing manner indicated by Dr. Kim's statement.

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Eternal Life: My Relation to It

Wm. E. Gibson

I AM Eternal Life. When I say this I not only mean that I am conscious of Eternal Life, but that I am now one with Eternal Life. To many such an expression seems presumptuous, to others preposterous, but to me it is quite otherwise. And I am not alone, for many have long been awake to this consciousness and many more are awakening, awakening from the slumbers in which the mystifying and erroneous dogmas of past ages have enfolded them.

The proclamation of Unchained Truth, and the boldness of its propaganda which characterize the beginning of the twentieth century, are like the thunders of Sinai, shaking, as it were, the very foundations of error, and men and women of every stratum of society and stage of mental development are receiving a mighty impetus to move forward to arise and shine forth all the light that they are able to radiate.

Here and there one climbs the mount of love and confidence sufficiently high to behold the Burning Bush of illumination, and there lays aside the sandals of material and carnal limitations, and for the glory of the moment cries out in the ecstasy of his soul: "This is holy ground." Not that any particular spot of the physical phenomena is holy ground, but that the confidence in that knowledge and truth and spiritual understanding is holy ground.

When we stand upon such ground, confident of the truth of certain knowledge, we understand the meaning of Eternal Life, not only an intellectual understanding of the mere expression, but a spiritual consciousness of it, probably incommunicable to those who have not as yet at least faintly experienced its reality.

Standing upon such ground, we not only grasp the meaning of it, but also our relation to Life. In other words, we know that Life is one and inseparable, is all-embracing, and that we are a part of the whole.

Wherever we sense Life, whether it be in abstract manifestations, such as causes water to seek its level, a stone thrown into the air to return, fire to consume fuel or a change of temperature to produce air currents and wind storms, that life is a part of the One Life; or if it be in the concrete manifestations of the plant and animal kingdoms, those manifestations are of the One Life. All the way from the sprouting moss seed to the mountain oak, from the oscillating amoeba to the most highly developed type of man, that Life is one and the same.

Now, life is one manifestation of the All-Embracing Good of God. God IS, and is Eternal, without beginning, without end, all-centering and non-circumferencing, all-powerful, all-present, all-knowing, and infinitely more.

Hence every manifestation of God must be coexistent with God, and therefore Eternal. Life, then, as a manifestation of God is Eternal. I know that I am a part of Life, hence I am a part of Eternal Life. If I am now Eternal Life, I know that I have always been and will ever be Eternal Life, for Life is coexist-

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ent with God. In other words, God the All-Embracing is unchangeable in nature.

If Life is a manifestation of God, then every separate atom and cell, every plant and animal is coexistent with God and bears the same relation to Him. They are to Him one and the same in essence, but many in form and varied in expression and manifestation. He does not, therefore, greet some with favoring smiles and others with blighting frowns, but is the Ever-Loving Father to all alike. Nor may we win His favor by conduct, service or prayer, not yet evoke His displeasure. As the sun shines upon all alike, so the All-Present, All-Powerful, All-Knowing and yet Ever-Loving Father takes each and all into His All-Embracing Love.

If some seem to receive more of His blessings than others, it is because they open themselves more to its inflow. They love more and trust more. They have confidence. To receive God's favor one must walk out into it as he must to receive the sunshine. This is not possible so long as one is strained in his relation to his fellow. He cannot carry hatred, envy, jealousy and narrowness, for these are either burdens too heavy to be borne or they become consuming fires to the bosoms that bear them.

With a heart full of Love to the All-Embracing Good and a fixed purpose to deal on the square with all fellow-creatures man ingratiates himself into the favor of God, not that he thus moves God to consider or respect him, but that he has opened himself wider to the Infinite Good, has acquired a higher ideal, a broader conception and a deeper consciousness of the Allness of the Good and the Goodness of the All.

That phenomenon observed in all material manifestations and called decay and death is but varying manifestations of Life. The rock disintegrates that the plant may grow; the plant flowers, bears fruit and fades, that the animal may subsist; and whether man, the highest type of animal, passes this same life on to order of being ranging between the finite and the infinite, we shall know in due time. Sufficient now to know that Life is Eternal, is all-embracing, and that we, every individual as well as every other manifestation of life, are a part of the One Life. When one becomes conscious of Oneness with the All-Embracing Life he realizes a certain freedom peculiar and hitherto unknown. Fear no longer cowers him. The browbeating and conduct of his misjudging fellows no longer affect him. Whether it shines or storms he is happy, for he knows that all is well. Life to him is a song, and he sings with it. To such a one the belief in death is swallowed up in the consciousness of Eternal Life. He knows that the term death in its common acceptation is a misnomer, and that passing through that shadow called death is but changing states. He knows, further, that Life in every state of existence is good, perfectly lovely. Therefore he is neither unduly wedded to the present nor unduly attracted to the future life. He knows that where he stands to-day is holy ground, and he determines to be a whole soul in a holy place.

He knows that he may stay in this present state as long as his conduct permits him to stay, and that his staying or his going and his happiness in either case is the result of known choice; that is, he chooses certain beliefs resulting in certain courses of conduct, which conduct leads to certain consequences. He knows that his sowing of to-day must be for his reaping by-and-by. Realizing that

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the All-Knowing and All-Embracing Good is no respecter of persons, he understands that he cannot run after this fellow as good or from that one as bad, for the bad fellow will cling to him and the good will flee from him, for both are shadows of himself, the shadows falling according to the position of the light that is falling upon him. So long as the spirit of distinction and discrimination remains to influence his conduct he is a judge of men, and as such is befogged with error. When he rises to the full consciousness of Eternal Life this fog passes from him, he becomes translucent and the rays of Infinite Good falling upon him cast no shadows, but simply radiate Peace and Good Will. Nothing worries or disturbs such a one. If the bark of his individual existence tossing on the ocean of ignorance is crushed and shattered upon the reefs of unbelief, he simply rises above the storm of individual consciousness and rests in the calms of Eternal Thought. Such a soul can look down from the cross and forgive the hooting mob. Whether such a one wields a sickle or a pen, pulls a throttle or steers a ship, he sings the one song, Eternal Life. Such a soul must be true and faithful in every duty, working, not from sense of duty, but from the higher sense of loving service. Pegging shoes or harnessing lightning both are to him as one, for each accrues to the happiness of All.

Consciousness of Eternal Life annihilates fear, closes the portals of the mind to diseased beliefs, of sickness, sorrow, discord, yea to inharmonies of every sort. One thus conscious of eternal existence is able to chase away all discord from his own body. For he knows that his body is simply his earthly house, and that his mind, which is a part of the Infinite Mind, is his servant in that house. He has learned that his house (body) less his servant (mind) is not conscious of either pleasure or pain. Thus he knows that all of his discords, sicknesses and sorrows are beliefs created in or entertained by his own mind.

Realizing this, he assumes his rightful place as Master, and by proper and positive directions to that servant, his mind, he not only drives out all undesirable beliefs, but also so fills it with positive good thoughts as to prevent the entrance of erroneous beliefs. He may also help a desiring friend to set his house in order by helping him to get control of his servant (mind). Our minds are resourceful and efficient servants, but poor judges. Man as master must do the judging, and the willing mind, as servant, must execute and obey. Body as the house will manifest the conduct of the mind.

I am Spirit. Spirit is Life, Life is God.

I have mind. It is my servant.

I have a body. It is my earthly house.

Spirit directs mind. Mind controls the body. This is the natural course when the mind is under control.

STEPS TO TRUTH.

Ask for what you want and for what is your own.

Seek it as a treasure hid in yourself. It and all things else are there.

Knock as a lord at his own door, for all is given unto you in heaven and earth.

It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world. —*Johnson.*

The Kingdom of Heaven is within me. —*Unity.*

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Making a Business of Life

Dr. Frank Crane

THE wisest man or woman is the one who makes a business of living.

The supreme thing for each human being is life; the supreme task is living.

There are business men so busy they have no time for the only business worth while, to wit, living. Some of them have postponed life so long they have forgotten how to live.

I know a certain woman whose days are so full she is constantly occupied with her social engagements. Every night finds her tired out, and she does not live at all; she is too busy.

There are pleasure seekers, excitement hunters, who are so occupied in searching for amusement they cannot live; they exist, waiting from thrill to thrill in the torments of boredom.

The laboring classes have their real grievances in this: That so much of their vital force is expended in making a living that they have no strength left with which to live.

What is life? It is the normal expression of one's personality. It is the free functioning of one's self.

In proportion as this functioning or expression is stopped the soul withers.

I know a business man who is dead as a door-nail. He is very wealthy, very active and very much admired. He rises early and arrives at his office before his clerks. All day long he is as tense at his affairs as if he were fighting bees. He has kept this up for over thirty years. The result is that he is no longer a human being. He is a sort of a pianola. His success has dehumanized him as much as if he had spent those thirty years in the penitentiary. He says he does not want a vacation. The truth is he could not take a vacation. If he did he would die.

Now, I know another millionaire who makes a business of living. I will tell you about him. At the age of forty or more he found his body going to pieces. he rearranged his diet and his physical habits, and now, at the age of sixty, gets the maximum of efficiency from his flesh, blood and nerves. He has a great business and works at it enough to keep it successful. Having attained the top notch of business success, he addressed himself to higher values and began to exercise himself in the more essential matters of life. He turned his surplus profits back into his business, applying them to increasing the welfare of his employes. He interested himself in social and moral betterment. He was seized with the wish to help all men and women as far as in him lay. His whole personality, therefore—body, mind and soul—are functioning normally. Hence he is healthy and happy, and I hope he lives 100 years. For instead of sacrificing his life to business he has made a business of life.

"For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own life."

This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision;
Forget, forgive, conclude to be agreed.
—*Shakespeare.*

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Our Brother's Keeper

Lecture delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, at Washington, D. C., January 5, 1913.

THE subject of our lecture is "Our Brother's Keeper."

The first record we have of this idea being advanced by anybody is the response Cain made to God Almighty when he was interrogated as to where Abel was. Said he: "Am I my brother's keeper?" From that day to this every Cain that has lived has been reiterating in one form or another the same question: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The whole religion for which we stand, the religion of Jesus Christ, was based upon the fundamental principle that we are to a certain degree our brother's keeper. It has, as a lawyer would term it, its soundings in love, and without love, love to your brother, you are as tinkling cymbals and sounding brass, utterly worthless. If you claim to love God and do not love your brother, our Saviour says you are a liar, and He asks the question, "How can you love God, whom you have not seen, and you do not love your brother, whom you have seen?" showing conclusively that the whole structure is based upon the Doctrine of Love, and that love to be practical must commence with your neighbor. The very last command which our Saviour gave that we have any record of was as He was marching up the mount on the day of His Ascension, when He commanded His disciples to take this gospel, preach it to all the world, and certain signs should follow those who believed. The gospel which Jesus Christ proclaimed to the world was the Gospel of Truth, the knowledge of which gave freedom to mankind.

> Jesus Christ was asked something about the Kingdom of God. He said it did not come by observation; that we could not say, lo here, or lo there it is, but the Kingdom of God is within you; it is the knowledge of this truth, it is the knowledge of God, and that knowledge, if you understand it, makes you free. There is no guesswork about it. You are always in touch with Infinite Life, Infinite Love and Infinite Good, and as long as you stay there you are on the right line, and as long as you are teaching your brother to know this truth then you are your brother's keeper to that extent, and you are in the line of your duty. Love is the foundation stone. You must learn to love your brother. If you have no brother, love God; but do not love God and forget your brother. Make your love practical, preferring another to yourself. Be honest, upright and sincere, and if anybody must be cheated cheat yourself; do not try to cheat your brother; do not try to overreach him. The man who loves his brother as he loves himself, and carries that out into his life, will have power with God and can move the mountains. There is nothing he cannot do, because he will be in touch with Infinite Mind and Infinite Power, and nothing can stay his hand.

The world then was similar to what it is now. I can only liken it to a great horde of people, ignorant, careless, rushing pell-mell along the great broad way of life, coming to the dam of destruction and falling over into the ditch. He came with a message of truth, which He told His disciples that if they would learn that the knowledge of it would make them free. That is one of the great interpretations of what is truth.

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Truth is something that gives us freedom. The religion of truth is a religion that gives you freedom. I ask the scholar and the reader not only of to-day, but of past history, Where, outside of the doctrine as taught by Jesus Christ, was there ever a religion taught that gave them freedom? On the contrary, has it not always been that religion itself, you might term it, was almost a synonym of slavery, oppression and wickedness, and that which caused man to sink lower in the depths rather than build him up as it should and give him freedom.

Wherever we find a religion to-day that has the tendency to lift and give freedom, to let the individuality stand out before God Almighty, to let each one working in his own way work out his own salvation through the knowledge of this which has been taught to them by his brother, that is the religion which you should follow. You may know it is true by its demonstration; but when you find a religion that has a tendency to depress, that has a tendency to fill your asylums with people who are trying to dodge something in the future that they know not of until their minds become unbalanced, that religion is a curse, and the only redemption that the Christian religion has taught, or ever has had, has been in the germinal truths as taught by Jesus Christ, and the acknowledgment of the One and Only God. That is the only thought that ever gave endurance to so horrid a religion as the Mahometan. The sheet anchor of that religion is that there is only one God, and upon that one truth it has had influence and persistence. But the One who came teaching the beautiful doctrine that this God was Love, and that this God was Good, that this God was Omnipotent, Omnipresent, All-Powerful, All-Wise, it was He that gave vitality to the religion itself, and wherever that has been taught the world has been made stronger and brighter and better, and those nations of to-day who practice nearest the lines we have mentioned are the greatest leaders, leaders in religion, leaders in wealth, leaders in power, leaders in munificence, enjoying all those things which those who follow the teaching of Jesus Christ are entitled to and do enjoy.

The question, then, is: Are we our brother's keeper? Christ said we must go throughout all the world and preach this gospel of truth. Are we doing that? Why would we go teaching this truth if we were not our brother's keeper? Each and every one of us owes a duty to the world, a duty to our brother, a duty to ourself, to preach this gospel, spread it broadcast, let it go out to the world until the world shall cease to be enslaved and shall become free.

This religion taught by Jesus Christ is wonderful. Based upon the universal foundation of all truth, this truth put into practice gives freedom, gives freedom from all the ills of life, from all the sorrows of life, from all the wants of life, and places you upon the pinnacle, if you might term it that, of universal knowledge, universal good, universal power, universal wisdom and universal love. That is our religion that we prove to be true by the signs that follow. Certain persons may doubt our religion, but it is because of their ignorance. Jesus Christ says if you do not believe Me, believe Me for the very work's sake. That is all we ask. All in the world we ask to prove that this religion, as we teach it, is true, is to test it by results. You do not have to employ anybody to test it; all you have to do is to learn it, study it, know it, and the very knowledge

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of the truth will make you free, and you can be a demonstrator along these lines of truth as well as anyone else. I believe in the religion that gives you the good things here, that makes you prosperous, makes you happy, makes you healthy, makes you wise, gives you life and life more abundantly. I believe in that kind of a religion. I do not want any "over there" about it. This is good enough place for me.

Jesus Christ was asked something about this Kingdom of God. He said that it did not come by observation; that we could not say, lo here, or lo there it is; but the Kingdom of God is within you; it is the knowledge of this truth; it is the knowledge of God, and that knowledge, if you understand it, makes you free. There is no guesswork about it. You are always there in touch with Infinite Life, Infinite Love and Infinite Good, and as long as you stay there you are on the right line, and as long as you are teaching your brother to know this truth, then you are your brother's keeper to that extent, and you are in the line of your duty. Love is the foundation stone. You must learn to love your brother. If you have no brother, love God; but do not love God and forget your brother. Make your love practical, preferring another to your own self. Be honest, upright and sincere, and if anybody must be cheated, cheat yourself, do not try to cheat your brother, do not try to overreach him. Make your religion practical, and bring it down to the practical test. The man who loves his brother as he loves himself, and carries that out into his life, will have power with God and can move the mountains. There is nothing he cannot do, because he will be in touch with Infinite Mind and Infinite Power, and nothing can stay his hand.

Therefore, love your brother. You are your brother's keeper. Love him as you love yourself. Carry out that thought, practice it, and in blessing God Almighty will bless you in showering down happiness that shall surround you. You will be in touch with all, you will be wise, you will be broad, you will be content, and you will be a blessing not only to yourself, but to your environment, and the world will be better because of your having lived.

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West,
From North and South, come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees 'round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lips and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie?

Whittier—The Pumpkin.

The way to perfect understanding is through recognition of our relation to God, and an earnest desire for a spiritual discernment; as desire is the awakening and moving power of the universe, it necessarily becomes the corner-stone in the foundation of all upbuilding. And when our desires are clothed in spiritual vestments, the veil of ignorance and blind superstition is swept from our vision, and the light of Divine understanding floods the world with the light that has always shown on land and sea—universal love.—*Healey.*

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The Right Use of Words

Miss Nona L. Brooks in "Power"

THE purpose of this talk is to give a few suggestions for the right use of words, that there may be more uniformity of expression among us, and hence more power. The latter will develop if the former is observed.

The first principle of expression is simplicity. Wherever possible let us use words of one syllable—good Anglo-Saxon words. The Bible and Shakespeare are held up to us as models of English. Notice the simplicity of expression in them. Simplicity gives directness and power.

Let us avoid coining words. It is well to leave that to scholars. There are words enough in our language, if we learn to use them aright.

We should neither accept nor reject a word without good reason. Prejudice should play no part in our decisions. We should try to get the conception back of the word; we should look up its root-meaning, learn its history, and consider its present usage, before determining its fate. Do you say, it takes a scholar to do that? Then, if we cannot study words in a scholarly way, let us be careful not to make bold assertions about them. For instance, take the words God and good. I have heard it said a number of times by teachers of New Thought that these two words came from the same root. When I looked them up, I found that it was not so. . Not satisfied with this, I asked a friend to have them looked up in the University of Chicago. The word came back that they were in no way allied. We know that God is good, but let us avoid statements as to the origin of words which would give occasion for ridicule, if there are those among our hearers who know better.

Language is stable, and yet it changes. That language is dead which does not grow. Therefore, we are to be ready to perceive these changes, and, if they are desirable, to adopt them. This attitude of openness will bring flexibility and attractiveness into our expression.

Here are some of the words and their meanings as adopted by the college. Let us learn to use these uniformly. It will help us in our unfoldment to do so.

God: A word rejected by a number of New Thought teachers and by some of our own people, because the conception of God had been that of a personal being However, there are reasons why we should retain that good Anglo-Saxon word. It embodies the highest religious conception of the Jewish and Anglo-Saxon races, their highest conception of what is good and beautiful and true. All the way down through our history that word has stood for all that is highest and best. The personal thought attached to it was limited to just one thing, the conception of form. On the other hand, they attributed to their God all the qualities of the Universal—goodness, strength, power, wisdom, knowledge, love. We should not reject a word that will suggest the highest and best our race has seen. Let me suggest that we retain this word God with this meaning: The Substance and Mind Universal; the One All; the Omnipresence inclusive of its expression.

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Mind: The Wisdom, Knowledge and Understanding of God, is universal, perfect, changeless; that which thinks, wills and feels. There is but One Mind, the God-Mind. Hence it is incorrect to say: "I have changed my mind." We may change our decision or opinion, but we cannot change the God-Mind.

Mentality: Mind in action, thinking, willing and feeling. It should not be used interchangeably with Mind.

Idea has been used with different meanings by different philosophers. Our definition is this: Image in the God-Mind; man is idea before he is Living Soul. God-Idea is realized by man as man is ready for it. This word should never be used connected with a negative thought. It is incorrect to speak of a wrong or false idea; there is no such thing.

Consciousness comes from two Latin words meaning "to know together with." From the Universal standpoint it is God's awareness of Himself; from the individual standpoint it is our knowing together with God. Consciousness is another positive word, and should always be so used. We may believe in evil, but we should not use such statements as, "Consciousness of evil or inharmony." We can be conscious only of health, life, freedom and power.

Take such words as Life and Power. Universal words, belonging to God, partaking of God-Nature; hence to be used only as related to goodness and perfection. There is no such thing as imperfect life or evil power; there is no such thing as poor health. All these words stand for that which is perfect, eternal and changeless.

Perception: From two Latin words meaning to seize thoroughly; hence we define it as intellectual insight.

Obtain and Attain: Closely related in meaning; some teachers reject both. We use them in this way: Obtain applies to external methods, attain to inner realization. One may obtain a home or a thousand dollars. One attains the realization of Truth. One may obtain a fortune, but if he does not more than obtain it, it may be swept away by the chance of trade. When the consciousness of supply is realized nothing can take that attainment from one.

There are other words which I should wish to consider if time permitted. In closing, let me give one that is often misused, the word State: From a Latin word meaning to stand, to be fixed. You see how it should be used. A statement used yesterday is incorrect. We cannot be in an "unsettled state." The definition is: The unchanging nature of; the realization of Truth that is fixed and eternal. This is another word that applies always to the positive. One cannot be in a state of inharmony or a state of unrest. "Condition" is the word to use on the negative side. Condition means a conception of Truth that is limited and temporal. The word "state" applies to the Universal, hence to the Truth of you and me. When I use this word I am reminded of the certainty of life eternal, of goodness, of God. Each of us is included in God's eternal state of harmony, goodness, peace and perfection. This is our state. May we speedily drop all belief in conditions that limit and hamper, and enter into the joy of this realization.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

—Byron—Manifred.

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Peace by Education

Louise de St. Hubert Guyol in "Our Dumb Animals"

WHILE fortunes are being set aside for the propagation of peace, and editorials are pleading for arbitration, scare-lines blaze forth the facts, "CITY GIVEN OVER TO PILLAGE;" "NEARNESS TO PEACE OFFSET BY GRAVER NEWS," and in thousands of other letters, big and black, is the actual truth expressed—that carnage, bloodshed, murder, war, go on unceasingly within and without our gates.

This is but natural.

One might as well rear a giant on raw, red meat, and when he is ravenous talk gently to him of malted milk, as to talk arbitration to a man reared in the belief that patriotism is best shown by killing his neighbor, widowing women, making little children fatherless, and leaving wreck and ruin in his wake, unto the third and fourth generation.

We talk peace and go on mobilizing our armies, adding to our navies, working up great defenses that give the lie to the beliefs with which we fill our editorial pages. There is not one among us, as an individual, who does not look upon war with just horror, and most of us regard it as an insurmountable evil.

We shudder at the atrocities of the battlefield, the while we enter our children in military schools and boast of our dreadnoughts and our torpedo-boat destroyers, those vicious little black specks lying in the peaceful harbors, evil signs of an evil time that must pass as inevitably as other black habits of the dark ages have dwindled and faded before the light of big truths.

Wars and crime must pass in the light of the truths which all great humanitarians are now setting before us.

Says one: "Persia, Carthage, Greece, Rome—the history of each is an eloquent commentary on the futility of force as a means of gaining power or peace, except that peace which is of ruin and oblivion and the grave. The wrecked palaces, the desecrated temples, the dismantled forts, the razed edifices, the broken columns, the stillness of death—these are the symbols of that peace which arms and armaments bring.

"We are being freed from the tyrant Mars. We are coming to realize that, by seeking the calm which lies at the center of the madly whirling storm we shall be shattered before we reach it. We are learning that what we prepare for we inevitably obtain; that we cannot secure peace by preparing for war. We are beginning to realize that the millions of dollars spent annually in military appropriations would dot the world with school houses, hospitals and useful institutions; would disseminate enlightenment, reason and material improvement to such a degree that war would be unthinkable. Freedom from war means peace—peace by education, peace by enlightenment, peace by higher ideals, purer standards, broader points of view—the only peace than can ever be substantial and secure."

Peace by education—there is the answer.

All education must begin at the beginning. Physically strong men and women are those who have the best of care in

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infancy; great-brained men and women, with few exceptions, are those whose earliest thoughts were trained in the light of great intellects.

We do not hope to have a race of strong men and women by neglecting the infant's needs, nor an educated people by letting the boy run wild, and then attempting to smatter the man with knowledge. We can hope to have a peaceful nation only by teaching the boy to be compassionate. When we have done this wars will cease. What we prepare for we inevitably obtain.

Begin at the beginning. Begin with the little, little child. Unbelievably early in his life a boy finds himself stronger than some of his companions, and therefore able to protect them. Early as this may be, however, it is not early enough to begin teaching him how to render help to the helpless and to show compassion for the weak. Before he can walk he is taught self-control; before he can speak distinctly he is taught to live and act the truth, and before he is old enough to protect his weaker human companions, he should be taught to protect those things weaker than he is, and nothing is weaker than a little child except a little animal.

Give every child a tiny pet to play with and to care for; show him how dependent the little things are upon his thought and care—the puppy wagging his tail because he has been fed; the kitten purring with delight because she has been brought in from the cold to sit beside a warm fire; the birds hopping gaily on the window-sill for the food they know a kind hand has put there for them, and you will be starting in their young hearts the fountain-springs of a great compassion that will ever render help to the helpless, succor to the suffering, consideration to the weak and compassion to the unfortunate. The boy or girl who has been taught, through a helpless pet, that every living thing has rights and needs, is to become the man and woman whose best strength will be given to help raise the burden of all humanity and lead us sooner to that worship of God which is best expressed in service to His children. "Mutual helpfulness and sympathy lead to mutual understanding and then to brotherhood."

We are coming to the dawning of a new and grander creed, "that of worship by love and service, wherein each is responsible, not only for his own happiness, but also for that of his brother. Thus does the complaining cry of Cain, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' become the watchword of a nobler race of men who will stand before God and with devout firmness reply: 'I am my brother's keeper.'"

The greater brotherhood of man for man will of necessity include the lesser, of man for his patient, bent servants, for the noble man will ever hold in highest regard that on which he mounted, and the Peace Priests of to-morrow, who need not talk of arbitration because they will not talk of war, are the boys of to-day who are being reared to show justice and kindness to every living creature.

Beside his hut and shading oak,
Thus to himself the poet spoke:
"I have supped tonight with gods,
I will not go under a wooden roof;
As I walked along the hills
In the love which Nature fills,
The great stars did not shine aloof,
They hurried down from their steep abodes
And hemmed me in their glittering troop."—*Emerson.*

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

HOW TRUTH WILL GROW

Where'er we find a struggling soul,
Who fails to reach the ideal goal,
Let us behold him perfect, whole;
Help him to grow
By what we know.

For if the truth one only knew,
Each heart would beat in rhythm true;
All souls would happiness bestow,
If they but knew,
If they but knew.

Each man would surely think aright,
If he could see his beacon light.
Let us inspire the perfect sight—
Our love bestow
That truth may grow.

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Our Fears

In the Reality of Things Eternal There is Nothing to be Afraid Of

From the American Woman

OH, if we could once be rid of our fears! If he could but rest secure in the expectation of happiness, for a little while at least we might be light-hearted as the children who frolic about us, forgetful of yesterday and careless of to-morrow. But, alas, this childish immunity from foreboding, this unreasonable looking forward to joy, is something we lost when we learned to say with the world: "I am afraid!"

Is this well-nigh universal fear of future events worth while? Did it ever help you to a realization of your desires? What, think you, would be the result if you could escape, once for all, out of this condition of perpetual apprehension? And, finally, is there in reality anything to be afraid of? Most of us, I believe, will acknowledge that fear, worry, apprehension and foreboding are not in themselves worth while. We know, if we will but stop to consider, that the mere state of being anxious does not accomplish anything. We have found, on more than one occasion, that fear does paralyze effort, and that instead of helping one to a realization of desire, it retards and hinders and frequently renders intelligent effort almost impossible. It is a self-evident fact, capable of demonstration, that if we could by any means rid ourselves of fear in any or all of its myriad forms, we should be stronger, more capable of effort, and therefore more successful. But when it comes to a consideration of the question, "Is there really anything to be afraid of?" a chorus of wailing voices arises in dismal unison. Disease, death, accident, poverty, shame—all these and more, in a thousand terrifying variations, appear to be the unescapable heritage of mankind.

But there is a light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Beneath the deepest, darkest cloud of foreboding, in the very midst of terror by day and shuddering by night, there abides the secret, unshaken conviction that in the reality of things eternal there is nothing to be afraid of. Death cannot touch me at all if I am—as deep calling unto deep assures me—spiritual in my being. I may make my exit from the body, it is true, to-day, to-morrow or next year, but no craftily concealed grave yawns in the shadows before me. The grave can neither receive nor hold me. I shall never be conscious of death, and in the deepest, most intimate self of myself I know this with a conviction which needs no proving. And once we rid ourselves of our unreasoning fear of death, disease will—must—loosen its grasp upon humanity. Ease and confidence of mind, the steady poise of the spiritual self in the knowledge of its indestructibility, powers and potentialities, will inevitably bring about a healthful, normal condition of the physical body. Whatever the appearance of things may be, the reality and the truth is that God cannot be kept from His children. He is, above all, the usable God, offering Himself freely and in myriad forms to his offspring. But—

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and here lies the crux of the world's bitterness—the children may refuse their birthright. They may turn from it all unknowing, crying out for hunger, yet pushing the offered supply aside, like blind infants wailing upon the yearning breast of abundance. The supply is infinite; it is ours for the taking; but we must cease our foolish clamor of fear long enough to become conscious of and accept it.

"I will fear no evil!" What better "resolution" for the new day than this? I will so change the habit of my thoughts that hereafter I will expect good and only good for myself and for all the world. I will not be afraid of the terror by night, nor of the destruction that wasteth at noonday. I will, by a supreme effort, if need be, repeated as often as I find myself slipping back into the old bondage, eradicate the smaller worries that torment and annoy like swarms of teasing insects. I will think much of immortality and little of the mysterious transition men call death. I will remember that in very truth all things are mine, and that there can be no lack to those who realize their relations to the eternal substance.

And, truly, there is a fast-growing realization of the usable God in His world which even the most unthinking must acknowledge. It has dawned at last upon the understanding of the race that neither war, pestilence nor famine are of divine origin, and that the remedy for this triology of horrors has all along lain within our grasp, an unused talisman. As with the greater, so it is with the lesser evils that have plagued mankind. One by one our "fatal diseases" are yielding to the growning knowledge of sanitation in our great and congested cities, and to the subtler but no less real cleansing of mind and thought. The great winds of God are blowing through all the closed and reeking places of the world, bringing a wholesome freshness to fever-stricken bodies and terror-poised minds. The present is made joyous by wonderful achievement and significant prophecy. Everywhere "the impossible" is being realized, the long-dreamed-of is coming true. I will fear no evil as I hasten along the path which shines more and more as it mounts upward to the perfect fulfillment. Nay, rather, I will expect all good; for nothing is too good to be true."

SUNSHINE SONG

Bide in the sunshine of love evermore;
Let it come in at your wide-open door;
Then on earth's darkness your light shall outstream—
Some wanderer guide by its far-reaching gleam.

Bide in the sunshine of love and rejoice;
In hymns of praise uplift a glad voice.
Let not earth's clangoring outcries of woe
Drown the joy-notes of life's song sweet and low.

Bide in love's sunshine; it hath wondrous power
Of causing seeds in your heart's soil to flower,
And one by one every petal unclose,
Making the desert bloom fair as a rose.

Bide in love's sunshine; then blessings shall flow
From you to others wherever you go.
Sunbeams, love-lighted, will noiselessly creep
From you to others and wake them from sleep.

—*Lura Brower.*

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Make-Believe Land

DID you ever play at Make-Believe Land? Well, I will tell you how a little boy and girl made all their work easy by playing that all the work they had to do was pleasant and very different from what it really was. They called it living in Make-Believe Land.

Hans and Freda lived in a country where it was very cold in the winter, so that they had to work hard in the summer and spring to get fuel to keep them warm when the cold days should come and food to keep the wolf from the door. Not a real wolf, you know, but hunger that is called the wolf by some people.

"You must go into the forest to-day and gather sticks," said their mother. "The winds blew hard last night, and the ground will be covered with branches. Go and bring back a big bundle."

"We'll play to-day that we are the children of a King," said Hans, "and that all the sticks are gold." It was easy for Freda to see the same things her brother saw, for they had lived a long time in Make-Believe Land.

They picked up the golden sticks, and soon they had two big bundles, but they were not satisfied. "We should take more of this gold," said Hans, "and not leave it here; it will turn to sticks of wood when we leave it." So they worked until it was dark, and had six bundles to carry home.

"We cannot carry all this at once," said Freda. "If we leave it here it will turn into sticks."

"We can make believe we are carrying feathers," said Hans. "It will not seem as heavy as gold, and then we each can carry two bundles. To-morrow we can come back for the others, and I am sure they will still be gold."

"You must dig in the garden to-day," said their mother. "Get out the weeds and make the soil rich for the vegetables."

"Let us play we are at the seashore and this is sand," said Freda. "It will not seem so hard, and the weeds we can make believe were fish, and must be thrown back into the ocean."

They worked all day, and were not willing to stop until they had all the garden as it should be.

When the winter came and it was cold at night they tucked the bed with their blanket, but Freda said: "We can play we are riding in a big sleigh, and the

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blanket is a rich fur robe that will make us feel warmer, and, anyway, if we were out in a sleigh we would not mind being a little cold."

One morning there was very little for their breakfast, but Freda said: "We can make believe that this mush had nice rich cream on it, and it will taste better and my bowl is gold with silver flowers on it. What has yours, brother?"

"Oh, mine is crystal with little silver flowers on it, and I am eating a nice hot pudding with rich sauce," replied Hans.

The door shook and the children thought it was the wind, but it opened, and in hobbled a tiny little creature dressed in white fur.

The children jumped up from the table, but she motioned them to be seated again.

"Go on with your nice breakfast you are eating from the golden and crystal bowls," she told them.

Hans and Freda hung their heads; they were ashamed to have been caught playing at make-believe, but when they looked at their bowls they found them just as they had made believe they were—gold and silver.

"Yes," said the fairy, nodding her head toward the bowls, "and if you look into them you will find the nice breakfast you made believe you had also.

"Now, how does this room look to you?" she asked Freda.

"Oh, it is full of sunlight, and there is a big fire burning in the grate and nice big chairs and a table and a lamp and books on the table," said Freda.

"Look," said the fairy, waving her wand.

And there was the room just as Freda had described it.

"Now you must fill the barn with food for a cow and a horse, and then there must be a cow and horse to eat it," said the fairy.

"I have often done that," said Hans.

"Yes, I know you have," said the fairy, "and that is the reason you have them now if you look on the bright side of life and make up your mind to have things as you wish them to be you will surely have them in the end; keep on living in your make-believe land, and you will always be happy and in the end it will come true. This life is just what you make it; you can eat from a wooden bowl or from a gold one just as you see it, and Make-Believe Land is the land all of us should live in some of the time."

"I knew it would all come true some time," said Hans, as the fairy went out the door, "if we only made-believe hard enough."

Little Joe Otter Has a Good Time

Thornton W. Burgess

ON Jerry Muskrat's house, right on the highest part of the roof, sat Peter Rabbit laughing so that his sides ached. He had given Jerry Muskrat a scare, and it is so seldom that Peter can scare any one that it tickled him. You see Jerry Muskrat had been curled up fast asleep in the snug, warm upper chamber of his house when Peter Rabbit had climbed up on the roof. Peter had come across the Smiling Pool, which was frozen. It was the first visit to Jerry Muskrat's house, for always before it had been surrounded by water. When he had reached the top he thumped with his hind legs just for joy.

Now, Jerry Muskrat, fast asleep and dreaming of warm summer days, knew

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nothing about Peter. Suddenly he was awakened by a thumping right over his head. Jerry's heart was almost in his mouth with fright. That must be Farmer Brown's boy trying to break in. Jerry slipped down to the lower chamber of his house, which is under water, hurried out of the open door and then swam under the ice way across the Smiling Pool to his secret house in the bank. And though Jerry didn't know it, Peter Rabbit, looking down through the ice, had seen him go.

Long after Jerry Muskrat had reached the safety of his secret house in the bank of the Smiling Pool, and was wondering if Farmer Brown's boy was tearing his house all to pieces, Peter Rabbit sat on the roof of Jerry's house enjoying himself. By and by Peter picked up first one long ear and then the other. What was that noise? It sounded like—well, it sounded like some one splashing in water. Br-r-r-r! The very thought made Peter shiver. Splash! There it was again. Peter wouldn't have been Peter if he had sat still any longer. He just had to know what was going on.

The sound came from up the Laughing Brook. Half way across the Smiling Pool Peter stopped and sat up to make sure of just where the sound came from. Then he scampered across the ice and scrambled up on the bank. In a few minutes he began to go very slowly and carefully so as to make no noise.

Splash! Somebody certainly was having a good time in the Laughing Brook, just as if it was a hot summer day instead of the coldest one of winter so far. Peter very carefully parted the bushes and peeped through. There was Little Joe Otter climbing up the bank of the Laughing Brook at a place where the bank was low. Peter wondered if Little Joe had come over to see what was going on. Little Joe Otter ran along the bank to a place where it was very steep. Then he disappeared over the edge, and just afterward Peter heard a big splash.

First Peter looked as if he couldn't believe his own eyes and his own ears. Then he looked a wee bit foolish, for suddenly he had remembered Little Joe Otter's slippery slide made of mud on the bank of the Smiling Pool in the summer. It must be that Little Joe had a new slippery slide. Now that he knew who it was, Peter was no longer afraid, so he hopped out where he could see.

Little Joe Otter had just scrambled up the bank again, and he saw Peter at ence. "Come on, try my new slippery slide; it's great!" cried little Joe, and down he shot head first into the black, cold-looking water of the Laughing Brook. In a minute his little brown head bobbed up. "Come on in, Peter!" he shouted.

Peter shivered at the thought. "No, I thank you; I'd rather watch you," replied Peter.

"Isn't it a dandy slide?" said Little Joe Otter, as he made ready for another plunge. And indeed it was! The water from Little Joe's coat had frozen on the snow and made the slide smooth and slippery. "Whee!" shouted Little Joe, and away he went down the slippery slide splash into the Laughing Brook. "Whee!" he shouted again as his head bobbed up and he began to swim for the bank, "isn't winter great?"

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
—*Shakespeare.*

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God's Choice

Rev. Seth C. Rees

"GOD hath chosen the weak things of the earth to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are."

Corinth was a city famous for science, art and trade. They possessed great learning; but the city abounded with and was given over entirely to vice and abominations too awful to name. So, in spite of her pride and wealth, she was discounted by God. Her art, science, learning and trade were man's inventory; but God takes one that He names in the text. He says: "The weak, foolish, base, despised and not-at-alls."

Foolish—Many people are afraid of being called foolish. Just look as Joshua and his army marching around Jericho seven times with only rams' horns. The doomed city was only waiting God's time, when the walls should crumble and fall, and the inhabitants must flee for their lives. Look at Jesus feeding five thousand with just those few loaves and fishes! Not many people would want to pick up a basket and try that work. Oh, the wisdom of Jesus! To take twelve unlearned fishermen, with the smell of the fish still on their clothes and the scales not yet off their hands! Yet all the elders, the learned doctors of the law, the wisdom of the synagogue, could not withstand Stephen. See the boldness of the apostles! They had none of your sickly, sentimental religion. After they had been beaten and kicked and cuffed, they gathered in a secret place to recover and discuss the situation. No sin. They all went down on their knees and prayed: "Lord, give us more boldness!"

Weak Things—See Moses' rod; when God called him he answered he was not ready. God said, "What have you in your hand?" and he answered: "A stick." God said, "That's enough," and with that crooked stick Heaven was opened, the seas were opened, death smote Egypt; and with that stick the seas came together again, imprisoning all of Egypt's hosts. Look at Gideon's band! Nothing but three-cent pitchers and two-cent lamps, and the pitchers had to be smashed before the lights could be seen. Look at Samson, slaying a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass! That was a simple thing.

I tell you, bums and harlots will go into the kingdom while the cloth is discussing affairs. The real thing comes from the skies, and does not receive the commendation of dignitaries of either church or state. What we need is something hot. Holiness backsliding is the same as everything else. God has taken a little band of know-nothings, and in several months over one thousand people have been at the altar. God has begun a revival with us, but we have not seen the end of it yet.

Base Things—This means either humble in human relationships or being engaged in sin and shame in the moral life. But, Glory to God! He puts their past under the blood. Do you know the souls being saved to-day are not in the steepled

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churches, but in the jungles and slums? Oh, may God help us to see the apostasy of the time! Yes; we will demand everybody belong to backslidden churches. Well, sir, we don't do anything of the kind. We take in the poor, fleeced, shivering, pealed sheep. That's our crowd; that's the company we like. We belong to the little, despised know-nothings. We belong to the crowd that would lead the ass down the street, and let Jesus sit on our coat.

Despised—No one has ever yet been greatly used of God but what the world has first despised them. When the Methodists were a little, hated band, they had good rleigion, and the "Amen" corners were filled to overflowing. When the Quakers were persecuted, imprisoned and jailed, they had ten times more fire than they have to-day. When the Salvation Army was despised and beaten and rotten-egged and stoned, and imprisoned, they had four times as many converts as now. Yes, sir, God's saints have been lightly esteemed and despised through the ages.

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF PURPOSE

Your desire only is the potential limits of your possessions and possibilities; but you must make that desire a determination, and desperately press it through to its consummation.

There is moral, mental and muscular independence within the reach of every man who wills to have and use them, and these form the most valuable items and elements in his invoiced stock. The world is prone to take a man at his own price, but it must be assured there was intelligence, purpose, constancy and conscience behind the setting of that price. Any man, however, can have these powers and possibilities at will, for they come on demand to fearless souls who desperately determine to possess them. Purpose is power in nature and extent, and hell itself is but a helplessness resultant upon indecision.

Mere desire is impotent unless it is forced to ripen into determination. It is an unfecundated egg that must be fertilized by the power of purpose, or it dies in its barrenness like sterilized seed under the dry clods.

Mere desire receives nothing, but determination receives everything, because it works as well as wishes; and this is nature's very inducement to activity, and her desire for our activity is that she may create us a character in the conflict and educate us in the issue.

The desire is always the proof of the possibility of its own attainment, and the realization lies close behind the idealization to those who are heroically determined to secure the commodity, no matter how high nature places her price.

Here is the very spot into which the Master fitted that memorable expression of His: "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." If you are willing to be defeated or denied, you will be, but to the desperate soul all nature bows and says: "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Reader, "What wilt thou?"—*The Ram's Horn.*

Beneath this starry arch,
Naught resteth, or is still;
But all things hold their march
As if by one great will.
Move on, move all;
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, forever.

—*Harriet Martineau.*

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Sleep and Walk in Outside Air

HOW about it? Are you keeping the windows well open in your sleeping rooms this winter, farmers? Plenty of warm covering and a roomful of cold, delicious air is going to prevent that cold with which you started company early last winter, because you objected to a waste of coal by letting all the warm air out of the windows. There is no medicine in the world for children equal to those long, invigorating breaths of sweet, fresh air which you maybe enjoyed after climbing into bed and drawing the covering up under the chin. If troubled with difficulty in getting to sleep, continuing this deep breathing process will produce drowsiness and finally deep, dreamy sleep. And the morning will find you refreshed and renewed mentally as well as physically by the oxygen that sweeps through your blood.

One clear instance is known in a home where in order to have a chance to live at all the father realized that he must take deeply of the life-giving air. And so he began by having the two big windows in his bed room wide open at night, no matter what the weather. The results were wonderful, and the man felt that he owed his life to these large quantities of fresh air taken into his system while he slept. The wife objected, and thought he couldn't stand it, and that the children who sometimes slept in the room would catch dreadful colds. But nothing of the kind ever happened, or when a little cold was caught there was strength to throw it off in a few hours. As the wife, who had followed in her parents' footsteps, fearing cold air, and especially night air, saw what was happening, and occasionally opened her own window, she realized what she had missed, and now confesses that she cannot even get to sleep or sleep soundly and feel well unless a current of outside air is entering her room. Many others are coming to the same conclusion, but not everybody. The gospel of fresh air must be spread strongly and persistently.

City people need this gospel as much or more. At a large meeting in one of the foremost churches of a city the other evening some of the people who were compelled to seek seats in the gallery became nauseated with the warm, almost fetid air, which grew worse and worse. A bad headache resulted, and the enjoyment of the evening was almost spoiled, simply because there seemed to be no system of ventilation, and no attention was paid to the atmosphere. A delicate person, with but slight resistance, is running a risk of capturing any disease germs that may be floating about. Of all things, a large assembly room of any sort should be well ventilated.

When you've nothing else to do, or that you want to do, and maybe things are going a bit wrong, try this: Put on your hat and start out for a fine, swinging walk. Don't mope along with one foot dragging behind the other, and with the shoulders hunched forward, but assume an attitude of importance and dignity, even if you were never guilty of such a thing before, and look out squarely into the sunshine and fresh air. Step firmly and confidently. Did you ever stop to think why some people walk along on icy walks or roads without a

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thought or fear of falling, and with an easy, swinging poise? It is quite probably due to much rapid walking almost every day. The limbs feel free and light, and the habitual walker is quick and sprightly in his movements usually, and this means full and easy control of the limb muscles.

Now, it seems a preposterous statement, but so many times the men and women of the farm, the women especially, never think of walking for walking's sake. And yet what a splendid chance they have to swing off down the country road every day for a mile or two, keenly alive to the yellow sunshine over all the landscape and the glistening, frost-covered grass and trees, realizing vividly the beauty and freshness of the out-of-doors.

It is not that people haven't the time or strength to walk, as a rule, but simply that they have never experienced the peculiar enjoyment and beneficial results of such a practice. The need of it has never been impressed upon their minds, and surely the joy of it never has, or there would be more walking.—*A. H.*

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

What is success? The accumulating of great riches? Securing high offices and gaining the applause of the public? Or is it giving the best that is in us, in a practical way, to the public for the good of mankind? For one to give to the world the best that is in him, in the most useful way, he must be able to make home what it implies, the happiest place on earth. Study to know how children can be born pure, healthy and loving, and apply the knowledge correctly. But remember, your lives as parents must be pure, healthy and loving before these qualities can be given to your children or to others. Give your children a truthful, pure and worthy example to follow, with kind and loving words, and have their physical, social, moral, mental, spiritual and business natures fully developed by the right training and teachings.

Give the best that is in you in your every-day business affairs to your work, whether on the farm, in the workshop, behind the counter, in the church or school room. Remember, the keynote is, seek the truth; know how to rightly apply it, and live it among your fellow-beings with a pure and loving heart.—*A. J. Umholtz, Linville, Ark.*

PREJUDICE IS STUPIDITY

Prejudice is the badge of ignorance. A man is responsible solely for his own acts. The very essence of justice demands trial before condemnation. Generalities are unintelligent. To despise an entire race augurs lack of common sense. There are fine souls among all peoples. Genius, ability and honor are neither geographical nor ethnological attributes. Gentlemen belong to no particular sect, creed or breed. To esteem a whole nation as your inferior stamps you as a blatant ass. The printing press gave bigotry its death-sentence long ago.

NO WEALTH BUT LIFE

There is no wealth but life—life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions over the lives of others.—*John Ruskin.*

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Preaching a Social Gospel

Rev. Charles Stelzle

EVERYBODY knows how hard it is to live the Christian life in some details on account of the moral and ethical standards in modern business life. Some, indeed, say that it is impossible to apply the principles of Jesus to the business of the twentieth century. To whatever extent this may be true, it is attributable to the fact that the business world has not accepted the standards of Jesus in its every-day practice. Even some Christian men who are in business must blink at much that they personally resent, and they try to close their eyes to the fact that subordinates in their employ are compelled to do certain things which they themselves would not think of doing, although they are the direct beneficiaries of the immoral practices of their employes.

Many Christian men are compelled to employ little children and pay them a mere pittance, because their rivals in business who are not professing Christians are doing the same thing. The Christian man feels that he will be undersold in the open market if he does not resort to the unchristian practices of his competitors, and he attempts to justify himself by the thought that everybody else is doing the same thing and that after all it is purely a business proposition. This illustration must suffice to cover many similar customs in the social and the economic world; men find it proportionately easy or difficult to apply Christian principles to their business as these principles are generally accepted or rejected by the entire community. It would seem logical, therefore, that the ethical standards in business and social life should be elevated so that the individual may find it less difficult to live the Christian life in his business relationships.

The kind of teaching and preaching which would bring this about for society as a whole is what is known as the "social gospel." It means the observance of the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," which Christ said was like unto the first. It involves the presentation of social and economic facts which will make men see the injustices that are being suffered by the weak and the defenseless. It will bring home to the powerful individual employer and the still more powerful corporation the truth that they are stewards, and that they are responsible not only for the use of their wealth, but also for the physical, mental and moral well-being of those who are in their employ, those who are living in their tenements and all those who, in any way, look to them for the necessities as well as some of the larger benefits of life.

Nature exerting an unwearied power,
Forms, opens, and gives scent to every flower;
Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads.—*Cowper—Table Talk.*

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in Nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man.
—*Sarah J. Hale—Iron.*

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WHAT NEW THOUGHT TEACHES

1. God is the Infinite, Universal Principle of Being, manifesting as Mind, Life, Intelligence, Love. God is the One Eternal Reality.

2. Man is an expression of this Universal Spiritual Principle of Being. Man is God's Idea.

3. Man being an expression of the One Life Principle must partake of its qualities, to the extent that he is able to realize and manifest them. Just as each individual drop in the ocean partakes of the qualities of the ocean as a whole, so man partakes of the qualities of Life Universal.

4. Since there is no other life, no other source of power but the One Life Principle called God, New Thought teaches that the object of man's existence is the realization and manifestation of God within himself.

5. As God is the only Reality, sin, sickness and death can have no positive existence as realities in themselves and as opposed to good. Sin and disease are simply negations of the Real. They are like shadows caused by the momentary obscuration of the sun.

6. What we are is the result of what we think, what we recognize ourselves to be. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." In proportion as we recognize our oneness with the One Divine Principle of Being we are able to express the qualities of that Principle in our individual lives. Right thought expressed in right action will enable a man to realize his ideals.

7. It is true that man may build up in his mortal consciousness images of disease until they have the semblance of reality, but these mistaken image beliefs have no connection with that in man's nature which is real, with that which is an expression of the One Eternal Principle of Life. These image beliefs have no more connection with a man's real life than the shadow of a tree has with the tree itself. Man is healed of disease by recognizing the truth of his being—that his real life is the life of the ONE PRINCIPLE OF BEING—GOD.

8. New Thought thus teaches a real Fatherhood of God and a real Brotherhood of man. It teaches with Alexander Pope that—

"The universe is one stupendous Whole,
Whose body Nature is and God the soul."

9. New Thought teaches that Matter and Spirit are One, and that that One is God.—*William E. Towne in The Nautilus.*

THE TRIPOD OF SUCCESS

We must not alone believe in ourselves and our powers, but we must also "take stock in" the thing we are starting out to accomplish, and we must confidently expect success in our accomplishment. This, then, is the tripod—the three legs of this something which comes between desire and will. And yet when we come to examine the matter closely we will see that these three are indeed one. Think over this a little before we go on: (1) Faith in the Something Within; (2) Belief in the Thing Undertaken, and (3) Confident Expectation of the Successful Outcome.

It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in giving,
But it scattered the night
Like morning light,
And made the day forth living.

—*Anon.*

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BELIEVE IN YOURSELF

If I could give the young people of America but one word of advice it would be this: "Believe in yourself with all your might." That is, believe that your destiny is inside of you, that there is a power within you which, if awakened, aroused, developed and matched with honest effort, will not only make a noble man or woman of you, but will also make you successful and happy.

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 reversal of their thought, they could easily get a new start.

Always hold the picture of yourself as a producer, think of yourself as a creator, as an achiever. Never for a moment yield to the suggestion that you, perhaps, after all, may overestimate your ability, that you are possibly a nobody. Doubts and fears long indulged in will often change a positive mind to a negative one, and a negative mind attracts poverty and failure.

If we were to take an inventory of people who think they have failed because they never had a chance, because the fates were cruel to them, because they were elbowed out, crowded out of the current of prosperity and left high and dry on the bank, we should find that most of them had a vast amount of unused assets even when they gave up.

It is a curious fact that most people are blind to the advantages they have.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

And taught by thee the church belongs
Her hymns of high thanksgiving still.
—*Kebel—The Christian Year.*

BEAUTY AND CHARACTER

No, indeed, it is not wrong for you to try to be just as beautiful and attractive as you possibly can. It is your duty and privilege to express all the beauty and attractiveness possible. To be beautiful is to express love, and love is God. You know the Bible says God is love. Men and women are put in this world to love each other. How can we love what is not beautiful. To be beautiful is our duty toward each other as well as toward ourselves.

But we have also another duty—to express character as well as beauty. We must be strong as well as beautiful. We must be true as well as beautiful. We must be honest as well as beautiful. If we are true and honest we shall not misuse our beauty. And no one else will be misled by it.

Beauty cannot hide character.

Ugliness cannot hide character.

But ugliness is more apt to hide character than beauty, for the reason that ugliness does not attract attention. Beauty attracts attention, and the attention discovers not only the beauty, but the character which underlies the beauty.

Perfect beauty is the true expression of perfect character.

Practice good-will with stick-to-it-iveness, and the beauty of wholeness will unfold from within you.—*Elizabeth Towne in The Nautilus.*

Thoughts are forces, and the constant affirmation of one's inherent right and power to succeed will change inhospitable conditions and unkind environments to favorable ones. If we resolve upon success with energy, we will very soon create a success atmosphere, and things will come our way. We can make ourselves success magnets.

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GOD IS LOVE

We should often affirm that "God is Love." "I am the living expression of the love of God. Let the Infinite Love now be manifest in me." Such words are quickening, and the cells of the body that are waiting for the Word of the Spirit will be charged with positive love-thought. Every brain center throughout the body must be charged with Christ-Mind power through oft-repeated affirmations of I Am dominion. In this way the faculties, of our disciples, are educated in the law, and the body is regenerated.

It is hard sometimes to do the loving thing, because love is not first felt in the heart. To try to force our will to do loving things without this inner feeling of active love will end in failure. We should meditate daily upon Divine Love and declare for it full, free expression. It is easier to do loving things than not to do them when the consciousness is active with the Spirit of love. We will never find it hard to forgive if we open our hearts to the loving, forgiving Christ spirit. Many try to forgive, but fail, because they try to do it of themselves, or through the personal man. When we realize the perfection of Christ, our real self within us, we will see the perfection of Christ, or the real self of others, and it will then be easy to forgive them the errors of the personal man. When man realizes his true estate, there is nothing to forgive, for he knows but the one reality, Spirit, which always was and ever will be perfect; he then knows that all so-called evil is but a dream, a delusion, from which he has just awakened.

We should express our God love toward the animal world, and realize that in being kind and merciful toward them we are helping them to express love toward us, and to their fellows. In the great days when love shall reign, "nothing shall hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain."

NONE COULD CONVICT HIM OF SIN

Jesus was accused of many different sins by those who have not understood, but, like another Cain, have lifted their hand against this brother. Here are some of the sins that have been imputed to Jesus:

1. Blasphemy, "For a good work we stone Thee not, but for blasphemy" (John 10:33).

2. Sabbath-breaking (Mark 3:2).

3. Impurity, "a friend of sinners" (Matt. 11:19).

4. Drunkenness and gluttony (Luke (7:34).

5. Sedition, disloyalty, being a traitor (John 11:48).

6. Falsifying (Matt. 26:61).

7. Being in league with the devil (Mark 3:22).

8. Folly, a fanatic (Mark 3:21).

9. Disobedience as a child, and disrespect to His mother (Luke 2:48 and John 2:4).

10. Giving way to anger (John 2:15).

11. Cursing and killing a fig tree (Mark 11:21).

12. Stealing a colt (Matt. 21:2).

Yet, before all these accusations, Jesus could stand absolutely guiltless. None could convict Him of sin. He can be justified in all that He did, and so become the justifier of all. This He could do, because He knew Himself, knew God, and loved God and man with His whole being.—*The Master Mind.*

The Orientals say: "To be angry with another is to punish yourself for his fault."

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A NATION BUILDER

No one is more worthy to bear this great title than the teacher in our public school. Never did the truth of such a statement crowd its way so irresistibly into our thought as when we stood a few days ago before a thousand little children ranging from eight to twelve years of age. They were children of both foreign and American parentage. In general appearance, in attractiveness of face, in keenness of perception, in brightness of eye, in all the signs that promise fine and noble citizenship there was no difference. It was a city of factories. Recent industrial disturbances had been inclining us to rather pessimistic views as to the future. That wonderful body of children, with the possibilities for all that is high gleaming from their eyes, trained by that splendid group of teachers who sat with them, was the best sort of medicine for one with pessimistic symptoms. Give those earnest men and those gentle women a few years with these children, and, through that steady transfusion of life by which the teacher pours himself into the very soul of the pupil, there will be formed a generation of citizens which the agitator and the anarchist cannot move at will, inciting to violence and outrage. Here is the hope of America—the public school—and the teacher makes the school.

If you want to realize the God-power, go into the Silence, make the demand and make it strong. God will not take offense. It will simply show that you are in earnest, and that you have to realize this God-power. We all must realize it. We should be able to keep it clearly before us. Make the demand for it if you cannot otherwise realize it.

SCIENCE AND DOGMATISM

The striking things that have happened in the natural sciences in recent years have had a most wholesome effect. They have induced the unbiased thought which is open to conviction and willing to make progress instead of remaining in bondage to dogma. Scientific men have long passed the point where they are surprised at new and revolutionary discoveries. In fact, they are surprised if such discoveries are not made. The most hopeful sign of the times is this open attitude which is not afraid of having old beliefs overthrown, and which is willing and able to delve into the more delicate and intricate problems which hold the answers to many questions as yet unsettled from a scientific point of view.

Science is opposed to dogmatism; it has no patience with smug self-satisfaction; it demands that progress be made continually, and it is willing to accept the results of that progress, even though they necessitate a revision of former beliefs. More and more it is becoming a factor in broadening the popular thought, and, if we may judge from present conditions, it will serve the very worthy purpose of helping many to receive and understand some metaphysical ideas to which otherwise they would not listen.

The more you expect from yourself the more you will accomplish; and the more you expect from your opportunities the more you will realize from those opportunities. And the reason is that expectation invariably brings out an increase of power from your own talents, and causes the mind to penetrate more deeply into the real life of every condition, circumstance or opportunity that you meet.—*Larson.*

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RELIGIOUS HOME TRAINING

In scanning the influences that have molded the great men and women of history before every other advantage must be placed the early religious training received in the home. How far this religious training has borne upon the lives of men and nations is best described by Robert Burns, himself the child of deeply pious parents. In the Cotter's "Saturday Night," that picture of Scotch home life which must live while Scotland still exists, he portrays with a fidelity born of familiarity the "family worship" of his native land:

The cheerful supper done, with serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big hame Bible, once his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God," he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
* * * * * * *
Compared with these Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise;
No unison have they with our Creator's praise.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exultant on triumphant wing."
* * * * * * *
Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace except the heart!
The power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? A cumbrous load,
Disgusting oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

We would do well in reading, often as time will permit, the lyrics that bear upon home, the home where God is believed in and trusted.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—*Froude.*

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THE DREAMERS

Oft me seemeth, in the days that yet shall be,
When no slave of gold abideth 'twixt the land from sea to sea;
Oft when men and maids are merry ere the sunlight quits the earth,
And they bless the day beloved all too short for all their mirth—
Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter days of old,
Ere the day of strife and battle overthrew the curse of gold.
Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover holy thoughts of us shall rise:
We who now are fools and dreamers then shall be the brave and wise:
There amidst the worlds new builded shall our early deeds abide,
Thou our names be all forgotten.

—*William Morris.*

My Lady Night, ah, fair is she
As is a twilight rose
That in some deep-gloomed bower blows,
As is a lady's face at night
In some old garden 'neath the light
Of misty moon.
Her arms are deep and wide;
She moves as does a bride
To some slow weddig tune.
Like pools unfathomed are her eyes,
And in them lie uncharted skies
Where low lights burn like distant stars
Aglisten through the sunset's bars
That shut in all mortality—
My Lady Night, ah, fair is she!

—*Arthur Wallace Peach.*

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!

—*Byron.*

THE SUFFRAGETTE

She darned the fussing plumber
When he labored with the pipe.
She darned the corner grocer
When the lemons were not ripe.
She darned the patient butcher
When the steak he sent was tough.
She darned the washerwoman
When the ironing was rough.
She darned her poor old husband
When he didn't wind the clocks.
In fact she darned a lot of things,
But she wouldn't darn the socks.

—*Exchange.*

Who would list to the good lay
Gladness of the captive gray?
'Tis how two young lovers met,
Aucassin and Nicolette;
Of the pains the lover bore
And the sorrows he outwore,
For the goodness and the grace,
Of his love, so fair of face.

Sweet the song, the story sweet,
There is no man hearkens it;
No man living 'neath the sun,
So outwearied, so foredone,
Sick and woeful, worn and sad,
But is healed, but is made glad,
'Tis so sweet.—*Andrew Lang.*

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho 'round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

—*Goldsmith—Deserted Village.*

That orbed maiden, with white fibre laden,
Whom mortals call the moon.

—*Shelley—To the Moon.*

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THOUGHT-WORDS OF INFINITY

When I knew the little rosebud girl, who is cooing and laughing beside me as I write, was to come to live with us, my thought was: "It is of God." As nothing but good can come from God, she outpictures my word in being such a healthy, jolly little dear that she is a marvel to all who see her. Is it any wonder that children are cross and fretful when mothers rebel at the cares and responsibilties of motherhood?

These cares can be greatly lessened if the right thought is held. If baby's bath is given while holding the thought of "Purity," and the little garments are put on with the song, "You are clothed safely 'round with Infinite Love and Wisdom," it will be surprising to one who has not tried it to note how much cleaner the little hands, face and clothing will be kept, and there will be no accidents, causing cries to be hushed and wounds to be bound up. Even in our play we should set a guard on our lips, as every idle word must be accounted for. Instead of calling baby "mother's little mischief," or "little nuisance," let us try "mother's dear good baby" and "little happy-heart," and note how the dimples will come. I had a practical illustration of this when my baby was only a week or two old. A neighbor who came often would take up the baby and say, "Oh, the poor baby," in the most commiserating tone, and baby, like her elders, would proceed to howl her lustiest. It took several lectures on the power of words, supplemented by baby's illustrations, to break her of the habit.

Mothers in Truth will hasten the coming of the new race if they will only realize the true source of these "thought-bred flowers" and then "know only God and Him Manifest" in them.—*Emma H. Teel in Unity.*

DESIRE

Desire is a means of growth, implanted in our hearts so that we shall reach out for more and more; so that we may progress. Our desires may sometimes be mistaken ones; we may earnestly crave that which will not make us happy when we receive it. Even so, it is better than not to desire at all, because through "wandering in a far country" we eventually turn to the Father's house. Better still, we can desire and expect only good, even though we do not name it, or designate the exact way of its coming. A great many of us are not sure of what we want in the way of material things; but we do know we desire good for ourselves and all the world, and holding fast to that thought we shall be led to that which will supply our highest need and enable us to go on "from glory unto glory."

AT THE DOOR OF THE HEART

God's words of warning to Cain—"If thou doest not well, sin croucheth at the door"—are startlingly vivid. Macpherson says: "The figure is that of a lion crouching on a man's threshold. Once, twice, thrice, it lets the man pass and he becomes negligent. He thinks he is perfectly safe. Four times, five times—and then it springs upon him and brings him down. If you take a sin into your life you put a wild beast on your doorstep. Once, twice, thrice, it may let you pass. You may forget all about it; but one day it will spring, and it will bring you to the ground."

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HOME

There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night.
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth,
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance trembles to that pole:
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of love and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around!
Oh! thou shall find, howe'er thy foosteps roam,
That land thy country and that spot thy home.
Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

—*James Montgomery.*

QUALITIES WHICH PROMISE HAPPINESS

When Eliezer met Rebekah in her remote home, he discovered features of her personality and character which foretold that she would make a suitable wife for his master's son. And amid many qualities these are well worthy to be noted. She was a domesticated woman. When she appeared upon the scene she had "her pitcher upon her shoulder." And she used it. There is a danger to-day of Rebekah being minus her pitcher and of her not using it, though she may be possessed of it. Rebekah was a woman of a kindly disposition. A sweet, kind, generous spirit is a powerful factor in the happiness of wedded life.—*Binsdale T. Young.*

There is a real creative power in holding the mind persistently and enthusiastically upon or towards the thing we are trying to attain. This unifies, focuses the faculties upon one object and makes them a powerful co-operative force which is impossible without an all-absorbing aim which co-ordinates all of our powers and makes them look to one end.

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PRISONERS' LABOR

We do not know just when the law took cognizance of the obvious fact that an able-bodied man's refusal to support his wife and children is a crime; but for a long time the law dealt with this crime in a strictly typical manner—that is, it arrested the delinquent husband and locked him up so that he could not possibly support his family even if he wished to, or support himself. The later and better idea is to parole him on condition that he works and turns over a certain part of his wages to his dependents or to the court for their benefit. In non-support cases last year Massachusetts courts collected $45,000 for destitute families, while the Court of Domestic Relations in Chicago collected $75,000. Certainly this is a great improvement upon locking up the delinquent for the sake of a possible warning against non-support on the part of others.

The very crime against which non-support laws are aimed the State itself commits wholesale by keeping in prison at all times about 100,000 men upon whose labor, in many cases, women and children are dependent for sustenance. By the yearly commitment to jails and penitentiaries, for longer or shorter terms, of 400,000 men an appalling sum of destitution must be entailed upon perfectly innocent persons. And in penitentiaries prison labor has been very productive; many fat dividends have been derived therefrom by prison contractors. To these dependents the State obviously owes at least every penny that can be produced by the convicts' labor. Anything short of that is mere robbery of the helpless.

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing.—*George MacDonald.*

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS

The most frequent result of evil communications is a disturbance of our interior peace, as we often find the tongue can be the source of more mischief than any other member of the body. And for this reason it can be made the instrument to reveal a depreciation of that manly or womanly regard for the real self and others in whom the Spirit of God is seated.

Our duty, therefore, is to repel with scorn every word that proceeds out of an evil imagination and to choose the best of everything. For such a method alone can stimulate the peace of the mind. Then, again, we should fix in the mind the fact that slander is very wicked and harmful, and that it arises from a diseased condition of the mind. When an impure and wicked notion obtrudes itself allow the idea of danger of separation from the Holy Spirit to be associated with it, and thus arrest its intrusion. If one is talking with you against another, you should refuse to hear it, and, if possible, change the subject, or, better still, when the opportunity presents itself flee from him. And the reward will be a feeling of a clean, manly purity flowing through the soul and a holy glow of light upon your face. Sweeter joy can no man possess than this Divine charm.—*Bible Review.*

If to be constant with old friends necessitates staying back with old ideas, I must submit to the accusation of fickleness. I claim the right to follow the leading of my Spirit and my intelligence, no matter what ties and associations are left in the rear. I would rather merit the friendship of my higher self than the approbation of my companions of the past.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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LOVE

Love turns from every mean suggestion,
Gives rein to every generous thought;
Will study not, by cold reception,
To wound those whom our love has sought.
With loving smiles
Relieves their trials.

We often by our rude behavior
Do to our own selves grievous wrong;
And if we'd emulate our Savior,
Will freely give and suffer long
To put wrongs right,
And make lives bright.

Oft lives are marred by our own meanness,
Hypocrisies and pride of purse;
Failing to see how much by kindness
We can the clouds of life disperse,
And find sunshine
Of peace a mine.

Let's ever try, then, to remember
We all have faults as others may;
And try by loving acts and tender
To shed on their lives some bright ray.
Our words, so kind,
Their wounds may bind.

—*C. E. Taplin, Adelaide, S. Australia.*

LEARNING FROM THE ANCIENTS

A savage with a shell and a knife of bone will make delicate carvings that put our workers, with their modern tools, to shame. A Hindu, weaving in a shed, with bamboos for its walls and palm-leaves for its roof, and a rough loom, will turn out muslins that Oldham machinery cannot rival. We are exalted in position. Let us see to it that Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and all the saints do not put us to shame.—*Maclaren.*

GOD'S CARE FOR HIS OWN

God takes care of His people in the most unexpected ways. A young man who had been congratulating himself because he had succeeded in securing a position that seemed to assure steady advancement was discharged. Of course, he told God all about his disappointment, and at once. On Monday morning he was just leaving his boarding house to go in search of work, when an acquaintance called him to the telephone to ask him if he cared to consider a new position. The friend had had no hint of any change in the young man's plan. The result was that a better position was secured almost at once. God has His plan for every one of us. All He asks is that we trust Him with our lives, and do the very best we can to co-operate with Him. In His own way He will look out for our needs. "Commit thy way unto Jehovah; trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass."

ONLY ONE RELIGION AFTER ALL

Sometimes in a railroad car by night I love to people the hours by counting up all the good men and women I know in all walks of life and in all denominations of Christians, and some not Christian, not Hebrew even, who have no religious name whatever, but who have so much religion in them that they have not counted it yet. After all, there is only one religion, as there is but one ocean, and though you call it North Ocean, South Ocean, Atlantic, Pacific, it is still only one water. In some places it is deep, in others shallow; here it is cold, there it is warm; it is troubled here, smooth there; still, it is always the same ocean, and the chemical qualities of the water are still the same.—*Theodore Parker.*

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TELEPHONE COURTESY

There is a most careful way of beginning a telephone conversation that many people are now adopting. It is the courteous and direct method, because it saves useless words, confusion and uncertainty. It runs thus:

The telephone bell rings, and the person answering it says: "Morton & Company, Mr. Baker speaking." The person calling then says: "Mr. Wood, of Curtis & Company, wishes to talk with Mr. White." When Mr. White picks up the receiver he knows Mr. Wood is on the other end of the line, and without any unnecessary and undignified "hellos," he at once greets him with the refreshing and courteous salutation: "Good morning, Mr. Wood!" This savors the genial handshake that Mr. Wood would have received had he called in person upon Mr. White.

A far higher degree of telephone courtesy would be obtained if the face-to-face idea were more generally held in mind by those who use the telephone. The fact that a line of wire and two shining instruments separate you from the person to whom you are talking takes none of the sting out of unkind words.

Telephone courtesy begins when the bell rings. Promptness in answering the call is a compliment to the caller. Telephone courtesy on party lines means being polite when someone else unintentionally breaks in—not snapping: "Get off the line; I'm using it."

In a word, it is obviously true that that which is the correct thing to do in a face-to-face conversation is also correct in a telephone conversation, and anyone has but to apply the rule of courtesy prescribed long years before the telephone was first thought of to know the proper manners for telephone usage. Be forbearing, considerate and courteous. Do over the telephone as you would do face to face.—*From Bell Telephone Advertisement.*

THE CHILD'S FAULTS

Goethe foreshadowed much modern insight when he declared that in every fault of the child lies hidden the uncorrupted germ of a virtue. Destructiveness and meddling mature with proper training into constructiveness and industry. Teasing inquisitiveness is but the infancy of science, and even pugnacity and obstinacy are the crude forms of virile and dynamic character. In brief, let us take to heart in our contemplation of the child the Apostle's injunction to think on the things that are fair and lovely, and of good report, and we are rewarded by finding the child's soul rich in these sources of character.

SERVED BY SERVICE

A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips
Shall make thee glad.

A poor man served
By thee shall make
Thee rich.

A sick man helped
By thee shall make
Thee strong.

Thou shalt be served
Thyself by every sense
Of service which
Thou renderest.

—*Elizabeth Browning.*

Intelligence must always evolve its own religion; sin is only an unfaithfulness to what one really believes.—*The Common Law.*

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BORROWED TROUBLE

The question of the women on the way to the tomb is a picture of the way we worry about imaginary trouble. They asked: "Who shall roll us away the stone?" We say: "How can I bear the misfortune that I fear may come to me to-morrow?" We fret and worry and complain because of difficulties we think are in our path—only to find that our path is not blocked at all. We try to cross bridges before we come to them—and we do not come to them; we never come to them. Our eyes are fixed on trouble and disaster—and the trouble and disaster are not for us. With the Psalmist we cry: "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" just when our lives reveal that His goodness and mercy are following us, and that underneath us are the everlasting arms.

HAVE FAITH IN MAN'S GOODNESS

Have faith in the innate goodness of all men and all conditions. Do not condemn, no matter how great the provocation. What you think, you create in your own consciousness. Enlarge your range of vision, and you may see good in what now seems evil. God is good and God is All, hence there can be no real condition but the good. Why should we waste our time fighting the evil? If we build our character upon Faith, Understanding and Love, with the great I Am as the focal center, we shall become pillars in the Temple of God.

A friend whom you have been gaining during your whole life you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby; take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone.—*Laadi.*

LIVING IN POISE

To improve yourself, the first essential is to prevent all waste of energy by living in poise. The second essential is to use your imagination in picturing those things that you want to accomplish now. And the most practical use that can be made of the imagination is to picture your talents and faculties larger, greater and more perfect. To imagine in mind a larger and more perfect talent is to give the creative forces in mind a better model; and as these forces always create after the fashion of the latest model, they will consequently create the larger and the more perfect talent.—*Larson.*

SHADOWS

When I go up to bed at night
My mother lets me take a light
To guide me up the stairs;
And when I set my candle down
I give a careful look around
Before I say my prayers.

I know that God is always near
And that I have no cause to fear
Those shadows on the wall.
But when I see them all around
I think some reason should be found
Why-they-are-there-at-all!

—*Inez Townsend Tribit, in the War Cry.*

"The easiest way 'round a good many things is to go right through 'em," paradoxically remarked a shrewd old lady. When we have wasted our breath in complaints and our time in looking for ways of escape, we usually find that the best way, if not the only way, out of our difficult tasks and unwelcome duties is right through them. Troubles are like fogs; they grow less dense as one plunges into them.

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Denials

Chas. H. Wolf in "Unity"

IN the last fifteen or twenty years different cults and sects have arisen, which have tried to make the teaching of Jesus Christ practicable. They not only taught the precepts of charity, brotherly love and truth, and the self-evident virtues, but they have gone so far as to put the healing element into their religion and carry it into every-day life. These people are called metaphysicians (higher physicians, physicians above the physical, or physicians of the mind); they recognize that Mind is the source of all that is, and that Mind is not only the Creator, but the Restorer of that which has been created. It is evident that in order to put the principle of mind into a working relation one had to understand how mind worked, and the laws under which it expressed itself.

Gradually it has been found that one can, through a certain set or sets of words, wipe out, or erase the effects of past thoughts in the subconsciousness, or that mind in man which works automatically. It was also found that the converse of the proposition was likewise true; that affirmations of soul-qualities could be made a reality by holding that they were part of the consciousness of the individual. But it is a fact, paradoxical as it may seem, that a denial is an affirmation. In other words, one cannot deny a certain trait, characteristic or habit without subconsciously acknowledging or seeing the opposite. Thus the denial is a concrete, concentrated working principle of mind, which, when rightly employed, is indispensable to the unfoldment of the soul or spiritual growth. But in order to accomplish their work denials must be made in a manner which sweep or blot out all the undesirable qualities sought to be erased, not in a way which leaves a doubt as to their efficacy in the mind of the user, or a lurking suspicion that the phantom still remains in the consciousness, and that it cannot be wholly dislodged or resolved into nothingness.

In order to make denials, therefore, it is necessary for the student of metaphysics to gain a comprehension of himself as the Son of the Living God; to comprehend the extent of his Divine heritage as the heir to all that God is; to know that he contains and exercises all the Divine functions and qualities of his Father. To know one's self in that relation is to have attained a conscious union with the Source of all Creation; a perfection which cannot see imperfection in any form; a self-poise which passes through the turmoil of the common, every-day struggle serene and smiling, brushing aside, like a cobweb, the seeming darkness which impedes spiritual progress, and emerging into the sunlight of a fuller understanding upon the passing of each experience. Such a one is not sick; financial difficulties have no terror for him; strife and struggle play no part in his life, because the course is mapped out by a Greater Hand than his, and the way is made smooth and thornless.

And how have these attained? Simply by knowing and understanding their relation to God, their sonship—through

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the realization that all that the Father hath is theirs. Perhaps their way has not always been pleasant; perhaps they have been buffeted about in the old thought, cuffed by one rough experience after another; but finally, little by little, they have seen the Truth even more clearly. Perhaps it may have been only as though through a crack or chink in the wall of their mind, but they have followed that thread of light until they have come to the place where they can look through the aperture, the source of their light, and catch a glimpse of that which was for them if they could attain. And gradually, step by step, they have climbed the ever-turning road until the clear sunshine of the summit smote their startled senses; until the vastness of their heritage, their attainable horizon, dawned upon them and stood out in bold relief, and they were awed by the magnitude of it all.

They had their lessons. They came to the place where they could see what was in store for them. They felt the thrill and surge of the Great Life in them. They experienced the expansion of the budding spiritual unfoldment—the urge, the struggle of the soul against the impediments and restrictions which it knows should not hinder its growth, its freedom, its blossoming forth into the full splendor and radiance of its perfect expression.

Little by little they have taken advantage of opportunities; they have made use of the knowledge they gained from experience—that which they found to be true and good and pure, and the highest which they knew—and clung to that, until they have found something which they could use for their higher attainment. Life became bigger and stronger; love waxed warmer, and through the ashes of the former love came the little spiral of smoke which indicates the tiny nucleus of fire, ever feeding and strengthening itself until finally it bursts out into open flame and consumes all the dross, leaving only the pure gold of character in the crucible. Through a recognition of their relation to the Great Ocean of All-Abundance, they know that they are in essence of the same material—limitless, unconquerable Masters.

Would it be possible for you to kick or throw a little imploring dog, which had just had its leg cut off by a street car, back under the car? Your hands fly up in horror, as they well might, at such a thought. You cannot even entertain such an idea. You know positively, deep down in your soul, that you would rather throw yourself under the wheels than even allow that poor suffering dumb creature to be crushed.

Are you given to fits of anger? Do your hands fly up with the same involuntary horror at the thought of that passion in you? If they do not; if you do not deny the thought of anger with the same vehemence and understanding, with the same recognition of your superiority over that line of thought as you do the thought of cruelty, you are allowing those phantoms to haunt you, and making it possible for them, in an unguarded moment, to burst forth with their withering fires, and burn up your life forces.

Are you addicted to the thought of jealousy, greed, hatred, or those things which retard and hold you back in your development? Have you that same aversion; do you shrink back with dread at the very thought of harboring those destructive traits? Do you know, with absolute certainty, that those things are not a part of you—cannot in any way affect

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or control your free thought, your thought of love and generosity, your appreciation of the beautiful; that they cannot oppress and congest the broad, free expansion of your lungs as you come into the exhilarating air and look at the glories of the sunset; that they cannot dim the joy of fellow-helpfulness, nor the happiness which comes of finding good in others?

Have you that freedom? Is there anything in your consciousness, your mind, your being, which is hindering your perfect growth—something which you know is binding you, and which you know you should loose and let go? If there is, you must shake yourself free. There is only one way to overcome the bondage of such conditions. You must know that that thought or habit cannot bind you under its thralldom; cannot prevent the full, free expression of your Divine Nature. Deny its dominion over you, and deny it in such a way that there will remain no doubt of your mastery. Then your mind will assert its freedom, and you will come out into the brighter light of the understanding with the overcomer's strength of victory buoying you up with the knowledge that you are indeed strong and able to attain. Deny the things you wish to let go by seeing yourself as the perfect creation of Mind, which you are—free from all hindrances of the material. The unseeming things are consumed like the frost before the rays of the sun, and vanish like vapor into the thin air. They drop away and never return. They show at once that they are not the real substance, but a shadow which you, through your thinking, have clung to and made real.

To overcome is to live. To live is joy. The life of the overcomer is the joy of victory, the discernment of the budding, awakening, new, wonderful faculties of which he never before even dreamed. With the new strength comes a higher aspiration, and the resolution to do greater things towards individual perfection. This is not the material jostling of elbows with fellow-beings; not the struggle to wrest an advantage from another, but the calm, strong knowledge of that limitless selfhood which one attains through the silence. The worries, frets and irritations of worldly affairs cannot trouble such a one. Those things become merely as the struggles of a colony of insects which one might view with equanimity, with a sense of the pettiness of such strife, with the understanding that such conditions are the result of a lack of knowledge of the real—a lack of understanding of inherent qualities, and can therefore not affect, hinder or retard one who has passed out of and above their plane of activity, and can now look down from the heights of soul growth and attainment along spiritual lines.

Life then is sweet. The honey of the Spirit permeates the whole being, and binds into one conscious unity—spirit, soul and body.

In making your denials, then, make them wisely and with understanding, and all things can be accomplished. All things are possible unto you, through the knowledge that man has the God-given power to inherit all that the Father hath—all that the Father hath is his.

Good night! Good night, beloved;
I came to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee—to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.
Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good night! Good night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.
—*Longfellow—The Spanish Student.*

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Prayer

Florence Willard in "Unity"

PRAYER and the answer to prayer is governed by the law of action and reaction, impression and response. "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." "They shall call on my name, and I will hear them. I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God."

Action and reaction presupposes something to be acted upon which is capable of response. This medium has been found to be the fundamental substance of the universe in which all live, move and have their being. It is more commonly known by the name of Spirit, the first Great Cause and Creator of all that is, ever has been, or ever shall be.

This Being, whome we name God, is intelligent life and substance. There is no place where it is not. There is no vacuum anywhere. It is a real, substantial something, not nothing. It is ever-present in each and all, never absent or apart from any place, body or thing. This truth must be realized in order to become free from the false beliefs in vacancy and nothingness and the consequent results in lack and insufficiency which follow.

Through faith and prayer comes the perception of this interior presence and reality, which is the origin and foundation of all things, and of which all things are made. "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

When this inner substance is recognized it will respond and take form in any manner desired through the concentrated prayer or affirmative word spoken within it. The word is the idea or thought image of the thing that is desired and prayed for.

The creative energy, the Holy Spirit, begins to manifest immediately, after the likeness and in accordance with the character of the image formed in the mind. "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." That is, when anything has been formulated by the operation of mind, through the process of thinking or prayer, it has already become a fact in existence, and in due time it will appear in manifested form, in accordance with its kind and nature; if not neutralized or destroyed by doubt, which would cause the mind to act adversely to it by creating thoughts in opposition, and thus hinder its manifestation in answer to the prayer. "All things are possible to him that believeth." "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 those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith."

Scotch Sexton (who has shown old lady over church and followed her to the gate without getting a tip)—"Weel, ma leddy, gin ye find when ye gang hame ye've lost yer purse, ye'll mebbe mind ye didna hae it out here."

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

AMUSING ERRORS IN PRINT

A Bangalore bachelor advertised for a wife. A typographical error changed his age from 37 to 87, but it made no difference, for he received 250 applications from ladies ranging from 16 to 60, and all promising love and devotion to the rest of his existence.

An editor who wrote an obituary on the death of a man of some celebrity said: "He began life as a legal practitioner, but was diverted from it by a love of letters." He did not see the proof, and was confronted the next morning by this: "He began life as a legal politician, but he was diverted from it by a love of bitters."

A convivial host once offered a toast to a woman at a dinner party. He said: "Woman—man without her would be a savage." When the words appeared in print the next day, they read: "Woman—man without her would be a sausage."

The story is told that a priest once had occasion to telegraph across the English channel the subject of a proposed lecture of his in Westminster Abbey. The subject as written by him was "The Influence of Rome on the Formation of Christianity." It was published in England as "The Influence of Rum on the Digestion of Humanity."

WOMAN ANANIAS

"That's a very determined looking woman. Is she a person of any consequence?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. She organized the first lodge of the daughters of Sapphira."

PRUNING THE GROCERY BILL

Says old man Jones, says he to me:
My store bill's bigger'n it used to be.
Be as careful as I may,
It's getting bigger every day.
I don't know just how it is,
But everything seems to have riz;
And so says I to Sairy Ann,
"Let's cut out something if we can,
And remember when we go to trade,
A penny saved is a penny made."
So I went and got her grocery list,
To see the things that 'ud not be missed,
But the only thing that I could see
We could do without was a little tea.
I don't drink tea, but my wife she's sot
On havin' her tea; says it hits the spot
As nothing else on earth can do,
When she's all worn out and feelin' blue.
Thinks I, as I stopped to light my pipe,
Might as well speak while the time is ripe,
And so says I, "Sairy Ann, look here,
We'll cut out tea, 'cause tea's so dear."
Do you suppose she had sense enough
To quit a-usin' the pesky stuff?
"No, sir, I'll not," says she to me;
"Not by a jug full—NO SIR-REE."

HAS 'EM ALL

"Does your wife always have the last word?"

"Yes, and also the first and all that come between."

LASTING BEAUTY

She—Do you really think that Miss Smith is so beautiful?

He—Do I? Her father is rated at $20,000,000.

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HE WAS CAREFUL

Word had been received by the inspector of the electric light system that an overhead wire had fallen down in a quiet street. The inspector betook himself to the spot as quickly as he could.

When he arrived he found the inevitable crowd handling the wire in a most careless manner. Luckily, no accidents had occurred.

Going up to the nearest man, who happened to be an Irishman, he admonished him severely in grave tones.

"You took a grave risk," said the inspector. "You had no right to touch that wire. Why, man, do you know you might have been killed outright by the shock."

The Irishman looked at the inspector with a knowing air.

"Ah,' said he, "I was mighty careful, sorr! Sure, and I felt it carefully before I took hold of it!"

AGE OF INNOCENCE

Little Bobby—Say, Willie, is ma lookin'?

Little Willie—No. What y' goin' to do?

Little Bobby—Take out de gold fish an' let 'em play with the cat.

THE DIFFERENCE

"Papa, what is the difference between the quick and the dead?"

"The quick, my child, are those who hop out of the road in time."—*London Bystander.*

PRICE RISING

"A penny for your thoughts," chirped the young lady.

"Well, I've had worse offers from publishers," responded the poet.—*Kansas City Journal.*

HE UNDERSTOOD

The orchestra played No. 6, a selection that seemed to the bachelor very beautiful. He leaned toward his companion and whispered:

"How lovely that is! What is it, do you know?"

She smiled demurely and replied in a low, thrilling voice:

"It is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"

And at the same time she handed him her programme, pointing to No. 6.

He read and started, for the real name of the selection was Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The bachelor bought the ring next day.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A NICE DISTINCTION

Senator Gronna, discussing a knotty tariff problem, said, in Dakota:

"There is a nice distinction involved here. You don't notice it at first. Once it is pointed out to you, however, you perceive its immense importance.

"It's the sort of distinction that Gobsa Golde's beautiful young wife revealed to him during a conjugal quarrel over a diamond tiara.

"People say," quivered the old man, trembling with rage—"people say you only married me because I had money.

"The young woman smiled superbly.

"Rubbish!" she exclaimed. "My primary reason for marrying you was that I had no money myself!"

BY HARD WORK

"I want you to understand that I got my money by hard work."

"Why, I thought it was left you by your uncle."

"So it was, but I had hard work getting it from the lawyers."—*Boston Transcript.*

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IT PAYS TO BE AMIABLE

A young man in the neckwear department of Marshall Field & Co., who had been with the firm but a short time, was one day waiting on a customer who seemed to be unusually hard to please. The would-be purchaser, who was a handsome, elderly man, tossed the ties about, and seemed to desire any shade and style save those offered for his approval. The salesman patiently displayed a varied assortment of the goods, deftly knotting the ties and holding them out to show the effect and the shimmer of the satin or silk, searching through boxes for the desired colors, and, in spite of the somewhat captious manner of the customer, never for a moment lost his smiling good nature. Finally a half dozen ties were selected, and, with waving pencil, the clerk asked the usual question:

"Cash or charge?"

"Charge," replied the gray-haired man.

"What name, please?"

"Marshall Field."

The new salesman almost gasped with astonishment, and he probably does not know to this day that his subsequent promotion was owing to his sincere politeness and patient endeavor to serve his employer and to please his customer, who, of course, in this case proved to be one and the same person.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

CONCENTRATION

A Hindu Swami once told me this story of concentration: "An old man who wished to become a Swami was training himself in concentration. The noises from the neighbors and from the street so distracted him that he built a small hut in the forest near a stream of water. When the day's duties were done he would repair to his hut in the forest for his concentration. He would no sooner get his mind quiet for his work than he would hear a tinkling sound which came near to his hut and then passed away again. After a time it would come and go again, the same tinkling sound. He was greatly disturbed by it. After some nights of distraction he decided to learn the cause. Upon investigation he found that the sound came from the bracelets and anklets of a beautiful woman who came to the river each night to meet her lover. He had her arrested upon the plea that she came to meet a man other than her husband. After he had told his story she turned upon him and said: 'Had you been as much in love with your God as I was with the man I came to meet, you would not have heard the tinkling of my bracelets.'"

There you have the secret of concentration. Be in love with the thing you wish to concentrate upon, and there will be no seared brain nor wrecked body. The lover finds little difficulty in thinking of his sweetheart while he is attending to his daily duties. So we can love our ideals while doing our daily tasks. Jesus' two commandments, "Love God" and "Love your fellow-man," are the key to all possessions.—*Edith A. Martin in Unity.*

As the building is a reality in all its details in the architect's mind before a stone or brick is laid, so we create mentally everything which later becomes a reality in our achievement.

Men of faith are the real forces of the world; they are the builders. Those who lack it are the negatives, who build nothing, but who tear down; they are the followers, the leaners.

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POSSIBILITIES OF FAITH

Have faith in God.—Mark 11:22.

We are saved by faith.—Eph. 2:8.

Jesus is the author of our faith.—Heb. 12:2.

We live by faith.—Gal. 3:11.

Justified by faith.—Rom. 5:1.

Healed by faith.—James 5:15.

Sanctified by faith.—Acts 26:18.

We walked by faith.—II Cor. 5:7.

Stand by faith.—Rom. 11:20.

Are strong in faith.—Rom. 4:20.

We are kept by faith.—I Peter 1:5.

Are established by faith.—II Chron. 20:20.

By faith we work miracles.—Gal. 3:5.

With faith all things are possible.—Mark 9:23.

Without faith it is impossible to please God.—Heb. 11:5.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for.—Heb. 11:1.

We are commanded to stand fast in the faith.—Cor. 16:13.

Till we all come in unity of the faith.—Eph. 4:1.

That Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith.—Eph. 3:17.

There seems to be a consensus of opinion of the best thought of the age that faith is Substance.

Faith is the key that unlocks the treasure house of the universe.

Faith cures disease, clears the understanding, 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 to-day.

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.

Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement.

The larger our faith in the unseen, the more we shall see in the seen.

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

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

Take a mental attitude of faith toward what you desire, and employ the language of faith and not of fear.—*Kate S. Allen.*

Worry is wrong, unnecessary and must go. Fretting is common as air, as speech—so common that, unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any company of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, complains of something which everyone in the room, in the car or on the street corner knew before and probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It it cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry, somebody has broken an appointment, spoiled the food; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort.—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

"A thorn on the bush is worth two in the hand," as we all agree, yet in daily life we are continually reaching out after the thorns that might just as well be left on the bush. Oh, the rebuffs we do not meet, the calamities that do not happen, the fears that never come true! They are all thorns on the bush of the future, and would leave us unwounded if only we were content to leave them where they belong. They pierce the faithless hand that reaches out after them.

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GET THE HEALTH HABIT

Man is made to be well and happy and useful. And if a person is happy, the probabilities are he will be well.

Health is the most natural thing in the world. Nature is on our side. Health is the normal and all nature tends thitherward.

We know the rules of health. Everyone of common intelligence is familiar with them. The trouble is that many men consider themselves exceptions; and postponed punishment does not deter them from violating the laws of nature.

Health is a habit, and a vast number of people in America are getting it. They make it their business to be well every day and all the time. First, think health, not disease.

Keep your mind on the ideal, and picture the strong, happy, self-reliant person that you would like to be.

Breathe deeply in the open air, holding the breath, then expelling it slowly through the nostrils.

As a people we eat about one-third more than we really need, and so our energies are consumed in getting rid of the waste. We must breathe more and eat less; work more and loaf less; praise more and scold less; love more and hate less.

Get the Health Habit, and associate with people who have it. It's contagious.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

Give and receive.
If we would have,
First we must give:
God has ordained
He who gives most
Nothing has lost,
But double has gained.
—*Whittier.*

A TREATMENT FOR HARMONY IN THE HOME

Every one in this house wants to do what is right.

We are all peaceful, calm and harmonious.

We love one another.

We feel kindly toward one another.

We have charity each for the other.

We do not notice nor condemn each other's faults.

We are all children of God on our upward way, and by our every thought and every act we each one are trying to help the other members of the family.

We are trying to do the will, and thus prove out doctrine that God is Love.—*From "Simplified Lessons," by F. Harley.*

The world is changed from the plane of causes. We may speak to men forever about changing their habits, but if we do not change their thoughts the habit will remain. Therefore, we must co-operate with the invisible thought realms to make an impression upon them. We can only permanently change men's views by spiritually communing with them. Error can be more easily overcome by the silent power of thought than by noisy speech. Argument most generally intensifies inharmony, and fixes men more firmly in their errors; it prevents them from seeing the truth.—*World's Advance Thought.*

Remember, it is practice that makes perfect. Learn to find yourself in God. Learn to see God as your perfect Intelligence, your perfect Power; to feel God as your Life, as your Love. If you feel God as your Love, you certainly cannot hold anything but Love. Practice the words of Truth.

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CHEAP AT THE PRICE

Arthur Blanchard, who spends much of his time traveling over the country for the government, was seated behind a bride and groom in a Pullman car one afternoon when the train went through a long tunnel. As it emerged into the light of day the bride was grabbing desperately at her hat and fighting three fast rounds with one of two hairpins which had become loosened.

In order to relieve the situation and inject some harmless conversation into the gap Blanchard remarked:

"This tunnel cost $12,000,000."

"Well," said the bride, judicially, "it was worth it."

It is well for us to remember that we are either raising or lowering the standards of those with whom we associate. Every thought, every word, every act of ours either adds to or subtracts from the strength of our companions.—*Thomas Dreier.*

Insincerity in a man's own heart must make all his enjoyments, all that concerns him, unreal; so that his whole life must seem like a merely dramatic representation. And this would be the case, even tho he were surrounded by truehearted relatives and friends.—*Hawthorne.*

No man ever sank under the burden of today. It is when tomorrow's burden is added that it seems more than one can bear. Live, then, today, and tomorrow will always be bearable.—*MacDonald.*

When you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge.—*Confucius.*

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward way.
Let us look forward into sunny days;
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee.—*Schiller.*

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.
—*Burns—Grace Before Meat.*

Low aim is crime, because it pulls down every other quality to its level. Low aim destroys the executive ability. The faculties and the entire man follow the aim.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

Never for an instant admit that you are sick, weak or ill, unless you wish to experience these conditions, for the very thinking of them helps them to get a stronger hold upon you.

If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them; that it was a vain endeavor?—*Thoreau.*

Stranger, if you passing meet me and desire to speak to me, why should you not speak to me? And why should I not speak to you?—*Leaves of Grass.*

Exercise the mind with high contemplation and the body with gracious action, and so preserve the health of both. —*Confucius.*

Can we not trust this God who has so wonderfully made us to stay our souls in peace, and to keep our bodies whole? He is ready now. Are we?

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Bits of Wisdom

There is no power on earth that can enslave a man who is mentally and spiritually free. God-consciousness is ever speaking its subtance into expression. It is the consciousness of our oneness with this great storehouse of Supply, this great storehouse of Wisdom, Love, Knowledge and Understanding that prospers us in any way. This consciousness gives a clear head, sober judgment and common sense. We are poised, fearless, and possess faith in the outcome of our work.

Do not talk sickness. Do not talk operations. Do not talk anything on the negative side. Learn to speak the words of Truth. Do not blame anyone else for your mistakes. How often we hear this: "I would love to do this, but my husband wants that or the other. I never would have done this but for so and so in my home." Examine yourself, know whether you do accept this basis, stand firm, but never blame anyone for your own mistakes.

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!

We get what we desire if we fit ourselves to receive what we desire. Beggars and tramps are never chosen to entertain kings.—*Thomas Dreier.*

To realize in your lives the powerful expression of the Great Purpose all perfect, observe these simple rules: First, be still; silence opinions based on appearances and feelings; second, be attentive to the within; third, be obedient, simple as a child, and then trust. This will not make us idlers, but will set us to work as we never worked before. We shall think as never before; speak as never before.

There is no uplifting habit like that of carrying an optimistic, hopeful attitude, of expecting that our desires will be matched with realities; that things are going to turn out well with us and not ill; that we are going to succeed and not fail; that no matter what may or may not happen, we are going to be happy.

There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us, and our sins become the worst kind of sacrilege, which tears down the invisible altar of trust.—*George Eliot.*

You may have all the intellectual information this world can give, but if you have not the soul knowledge you are pitifully ignorant. The mind that is impure and mammon-absorbed is easily shattered. The memory of the soul only reveals itself in truth, for it only retains reality.

Don't get discouraged; there is a remedy for everything except death, and even that means a change of some kind.—*Lloyd.*

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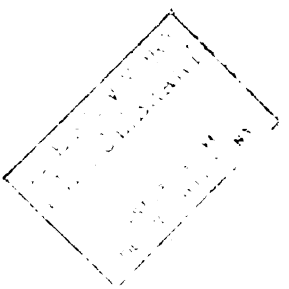

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Oliver C. Sabin

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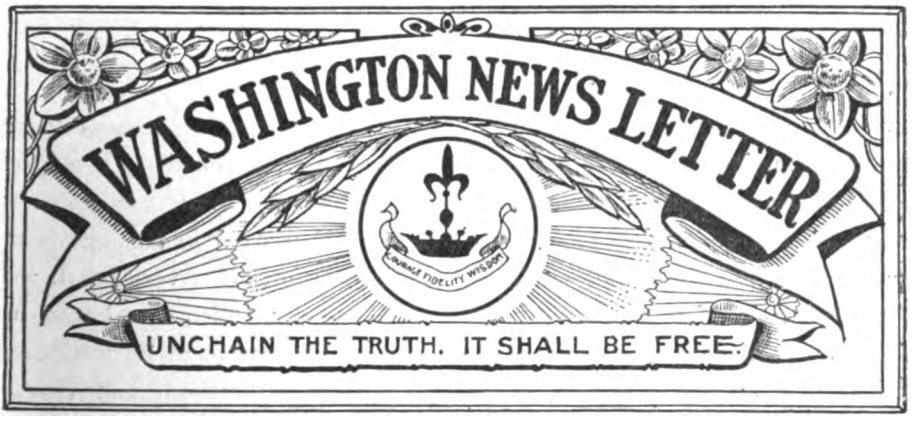

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Divine Science and The Journalists

In no way is the spread of the tenets of Christian Science more clearly and emphatically manifested to the world at large than by the tone of the public press, more particularly of the United States and England. The pages of a very great number of the secular daily newspapers and the periodicals—a majority, perhaps—are thoroughly pervaded by the spirit of the New Thought—the doctrine of the supremacy and dominion of Love, and that greater optimism which results from the realization that God is All, and All that is is Good. Among no other class of thinking people has the spread of the Truth been more rapid or of wider extent than among the journalists. The deep thinking men and women of the press, in the rush and struggle of their professional lives, have sensed the revealment of the Truth that makes men Free, and a wonderful impetus to the propaganda of New Thought has been the result.

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Eastertide

The Resurrection of our Savior, celebrated at Easter and typified by the bursting forth of leaf and flower, the release of nature from the icy bonds of winter, and the return of the beauties of the springtime, soon to merge into the warmer glories of the summer, appeal to the heart of every Christian as deeply, perhaps, as any other of the cardinal events of the Christian calendar. It is an event that inspires the liveliest emotions in the hearts of all worshipers, appeals to religious sentiment in every heart, and inspires hope, confidence and trust in the future. The lessons of Eastertide should deepen the enthusiasm and renew the courage and faith of every believer in the doctrine of Divine Science.

Yours lovingly,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bishop.

Wisdom Learned From Mistakes

Is not the very best part of what wisdom you have, is not your surest wisdom, that which you have gained by living through errors and wrong notions?

When you say "experience is the best teacher," what else do you mean than that what you learn by recovering from mistakes is most valuable to you?

All along your life there has been some mysterious force leading you back from folly to sense; a strange rectifying principle bringing you back always from wrong paths.

We call this common sense, as if through all our individual vagaries runs a thread of sound racial intelligence that holds us after all to truth and goodness.

Your angers and fits of petulance, what if they had run on unchecked! Nobody could reason with you, you could not control yourself, it seemed as if some irresistible power clutched you; yet one thing cured you; it was Time, great Nature herself; by and by your storm spent itself under her healing sunshine.

When a tree is hacked by an axe in the forest, Nature slowly but surely fills and heals the wound. Give Nature time enough and she will reduce every piece of carrion to wholesome dust, cover the rough wall with ivy, replenish the devastated land with new woods and people the branches with singing birds.

Jest do your best and praise or blame that follers that counts just the same.
I've allus noticed great success is mixed with trouble more or less,
An' it's the man that does the best, that gets more blame than all the rest.

James Whitcomb Riley.

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The Truth: How Proven

Lecture delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, of Washington, D. C.

I WANT, this morning, to see if everybody can understand my talk. The subject is "Truth: How Proven."

The world has been agitated, has been concerned in, has grieved for, mourned for, sought for what is truth more than any other single proposition that has come before it, not only in our age, but in all ages. Go back into the furthest language of the way-off Chinese, three or four thousand years ago, you find the same agitation there, the same question, What is truth? It is the same thought that overrun India; it is the same thought that drove Abraham out from the Chaldeans: "What is truth?" If we profess to give the truth, to teach the truth, that which we give or teach must be susceptible of proof, or else it is worthless.

Our Savior, in discussing this matter with His disciples at one time, said, "Who do the people say I am?" One said this and another said that. Finally he closed the argument by saying, "If you do not believe Me, believe Me for the very works sake."

> **Everywhere they are crying out in their rejoicing in the knowledge of this great truth that is giving freedom to the world. All you have to do is to learn it; all you have to do to establish these facts in your mind is to study. You cannot know without study, you cannot know without information, but know the truth, and you can find that by your own study if you go at it honestly and sincerely. Then, let the facts lead you; wherever they go, you follow. One fact never crossed another; truth is truth the world around, and it never crosses; all must be harmony, and all harmony is truth. Give a square deal and an honest endeavor, and let your conduct be governed by the principle of love. If you do that, you will be successful; there is no such thing as failure. And so with your health. Practice the rules as laid down by our Savior in the New Testament and in our books, and instead of being poor, diseased in body and racked, a slave to fear, a slave to ignorance, you will be free, your body will be sound, and your mind will be sane; all will be harmony in God Almighty's Kingdom of Universal Good. That is the religion that we teach. It is a religion that proves itself, but it cannot be proven to any person who will not know the truth.**

We meet the same opposition He met. He went into that land of Judea, which at that time was substantially at its zenith of education and brightness. The second temple had been built, and Jerusalem was a wonderful city. The first record we have of Him, we find Him teaching in the temple, discussing with the doctors and lawyers and philosophers, showing a degree of intelligence far beyond the natural boy. Then we lose sight of Him until He is about thirty years old. In that day and age of the world there were no colleges. If a person wished to be taught what other nations had to teach or other persons had to teach, he would attach himself to this or that person who was teaching. Socrates could be seen walking around the streets of Athens, bareheaded, without a cloak or hat, followed by a large retinue of students, who listened to every word that he said, and learned only from the words that came from him. What was true in the days of Socrates was true, in a less degree, of Plato and his disciples and Aristotle and other learned Greeks and Romans. Before that the students of all kinds of

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philosophers would assemble in other large cities, notably in Greece, which was the head center and the first offshoot of what we might term the learning of the ages that we have—this system of what is called Brahminism and what is taught in China, each philosopher giving forth his idea of the truth that the world was crying for, the question, "If we are dead, shall we live again?" What of this great, infinite, unfathomable beyond, whence no traveler ever returned to tell of what was there?

Socrates was the first who ever taught the Resurrection of the dead or the immortality of the soul. Where was Jesus during this itineracy from boyhood into manhood? He was learning somewhere, or was being taught somewhere, because He never sent a disciple forth into the world without teaching him. He went first to these Chaldean philosophers, and they received Him not; He came to His own, and they received Him not, and He was driven into the slums, we might term it, with the fishermen of the sea of Galilee. There He obtained this man and that man with no education as a rule. These He took and taught them this great truth; told them they should know the truth, and that when they knew it truth would make them free. That was one evidence that He gave that His religion was true; that what He taught had with it the great idea of freedom. The results and the fruits of the tree were freedom, which manumitted the world from the fear of the hereafter, drove out prejudice, hatred and malice, and let Divine Love take possession of the human family. That was the philosophy that Jesus came teaching, and the result was that those who believed it had the truth, and they demonstrated this truth by signs that followed, thus proving again what Jesus said—if you cannot believe Me, believe Me for the very works sake.

We have the same means, and only those means that He had, to prove that our religion that we are teaching today is true. We are met by the same prejudice, from the same class as a rule, not in the degree that He first met it, now because we have gotten beyond that. But you would be wonderfully surprised to note the prejudice that exists among the higher grade, we might call them, of Christian people today. When I first learned of this truth, saw its work, and saw its mighty healing, it overpowered me with rejoicing, for I thought all I would have to do or say would be to go forth and tell the people of the wonderful thing that it was, and they would rapidly embrace it, but such was not my own personal experience.

A minister of a church here told his parishioners a few weeks ago to stay away from this kind of meeting—not to listen to those who spoke of this science; that they had within them the seeds of error, and that all healing that was done was done through what was called hypnotism, or some other system of black magic which perhaps he did not explain. Now I want to say to that gentleman today in the presence of this audience that you can take all the hypnotists on the face of this earth, and they can not make the healings that were done in public here in this church; they cannot do it. You must know the tree by the fruit. Our Savior said that a good tree would bring forth good fruit; a bad tree, bad fruit. "If you do not believe me, believe me for the very works sake." That is all we ask of the world. Come to this study, examine it without prejudice, lay aside for the time being

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these chains of prejudice, and take the truth for what it is really worth.

If you were a lawyer trying a case, and they would bring irrefutable testimony that a certain person had committed a certain crime, and that that commission had been witnessed by a number of people and these witnesses gave their testimony to a jury, it would carry conviction every time. Then all we ask is to give us half the weight that is due our testimony as given to the world at large, and we will prove this wonderful work, not by the members of our church alone, but by the Catholics, by the Episcopalians, by every other denomination on the face of the earth—even the heathens from far-off India. Everywhere they are crying out in their rejoicing in the knowledge of this great truth that is giving freedom to the world. All you have to do to learn it, all you have to do to establish these facts in your mind, is to study. You cannot know without study, you cannot know without information; but know the truth, and you can find that by your own study, and if you go at it honestly and sincerely. Then let the facts lead you; wherever they go you follow. One fact never crossed another; truth is truth the world around, and it never crosses; all must be harmony, and all is harmony in the truth.

Now, this being true, apply the rule. Apply the rule of this church to the everyday affairs of life; bring it forward in the transaction of your business; give a square deal and an honest endeavor, and let your conduct be governed by the principle of love. If you do that, you will be successful; there is no such thing as failure.

And so with your health. Practice the rules as laid down by our Savior in the New Testament and in our books, and instead of being poor, diseased in body and racked in mind, a slave to fear, a slave to ignorance, you will be free, your body will be sound and your mind will be sane; all will be harmony in God Almighty's kingdom of universal good. That is the religion that we teach. It is a religion that proves itself, but it cannot be proven to any person who will not know the truth.

Let love be the foundation upon which you build. Fill your mind with intelligence, sincerity, a square deal, a desire to do right, and it is not hard to do right if you try; and you do not have to try a great deal before it becomes more or less a habit. I think that the experience of all of us is that we have grown better since we learned the truth. I think the experience is widening and deepening throughout the entire earth, and I rejoice from the bottom of my heart that this church has been one of the great centers from which this immense growth has gone forth. We do not prefer anybody. God Almighty loves his children all alike; we are all equal in the Divine mind; there are no big I's or little you's; no one has inspiration more than another, if all seek, ask and knock. Inspiration comes in answer to prayer—the prayer of understanding. All may talk with inspiration; all may talk this truth, if they get the Divine Mind to direct them. That is the foundation of all truth, of all knowledge, and of all inspiration. Divine Mind guides, controls; Divine love protects and covers you as you go along the pathway of life, shielding you from the dangers, so to speak, of the side-ways as they pass along; covering you with happiness, prosperity, health and comfort. God Almighty's truth sustains you in every step you take.

Now that is the rule of life that our

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Savior has given us in this great thought: "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

If the world will take these thoughts, simply as they are given forth, with the greatest simplicity with which we can present them, study to find out if it is true, prove all things and hold fast to that which is good, we will all be in one church; professional preachers and professional religions will be relegated to the rear, and instead of having a great temple here and a great temple there, the Universal All will be the Universal Temple of the Universal Family of Man, and then we will all live in the truth, and we will be in what is termed in Revelations the Millenium, where God Almighty's love reigns supreme, and nothing can come near us or about us but that which is sent by Divine love. Our lives will be a success, and the world will be happier; wickedness will have passed away, war and rapine will disappear, and universal love, universal good, universal All in All will manifest itself in every department of human life and human endeavor.

LINCOLN'S KNOWN FAITH IN DIVINE INFLUENCE

Religious Convictions of Former President Affirmed by Personal Friend and Associate

Maj. J. B. Merwin, a civil war veteran and personal friend of Lincoln, spoke on "Lincoln, the Christian Statesman," and A. S. Taylor, another civil war veteran, who met Lincoln several times during the war, told stories of the war-time President at the Sunday afternoon assembly of the Young Men's Christian Association.

"I knew Lincoln intimately from 1852 till the time of his assassination," said Maj. Merwin, "and I know that Lincoln came to be one of the most profoundly religious men of his time, although he was not a sectarian, and, I believe, never formally joined any religious denomination. Yet, of the 187 biographies of Lincoln which I have received from various authors, only two make any allusions to his religious principles and temperance habits."

Maj. Merwin said that just before leaving Illinois to be inaugurated President, Lincoln had a long talk on his religious beliefs with an intimate friend, the Hon. Newton Bateman, who was at that time State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and later became President of Knox College. The interview was later reduced to writing by Mr. Bateman, who gave it to Maj. Merwin.

The interview, as Maj. Merwin read it, is as follows:

"Mr. Lincoln said: 'I know that God hates injustice, slavery and intemperance; I see a terrible storm coming and I know that God's hand is in it. If there be a place and a work for me, and I think there is, I believe that I am ready for it. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know that I am right; Christ teaches it, and Christ is the Son of God. Douglas says that he doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or down, but God cares, humanity cares, and I care, and with God's help I shall see that His will is done.'"

Maj. Merwin added that he knew of his own knowledge that Lincoln always carried in his bosom a copy of the Testament, which he referred to as "This rock."—*Washington Star.*

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

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THE INCOMING AND OUTGOING

It can be said truthfully that no man ever entered the White House with a larger degree of well-wishing than Woodrow Wilson.

The hope of success for his administration is not entirely unselfish. We are a great nation, and our interests are manifold and vital. While all of us may be partisans at heart, we have too much at stake, from a material point of view, to deliberately desire anything but a continuance of the peace and prosperity which we have so long enjoyed. In addition to this, the new President commands the respect and esteem of the American people. He is honest and God-fearing, a man of ideal private life, and with a blameless public character. He is a scholar, thoroughly acquainted with the history of his own country, and conversant with the affairs of other nations. He has his faults and his short-comings, including the pedagogue's natural regard for his own views, a disposition to indulge in theory, and a lack of national experience, but all of these weigh but lightly in the public mind. The disposition to give him more than the ordinary opportunity to demonstrate his ability and his capacity is universal. There has been no captious criticism of anything which he has said or done since his election. He is given everywhere the credit for honest intention. For his own sake, as well as for the sake of the nation, he is given a hearty Godspeed.

Whatever else may be said, there is no doubt that President Taft leaves the White House with the nation bigger and better than when he took the oath of office. New States have been added to the Union, domestic commerce has grown tremendously, foreign trade has expanded, social reforms have been accomplished.

It is a splendid legacy to which President Wilson has fallen heir. He becomes the trustee of the people, and it will be his duty so to administer his trust that, four years hence, he can point to still further advancement in our moral and material welfare. There is, of course, a deep political significance in the change of administration which his incoming typifies. He will, however, be a truly great President if he subordinates petty politics and mere partisan advantages to the higher and greater considerations of progress in every phase of our national life. —*Washington Herald.*

A SWISS PROPOSAL

In remote Alpine hamlets and villages, especially in the Bernese Oberland, there still exist ancient and pretty customs of proposing marriage by the language of flowers.

If a maid accepts a bouquet of edelweiss from a man she at the same time accepts him as her fiance, the idea being that the man has risked his life to obtain the flowers for the woman he loves.

Another method which exists in the Canton of Glarus is for the young man to place a flower-pot containing a single rose and a note on the window-sill of the girl's room when she is absent from home and wait, perhaps days, for a reply.

If the maid takes the rose the young man boldly enters the house to arrange matters with her parents, but if the rose is allowed to fade away the proposal is rejected without a single word having been exchanged between the couple. Sometimes a fickle girl will keep a young man waiting a day or two for an answer, but whatever it may be, it is considered final.

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Man's Sovereign Power

John W. Eighmy

ALL worshipers throughout Christendom, of every sect, creed or class, believe in the Omnipotence of their God. To them He is their Supreme Power, and no greater has ever been known or imagined.

The first chapter of Genesis, the greatest and grandest in the Old Testament, tells us God created men in His image and after His likeness; male and female created He them, and God blessed them, and said unto them: "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Here we are taught that God created ALL. When He had finished His works, including man—and when I say *man,* I mean both man and woman, for He created man male and female—He reviewed all creation and pronounced it very good. All was then in a state of perfection. There was no evil. Man in his essential state was perfect. He was the image and likeness of his God, possessing all Wisdom and Power, in common with his Creator. He was given absolute power over all. There was no reservation; you may search the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations, and no limitation can be found placed on man's dominion, in his mission of multiplying and replenishing the earth and subduing it. Neither has man's dominion ever been withdrawn, and today man may exercise it to the fullest extent, the same as in the beginning.

When we study the works of creation and the unlimited power conferred on man by the fiat God, as recorded in this first chapter of Genesis, the beauty, grandeur of the sublimity of man's inheritance seem far above and beyond the comprehension of the human intellect. What a grand expression was that of David when he prayed to his Creator, saying: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visited him; for thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou has put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea." (Psalm, 4-9.)

Man is a monarch. He has no superior in this material universe. He is free; he has no obstruction; he now possesses *all* power, if he claims and utilizes it in accordance with Divine law.

As we survey the past, commencing at the dawn of creation and coming down through the annals of Jewish history, what marvelous works have been wrought by man. The advancement of civilization from the lowest to its highest state is his handiwork. All the sages, philosophers and mighty men of Israel, with their understanding and intense realization that all wisdom and power come from God, performed miracles, so-called, so great as to dazzle human conception. Moses was given power by which he healed Miriam of her leprosy. (12 Numbers.) Joshua caused the sun to stand

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still in the midst of the heavens, and hasted not to go down for a whole day. (Joshua, 10-3.) Elisha restored life to the widow's son. (1 Kings, 17.) Moses received power from God to divide the waters of the sea, so that the Israelites, who were being pursued by King Pharaoh and a host of the Egyptians, could march through as on dry land, and when they were safely on the other side, and Pharaoh and his followers were about to march through, Moses closed those waters and destroyed them all. (14 Exodus.) Isaiah healed Hezekiah of his sickness, and prolonged his life for fifteen years. (2 Kings, 20.) Elisha worketh wonders by increasing the widow's oil, so that she was enabled to sell, and pay her husband's debts and live on the remaining proceeds, (2 Kings, 4,) and again he was given power to heal Naaman of his leprosy and make his flesh like that of a young child. (2 Kings, 5.)

The Old Testament is replete with man's wonderful works, the inheritance of his Creator. But as centuries advanced he lost his God-given heritage by following the dictates of mortal mind, the antithesis of God. He became subservient, and yielded to material decrees, and as he trusted to human instrumentality, lost his dominion. He became like the prodigal son, who deserted his father's house and wandered into a far country. He degenerated, and the race was fast drifting to decay.

The world needed a new awakening. A new dispensation was necessary, which came when the Babe of Bethlehem first saw the light of celestial life. Thus dawned a new light, which was to enlighten every man that cometh into the world. Man's lost dominion was restored. It became exemplified in the life and teachings of our beloved Savior Jesus Christ, the Son of God, as He journeyed over the hills and through the valleys of Judea and on the plains of Palestine, demonstrating such power from the Creator that new impetus was given mankind to regain its lost heritage.

Space will not permit of here rehearsing the many wonders performed by the Son of God, to whom all power was given in heaven and in earth. (St. Matthew, 28-18.) The narrative given by the Apostles of his work surpasses human description. His mission was to teach man the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and bring him back to his original state of perfection, possession, all power from the Father. He ordained twelve Apostles, and sent them forth to preach His doctrines, heal the sick, and cast out devils. (St. Matthew, 10.) Again, He appointed other seventy, and sent them forth to perform His works. His decree to mankind was that the works He performed should be done by man, and even greater works, because He was to return to the Father. He told the people that whatsoever they should ask in His name, that would He do, that the Father might be glorified in the Son. "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it." (St. Matthew, 14:12-15.) Man regained his lost dominion. What he had forfeited by relaxing his trust in God was restored to that degree he recognized and acknowledged Christ as his Source of Wisdom and Power. When man works in obedience to Divine law he cannot fail. He may suffer defeat for a season, but trust in his Redeemer will cause him to triumph over all difficulties. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

Man is Master if he wills, not a slave. There is no condition, circumstance or situation he cannot control. Prison bars will not hold him if he lives at-one-ment

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with his God. The power of prayer struck the shackles from Peter, opened prison doors, and gave him liberty. (Acts, 12.) Prison made by human hands was powerless to hold Paul and Silas, and their prayers to God set them free. (Acts, 16:16-27.

God directs the affairs of man. He works in and through them, that His glory may be made manifest. It has been truly said: "The advancement, success and greatness of any nation rises to that degree in which it recognizes and trusts the Omnipotence of God." The same can with the same truth be applied to man. His successes and triumphs even on a material plane are all due to his Creator, from whence comes *all* Wisdom and Power to subdue forests, tunnel under mountains, build towns and cities, manage finance and create wealth, direct labor, trade, manufacturing and commerce; to develop and bring to perfection the power of steam and electricity; to construct the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the dictograph, the telephote, the telautograph, the barograph, the telotype, the telestereograph, the barometer, the thermometer, the telepost, the telescope, the telekino, the system of telephotography, the microphone, the aeroplane, and thousands of other wonderful inventions which prove man is master in all human endeavor, and when viewed from a human sphere equal the miracles performed by our Savior and the Apostles.

When man fully understands and realizes who he is and what he is, he will again possess all power and dominion; his accomplishments will be unlimited. Then he will no longer be a slave, but a Sovereign Power.

STATUES

Why do ye build more statues
  Unto the heroes dead?
Why, when the living perish,
  The hungry cry for bread,
The naked beg for clothing,
  The thirsty want for drink,
Into the dens of darkness
  Souls that are starving sink?

Down with the costly marble!
  Gather your gleaming gold,
Build ye clean homes for maidens
  Tempted and bought and sold.
Out of the depths of darkness
  Lift up your brother man!
He is God's living statue;
  Perfect him, ye who can.

Dream not of marble beauty;
  Carve on each soul a name
Better than gold or glory,
  Grander than rank or fame.
Man is the sin-marred statue,
  Waiting the sculptor, Love;
Why do ye play with marble?
  Lift man to heights above.

Carve with your gold his honor;
  Break with your hand the rod
Driving his soul to demons;
  Lift up mankind to God.
So would the sainted heroes
  Charge you with your high task.
Love to mankind they died for;
  Love to mankind they ask.

—*S. A. Nourse in Washington Star.*

True dignity comes only of humility. Pride is the ruin of dignity, for it is worshipping of self, and that involves continuous sinking.—*George MacDonald*

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Practical Religion

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church of Washington, D. C.

OUR Savior commanded His disciples to preach this Gospel to all the world, and I was led to think this morning, as I looked out of the window and saw the raging storm, that, through the printing press, this lecture will be read amid the frozen regions of Alaska, the peoples of South Africa, and in every civilized land wherever the flags of civilized nations go. Consequently, whether my audience be large or whether it be small, I am put to the test of delivering a good lecture that will live forever. I make these remarks by way of illustrating how the Gospel is preached to all the world.

The topic of our lecture this morning is "Practical Religion." When we talk of religion, we mean that system by which we worship God and go to Him for what we want. Religion that is not practical—that does not give you freedom; that does not give you a pathway along the lines of life, teaching you how to live—is a worthless religion, and is no part or parcel of the Divine. The trouble has been with the world that it has been led astray by false theorists, false leaders, most of them having what we would term in law their soundings in selfishness, and religion has been a curse to the world, rather than a blessing. That is not the fault of the truth, but it is the fault of error—the error of men putting into practice their own ideas, and depending upon deceiving the unwary, those who are uneducated in the lines of true religion.

> You have to take the realization of God, what He is and who He is, and what you are and who you are, and rely upon these fundamental principles, commit your ways unto the Lord and trust Him for results. Do this, and you have a rule of life that will give you success. You have a rule of life that will give you health, happiness and harmony in all the affairs of life, and destroy all sorrows and place your feet upon the solid rock of universal truth, the truth that makes you free.
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> They will say: "Oh, you can do this, but I cannot." Now, mentally they are killing themselves as dead as if they had been struck a blow with a club, because when they deny their own power they concede themselves to be nothing, and "as a man thinketh so is he." Do not place limitations upon yourself. You make a wall over which you have no power to climb. You have the power and you can do.
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> It is the one who works, the one who applies, the one who sticks to his tasks, who achieves results. You have to center on an idea and stick. If you do not, you fail. The fellow who scatters is no good. The way to obtain the benefit is to learn your lesson, keep learning it, stay by it. Do this, and I tell you you can be what you choose, and no ill can come near you.

Our religion is universally practical; it teaches you how to live and how to do; it is a direct command—"Thus saith the Lord" to do just so and so, and you will meet with success. There are no "ifs" or "ands" about it; there is no guess-work about it, and the only possible failure lies within your own selves. If we fail to practice according to the rules or follow in accordance with the commands, we fail in results; but if we follow the rule, the results are as sure as that water seeks its level when released.

The first rule that one should follow is to call on God to lead you, direct you in,

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what you are about to enter into. If it is a business enterprise, affirm "God does make me prosperous, directs me along the lines which will give me success." Stick to that prayer; do not worry about results.

A person asked me the other day (a lady from Massachusetts) what I thought was the greatest cause of failure among students. I told her that there were a great many causes of failure, but I believed the one that perhaps had the most to do with failures was the disposition of the student to want to do the praying and do the answering also. The command is, "Commit your ways unto the Lord and trust;" the promise is, "He will bring it to pass." That is a true command, and it is true at all times, and it is certain to bring results if you do as you are told. But the trouble with the student is that he is more or less filled with doubt, and when he prays that God is going to give him sustenance, money, health, harmony, whatever it may be that he is working for, he does not believe in his heart that he is going to get it. He says, "I cannot see it. Where is that money that is promised—where is it? I should like to get my hands on it," showing that he does not believe, and his unbelief kills absolutely all the virtue of his asking, seeking and knocking. And it is so with everything else.

Our Savior said unless you come to God as a little child, you cannot enter into this Kingdom of Heaven—this Kingdom of Harmony. That means you have to come, trusting, absolutely without fear and without doubt. He illustrates it in another place by saying, if a man puts his hand to the plow and looks back he is not much of a plowman. The Apostle James says he who doubts fails. And it is so in every avenue of life—the doubter always loses. It is the one who comes, believing, who always wins; therefore, when you place yourself in the hands of God Almighty, say, "God does lead me." Affirm it. "God does direct me, teaches me how to do and what to do, and I thank Him and praise Him for it." Stop right there and do not worry about the answer. Let God do His part, and you will have success; and it will come to you in the most beautiful ways, utterly surprising oftentimes, in the manifestation in answer to your prayer.

There is another thing that gives us failures; that is, that we receive the answer, and even then do not believe. I know the first time I had a healer to treat me and was healed, I did not believe that God had healed me. It is this species of unbelief engrafted in the whole of us that kills results, and until we become strong enough to throw out these infidel thoughts we will meet with more or less failures. But as you grow old in the work, and see healings by the tens and hundreds of thousands, and have ceased to wonder at the healing, you wonder when a healing does not follow the treatment, and you then commence to look where the error is. It is the same as a problem in any other science. Take mathematics and inject into your calculations an error,—a figure too much or too little,—and it will run out through the ramifications, and will always bring up error, and you will never get it right until you get back and find out where the erroneous figure went in, and then eliminate it. Having done this, you are within the rule, and go on and demonstrate as you should.

It is so with this science. You have to take the realization of God, what He

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is and who He is, and what you are and who you are, and rely upon those fundamental principles—commit your ways unto the Lord and trust Him for results. Do this, and you have a rule of life that will give you success. You have a rule of life that will give you health, happiness and harmony in all affairs of life and destroy all sorrows and place your feet upon the solid rock of universal truth—the truth that makes you free.

There is another cause of failure that I ought to mention before leaving this part of this topic; that is, limitation that students place upon themselves. They will say, "Oh, you can do this, but I cannot." Now, mentally, they are killing themselves as dead as if they had been struck a blow with a club, because when they deny their own power they concede themselves to be nothing, and as a man thinketh, so is he. It is the one who not only believes he can, but the one who believes it without fear that gets the results. Do not place limitations upon yourself. You make a wall over which you have no power to climb. You have the power, and you can do.

God Almighty's children are all on the level; He loves us all alike. What one can do, another can do; and if one has the advantage of the other, it is only because of better application, more time, deeper study; and in those cases, of course, the one who works the hardest goes to the front. It is the one who works, the one who applies, the one who sticks to his tasks, who achieves results. You cannot wander around on the outside and take up with Tom, Dick and Harry; you cannot be a reincarnationist today and a spiritualist tomorrow; you have to center on an idea and stick. If you do not, you fail. I know of no exception to this rule. The fellow who scatters is no good. The fellow who centers, the one who applies himself to the thought, sticks to it, does not scatter, wins. The way to obtain the benefit is to learn your lesson, keep learning it, stay by it. Do this, and I tell you you can be what you choose, and no ill can come near you, no failure can be charged up against you, but universal health, universal harmony, universal love, and universal good will be yours forever, and you will be in the perfect enjoyment of the truth that Jesus Christ said will make you free.

A WORD ON WOMANHOOD

The natural instinct of our finer womanhood is to be clever and hospitable and able, not seldom to hold their own in the world's business as well as a man or to surpass many men. But as I think of the ever-growing tendency to be cumbered about many things, and note the multitudes of women so cumbered, I wonder how many of them are left to this nobler mind and purpose—maidens who will not give all their time to the world's ways and fashions or to light and frivolous reading and the charm of light conversation or to running hither and yonder on vain and empty errands, but will have their time for listening to the diviner voice, the still, small voice, the whisper of the Holy Spirit of God.—*Rev. Robert Collyer.*

It is a sign of a decadent age when the man who carries the pickax is degraded, and the man who carries the golf sticks and the tennis racket is honored. The church of the future is not the automobile church, but the church of the baby carriage.—*President Steiner, Grennell College.*

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MIND RULES THE BODY

Virgil O. Strickler, of New York, Scientist, delivered an address on "Christian Science" at the Columbia Theatre before an audience which crowded the building to its utmost capacity. Many men in public life were present. Mr. Strickler was introduced by Representative Frank M. Nye, of Minnesota.

"I should like to mention two or three practical illustrations to show you how the body is constantly responding to the mentality that governs it," Mr. Strickler said. "As you go down town in the street car tomorrow, I ask you to study the faces of two men. One is drawn and hard; it is furrowed with deep lines. It shows by its every expression that the man hates everybody and he thinks everybody hates him. And sitting right by his side is another man whose face is beaming with good will and with brotherly kindness. He shows by his every expression that he loves everybody and he thinks everybody loves him.

"What is it, do you suppose, that makes the difference in the faces of those two men? Is it not their thought? And if that can produce such changes in the expression and shape and contour of men's faces, is it unreasonable to suppose that thought will produce like changes in the shape and action and function of every organ of the body?

"There is no part of the human body that is beyond the reach of human thought, and since no part of the human body possesses intelligence or sensation of itself, it therefore follows that no part of the human body can act or refuse to act except in obedience to the mentality that governs.

"Take the case of a man who yields to a fit of anger. What takes place? Immediately the function of every organ in his body is disarranged, the liver at once begins to secrete bile and to diffuse it through the system, and one of the first results of a fit of anger is that the breath becomes foul and the heart action is disturbed. It is either accelerated or retarded, and the face becomes pale or flushed, and any doctor will tell you that many deaths have occurred from fits of anger, and yet anger is purely a mind condition or mental state.

"Does it require much thought to see that like results will also occur from habitual entertainment of wrong mental qualities. Can you not see that the man who habitually entertains hatred, or dishonesty, or fear, or selfishness in any form is entertaining in his mental home enemies that will some day turn and destroy him?

"And it is only in proportion as we get rid of the qualities that pertain to the mortal mind, and come to have in place thereof those qualities that belong to the God-mind, that we shall ever find ourselves emerging from the material into the spiritual.

"The longer people continue to believe that they shall gain their emancipation from evil and pass to a glorified state of being by going through the act of death, the longer they are postponing the day when they shall begin to work out their own salvation."

In introducing Mr. Strickler, Representative Nye said, in part:

"I am not myself a member of a Christian Science Church, but for several years have studied somewhat diligently its great teaching, and I am sure that I have derived great benefits from it, and feel that it is a message which is doing great good in this mortal world in which we live."

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DEATH OF A GREAT POET

Joaquin Miller Passes Away in His Much-Beloved "Sunland."

"Joaquin" Miller (Cincinnatus Heine), the "Poet of the Sierras," died at San Francisco, Feb. 17, in his one-room cabin, which he built in the Piedmont Hills many years ago. The end came at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, with warm sunshine flooding the room where lay the author of "Songs of the Sunland."

Death came slowly upon the venerable poet. He became unconscious Thursday, after a lingering illness, which began when he suffered an attack of paralysis two years ago. His wife and daughter, Juanita, were summoned at that time from the East, and have been with him since. The weakness of age had come upon him, and he rarely ventured from "The Heights," as he called his mountain retreat.

For many years "The Heights" has been the Mecca of lovers of Joaquin Miller's poetry. He always received his guests graciously, and loved to tell in a vein of quaint humor of the old, adventurous days, which he memorialized in his verses. His faculties were undimmed until almost the end, and he labored at intervals upon a poem which he said was to be the most momentous work of his life. He guarded the poem with the utmost secrecy, and not even his wife and daughter knew its subject. He was about 71 years old.

* * *

SOME MILLER MAXIMS

The sweetest flowers grow closest to the ground.

If you would have the heart of the world with you, put your heart in your work, taking care that you do not try to pass brass for gold.

Don't you know that the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, wherein He caused to grow everything that is pleasant to the sight and good for food? Observe, the trees pleasant to the sight came first; the trees good for food were considered last.

We must in some sort at least live what we write, if what we write is to live.

Change lays not her hand on truth.

There are spots even in the sun. There is also infinity of light.

The poets are God's sentries set on the high watch towers of the world.

Why have we so few poets and fearless prophets to lead the people upward today? Because they gather money, and gather money with the right hand and at the same time try to write poetry with the left hand.

Let me invoke your adoration of the light—God's firstborn.

* * *

Aye, love is all in all, Love,
Red bud and rosy bower,
Yet love is but the bud, Love,
Blessed marriage is a flower.
The bravest woman, purest, best,
Beneath our forty stars is she
Who loves her spouse most ardently
And rocks the cradle oftenest.
Who rocks and sings and rocks and then,
When birds are nesting, rocks again.

Let us thank God in some grand, true way for the world we live in, more beautiful and excellent still than all the seers have told; for the land we live in, the nursing mother of all who will look to her.—*Robert Collyer.*

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Influence

Harriet Doane Prentiss

A GREAT many ideas are being advanced regarding the measures necessary to be considered in the improvement of social and economic conditions. Willing hands have gone into the field of labor, where suffering and discord prevail, with the hope of eradicating distress, relieving

Harriet Doane Prentiss

humanity of its burden, and bringing order out of chaos. These efforts have been varied in their results, but never altogether satisfactory.

* * *

We do not fully realize that it is difficult to progress in any direction until the cause of obstruction is removed; nor do we fully realize that so long as people are attracting conditions to themselves by the magnetic power of their own minds relief cannot be accomplished.

* * *

Until the mental law of attraction is more universally understood, and people are educated up to a better quality of thinking, progress along the line of correct expression will be necessarily slow.

* * *

It is no accident that one person is born a beggar and another of high spiritual attainment, since every quality of expression has its origin in mind activity. This being true, how can we expect to stem the tide of thought generated from a mind that is holding a picture of distress, or one filled with unrest?

* * *

In order to get at the root of the evil, therefore, it is necessary to make the individual understand, if possible, that he is directly responsible for his condition, and in order to really alter it, he must be trained to think correctly.

It is not an easy task for one to relieve another of something which is his by the power of his own attraction. Ignorance is, of course, at the bottom of the difficulty, but the law of the universe compels us to pay the price, just the same.

* * *

One reason for the tardy realization of better achievement along the line of reform is that there are too few living models of perfection to create the correct mental picture in the minds of struggling humanity. There should be more ideal patterns generated by those who understand the law of being.

* * *

We have had one exalted image before us for centuries, but one is not enough. We need to meet the human Christ more frequently, and to see the working of a perfect example in our daily experience.

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The artist could not do justice to his picture without the exact model of a beautiful landscape before him.

* * *

Until man has learned accurately how to relate himself with the silent forces of thought, and realized how to generate conditions through the process of correct thinking, he must have the ideal pattern before him in the form of a living reality.

* * *

One good man in a community will influence more improvement than a thousand workers who have not themselves well in hand. One good carpenter in a workshop will create a desire for more perfect design than a dozen theorists who do not execute their ideals. One competent gardener who improves his own surroundings will excite more people to activity in the beautifying of their environment than a dozen exploiters of the theory of agriculture. One good boy in a school is worth an army of disciplinarians who have not themselves in hand, in generating kindness and consideration among the pupils.

* * *

The face of a loving mother will do more to check the vices of a child than all the books on ethics ever written.

* * *

It is not enough to tell us that the sun shone 2,000 years ago, and that we must trust to our imagination for the radiance that it once diffused, to excite growth to expression. We must receive the sun's warmth now in order to know the benefit of its rays.

* * *

The man or woman who has failed to achieve has a small message for humanity.

The radius of a thought is far reaching; the influence of a smile is benign; the example of health and prosperity is contagious. Be sure that your expression is something one would be glad to emulate, and you have done your part toward the betterment of human ills.

* * *

Personal demonstrations are necessary in the achievement of progress.

* * *

The example of perfection in small and large communities, where reform is necessary, would speedily relieve the conditions under which humanity is suffering, and serve as a beacon light to those who are groping their way in darkness.

Let us begin to eliminate the imperfections in ourselves; to spend more time in the glorification of our souls, that we, too, may create the living model for others to reproduce. We have the ideal in Christ and His teachings, which He beautifully illustrated by example. If we follow in His footsteps, His message will not have been given to the world in vain, and we may meet His ideals face to face in this new era of penetration into the heart of life and its meaning.

GIVE AFFIRMATIONS

If instead of these negatives, you give me affirmatives—if you tell me there is always life for the living; that what man has done man can do; that this world belongs to the energetic; that there is always a way to everything desirable; that every man is provided, in the basis of his faculty, with a key to nature, and that man only rightly knows himself as far as he has experimented on things—I am invigorated, put into a genial working temper; the horizon opens, and we are full of good-will and gratitude to the Cause of Causes.—*Emerson.*

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Observing Things Properly

When the Nations Shall Rise to the Plane of Love All Men Will Be Brothers

Wm. E. Gibson

THE conflict between religion and science, between theology, theosophy and materialism—yes, all conflicts arise from one or both of two causes; viz, the lens through which we observe things and our position at the time of observation.

If you look at the Washington monument through red glasses and I through blue glasses, you will see a red monument and I a blue monument. This difference of color gives rise to contention. If we must look through glasses and yet understand each other, you must use my glasses and I yours. This will give us a harmonious view, but not the whole truth. The grand whiteness of that monument can be known to each of us only when we observe it with natural eyes in normal condition.

Again, our position may effect a disagreement. If you look at the monument from its base, and I from a passing airship, we shall both observe a white marble shaft, but the details as to height and actual size and shape differ immensely. Here again an agreement may be effected by each observing from the same position. But the full truth is not yet known.

We may get still nearer the truth, and thus become more nearly agreed by starting at the top and going down, stone by stone, until we find the base many feet below the surface. Now, for all essential purposes, for the time being, we have a fair knowledge of the monument in which we both agree. But the untrained mind is restless, and soon discovers that each stone has a history, and, further, that the history of each separate stone is but the preface to a history infinitely greater. It discovers, further, that each grain of sand and each particle of cement has a history; and, more, that each drop of water that effected their combination has a boundless history; and that the cohesive force and law of attraction that has given that monument its solidarity and poise has a history extending into the hitherto unknown.

Now, we may disagree as to the perfection of each stone; we may differ, too, as to the history of each separate stone, and will most likely differ as to many of the epochs and topics considered, unless we see them all with the same eyes and from the same view-points. This would be true of every particle of cement, of every grain of sand, and of every drop of water used in the structure.

Thus far we have dealt with our subject from an intellectual standpoint, and, dealing from this standpoint, it is obvious that to have an intellectual agreement upon essential truths men must observe all details with the same or similar eyes at one and the same time, and from the same position. But this is not probable, for it is well-nigh impossible.

Mankind is not thus constructed or stationed intellectually. Hence, the futility of expecting a permanent intellectual agreement upon any subject. Intellectual agreements are momentary only. This is evident from current history. Our law-makers frame certain laws this administration and abandon them the next. Our judges give certain interpretations

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this year and reverse those interpretations next year. Our courts set a certain precedent in one case and later upset that precedent in a similar case. This is no less true in the medical profession and religion. The homeopathist and the allopathist, the osteopathist and the electropathist, and all the rest, treat similar cases by entirely different methods.

In religion, the Christian world, for example, all claim to be worshiping the same God, and yet standing apart and fighting each other over details as to God's nature, His relation to man, and what man's attitude should be towards God. All religious disagreements and conflicts and all the bloody wars for which religion has been responsible, as well as the conflicts of the state forum and the medical arena, arise in the attempt to force intellectual agreement upon details or generalities. Such attempts have ever been, and must ever be, unproductive of good results. This is due in part to the changing insight and varying attitudes of individuals and classes of individuals.

What has been said above would seem to suggest an endless struggle between men, and the suggestion is true so long as men are content to rise no higher than the intellectual plane of mentality.

There is a possibility of rising above this plane, for there is a means of seeing all things from all points at one and the same time by all who have acquired that means. It is by rising above the intellectual plane of seeing into the spiritual plane of seeing and knowing. But this rising is only possible to the unselfish. The self-centered and self-seeking are overburdened, and cannot thus rise.

As men ally themselves with the highest good that their environments and best ideals suggest, they lay aside selfishness, and with it goes the kindred host—anger, hatred, malice, narrowness, dishonesty and deception, together with their mental and physical diseases; and as these weights fall away mental levitation begins. We gradually rise to a higher plane, from which we may view a larger landscape.

To become unselfish is to give place to love. Love both magnifies the sight and crystalizes the object to be seen. It thus brings every point into proper view, making desired knowledge possible. By means of proper knowledge correct judgment and agreement may be gained.

The first struggle for every individual is, and must be, an individual struggle. We must first conquer self with all of its selfishness and self-imposed limitations. When we conquer and throw aside these weights, we rise to higher planes of thought. This may require only a moment, or it may take a lifetime. And it may be accomplished by any one who wills to conquer. It may be done by the most illiterate toiler of the backwoods or by the ripest statesman in the senate. To each of these, and to all that range between them, it is essential, and most essential, that you conquer self and rise to the plane of certain knowledge—spiritual understanding. When spiritual knowledge controls thought and action, both the toiler and the statesman, in their respective stations, are equally great; for as a miner's lamp is a great light in the dark earth, so the spiritually awakened toiler is great in his place, and the statesman becomes a prince of peace in every state or national turmoil. The more of such toilers and princes we shall have, the less of dissensions, wars and national degradation. Let us then thank

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the Great Spirit that there is at least the prophesy of many such toilers and princes.

There is a sense in which selfishness, or the want of love and universal brotherhood, is the cause of all individual and social disorder. As mankind lays aside selfishness, conflicts of every kind pass away; the employer and the employe become brothers of the same fraternity; labor unions and capital combinations die and are buried together.

When selfishness passes away and love, universal love, dominates men's minds, it changes all their conduct, and this in turn changes all their requirements and necessities. When this is realized, men will no longer need to tax themselves into the hundreds of millions for annually building battleships and supporting armies. Many of the expensive departments now maintained by all governments will no longer be needed, and their buildings and annual expenditures may go to better uses.

When the nations rise to this unselfish plane they fill their executive and administrative offices with princes of peace—men who serve not their constituents, but rather for the common good; men who serve God. Then men shall know war no more, state limits shall cease to separate; types and shades and complexions of races shall fade into their native nothingness, and all men shall be all brothers and all sons of the All-Loving and All-Embracing Father—God.

We are to relieve the distressed, put the wanderer into his way, and to divide our bread with the hungry, which is but the way of doing good to ourselves; for we are only several members of one great body.—*Seneca.*

PRAYER

Oh, God of Light and Love! I stand with being expanded, wrapped in vision of delight, knowing that I am from Thee descended. The mysterious thrill of birth into a new sense of oneness with Thee is upon me. Do I not know that every cloud which makes the way seem dark is but a veil that my great will, inherited from Thee, can penetrate with light? Thou who overflowest heaven and earth with life-renewing palpitations from Thine own heart—Thou alone art my supreme dependence. I can see Thee always shining, always giving, always breathing life and love to me—to every child of Thine. In this still hour I open every thought of Thee. I wait in calm assurance that life and strength unfold through me like perfect colors that tinge the flowers. I behold myself a shaft of glory sent out from Thine Eternal Radiance. One with Thee in life imperishable! Every cloudy deep and highest space Thy life pervadeth—Thy life pervadeth me.

I cannot ask for more than this great gift.

I cannot separate myself from Thee.

Then let me see my will in Thine established; in glad consciousness that I am one with Thee I rest, and know at all times the boundless measure of my life. Amen.—*Susie Dix in "Responsive Service."*

The prophets we need are those who encourage all efforts and talk little about what cannot be done. The one who reaches for something with persistence may get something better than he thought, as Columbus discovered America, though he set out for the East Indies.—*Dolbear.*

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New Lamps for Old

Henry Proctor, F. R. S. L., in "Bible Review"

WHO is there among us that would wish to exchange our present system of lighting for those of a century ago?

Looking back we can see cottages lighted by feeble rushlights which only served to make the darkness visible. And in houses of the rich the more expensive wax candles shed only a dim and dubious light. The streets even of London and the largest of our cities were lighted here and there by feeble oil-lamps. Today we have electric light, incandescent gas, and petroleum, as well as acetylene and other illuminants, shedding abroad everywhere such abundance of light that night is turned into day so it might be said of the great cities of the world that "there is no night there."

No one will affirm that the old systems of illumination are better than the new, as long as we keep on purely natural ground, but when we shift the field of our observations from the natural to the spiritual, there are many who profess to think that the old is better; and so they linger in what I heard a Christian minister term "a lazy orthodoxy," adding that while they thus profess to hold to the traditions of the Fathers, they were, at the same time, quite destitute of the spiritual fervor and boiling enthusiasm which characterized their forefathers.

Again, if we turn our attention from the natural to the moral sphere we shall find that the century which has past has brought changes just as marvelous in public morals and in the growth of those virtues which constitute what we call humanity and civilization. For now we live under just and humane laws, designed for the good of all, and our prison discipline is now calculated to turn the criminal classes into good, honest citizens.

But a century ago the criminal laws were savage, and they were administered in a spirit apparently relentless. The feeling of the time was so entirely in favor of severity that Edmund Burke said he could obtain the assent of the House of Commons to any bill imposing the punishment of death. Every class strove to have the offenses which injured itself subjected to the extreme penalty. Our law recognized 223 capital offenses. Nor were they mainly the legacy of the dark ages, for 156 of them bore no remoter date than the reigns of the Georges. "If a man injured Westminster Bridge, he was hanged. If he appeared disguised on a public road, he was hanged. For such offenses as rabbit-shooting, cutting down young trees, writing threatening letters, or stealing property valued at five shillings or upward, he was hanged. In 1816 there were at one time fifty-eight persons under sentence of death, one of them a child ten years of age."

The prison accommodation was execrable; the jailers were not paid, but lived on what they could extort from the wretched prisoners, in return for the barest necessities. No bed was provided; there was no ventilation; vermin swarmed, and disease swept off those who escaped hanging.

"The condition of the working classes was such as to stimulate crime. Children of six were often put to work in factories where the hours of labor ranged from

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thirteen to fifteen hours daily, and might rise even higher in an unusually good state of trade. Children often fell asleep at their work, and sustained injuries by falling against the machinery. Their overseers beat them severely to make them keep awake. They could not even be instructed on Sundays on account of the exhausting labors of the week. They were scrofulous and consumptive, stunted, pallid and emaciated."

People used to employ little boys, and sometimes little girls of five and six, to sweep their chimneys, up which they were compelled to climb. Sometimes they were burned or stuck fast in a narrow flue, and occasionally taken out dead. If all this was the case in our own nation, always one of the best, what must have been the condition of the rest of the world? It might truly be said of this present that, "Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people." The very light that was in them seemed turned into darkness by the sad condition of things all round.

No wonder, then, that under these circumstances there was also spiritual darkness; that men believed in a never-ending hell of torment. And even Mr. Spurgeon could use such language as the following:

"Thou wilt look up there on the throne of God, and it shall be written 'Forever!' When the damned jingle the burning irons of their torment they shall say, 'Forever!' When they howl, echo cries 'Forever!'"

"'Forever' is written on their racks,
'Forever' on their chains;
'Forever' burneth in the fire,
'Forever,' ever reigns.'"

And Jonathan Edwards in his sermon on "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," affirms that: "The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much in the same way as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you and is dreadfully provoked."

Because man was merciless he imagined that God was also. He has forgotten the meaning of mercy. But just as the criminal laws, with their devilish and unreasoning cruelty, were ineffectual to check crime, so was the fear of hell.

"From the fear of hell," says the Rev. Rudolph Suffield, after many years of experience as confessor to thousands, while working as Apostolic Missionary in most of the large towns of England, in many parts of Ireland and Scotland, as well as France, "we never expected virtue or high motives, or a noble life; but we practically found it useless as a deterrent. It always influenced the wrong people in a wrong way. It caused infidelity to some, temptation to others, and misery without virtue to most. It appealed to the lowest motives and the lowest characters; not, however, to deter them from vice, but to make them the willing victims of sad and often puerile superstitions."

Thank God, the time of the darkness is passing and a truer light already shineth. Man's noblest instincts rebel against any teaching which represents God as less just than man.

You admire this tower of granite weathering the hurts of so many ages. Yet a little waving hand built this huge wall, and that which builds is better than that which is built. The hand that built can topple it down much faster. Better than the hand, and nimbler, was the invisible thought which wrought thru it, and thus ever behind the coarse effect is a fine cause, which being narrowly seen is itself the effect of a finer cause.

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Easter Thoughts

Edith Phelps Cale

WHAT does Easter Sunday tell me? What its meaning?

It tells me of a risen Savior, risen in new thoughts, new hopes and aspirations. He has risen in this the twentieth century in a to us new religion, given to us nineteen hundred years ago, but not until recently even rightly understood and taught. It is plain that even His disciples did not fully understand Him. He spoke in parables that His teachings might the easier be understood, but the way they have been construed down through the ages since then, until light commenced to dawn, shows the people to have been as little children. "Seeing, they saw not, and hearing, they heard not," and for nineteen hundred years, since the Sermon on the Mount, have lived up to the old Mosaic rule of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," until now, at the dawning of the twentieth century, Jesus has risen in the hearts of two of the most civilized nations, and they are talking of a compact to arbitrate all their differences, which means the dawning of the new day of Universal Brotherhood, when a brother's hand shall not be raised against brother. "Their swords shall be turned into pruning hooks, and they shall know war no more."

We, as Americans, should be very proud that our President took the initiative in this the greatest question of the age.

From this little beginning the Christ principle will spread; it will be like the grain of mustard seed. This little seed will grow until it becomes a great tree, its branches will spread over the whole earth, and the dove of peace will lodge therein.

When the Saviour has indeed risen in our hearts we will live up to the golden rule, and "Do unto others as we would that they should do unto us." We will love our neighbor too well to wish aught but good for him.

Surely this is the dawn of a new day, when "an angel dressed in raiment white as snow came and rolled away the stone." An angel dressed in white—to me betokening righteousness, right doing—came and rolled away the stone of superstition, and we have waited until this age for the rising of the Saviour from the grave of ignorance.

The stone is rolled away. He is risen; a new religion is being taught. Not the religion of an angry God ready to punish His children, but the religion of Jesus, a religion of love and "Peace on earth, good will to men," as taught in the Sermon on the Mount.

The day is dawning. We can see a glimmer of light in the east, and it heralds a brighter day, a day whose sun will not set, but will ever grow more bright and beautiful.

His teachings will live in our hearts, and the little light we now see will grow to be a luminous sun, lighting the pathway of progression. Other races and religions have had their Savior, but never before one who was so much the embodiment of love.

Since His coming there have been beautiful souls all down through the ages who have lived and taught His lessons.

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They stepped out of the ranks and proclaimed Jesus as He was, but the people were not ready for this teaching, until at last in a new country freedom was born. At first as they had been persecuted they in turn persecuted; but this could not be for long in a country where freedom was in the very air they breathed, and at last we have spread our wings and soared heavenward.

The words of Jesus, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," on Easter Day are often in my thought, and their significance to me has come into the understanding of the Christ principle which He taught. Living righteously, our burdens will no longer be heavy. We will have cast them away, for when we truly live in God's love, live for the good, right doing will not be a burden, but it will be a rest.

FAITH IN SELF

Trust thyself: Every heart vibrates to that iron string.
—*Emerson.*

"What man has done man can do," was upon the wall of the first school room I ever entered as a pupil. I was then six years old. That motto has been an inspiration to me ever since. There and then I learned the value of Affirmation. Years have only taught me how to use it. Success is mine because I have ever had faith that I was equal in any chosen direction to any other man. "What man has done I can do," has been my thought. Therefore in this first lesson I lay down this as the law of success: *Faith in thyself.*

Without this faith, no matter how hard the labor, nor how persistent the effort, failure follows one as the shadow follows the monument around its base.

The most important command ever given to man is: *Be thyself.*

To develop individuality is the purpose of the incarnation. Reliance upon self is the natural outgrowth of faith in self. The one is the subjective side, the other its objective manifestation. To say I have faith in self and then bow to external authority, whether that of friend, book, church or college, is to deny faith in self. To "cast your burdens on the Lord" is not to deny yourself and not to weaken all your power, but to increase your power, for the "kingdom of God is within."

Self reliance is a necessity for him who would win success in any chosen line. "Be thyself," thunders the God within to the conscious man.

This command is an order that one shall utilize the power within. As a child of God, as a manifestation of the One, you are All Power. Use your Power first; then learn to use it wisely.

Trust thyself, follows this command as flower follows bud. To distrust self is to distrust the Creative Power. Said Channing: "We trust God when we trust the faculties He has given us."

Trust God, then, means, trust thyself! For God is in you.—*Henry Harrison Brown in "Success; How Won."*

Love is its own perennial fount of strength. Though men should rend your heart, let them not embitter or harden it. We win by tenderness, we conquer by forgiveness. Strive to enter into that large celestial charity which is meek, enduring, unretaliating, which overcometh evil with good and blesses even the undeserving and the unthankful.

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The Duty to Live

Mrs. Susan Q. Morris

IT is the duty and privilege of everyone to live a long, useful life.

Many of us are just beginning to learn how to live. Most people invite old age and decrepitude by their mental attitude of expectancy. They dread its helplessness and lack of powers. They look upon the state of old age as inevitable, and by keeping the mental picture always before their vision they hasten its externalization.

We sometimes hear people of forty or fifty speak of themselves as old. If the world had been taught to rightly regard advancing years, it would expect more of a man of fifty and sixty years than of one of twenty-five or thirty.

Activity and usefulness must be regarded as factors in training for the youth of old age. The first requisite for long life is the knowledge that the body is not the real man, but its servant. The divine aid, infinite and all-potent as it is, capable at any moment to utterly transform all the conditions and of transferring them to a higher plane, is yet limited by the degree of spiritual acceptivity in the individual. As one may have all the air that he is able to breathe, so may one have all the aid of the Holy Spirit which he is capable of receiving. Man can never accept so gladly and so freely as God offers.

If the body be renewed every day by proper nourishment and a perfect trust in God, what can it know of advancing years? The strain and stress and fret and worry which we permit to enter into our daily lives are the greatest factors in bringing lines into our faces and feebleness into our limbs, inducing general beliefs of disease. The effects are wrapped up in the causes, and we cannot take the one without the other. They also befog the mind, and separate us from God, or, rather, from the consciousness that in Him we live, move and have our being.

We are in truth children of infinite love, and if we only would we might abide in perfect peace and harmony and youth, regardless of outward circumstances. We should know that this is not the privilege of a few choice souls, but that we are all equal in heirship.

Old age is, and ought to be, a manifestation of what is hidden in the depth of our nature. It might be, and should be, not an exhibition of cackling impotence and gloomy decay, but the very crown and glory of life, the symbol of maturity, not of dissolution; so rich it should be in its resources, so bright and affectionate in its memories, so calm in the fullness of harmony, so lifted up by a grand faith, as to banish all sad associations.

Men of thought have always been distinguished for their age. Colon, Sophocles, Pindar, Anacreon and Xenophon were all octogenarians. Kant, Buffon, Goethe, Fontenelle and Newton were over eighty. Michael Angelo and Titian were eighty-nine and ninety-nine respectively. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, lived to be eighty years of age. Lander wrote his imaginary conversation when eighty-five. Izak Walton wielded a ready pen when ninety. Hahnemann was still working at ninety-one. Michael Angelo was still painting his mighty canvasses at eighty-nine, and Titian at ninety worked with the vigor of his early youth. Fontenelle was as light-hearted at ninety-eight as at forty, and Newton at eighty-three worked as

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hard as he did in middle life. William Renold Salmont, M. R. C. S., of Cambridge, Glamorganshire, England, died on March 11, 1897, at the age of 106. At the time of his death he was the oldest known individual of indisputable authenticated age. Many other remarkable cases of longevity are on record, but the above-mentioned cases are sufficient to indicate the folly of growing old in the popular sense.

I do not regard the ambition to merely live one hundred years as a sufficiently high ideal for the awakened man or woman of to-day. A century of life should serve as a very elementary preparation for living, in view of our tendency to cling to traditional limitations in length of years.

How to keep young—that is the real problem. It is a vitally important problem, for it really means how to make the most of life and how to bring the largest revenues of service for the Master and humanity. Did not Solomon declare that a hoary head was a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness? It we are living in the way of righteousness we can ask what we will, believing, and our prayers will be answered. Then why not ask for more abundant youth? All prayers are answered according to our faith. In the childhood of our Christian Science faith, we make but poor work with the weapons of prayer. But when we come to the stature of men in Christ Jesus, then, with these implements, those who are nearest in intimacy with Jesus Christ have the most glowing experiences of the truth. The more spiritual we are the less sordid and selfish we are, and the more open our minds to the great and grand truths that lead us out of the mire of suffering, poverty, disease and the belief of old age.

Here are a few rules which may help others as they have helped me: If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbors' faults. Forget the faultfinding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which made you fond of them. Forget all personal histories you may have heard, by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they really are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeables of life. They will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them; malice will only tend to make you more familiar with them.

The cheerful hearts live longest in this life, and they dwell longest afterward in our loving memory.

That old age is an incurable malady is only partially true, for some vigorous persons pass four-score years without ever having caught it, or they have it so lightly that nobody suspects them.

"Would'st thou live long? The only means are these,
Strive to live well; tread in the upright ways,
And rather count thy actions than thy days:
Then thou hast lived enough amongst us here,
For every day well spent I count a year.
Live well, and then, how soon soe'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim eternity.
But he that outlives Nestor, and appears
To have passed the date of gray Methuselah's years,
If he his life to sloth and sin doth give,
I say he only was—he did not live."

—*Randolph.*

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THE OPEN PLAN

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

ARE you looking too far to find
The love God has placed in your heart?
Are you struggling too hard to gain
The strength you yourself may impart?

Is the sun not shining your way,
Because in the shadows you lurk?
Does the world refuse to supply
What you should accomplish through work?

Opportunity, health, success,
Are a part of the open plan;
Wisdom, courage, happiness, love,
God created and gave to man.

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Dr. Osler's Opinion of Mental Healing

Dr. Osler in British Medical Journal

MENTAL Science is felt by the leaders of the medical profession.

Faith has always been an essential factor to the practice of medicine. One good result of the recent development of mental healing has been to call attention to its great value as a measure to be carefully and scientifically applied in suitable cases.

My experience has been that of the unconscious, rather than the deliberate faith healer. Like others, I have had cases, any one of which under suitable conditions could have been worthy of a shrine or made the germ of a pilgrimage. For generations the people of the United States have indulged in an orgy of drugging. Between the holy pharmacy in the profession and the quack medicines the American body had become saturated ad nauseum, and here, indeed, was a boon even greater than homeopathy. No wonder the American spirit, unquiet in a drug-soaked body, rose in joy at a new evangel. In every county there were dyspeptics and neurasthenics in sufficient numbers to demonstrate the efficiency of the new gospel.

But the real growth of Christian Science does not lie in the refusal of physical measures of relief, of the efficacy of prayer, but in offering the people a way of life, a new epicureanism which promises to free soul (and body) from fear, care and unrest. Its real lever is the optimism which discounts the worries of the daily round. * * *

Here again all success will depend upon the man conducting the movement. It is an honest attempt to bring back that angelic conjunction of physic with divinity. * * * I feel that our attitude as a profession should not be hostile, and we must scan gently our brother man and sister women who may be carried away in the winds of the new doctrine. A group of active, earnest, capable young men are at work on a problem which is of their generation and is for them to solve. The Angel of Bethesda is at the pool—it behooves us to jump in.

DO THAT WHICH YOU FEEL IS RIGHT

Many a failure in health, business and in social life is due to the desire to stand well in another's opinion. Fear dominates where this desire is. The road to success consists in relying upon the principle of right. I have no right, as a human soul, to take into consideration what others think of me. I have a right only to know that the principle of right is eternal and omnipotent. I am to forget that there is anyone in the world except myself when the question of right, success or happiness is concerned.

That I do that which I feel is right is enough. I am to know that right builds no other than a reputation for righteousness. I am to cast away all thought of what others think and say, and, assured of my capital, I build, in Mind.—*Success.*

Day unto day uttereth speech; night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

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THE CIRCLE OF JOY FOREVER

Dr. Frank Crane

Men create nothing. They discover. That is all.

All truth, all beauty, all righteousness, are in Nature. Nature, of course, includes man.

The poet is but a seer. What he sees has been there all the while.

The poet is a soul with an eye.

The artist discovers; that is, he makes us perceive what was to us veiled. He removes covers.

Animals imitate. So do we; only it is a higher quality of imitation. We imitate, assimilate, reproduce.

What we actually do, when we are supposed to invent something, is to go to the stuffed storehouse of Nature and find out something. The Germans say "erfindet," finds out.

"Quod invenitur, fuit," said Tertullian. "What is invented, was."

In the realm of art our most extravagant fancies are poor beside the realities of Nature.

The great sculptor, Auguste Rodin, says:

"Man is incapable of creating. He can only approach Nature submissively, lovingly. Nothing will take the place of persevering study. To it alone the secret of life delivers itself. Give your life patiently, passionately to understanding life. What profit, if you come indeed to understand! You will be in the circle of joy forever.

"To see, to understand—truly to see! Would one recoil before the necessary effort, before the indispensable apprenticeship, however long and laborious, if he foresaw the happiness of understanding?"

We are placed in a world full not only of food for our bodies but of nourishment and delectation for our minds.

The universe is rich in toothsome laws, radiant harmonies, secrets of happiness and power, treasures of joy, of intoxicating beauty.

Go to, and eat, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

There are other Venuses of Melos, Mona Lisas and Botticelli Primaveras; other Iliads, Twenty-third Psalms and Odes to the Skylark; other Parsifals and Ninth Symphonies; why do we not find them?

Some youth with divine fire mixed in his clay may read this.

Listen to me, O youth! Go into the wilderness awhile and learn the message of mountains, of stars and desert souls, of trees and shy wild creatures; and put your ear against the breasts of cities and hear their heartbeats; drink deep of the waters of democracy. Then sing to us, paint for us, write for us, and our hearts shall burn within us.

GOD'S LOVE AND BLESSING

Through the harsh voices of to-day
A low sweet prelude finds its way.
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.
Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden times or holier share.
God's love and blessing then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

—*Whittier.*

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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Famous Men I Have Known

Dan Beard

HELLO, boys!

You had better get busy right now and study your friends; make notes about them in some little book which you keep, because you do not know which one of them will turn out to be an Edison, a Ben Franklin, a Mark Twain, a Charles Dana Gibson, a Theodore Roosevelt, a Woodrow Wilson, a Henry George, a great preacher, a great diplomat, a great newspaper man, a great philosopher, or a great baseball player or a great villain.

The late Whitelaw Reid was a college mate of my brother. Nobody then thought in that little Western college that young Reid would be highly honored by foreign potentates and the people in America. But some other Whitelaw Reid is now a playmate, a school mate or a college mate of some one of you boys.

General Lew Wallace, the great novelist, used to ride slyly up to my home in Kentucky on his war-horse and beckon for me to come out. He would be covered with dust and mud from his ride. But after we had a secret conference I would slip him around the house to the pump and surreptitiously furnish him with a tin basin, soap and a towel, a whisk broom, a piece of looking-glass, blacking and a blacking-brush.

After he had primped up and made himself more presentable, he would go back, mount his war-horse, comé dashing up in front of the house with a great clatter of hoofs, dismount, ring the front door-bell, and come in to lunch with us or to make a social call. No one then looked upon this civil war General as a great literary man. I used to like him very much, indeed, because I was a little fellow, and I felt flattered that a real live General with brass buttons and epaulets could condescend to hobnob with me. But, my! In those days we had lots of Generals, and the most of them have already been forgotten. When Garfield was working on the canal the other canal-boatmen had no idea that they were working with the future President of the United States. When my daddy knew him, Garfield was a school teacher, and there were thousands of school teachers in the country at that time who have never since been heard from.

When my grandfather was owner and captain of the good barge Rover, floating

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merchandise down from the Ohio River to New Orleans (or, if it was not that barge it was one of his flatboats), there appeared upon the banks of the Mississippi a man who hailed Colonel Carter, for granddaddy was a Colonel, and wanted to be taken aboard. The passengers in those days worked their way.

Grandfather sent his Yankee pine skiff to the shore, manned by Black Jack, who, by the way, was a deserter from Lafitte's pirate ship, to bring the passenger on board. When he came aboard the Colonel demanded his name. The stranger threw out his chest, stood erect and said in a voice which could be heard half-way across the Mississippi, "I, Monsieur, I am Louis Philippe, ze King of France!" to which the Colonel replied: "Well, tumble aboard, King; chuck your luggage aft, and take hold of the sweep."

Afterward, when Louis Philippe ascended the throne of France, and Colonel Thomas Carter read the news in the paper, he took off his glasses and rubbed them thoughtfully with his handkerchief and exclaimed: "Well, well! So he really was King, huh? If he don't make a better King than he did a flatboatman, he'll make a darn poor King!"

So you see, boys, here in America, when you are at your useful and respectable employment, you are liable to be served by royalty, or by genius, so remember to treat everyone in a way that you would want them to remember.

In Flushing, not many years ago, there were two fine boys who used to love to go on hikes with me. They were both of them great observers; they knew the names and calls of all the birds around Long Island, and where to find the flying squirrels in the old cedar trees, and the screech-owls in the old orchard. Often we would start into one of the swamps, making up our minds beforehand at just what part of the swamp we were going to emerge, then work our way through the tangled underbrush and the treacherous bogs, dodging the green briars and the thorny bushes, jumping from one tussock to another, until we came out, within a comparatively few feet from the point at which we aimed.

We would come home from these hikes, torn and scratched, but happy, with our pockets and handkerchiefs filled with "specimens." These specimens were aquatic and terrestrial; that is, they represented both the land and water and they were alive. They consisted of newts, salamanders, turtles, snakes, short-tailed meadow-mice, American white-footed mice, young hawks, young crows—in fact, a regular menagerie.

These two boys became expert canoeists and oarsmen, and down on the corner of Jaggar and Sanford avenues, where they used to live, and where their house still stands, they built themselves a little cedar canoe; they were not rich boys, and they made their own money to buy the material for their canoe, and in it they made the trip out on the breast of old Ocean, around dangerous Point Judith, to Newport and across Buzzard Bay. Not only once, but several times, did they make this perilous trip in their little home-built cedar canoe.

When they grew older one of these boys was the stroke of the champion eight-oared shell crew of Long Island. After this he went on a most perilous expedition through the canyon of the Colorado River from Green River to tidewater. Then he went with Commander Peary to the Arctics.

The brother meanwhile studied art at the Art Students' League.

To be admitted to the League, it was

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necessary to show a drawing from life or from the antique (plaster casts). So the lad came to my studio and made a drawing from the plaster-cast head of Voltaire, which now rests on the shelf above me as I write. Both of these boys to-day are splendid types of American manhood. One of them wears the purple honors of the Camp Fire Club of America for supreme achievement, and the other the laurels won by common consent of the American people as the leading illustrator of our country. They are the two Gibson boys—Langdon Gibson and Charles Dana Gibson.

TRO BOYITS

That is what you will succeed in saying if you repeat "Troy boats" ten times. Try it on your friends, particularly on those who can say "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," and "Around the rock the ragged rascal ran," and "Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prisms," and "She sells sea shells on the seashore."

Just why "Troy boats" is so difficult is not quite easy to understand, because the "oy" in Troy and the "o" in boats can easily be repeated. The fact is, though, that it is one of the most difficult combinations in the English language.

It is all the more amusing, too, because it sounds so simple. The long, complex sentences, designed to try the unwary, are obviously hard, but everyone will smile when asked to say "Troy boats" ten times.

As a matter of fact, those two words are such a trap for the tongue that the men who call out the boats on the piers in New York hardly ever say "Troy boat," but "Boat for Troy," which anyone can say without the least trouble.

THE PENSIONER IN GRAY

Thou little pensioner in gray,
Who, dauntless, now dost bar my way,
With tiny paws upon thy breast
And eyes that challenge and arrest.

Prithee what wouldst thou have of me,
Thou denizen of forest free?
Who all day long in sun or shade
Thy home in wildwood ways hast made.

Yet in the city's busy mart,
'Neath college spires of lore and art,
Here on the path dost sit and wait
Under the elm trees at the gate.

Had I a dole to give thee, dear,
Who art so wild, yet without fear,
Gladly would I that proffer make,
For thy sheer courage! thy bright sake!

But, little pensioner, my hands
Are empty spite of thy demands.
I can but offer thee a verse
That shall thy pretty ways rehearse.

Then, little pensioner in gray,
Meet me, I pray, another day,
And I will strive thy grace to find
Where Cambridge streets 'neath elm trees wind.

—*Marian Longfellow in St. Nicholas.*

HURT NO LIVING THING

Hurt no living thing:
Ladybird nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap;
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

—*Christina Rosetti.*

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FAITHFUL FRIENDS

Friends have I in many a clime,
  Young as well as old;
How I prize each one of them
  Cannot here be told;
But there, too, are other friends
  I would claim to-day—
Friends that brighten many an hour,
  All along life's way.

Little friends with coats of fur,
  Black or gray or white;
Eyes that watch each move I make,
  Be it day or night.
When the wind outside my door
  Blows with whiz and whir;
Then these friends come close to me,
  And, with gentle purr,
Make the night seem far less wild;
  And I always know
That they look to me for care
  When the fierce winds blow.
What so cheery, let me ask,
  In the firelight's glow,
As this gentle little purr,
  Coming soft and low?

Little friends that trust in me,
  See them at their play;
They have found some dainty bit,
  Hidden here to-day.
Friends may come and friends may go,
  False or tried and true—
What care I, since I possess
  Fithful friends like you?

—Alice Annette Larkin in Our Dumb Animals.

Beauty and Health

IT is the thought and not the labor that harms. Work, mental or physical, ever has a beneficial effect. It's the thought under which it is done that wears. Thoughts of must, of contest with another, thoughts of worry, anxiety, fear; these bring ill-health. To win a success that is worth winning, a success that stays, hold only thoughts born of faith in the All-Good, and faith in self, of satisfaction and trust for to-day. Cut out anxiety for to-morrow.

These thoughts contain no element of fear, worry, anxiety or competition. With such an ideal, work; but in working let that ideal shape itself in the external life in its own way. Simply affirm health, and follow impressions as they come each moment, as you use the strength of the moment.

To affirm health is to build it in the external, the real life—the soul life. Once built there, it will manifest just as surely as water on the hill finds the sea. Picture yourself in perfect health. Imagine yourself as fine in appearance as any person that you admire. Why not admire yourself? Only health is beautiful. To call a sick person a "beautiful invalid" is to call a flat-head Indian, a Chinese foot, the savage's split lip and nose, or an American lady's waist beautiful. These are all personified ugliness. So is invalidism. Anything in perfect health is beautiful. It is a God-given privilege to love beauty and to cultivate beauty in one's self. Seek to be beautiful in form and face. Build your ideal of health as one of beauty. But beware of that ideal of adornment which leads to disease. "I am beautiful," means health. "I wear beau-

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tiful garments, I possess beautiful pictures and flowers," are affirmations that center in the external and lead to death. *I am beautiful* draws the soul into expression. It is the love of beauty that helps, not the possession of it. In love of Beauty, dress and adore. Love the beautiful because it is the wholesome expression of the soul. Health is beauty and beauty is health. In a few generations, when the interior beauty of the soul is called into expression of affirmations, there will be in the race only health and beauty.—*Brown.*

THINK ON THESE THINGS

We believe that to love the good and live the good is the supreme thing in religion.

We hold reason and conscience to be worthy authorities in matters of religious belief.

We feel intuition and consciousness of an everlasting Truth as the true guidance of humanity.

We honor the Bible and all inspiring scripture, old or new.

We revere Jesus, who has taught men truth, righteousness and love.

We believe in the growing nobility of man.

We trust the unfolding Universe as beautiful, beneficent, unchanging Order; to know this order is truth; to obey it is right and liberty and eternal life.

We believe that good and evil inevitably carry their own recompense, no good thing being failure and no evil thing success; that heaven and hell are states of being; that no evil can befall the good man in either life or death; that all things work together for the victory of Good.

We believe that we ought to join hands and work to make the good things better and the worse good, counting nothing good for self that is not good for all.

We believe that this self-forgetting, loyal life wakens in man the sense of union, here and now, with things eternal—the sense of deathlessness; and this sense is to us an earnest of a life to come.

We worship One-in-All—that life whence suns and stars derive their orbits and the soul of man its Ought, that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, giving us power to become the sons of God—that love with whom our souls commune.

This One we name the Eternal God—Our Father.—*Susie Louise Dix.*

HOW DID YOU FIGHT AND WHY?

You are beaten to earth! Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye.
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

—*Edmund Vance Cook.*

ALL GOD SENDS IS GOOD

I know not what the days may bring,
But to one trust I firmly cling—
That all God sends is Good.
The rain, the sun, the black, still night,
Or pain, or gladness, all is right;
For troubled waters in delight
Shall heal the dimness of my sight,
God's every fount is Good.

—*Sam Exton Foulds.*

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What News This Easter Day?

Richard Le Gallienne.

WHAT news this Easter Day? The morn is red
With eager fire, as though some courier came
Across the heavens, with news celestial sped,
And the glad east throws wide its gates of flame;
While rings from east to west, from north to south,
A voice that hath the morning stars for mouth,
"He is arisen—arisen—from the dead."

He is arisen—O world, thou too arise!
Too long thou sleepest in a dream of death,
Shrouded in sin and sepulchred in lies;
O drink the morning incense of his breath,
And in the dews of His auroral word
Bathe thy sick soul, like innocent flower or bird,
And seek the healing pity of His eyes.

Shall the soul still sleep on and take no heed,—
Though the clod quicken, and the meadows turn
To glittering grass, and the despaired-of seed
Flames resurrection from its wintry urn,
And the lost song comes singing back again,
And the old tears grow soft as April rain,—
Shall the soul still sleep on and take no heed!

Shall the hard earth have ears for the soft spring,
Answering her footsteps with a smile of flowers,
And bidding all her birds a welcome sing,
Building for her chapels of wildwood bowers,
With violet censers sweet and eglantine
And altar garlands of the wandering vine
And has the soul no welcome for its King!

Must Nature teach her parable in vain
To eyes grown blind with custom and deaf ears—
Death and rebirth, and death and birth again,
The open secret of the singing spheres,
The dream made dust, the dust again a dream,
And heaven and earth co-partners in the scheme
Whereby man grows to spirit in sun and rain!

Yea! even as the seed that in the furrow lies,
Seeming uncared for, lost in ice and storm,
Is the keeping of the star-strewn skies,
And fed by viewless hands and breathings warm
Of central fires—so, too, the mystic air
Hath man's immortal being in its care,
Supports unseen and guards with sleepless eyes.

Such news this Easter Day on every breeze!
Painted as in a missal-book in flowers,
Bird-chanted as in kneeling sanctuaries:
Even as in heaven, so on this earth of ours
He is arisen—arisen—from the dead,
And with His coming all the morn is red,
And glorious with His love all lands and seas.

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Christ in Galilee

Ruby Archer-Doud

THE hour that is not born of day or night, but stays eternal in the mind of man, that was the hour the brooding life of the world found birth of all its yearning love in Him. He came to found a kingdom for the soul refuge amid the empires of brute force, a realm for all the pure and meek of heart. Words of eternal life were on His lips, and humblest ones of earth were called to hear. Noblest of all the great He left at home among the people, for He deeply knew there is no poverty save that of heart, and man is measured by the love he bears.

He held the children in His tender arms; He touched with blessings babes at mothers' breasts; in wayward hearts the charm of virtue woke, till with their perfumes and their ointments rare sad women gave their sorrows and found peace. Strong fishermen forsook their nets to hear, and loved, and went with Him; and, being taught, made bold to enter strangers' homes and bless their firesides; sowing all the way a childhood rapture, full-pulsed with content, the cheer and charm of the Beloved's voice: "A new commandment—Love ye one another!"

Defenseless, but inspired, they knew themselves guided by sovereign spirit, love of Truth. He found their hearts' deep craving, balm and peace; illumined ways for all their faltering souls. The luxury of power He envied not in those idyllic days of Galilee; the hut, the wine-press and the threshing-floor, orchards of figs and olives, cooling wells, and perfect truth and beauty—all were his. If large, dim outline of events to be found secret image in His prophet-soul, He spake it not in those joy-blessed days.

Child-young in fancy, He was rich in gifts of Nature; perfume of the fields in harvest-time; the dumb things at their play; clouds and the dawn-sky; storm and wave and night. Nature, obedient, bowed her gracious neck, docile, as unto all that love the One. In simple goodness all He claimed was taught: Religion pure—not ritual nor priest, temple, nor forms of righteous, fair pretense; the Pharisaic prayer in the market-place.

"Be perfect!" was the pleading of His word. Not good for recompense—mere slave's intent—but large, free-thoughted, virtuous of soul. Embodiment of Joy in somber days, a soul full-grown, breathing the breath of God, creator of the liberty of life—Jesus, the Christ—Messiah of the world.

He spake in poetry and parable, yet knew not Buddha, Plato, nor the Greeks. His words are theirs, but more sublimely said; truly the same, for greatest souls unknown are all in sympathy, respond to pulse of the age, the world, the infinite universe—One breath in all, one rhythm, one Great Life. Companioned thus by wisdom of the pure, the eyes of Jesus look across the years.

The Christ shall live through all the lives of men—perpetual beauty, strong within the soul! We need not perish for that magic air, thrilled through with unforgotten happiness. Still as of old the seasons fall in place orderly in the

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rhythm of the spheres, and in the realm of soul is naught destroyed.

The streets He played in while a little child, where His plain dwelling stood, and where He toiled years of His youth, in dreams of happiness for kingdom not of this world—those village ways are lovely still with fig-trees and young vines. And through rose-laurel and the tamarisk walk graceful Syrian women bearing jars with languorous ease and comely courtesy, to loiter by the fountain where He drank.

The shore of Gennesareth, His dear love; the valley of the Jordan, cup of gold; the little world that bore His footprints then, smile o'er the march of empires, tombs of kings; the pilgrim shrine of all the hearts of men. Yea, villages of Galilee are fair as when He loved them; mountain, vale and sea are eloquent to name the ways He went. The sacred airs of ancient mystery flow round us now—there is no past for Truth. We need no burning-bush, nor tempest-bolt, nor oracle, nor angel, to believe that God is present every glorious hour. Now all the dreams of ancient prophecy are brought to pass, for in our conscious hearts the Christ is loved as once in Galilee.

Gracious and seemly, gentle, unafraid, the soul of History, forevermore greater than Nature, stronger far than Death, He writes in triumph of our better thoughts, the tender poetry of human kind. The Mount of Inspiration beckons on for stricken ones; the petty bonds of race, with somber fury riven, hold no more; far mightier than country, blood or laws, rings down the centuries His word of Love.

Before Him came the prophets; after Him, the Kingdom of the Living God in Man!

THE STRENGTH OF CHRISTIANITY

We stand at the dawn of the twentieth century, and we seek to measure the strength of Christianity. Her adherents in 1800 were perhaps 200,000,000; to-day they are close upon 500,000,000. Not in numbers alone, but in vantage ground of influence, she has grown in strength; the Christian nations now wield sovereign influence over 800,000,000 out of the 1,400,000,000 of the world's population. Or, to put it in another way, one-third of the inhabitants of the world are Christian, and nearly another third of the world is under the government of the Christian nations; and, as matters now are, it is not difficult to see how easily the whole of the habitable world may fall under the sway of the Christian peoples. Measure the Christian influence by area, and we find that for every mile of the earth's surface governed by non-Christian peoples four are ruled by Christian nations. Yet Voltaire prophesied that before the opening of the nineteenth century Christianity would have vanished from the face of the earth! The answer of facts is that two-thirds of the world's people and four-fifths of the earth's soil are ruled by the Christian nations. If we ask for further evidence of the growth of the Christian Church, we have but to look at India, where the Christian converts grew between 1851 and 1881 from 91,000 to 417,000; or at Africa, where a native church holds an almost independent existence.—*Canadian Churchman.*

Let us try to be good-humored for a single day; if we let the sunlight into our souls, it will generate in our hearts every good motive, and we shall find life strengthened and ourselves armed to fight.—*James Ellis.*

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GOD WITHIN

I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

If I feel God behind all existence, then there is a great identity established between all the utterances of Him throughout the length and breadth of human life. The volcanoes know each other—Etna crying out to Vesuvius across the sea—because of the oneness of the central fire from which they all proceed. Let me know God, the source of all that man does anywhere, and then, O, poet, sing your song! O, sculptor, carve your statue! O, builder, build your house! O, engineer, roll out your railroad on the plain! O, sailor, sail your ship across the sea! They are all mine. I am glad; I am proud of them all. Is it not what Paul wrote so triumphantly to his disciples: "All things are yours, and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

How dear, how soothing to man, arises the idea of God peopling the lonely place, effacing the scars of our mistakes and disappointments.

It inspires in man an infallible trust. He is sure that his welfare is dear to the heart of being.

Men speak of revelation as somewhat long ago given and done, as if God were dead.

But ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul.

Forever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable.

The glory of the One breaks in everywhere. O, my brothers, God is! There is a soul at the center of nature and over the will of man, so that none of us can wrong the Universe.

We need only obey. There is guidance for each of us, and by listening we shall hear the right word.

When we have broken with our God of tradition and ceased from our God of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with His presence.

He comes to the lowly and simple, to whomsoever will put off what is foreign and proud; He comes as insight; He comes as serenity and grandeur.

When a man says, "I ought;" when love warms him; when he chooses, warned from on high, the good and great deed;

Then deep melodies wander through his soul from Supreme Wisdom.

He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled.

If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter into that man with justice.

The dawn of the sentiment of virtue on the heart gives and is the assurance that Law is sovereign over all natures:

And the worlds, time, space, eternity do seem to break out into joy.

But if one would know what the great God speaketh, he must "Go into his closet and shut the door," as Jesus said. He must greatly listen to himself.

And God shall be to him a sweet and enveloping thought.

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He shall learn the revelation of all nature and all thought to his heart.

This, that the Highest dwells with him.

We desire of the Infinite Wisdom and Goodness to be led into truth. So may it be by our lowliness and seeking!

This we ask of the Infinite Wisdom and Goodness.—*From "Responsive Service," compiled by Susie Louise Dix.*

ETERNITY

The beliefs of the past have told us that we are now living in time, and that later on we shall enter eternity; but we must discard this idea—first, because it is not true, and, second, because we have discovered this idea to be one of the chief causes of old age and death.

When man fully realizes that he is living now in the great eternal now, and that he is already in eternity, he shall know age no more. Man grows old because he believes in the passing of time. He is conscious of the passing of years, and believes that the further he goes with the years the more years will be added to the burden of his life. He therefore thinks of himself as so many years old, but here he is mistaken. Time is not passing; time is; and the time that is is eternity.

What we call time is only that period in eternity that we are conscious of now, and in truth we cannot call it a period of any definite length. To some it is long, to others it is short; to some it passes quickly, to others it drags, and it is variously interpreted by various minds; but the time itself continues to be the same—the eternity that we are now conscious of.

When man becomes conscious of the fact that time is standing still, that he is moving, and that the farther on he moves the larger his life becomes, he will have attained the secret of that life that is ever young. The truth is that when man realizes that he is ever moving onward he will know that he is growing into life; and he will never pass into age so long as he is growing into life.

The change that is required must take place in our own consciousness.

Realize that time is, that the time that is is eternity, and that eternity is still, always here, forever giving forth her riches to man. Realize this great truth in the depth of consciousness, and years will only add to your power, your youth, your life and your spiritual attainments. —*From The Cosmic World.*

Fear, doubt, anger, jealousy, any passion born of selfishness, will tend to destroy the normal relationship of the cells and organs of the body. Many a man fails to digest and assimilate his food, simply because of wrong mental or emotional conditions. He is mean, jealous, stingy, overreaching, thinks of himself first and always, and then wonders why he can't be as healthy and as happy as his whole-souled, law-abiding neighbor. There is nothing that more surely deranges the functional expression of our vital force than fear, worry or doubt. And there is nothing that will so enable us to carry ourselves erect as children of our Heavenly Father, inheriting the possibilities of the Christly life, as the power of an intelligent and consecrated will in positive accord with the divine will.—*From an Address by Dr. J. H. Jackson.*

O, peace and rest;
Upon the breast
Of God himself I seem to lean;
No break nor bar
Of sun or star,
Just God and I and naught between!
—*John W. Chadwick.*

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IMAGINATION

This is the song of Imagination:

Mine are the wings on which souls soar into the unborn years.

Mine are the sails that speed the ships of fancy across the seas of time.

I am the crucible that transmutes impossibilities into achievement.

I am the loom that weaves the tapestries for history.

I am the giant crane of the brain.

I am the lens that magnifies the farthest star and the hand that reaches to its height.

Mine is the eye that pierces mountainsides and sees the treasures of the rock.

I am the herald of things to be—guide to civilization—architect of evolution—I strike the soul-spark that warms clay to kinship with immortals.

I am the dream of man-awake.

All that is mighty on earth and all that is noble in might—all that is finest and farthest and fairest my pencil sketched.

I stand upon the desert sands and summon fruitful waters from the hills to slake the parching wastes.

I survey highways in the wilderness and beckon courage to the new-found roads.

I tear the bolts from out the hands of Jove and harness them to wheel and lamp.

I spin a wonder-web of wires o'er the miles, and gift the strands with speech.

I drive my iron horses over mountain peaks.

I blend the pigments for the painter's brush and orchestrate musician's hands.

I am Revelation—Horizon, Vision, Hope, Faith—the Light Eternal.

I am the voice of God.

I whisper, and walls rise into the clouds, and surgeons' knives find foulness in sick flesh, and wings of canvas breast the winds, and unseen ships hear cries of help scream from a leaping spark.

I sow to-morrow with good seed.

Without me man is meat.

Swords have won nothing for the world—great fights are fought with thought.

'Twas I who taught the wheel-maker and the tool-shaper and the rail-layer and the boat-builder.

I am the Master in Man.

I am Opportunity. I stalk in the sunrise. At dusk, Time the Sweep brushes away my track, but to-morrow I come to walk anew.—*Herbert Kaufman in Woman's World.*

ALL IS ETERNITY

The present cannot be separated from either the future or the past. All time is one time. What men call now is a part of the whole. Men speak of seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years, decades, centuries, and so on, but after all, all is eternity. We are living in eternity and but one life. We shall continue to exist. What men commonly call death is but another step taken that brings us farther on into the eternal years with all the shades of experiences that we have accumulated in the longer or shorter walks we have previously taken.

God is as infinite and abiding as eternity. He cannot change nor can His power be diminished. His love is as far-reaching as Himself. As a child of God you are a creature of His love and omnipotence. Wherever you are, He is. Fear should have no place in your thoughts; but perfect faith and trust should continually manifest in you.

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THE GOOD TRAVELER AND THE LEFT-BEHIND

The first thought of the good traveler is to send some message to those left behind. That is why picture post-cards have become so popular. It is nice to think that each colored wing that flutters around the globe is a thought-wing, after all—an expression of remembrance from a relative or a friend. Many of them bear the best of all sentiments: "I wish you were here." That shows how the travelers think of the stay-at-homes, doesn't it? Their happiness would be absolutely complete—if we were along.

Nothing is sweeter than to be missed; and if we stay-at-homes, with our large leisure, have time to miss the travelers, it is good to know that they, with all their busy sightseeing, have time to think of us and to wish that we were with them. Their pleasure is always a little spoiled, you see, by our absence; while their absence is only a great joy to us, knowing as we do that it means new worlds for them to conquer, new visions to see, new prospects of delight and dream. Our hearthside contentment is added to by the knowledge that they are wandering in wonderful places; that they, whom we love, are learning more of life, and will be broader, better men and women for their enchanting journey. Always we imagine them in the happiest way, while their thought of us is necessarily tinged with a little sadness for our forlorn situation. We are the poor stay-at-homes!

I do not know what your work is, but I do know that it is useful and that you can make it beautiful.—*Thomas Dreier.*

The definition of a tempest in a teapot is the fuss other people make about their troubles.

THEIR SISTER

With the joint fame of Orville and Wilbur Wright, aviators, will ever be associated the name of their devoted sister Katherine. She was the only woman who had a share in the close fellowship of the two inventor brothers, for neither ever married.

It was Katherine's faith that encouraged the unknown aviators through years of experiment, when all their little world of Dayton laughted at them. It was Katherine who saved the day when a wealthy French syndicate came over to investigate their doings. At this, their darkest hour, when all their machines were broken and they had come to the end of their cash resources, Katherine stepped forward with her savings as a school teacher. Her money built the aeroplane which was exhibited before the delighted Frenchmen, the first men to honor the great American aviators.

It was Katherine, a trained nurse, who was Orville Wright's constant hospital attendant after the fall at Fort Myer in which he was so seriously injured. And it was Katherine, barely resting day or night, who was faithful to the end at the fevered pillow of Wilbur Wright. She was the closest of the family group when that beloved and talented brother was taken from her at the height of his manhood.

About the meanest trick you can play on a four-year-old is to laugh at traits you are going to cuff him for when he's fourteen.

Be what you wish others to become. Let yourself and not your words preach. —*Amiel.*

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THE JOYS OF SPRING

Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of your drooping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend,
And see where surly winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts;
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravished vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky,
Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls to where the well-used plow
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe,
While through the neighboring fields the sower stalks
With measured step; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground;
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

—*From Thompson's "The Seasons."*

TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE LINE

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining.
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next.
Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder their lining!
Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a text.
As each year hurries by let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down through the past,
While you take your place in the line of progression,
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the blast.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

TODAY

Look well to this day!
For it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the verities and
Realities of your existence;

The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendor of Beauty.

For yesterday is but a dream,
And to-morrow is only a vision;
But to-day well lived makes every
Yesterday a dream of Happiness,
And every to-morrow a vision of Hope.
Look well therefore to this day!

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ARE YOU READY?

The chance for which you have waited long
May come before you lie down to-night—
Are you ready?
Have you learned your part, is your courage strong,
Are your muscles hard, is your armor bright,
And your purpose steady?

You have dreamed and hoped, you have gladly planned,
And a chance is all that you need, you say;
But could you grasp with a firm, strong hand
If the chance you lack should appear to-day?

A thousand others may watch and wait
For the chance you crave and the chance you need—
Are you ready?
Next month, next week, it may be too late,
Though your fitness then may be fair indeed,
And your purpose steady!

—*S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.*

I WILL

I will be what I will to be,
I will be it here and now;
Ye shall not vex me with a "When?"
Ye shall not bid me "How?"
Till light goes out of the sun,
Till salt goes out of the sea,
And savor out of the salt—
I will be—what I will to be.

—*Arthur H. Goodnough.*

AT THE GATE OF SPRING

Tulip and crocus and hyacinth
Are waiting for your smile,
Listening to the languorous southland wind
That is whispering all the while.
Whispering of mossy, woodland dells,
To violet, snowdrop and daffodil,
Of sheltered nooks, by murmuring brooks,
And the twilight call of the whip-poor-will.

Hurry your lagging steps, O, spring,
For the thousand roots that patiently wait,
Stretching, aquiver, beneath the sod,
Beseeching entrance at your gate.
Gayly marching, a million strong,
The woodland blossoms, are clamoring;
Soon they will pass in their rainbow clothes,
In a fragrant rush thru the gate of spring. —*Mrs. L. F. Lembke.*

ON THINKING GLAD

Never mind a change of scene—
Try a change of thinking.
What if things seem sordid, mean,
What's the use of blinking?
Life's not always storm and cloud;
Somewhere stars are shining.
Try to think your joys out loud,
Silence all repining.

By degrees, by thinking light,
Thinking glad and sweetly,
You'll escape the stress of night,
Worry gone completely.
Get the habit looking for
Sunbeams pirouetting,
Tapping gaily at your door—
Surest cure for fretting.

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

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HAPPINESS

But perhaps the most deep-lying thought for us to master, if we would be happy, is our thought of the Universe itself or of God.

The question now is not whether you are religious or not, nor what church you belong to, but simply what kind of a person or force do you think it is that is controlling the world?

Whatever your God, the cardinal point to believe about Him is that He is not "angry at the natural human joys, nor wants you to tremble as you sit at life's feast."

His universe is set for joy. The squirrel in the forest, the fish in the sea, the insect and the bird in the summer sunshine, the kitten by your hearthstone, and the friendly dog who companies your walk, all are normally happy; life tastes good to them. And it must be that He who made them and you is not displeased when you take the simple pleasures which He has endowed you with the capacity to enjoy.

Underneath the happiness of every thoughtful person must rest the profound belief in the goodness of God.

I do not want to be considered as implying that we can be in high spirits all the time. We shall have our pains and disappointments, shadow as well as sunshine.

But what I do wish to emphasize is that one who cultivates the art of enjoying simple things, who studies to draw his joy from life's great ocean of common things and not from life's novelties and heated perversions, who with childlike mind accepts that which is and tries to adapt himself to it, who persistently refuses the false pleasures of the immoralities, who cultivates day by day the habit of cheerfulness, and who believes that He who made us feels as kindly toward us as we feel toward our own children, such a one will find, in days of trouble, certain hidden and profound resources within himself, a poise and peace too deep for any calamity to disturb:

"And so make life, death and that vast
forever
One grand, sweet song."

Perfect happiness is the exercise of virtue.—*Aristotle.*

Happiness is not in outward things.—*Aristotle.*

When Socrates was asked whether he considered a great King happy, he answered: "I do not know how he is supplied with virtue and wisdom." As if he meant that in these two things, and not in fortune's goods, happiness abides. —*Plutarch.*

Nemo malus felix—No bad man is happy.—*Juvenal.*

The tiredest people are the pleasure seekers.—*Laertius.*

DON'T TELL YOUR TROUBLES

It never pays to tell your troubles, and there are several reasons why. In the first place, the more you speak or think of your troubles, the more attention you give them; and we always give added life to those things that receive our attention. And, in the second place, you can never half finish telling your troubles before your friends will begin to shower their own tales upon you. Then, how sorry you will be that you started such a gloomy and unfortunate habit.

Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good.—*Emerson.*

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The Battle for Pure Food

Mrs. Julia Heath in "The Designer"

NEVER was there a more righteous war than the present war of the housewives of the nation for safe and clean food at a fair price. Since the date that the Pure Food law went into effect the consumer has benefited both in health of body and condition of pocketbook, but the statement issued by the Department of Agriculture in its last report to the effect that "more than two hundred ways were found during the preceding year of cheating the public," and that "during the year of 1911 the fakers were exceptionally active," has aroused women to the realization of the fact that there still remains much to be done to wipe out the evil of adulterated and misbranded foodstuffs.

Dr. Wiley repeatedly said that it was the women of the country who passed the Pure Food law.

It has also been affirmed that the Pure Food law is a failure, because of the manipulation of the law and of its nonenforcement.

It now remains for the women of the country to make it possible for the authorities not only to say that "the women passed the Pure Food law," but also enforced it, and it is in their power, for if absolutely no article of adulterated food be purchased none will be manufactured.

Every housewife should consider well that "two hundred ways of cheating the public" means two hundred ways of endangering the health of her family and imperiling the health of the nation. The farmer does not mix with his feed coal-tar dyes, boric acid, sulphites, ammonia, benzoate, acids or alum. Cattle are an asset and must be attended carefully. The young horse is subject to intestinal disease, and wee chickens perish with the first dietary disorder; but with human beings it would seem to be a different matter, for housekeepers, including the wife of the farmer who so carefully guards the health of his cattle, buy food made attractive and apparently cheap by adulteration and place it upon their tables.

Our children are the chief victims of poisonous food. Their little organs are like sponges absorbing all they can, to help build muscle, bone and tissue. Children crave sweets, and if candy and other sweets were made of wholesome stuffs they would furnish ideal food for the growing child; but when he craves these bodily needs we give him, disguised as candy, saccharin, arsenic, glue and varnish. Should we not protect our children as carefully as cattle are protected?

The present Federal laws allows a certain percentage of benzoate of soda, salts of copper, sulphites, aluminum salts and seven coal-tar dyes, if the use of these is stated on the label. The law also requires all food manufacturers to label their products truthfully. The law, by establishing definite standards for foodstuffs, has developed an entirely new nomenclature for a large class of products. When there was no check upon the character of manufactured goods, the manufacturer reduced the price by the simple expedient of debasing quality, and no one was the wiser.

We may still buy glucose instead of sirup if we wish, but we now have the

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privilege of paying for glucose, which is cheaper. We need no longer buy cottonseed oil labeled "pure olive oil," or "maple sirup, made from the first run of sap from the maple groves of Vermont," if these statements contained on the labels are not true. The so-called "pure olive oil" must be labeled "cottonseed oil," if such it be, and the alleged maple sirup from Vermont goes on the market as "caned sirup, imitation maple flavor." We used to buy "pure vanilla" and other "pure" flavoring extracts at an astonishingly low price. Many of these products must now find sale as "artificial compounds with imitation flavor."

While we have laws made to protect the exploitation of the home by the manufacturers of impure food and thus in a measure make our food safe, we have no laws which pertain to the insanitary, in fact, indecent, way in which our foods are handled. Large cities and some small towns have certain laws in regard to sanitary conditions of grocery stores, meat markets, delicatessens and bakeries. These laws in the main are meager and poorly enforced, and in thousands of small towns no such laws exist.

Only clean food is safe food, and food will not be safe until the pure-food laws are enforced, and until the vital question of insanitary handling is not only understood by the housewife, but by her brought constantly to the attention of the distributer. The housewife has not enjoyed seeing the unclean grocer's clerk handle her butter, cheese and other commodities. She has shuddered at the sight of the open ice-box, with the butter, lard and cheese exposed to the dust and dirt of the store. It has not been pleasant for her to observe the store cat peacefully slumbering in the raisin-box, or possibly upon the loaves of bread ready to be distributed; and it has seemed strange to her that the storekeeper never considered the covering of the food when the shop was being swept.

Until recently no protest has been made, but the housewives have become organized, and they are demanding that the food which they purchase be handled in as cleanly a manner as it is in their own homes. An individual protest in any community means little, but when the tradesman realizes that all his customers are united to insist upon proper conditions being maintained where the food supplies are sold, a radical change will be wrought. There are stores and markets where model conditions obtain, and the housewife should patronize only such markets. A tradesman told a member of the Housewives' League that he was "proud to have the trade of its members."

Let me warn the housewife in regard to the food labels, which state: "Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906." The guaranty clause of the Federal law is misleading, as it deceives the consumer by giving the impression that the Government guarantees the purity of the product which is so stamped. Under no circumstances does the Department of Agriculture examine for manufacturers or dealers any product coming under the Food and Drugs Act, nor does it give any certificate of excellence or otherwise to such products. The sole purpose of the serial number and the guaranty clause is to make it possible to identify the manufacturer if deleterious articles be found in the package. The main object is to protect the retailer and fix the blame for violation of the law upon the manufacturer, where it belongs. It is not a protection for the consumer.

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LIFE THE GREAT HEALER

Nature's heart and purpose is teeming with life, love and beauty.

This is just as true of you and me as it is of fields and flowers.

Just to live on is to grow wiser, better, stronger, healthier.

I know that is a gospel that many disbelieve. It being a free country, anyone can believe what he likes. There are those to whom life is but an increasing disease, old age a calamity, and the whole affair a mistake.

Any who prefer to go wailing and regretting from the cradle to the grave may do so. I can only say that to me it is silly, useless and untrue.

I suppose I have made as many mistakes as the next man; I know I have done ten thousand foolish things; I have hurt those who loved me; I have been betrayed, swindled, lied about and injured by my fellow-beings; I have failed many and many a time; and if anybody has a right to want to "go out in the garden and eat worms," or sit in a corner and weep, or give up and join the "down-and-outers," surely it is I.

But out of all this welter of error and evil there has come to me not despair, but hope; not tears, but peace; not hate, but love.

I have put my soul against this old universe. I have leaned my heart against this wide humanity, and I am healed. Thank God! I am pretty well, thank you, and propose to remain so.

I do not speak merely of physical health; that shall be as God wills; but of mental and spiritual health. I take the great world as it is, and find healing.

A lot of things I have lost, with youth, but an immeasurably greater lot I have gained with middle age. To me Nature and Time have been great nurses and teachers, nay, loving mothers, who have healed me of I know not how many evils. —*Frank Crane.*

GROWING OLD

Growing old ought to mean ripening and sweetening. Up to a certain point there should be a constant and continuous maturing of all our faculties. Outdoors in nature there are certain fixed features of every season. The freshness of spring cannot be found in winter, but neither can the rich colors in the ripened harvest of the later season be found in the spring. The difference, so far as happiness goes, is in kind and not in degree.

"Eighty years young," I think Mrs. Julia Ward Howe once said; and there is youth still lingering, like embers in the ashes of the hearth, in a green old age. There is more flush and more flavor in the mellowed fruit than in the little hard thing out of which it ripened; more glory in the golden harvest field than when its light green stalks tossed to the summer breeze.

Moreover, while the joys of age are largely memories, they have this advantage over hope, that they have in them no possibility of disappointment. They are our positive possessions laid up in store, to keep until they pass into the perfect happiness of the life eternal.—*Bishop Doane.*

God and humanity are one. There is no chasm between God and ourselves unless we create one. We can be like God by living in Him and His law. His only law is love. Let us bring it into the daily exercise of this life. Let us lead a simple life and be kind and gentle to one another.

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Right Thinking

Orison Swett Marden in "The Nautilus"

NO one can do his best work while he harbors revengeful or even unfriendly thoughts toward others. Our faculties only give up their best when working in perfect harmony. There must be goodwill in the heart or we cannot do good work with head or hand.

What is there to be gained by harboring injuries, by dwelling upon misfortunes, by morbid worrying over our failures? Did it ever pay to harbor slights and imagined insults?

There is only one thing to do with a disagreeable thought or experience, and that is, get rid of it; hurl it out of the mind as you would a thief out of your house. You cannot afford to give shelter to enemies of your peace and comfort.

If we did not harbor in the mind the things that are not good for us, they would not make such a lasting impression upon us. In fact they would not get hold of us. It is the harboring of them, turning them over and over, thinking of them, that intrenches them in the mind.

A kindly attitude, a feeling of goodwill toward others, is our best protection against bitter hatred or injurious thoughts of any kind, for they cannot penetrate the love shield, the good-will shield.

No one has learned the art of true living until he has trained his mind to forget every experience from which he can no longer derive any advantage—that will hinder his progress and make him unhappy. No matter how great a mistake you have made, it should be forgotten, buried forever. Don't keep digging it up. You have learned the lesson there is in it for you. The only good use you can make of an unfortunate mistake is to make it a starting-point for something better.

Groveling thoughts, debasing thoughts, always lead downward, while the opposite thoughts lead in the opposite direction. The criminal thought leads directly to the penitentiary.

We know how vicious thoughts and wicked emotions and passions tend to produce chemical changes in the system, poisoning the cell life and producing all sorts of physical discords, and how the opposite thoughts and emotions will tend to produce just the opposite results, will heal, repair, restore, renew.

Every cell in the body gets the life impulse or death impulse from every thought or emotion that passes through the mind. It is either a friend or an enemy thought, a curse or a blessing.

You want health. Never allow yourself to think that anything else will come to you. Assume the health attitude, think health, talk it. Say to yourself that it is your birthright. Don't be afraid of thinking too highly of yourself, for if the Creator made you, you must have inherited divine omnipotent possibilities, you must partake of His qualities.

If your parents, teachers, or those for whom you work tell you that you are dull and stupid, just deny it vigorously every time the suggestion comes to you. Constantly affirm that you are not stupid, that you have ability, and that you are

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going to show the people who have disapproved of you that you can do what others do.

Some people wonder that they amount to so little, that they cut so little figure and carry so little weight in their community. It is because they do not think and act like conquerors.

The mind is always in the process of creating something. The product may be vicious or helpful; a blessing or a curse; it is entirely within our power to choose our thougths. We cannot blame anyone else if we are miserable instead of happy, failures instead of successes. Much mental distress is due to negative, destructive thinking, instead of positive and creative, which we might easily substitute.

Stand guard at the door of your mind; keep out all the enemies of your happiness and achievement, and you will be astonished at your increased power and entire change of life within a short time.

The cheerful, hopeful thought is itself a powerful remedy for a score of ills, such as the "blues," melancholia, and discouragement. Optimism alone is an antidote for some of the worst mental diseases.

Hold to optimistic ideals, and you will drive out pessimism, the great breeder of disease, failure and misery.

If you are dissatisfied with your condition, if you feel that life has been hard and the fates cruel, if you are a complainer of your lot, you will probably find that, whatever your condition may be, in your home or business or social life, it is the legitimate offspring of your own thought, your own ideals, and that you have nobody to blame but yourself.

Right thinking will produce right living; clean thinking, a clean life; and a prosperous, generous thought followed up by intelligent endeavor to make your thoughts and your ideals real will produce corresponding results.

HAPPINESS

It ain't so far to happiness—it's lying all around;
It twinkles in the dewdrops, brings blooms to barren ground;
It sings in all the breezes; it ripples in the rills;
It's written on green banners that wave from all the hills.

It ain't so far to happiness; we rob our lives of rest
To find it o'er broad oceans as far as east from west;
From all the dear home places in sorrow we depart,
And dream not that its dwelling place is ever in the heart.

It ain't so far to happiness; it's shining all along;
It's in the lowliest violet, it's in the thrush's song,
And hold it, ye that find it, forever to your breast
Till you sleep and dream forever in the roses of God's rest.

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

WHATEVER IS IS RIGHT

I know as my life grows older,
And my eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong, somewhere,
There lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But as sure as night brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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The Odd Woman

Maude Radford Warren in "The Saturday Evening Post"

MORE and more the odd women by twos and threes are forming homes of their own, getting a practical basis for the sociability they crave. It is said that women are not clubbable; that they are able to live in close contact only when their instincts are appealed to through husband and children. But women in all classes are proving that they can exercise sociability and a life of the affections outside the family circle. Office girls, tired of an unpalatable boarding house, will be found, perhaps as many as four, sharing a little flat of three rooms and a bath, willing to eat in the kitchen, willing to make the little reception room into a bedroom by night, so that they may have a place they can call home and so speak of to their callers. Teachers forget the thin-lipped discipline of the schoolroom in little flats hung with pictures reminiscent of their one trip abroad and full of gracious invitation to ease and companionship. All of the big cities have studio-homes where young women, despite Bohemian tendencies, exercise the home-making and home-giving instinct.

Another human instinct that goes hand in hand with home-making is one to which the odd woman yields cautiously—the desire to care for a child.

She probably gratifies it only partially by making a home occasionally for the children of relatives.

The married accept parenthood easily enough; yet even when she can afford to adopt a child the odd woman, considering the struggle she has had to adjust herself to all the problems of living, hesitates to assume the responsibility of guiding a child. But if she does have her home and her child the odd woman has made her final adjustment with life. She has given up the function for which she was born, and has made her compromises, transformed her physical and emotional energy into mental energy, translated her power into an expression which is primarily satisfying and which serves the world. She knows she makes a more effective appearance than the average married woman of her own age. Her sense of competence, her many interests, keep her young-faced.

Here and there the forceful transfusion of energy from emotion into mind may show in a certain firmness of line, may diminish somewhat charm or grace, but it does not always. She has educated out of herself that old tenacious shrinking belief, inherited from thousands of her mothers, that nobody wants the woman who has not married. She has reached that self-respecting height where she feels that a woman should be considered as an individual without regard to her emotional relations. She expects to be measured by the fact of what she is and has accomplished. She can be content in her spinster world, though all the duties are without the highest compensations and all pleasures lacking in the finest savor because there is nowhere the perfect solace of love and service to her intimate own.

It may be that, despite what use and wont have made of her, she has always a lift in her spirit ready to respond to the

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call of romance. It may be that at the touch of love all her old habits would fall, and she would sink down with the multitudes of married women as securely as if her spinster world had been only a brief passing state. It may be that no long duration of spinsterhood can do away with that touch of spiritual tentativeness which is the odd woman's secret signal to life that she has not yet been given her rightful challenge, that she is not a complete person.

Perhaps she is always afraid of being thought sentimental, of showing a hurt because the dreams of her potential destiny have been long shattered. But if she is not complete the world does not know it. The grosser part of the world ignores her and thinks of her in the crude term of "old maid." The better part of the world is grateful to her, respects her and even reverences her. The world could tell her that there are few souls whom life lets off; that even persons with a complete life pay a heavy price for it.

That part of the world which reverences her, the understanding, sympathetic, idealistic part, would call her spiritually triumphant above other women, and blessed in that she gives so much more than she receives. Doubtless she finds her realities so different from her dreams, important and impressive, for to live is an incurably interesting process. For all that, she knows that she is an outsider in the pageant of life.

THEY HAVE WAITED

A mushroom springs up in a night and finds its way to the frying pan the next day. An oak tree may still be in its childhood after a hundred years. The famous Cowthrop oak, at Cowthrop, Yorkshire, England, was planted about the time of the Norman Conquest, and is at least 800 years old to-day, cared for and venerated by the English nation. Some of the great redwoods of California were shaking their branches in the wind when Moses wandered with the children of Israel through the wilderness 3,000 years ago. These noble veterans of the forest have never been in a hurry. They have waited in calm majesty as the seasons and the years have passed in long procession, and the only rush they have felt has been the rush of the tempests, by which they have never been moved. A wholesome, healthful thing it is for body and soul to spend some of the vacation hours looking up at the trees and learning from them the truth of Milton's words: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

ANVIL SPARKS

Wearing a sour face is a libel on religion.

Weakness is not so bad as blindness to it.

A wise man is not over-confident of his wisdom.

Peace is valuable enough to fight for if necessary.

The biggest help we can ever give another is just love.

Indecision is a great blockade in the way of progress.

There are no changes of fashions in the garb of righteousness.

Some folks never have a chance because they just fool around and will not take it.

When a duty looks to be beneath your dignity, your dignity needs to be lowered a few notches.

We do have many solemn duties, to be sure, but it never adds to their importance to look too solemn because of them.

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Let in the Light

A WOMAN who had lived in the city all her life, recently went to the country to stay a number of months. She was weary of the noise; and the shut-in feeling that a big town always gives you, had got on her nerves. She wanted wide spaces, open air, invigorating mornings; and she said she wanted to see the moon once more as it should be seen, marching across the heavens; she wanted to see all of it, not merely one corner hanging over a housetop. "So I'm going to the country," she announced.

She found a quiet place in the hills, where the air was like wine and the milk was nectar. She drank so much of both the first day that she was almost made over spiritually as well as physically. The second day she felt like expressing her joy in song, and she inquired of the farmer's wife if there was a piano in the house.

"Yes, in the parlor," replied the good woman. "Wait a minute and I'll get the key."

The key! Was this Bluebeard's closet that she was about to be led to?

It was a wonderful morning. The world was drenched in sunshine; yet when the door of that room was opened it was as if one entered a vault. It was damp and musty. The shades were down, the shutters were drawn, and it was as dark as night. The odor that clings to all unaired places struck one's nostrils like a sudden blow. It was inconceivable in this healthy age.

"This is our best room," the hostess explained. "We hardly ever use it," she added almost proudly.

"May I open the windows?" asked the woman from the city, who felt as if she were suffocating.

"Lord, no! The sun would ruin my best carpet!"

A guest should be too polite to make unpleasant comments, so our friend held her tongue; but she thought many things as she stood in that sham "parlor," which was almost worse than Bluebeard's chamber, since it held not even the remains of something that had lived, but the ghost of success, which is failure. It was that most pitiful thing—a room which has never been lived in; and of what use was a flowery carpet if no one ever walked on it, or no eye ever saw it? It was not even a room of memories, closed because of some sad tragedy. There were no happy associations connected with it, and no echoes of laughter came out of its dim corners to greet the sudden intruder. It was merely a wasted chamber, as unpleasant as the touch of death.

Of course it faced the south, and one could imagine the views from those enchanting old windows. But the windows were sealed eyes. They had forgotten the sun. They had lost the light. They were a part of the big failure, and they stared unseeingly, day after day, at the hills beyond.

To have this room—and then to lose it! Never to build a fire on cool evenings on that broad hearth! Not to realize the possibilities for spiritual growth in a great room like this, with its "magic casements," not opening, it is true, "on the foam of perilous seas," but on blue hills and valleys, almost equally lovely—that was the sorrow of it all.

What wouldn't our city friend have

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given to be able to sit at those windows on a spring morning, and bathe in the wonderful sunlight! If she could have had one-tenth of all that rich view in the crowded town! She wondered how any one could ignore it.

There are rooms like this all over the world. We keep our best for the casual visitor and live in the back of our houses. How foolish it is and how unnecessary. What friend wants to come to our house and be shown to a tomb instead of to a big, sunny, livable room? Furniture, no matter how beautiful, does not make a fine "parlor." We must use things to give them personality and power. It is a sin not to use our blessings for ourselves and our friends.

Open your closed room!—*People's Home Journal.*

WITHDRAWAL OF CONDEMNATION

Say to the people around you, I see you in perfection, and do not condemn anything in you.

As you withdraw accusation it is also withdrawn from you.

Judge not, that you be not judged; for each man's judgment of another falls back upon himself.

This is the Spirit of God which Paul said is freedom.

The way to get freedom is to give freedom.

You are not under the old Jewish belief of law and letter unless you choose to hold yourself there; you are in the new Truth dispensation, which Christ showed forth, of light and liberty.

Begin to-day by withdrawing from the world all accusation. Live in pure thought, and the external will correspond with your within. Heaven means freedom.

The Bible lives to-day because of the spirit of its teaching, which when understood is life and liberty. It is an uninteresting book to those who have veiled the Spirit and are blindly reading after the letter, which means law.

Call out the good in everyone by seeing from the standpoint of Spirit, which maketh alive.—*Unity.*

TO MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE

To make the best of life I must have the right attitude toward it, to look for the good in everybody and in everything, and know that there is something good for me even in the hard experiences of life.

I must think only true thoughts; thoughts of life, health, strength, love, peace, power, abundance, success, joy, etc. And I must make myself open and receptive to such thoughts only, for it is these expressions that I truly desire.

To attain them I must realize that "The Father and I are one," thus making my unity with the Good.

To come to this realization I must practice communing with God, affirming the Truth, having faith in my prayers, living the Truth; thus will I show forth the image of my Ideal.—*Elin Kirkgaard.*

ETERNAL HOPE

"Yes," said the energetic man, "I want the tariff reformed, and reformed quick."

"What points do you object to in the tariff?"

"I don't know exactly. But I am sure it could be changed in a number of ways that would help my line of business."

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

A SAFE BET

A Durham farmer was traveling to London to consult a lawyer when the fear struck him that he had left certain important papers behind. He made a hurried search of his bag.

"If I did leave those papers," he remarked, "I'm a fool!"

The search proceeded, and a moment later he said:

"I believe it'll turn out I'm a fool!"

Just as he was examining the last bundle of papers he exclaimed:

"Well, I'll bet I'm a fool!"

A man on the other side of the compartment lowered his newspaper for a moment and said, slowly and deliberately:

"Oblige me, sir, by laying a little money that way for me."—*Tid-Bits.*

LIGHT COOKING

When the waiters struck in New York seventy of the seventy-five cooks employed at the Waldorf-Astoria went out. This left the kitchen rather inadequately manned, and the maitre d'hotel hurried downstairs to see what could be done.

He found one of the five faithful ones ready for business.

"You will remain?" asked the maitre d'hotel.

"Yes."

"You will help us cook for our patrons?"

"Yes."

"What do you do? What sort of a cook are you?"

"I make the meringue!" he said proudly.

ANTICIPATION

One o' these days I'll sit in the shade
An' look at a sure-enough parade.
There won't be no music from any band
A-soundin' out so complete an' grand;
But the robin will sing in the big gum tree,
A-leadin' the chorus so gay an' free,
While the sunbeams tint with the glint of gold
The banners fine that the trees unfold.
There won't be no horns an' there won't be no drums
A-playin' "The Conquerin' Hero Comes,"
But the birds will gather from far an' near,
Where the wind is warm an' the sky is clear,
There won't be no uniform shinin' bright,
But the butterfly with his graceful flight
An' the bumly bee with his busy buzz
Is as han'some as han'some ever wuz.
After the ploddin' through rain an' snow,
After the chill of the winds that blow,
One o' these days I'll sit in the shade
An' look at a sure-enough parade.

NOT THE ONLY KICKER

Fred Kelly began his busy life selling papers in an Ohio city. He had thirty-eight subscribers, but one day one of them, a negro, stopped his paper.

Kelly went round to see what was the trouble.

"What's the matter with the paper?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the former patron, "the's too many advahtisemen's. I don' min' a few, but when I pick up a papah I wants at leas' half of it filled wif logic."

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WHAT HE READ

A man traveling in the backwoods stopped overnight with a farmer a long ways from a settlement. After supper the traveler tried to get up a conversation.

"What do you think of the Roosevelt-Taft fight?" he asked.

"Dunno nothin' about it," the farmer replied.

"Well, it may be that Hughes will be a compromise candidate. What do you think of Hughes?"

"Never heard of him."

"Are you interested in Christian Science?"

"I dunno what you mean."

"Have you any ideas about the Turkish-Italian War?"

"Didn't know they was no war."

"Is it your opinion that airships are practical?"

"Never hearn of 'em. So fur's I know they ain't no flyin' yet."

"But," exclaimed the traveler, "don't you ever read the newspapers?"

"I useter," replied the farmer. "I did oncet fur quite a spell, but they got too funny. 'Bout ten or 'leven years ago I quit readin' 'em. Since then I've bin readin' a book."

THE STRIKING APPEAL

"Have you a striking idea for your novel?"

"I should say so," replied the busy author. "We've gotten up a cover design that will make everything else on the newsstand look like a bunch of withered turnip tops by comparison."

A motor car is such a joke!
It's very nearly always broke.
The man who owns one, with a sigh,
Is heard to murmur, "So am I!"

PRAISE FOR THE MOOR

Capt. Henry Blun, Republican National Committeeman for Georgia, says that once, a good many years ago, when Edwin Booth was playing Othello at an Atlanta theater, a couple of countrymen, who knew nothing of the play or the players, dropped in for the performance. At the close of the play a man just behind them overheard their comments.

"That certainly was a mighty fine show!" remarked one.

"Yes, suh," agreed the other, "and a mighty clever lot of show-actors, too." Then he added reflectively: "The colored feller wasn't bad, either. He done purty fair considerin' he's a nigger."

HIGH FINANCE

In a Southern town a bank was organized by colored men. Sambo was one of the first depositors. He left $10 one day. Several months later he called at the bank.

"Ah want mah money," he demanded of the colored cashier.

"Niggah, you ain't got no money in heah," answered the latter.

"Yes, Ah has," retorted Sambo. "Ah put $10 in here six months ago."

"Of co'se you did," said the cashier, "but de in'trest done eat dat up long ago!"—*Newark Star.*

PRETTY CONCLUSIVE

"Judge, have you ever tried this whisky?" asked a friend of the judge of a city court.

"No, but I have tried the men who did," was the quiet answer with which the drink was refused.

That sort of trial is pretty conclusive—and it usually makes a temperance man.

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The Reading Habit

How the World's News Letters Employ Vast Armies of Men

THE man in the family has worked out of doors all day. At evening the confined atmosphere of the dwelling makes him drowsy. Or he has worked with the hum of machinery in his ears all day. The quiet of home makes him sleepy. He reads little. Hand him his paper and let us talk to him.

Good Sir, do you know that more men are employed making pages to read than in any other work in the world? More workers, like you, sir, earn their bread making reading matter for you to see than are employed on all the railroads of the whole world, and, you may add, in all the shoeshops and all the clothing factories of the round globe. In fact, you have no just idea of the vast army of editors, reporters, telegraphers, typesetters, pressmen, etc.—all working for your benefit as well as their own profit. You get little of their service. You are too tired to read. You will pardon our earnest word, but is this justice to yourself? Would you like to go to Europe? The reading habit takes you there. Would you enjoy climbing the Andes where the new tunnel, thousands of feet high, lets the sea-to-sea railroad pass, linking Argentine to Chile? Reading takes you there. The reading habit means an easy slide away from the trifles that distract attention. The Journal in hand, the easy chair, the favorite nook by the lamp, and you slip away from the potatoes and coal you must buy tomorrow, or the contract that you must figure. As the house grows quiet and the good wife's face beams on you, just across the table where she, too, is reading, the whole complexion of your home is changed. It may be very humble, but it is as noble as the marble halls of the public library.

The sensor nerves, which move arms and legs, may be very tired. But we have another set of nerves. These other nerves are strangely akin to the intellect and affections. If they are not used we grow dull, and it becomes hard to think. We grow blind to beauty and truth. We lapse into mere machines. This nobler nervous system is not tired because the arms are tired. See how quickly an alarm of fire, or the band of a passing regiment, awakens this other nervous system. No, you are not too tired to read, at least it has not come to that yet, we are sure. But the mind may be beginning to fossilize—just beginning. Read, man, read! Read and keep the soul that is in you young, even though your toil has begun to bend your back and twist your fingers. Read and keep abreast of the banners and the bands, just as you were wont as a happy boy.—*People's Home Journal.*

THE OLD-TIME SIMPLICITY

Our ancestors were dignified.
They moved about with stately pride,
And spoke in slow and measured tones.
Why not? They had no telephones.

They traveled forth in simple style;
Their horses plodded mile by mile,
Through dusty roads or muddy lanes.
Why not? They had no railway trains.

Our ancestors were prim and slow.
A quiet pace they sought to go.
They shunned the shock of a surprise—
They couldn't well do otherwise.

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THE STAFF OF LIFE

A homely thing, the staff that we pick up to trudge away the miles with, but of a value great or small measured by our need of it. Our loaf of wheat bread seems humble, but it is linked with mighty things—the wheat harvest with its regiments of sturdy men in the yellow fields. When we talk of wheat we think of our bumper crop of something like seven hundred and forty million bushels this year. But European Russia often outstrips us in wheat production, and British India is a friendly rival. French industry bears fruit in the French wheat fields, sometimes over-topping fertile Canada and farmer Hurgary in a grand total of bushels of the yellow grain.

A man with time and money could circumnavigate the globe and find a wheat harvest in some quarter of the earth each month of the twelve. January hears the click of the reaper in South America, February and March in Upper Egypt and India, April in Mexico and Cuba, Asia Minor, Persia and parts of India, May in Texas, China, Japan and Morocco, July and August in some sections of Europe, the United States and Canada, September and October in Scotland, Norway, Sweden and Northern Russia, November in Peru and South Africa, and December in Burmah and New South Wales.

In 1850 we harvested in the United States less than two hundred million bushels of wheat. We are piling up the millions of bushels year by year, but we cannot fling the precious seed too far or too wide if we would defy the hunger-wolf or even come within hand-shaking distance of prosperity. Bread is money. Men cannot live without it, and in some form or other it will be found wherever there are mouths to feed. It is cheering to know that even though the snow may fall, someone is garnering the priceless wheat harvest under balmy skies in Australasia and the Orient.

WORK AND REST

Don't try to emulate Thomas Edison in working twenty hours out of the twenty-four. His twenty hours' work is surely broken up by many changes. No human being can habitually work twenty hours steadily at one kind of work. You will find Edison reading, resting, playing, watching experiments, roving about—all these things and more make up that twenty hours' work of his. The day's work of an inventor, master of his own time and of the services of a thousand persons, is not a suitable pattern for emulation. He is the only one of his kind. If you need more sleep, take it. If you are tired after four hours' work, change the form of your activity to rest yourself.

Don't try working too long for second wind. And having found it, don't work too long on second wind. Don't follow William James across too many fatigue barriers, or you will find yourself following him out into the Unknown where there are no fatigue barriers, presumably. Use a little gumption about your hours of work, and see that they are balanced with hours of active physical play and plenty of hours of sound sleep.

Fatigue is Nature's sure indication that some change of activity is advisable.

To occasionally pass a fatigue barrier is a good thing. But to make a habit of passing fatigue barriers puts too great a strain on the human organism; and the result is degeneration of the tissues.—*The Nautilus.*

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A Story of Two Babies

A TROLLEY car stopped in a great city street to let a humble couple get on. The mother held in her arms a baby boy. The little creature was wide awake. He had great, mystic, wonderful eyes which seemed to see everything. Those bewitching eyes fascinated every one on the car. A lawyer started to "cooing" the baby, a doctor came within the enchanted zone and began prattling to the wingless fairy. A minister and his wife were seated near by. A single smile set them in an ecstacy, and they, too, capitulated to the irresistible assaults of that baby's advances. A few days later the daily press told of another baby, the heir to an estate worth over a hundred million dollars. Think of it! Why, this three-year-old makes old Midas look like a pauper!

And yet the little fellow is having hard lines. To be able to sip out of a gold spoon is no certificate of happiness. The kidnappers have their eyes upon him. Two years ago they attempted to steal him outright. Since then he has been taken out on his daily trips securely imprisoned in a steel cage on wheels. When it was necessary to remove him from a summer to a winter resort, he traveled in a special car with a guard of detectives.

So this is a story of two babies. Make of it what you will.

One looks up into the tender blue of a mother's smiling eyes, the other sees his mother only now and then. One is as free as a bird that soars and sings, the other is a pathetic little prisoner, shut out from contact with happy human kind, the center of greedy machinations even before it has reached the age of accountability.

"Which baby would you rather be?" a husky eight-year-old lad was asked, after listening to the stories.

"Oh, ginger!" he replied, "I'd rather be that poor youngster and have loads of fun!"

And the lad is right. Loads of fun, health and a day, games of marbles, tracking a rabbit to its hole, pockets filled with all sorts of things, a tired body at night, and sleep like nectar from the gods, aren't they worth more to a real boy than loads of gold?—*People's Home Journal.*

A WORD ABOUT A CHARMING BOOK

Susie Louise Dix has published (The Goodyear Book Concern, New York) an exceedingly interesting and serviceable little book, entitled "Responsive Services of Worship," which will be appreciated in the conduct of devotional exercises, especially those in which affirmations of Truth form a prominent feature. This appealing little book of prose, poetry and music has been compiled by the publisher from her own writings and those of many great writers, among whom are Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman, Edward Carpenter, Henry Franklin Porter, William M. Salter, Louise Drake Wright, Elizabeth Merriam, Henry Christeen Warnack and Gertrude Ogden Tubby. Several selections from the work will be found in this edition of The News Letter, by which its remarkable quality may be appreciated.

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MUST WORK OUT OUR OWN SALVATION

The very first thing we—who are endeavoring to eliminate worry and trouble from our life, and bring into it the peace and joy and blessing that come from utter fearlessness—must do is to recognize the truth that nothing "comes" save as we bring it; there is no such thing as chance. Environment and circumstances are self-created, none the less surely because the creating is done in ignorance of the law. As we have built we must rebuild; there is no one to do it for us. We must work out our own salvation, and "now is the accepted time." All disasters, all failures are merely in the way of lessons, and we should accept them as such, and be thankful, knowing that nothing can keep us from our inheritance when once we have learned how to claim it. We remember, once upon a time, a dear old man who fell heir to a bank-book representing two or three thousand dollars—a fortune, so it seemed to the village people among whom he lived and worked. He "did chores" for a living, and he kept right at his daily tasks as usual, sawing a little wood here, beating carpets there, and making himself generally useful in the various homes. Everybody knew and respected him; and one day somebody said: "Uncle Abram, what makes you keep on puttering around; you've got enough to make you comfortable now, without working all the time; why don't you go and get it?" And Uncle Abram smiled as he watched the stick he was sawing drop apart. "Well," he answered, "I'm taking solid comfort jes' now knowing it's there for me!" Isn't that something we all want to remember? It should give us "solid comfort," too—the knowledge that "it is there for us," secure in the wondrous bounty of God, and that we alone can claim the inheritance. And the very best of it all is that there is enough for everybody; however great our own supply, another need not be the poorer. There is no limit to the unseen resource which is brought into visibility by our faith and word. More people are daily proving the truth of this statement than can be easily estimated, as evidenced by the numbers of grateful, happy letters that come to us. It remains for us all to prove it—every one.

WHEN INVALIDISM IS A HABIT

Few persons are so trying as the member of the family who could be well if she would only be honest with herself and her relations. Invalidism is often a habit, and a mighty bad habit. It can be overcome, conquered, submerged, nine times out of ten. Just think of giving in to imaginary ills when there are so many real ones in the world! Yet few families are without some member, remote perhaps, who prefers to be an "interesting invalid"—detestable phrase!—rather than an interesting healthy member of society. The combined wasted energy of these people would work wonders. Don't play sick—play well.

WHAT WORRY HAS DONE

Worry has done more to fill graveyards than any other disease. It is a mental poison more dangerous than any to be bought at the druggist's. It can be prevented; it can be cured, and no individual can live a full, free, real life until it is absolutely eliminated from his system. The individual can make his life as he will, much more nearly than he realizes. He must realize this, or he becomes the unresisting slave of his environment.

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LOVE AND MATHEMATICS

Some one has said that "Love never counts the cost."

Is not that little sentence full of thought, of inspiration, really of good counsel? Will it not help us to settle some of our problems?

Love is no bargainer. It does not haggle, or cast up accounts. It doesn't try to figure out "How much am I getting out of this deal?" It gives freely and asks nothing in return. It gives all, if necessary, and is happy in the giving.

And isn't the truth expressed in this little statement the acid test to show whether we really love or not?

A man is sent by his firm to some far-away post. His wife thinks of her loneliness there, of the lack of comforts, conveniences, friends, society, and she rebels at going. She says she won't go; or if she yields, it is as a martyr.

Does she truly love her husband; that is, love him in the biggest, finest way?

"Love never counts the cost," is the answer.

If she loved him wholly, she would go without a thought of self to share his hardships, and if possible to make the life there brighter and happier for him.

In other matters, both love and duty will often join hands to point to a course we should take.

But we stop to count the cost. It will mean we must give up this, we must sacrifice that; and we falter. We shrink. We think we are not quite called upon to sacrifice so much.

But ah! love never counts the cost.

And sometimes, when perhaps it is too late, we will realize with keen anguish of heart how really little and selfish was our love, that we could withhold from those who needed the things our love could have given.

We stopped to count the cost. And so we didn't generously love.

Often it is not until those to whom we should have given, without counting, have gone beyond the reach of our gift, that we realize how miserly we were.

And then there is a heart-ache that never is assuaged.

Better is it to take this bit of sound philosophy on faith, if we do not yet realize its truth in our consciousness, and give without counting.

And if we do, we will be supremely happy. For when self drops out of sight, we begin to understand that hard saying: "He that loseth his life shall find it."—*Barbara Boyd.*

HOPE FOR ALL FOR ALL TIME

To rear grand temples, to cut lithe marbles, to heat drab words, to found strong creeds, to heal sore wounds, to build majestic cities, to conquer deserts, to hew down mountains—these are splendid things; but to endow posterity with higher standards of manhood is to take kinship with the gods.

So long as there are men to cry "women and children first!"—so long as fear is crunched under the heel of duty—so long as the laurel bursts into blossom on fields of peril—so long as humble bandsmen stand upon a sinking deck, and, with the billows swirling against their breasts, go home to the Master, with never a quavering note, the Almighty is with us—there is hope for all and for all time.

Nothing comes by chance, for in all the wide universe there is absolutely no such thing as chance, nor can be. We bring whatever comes.

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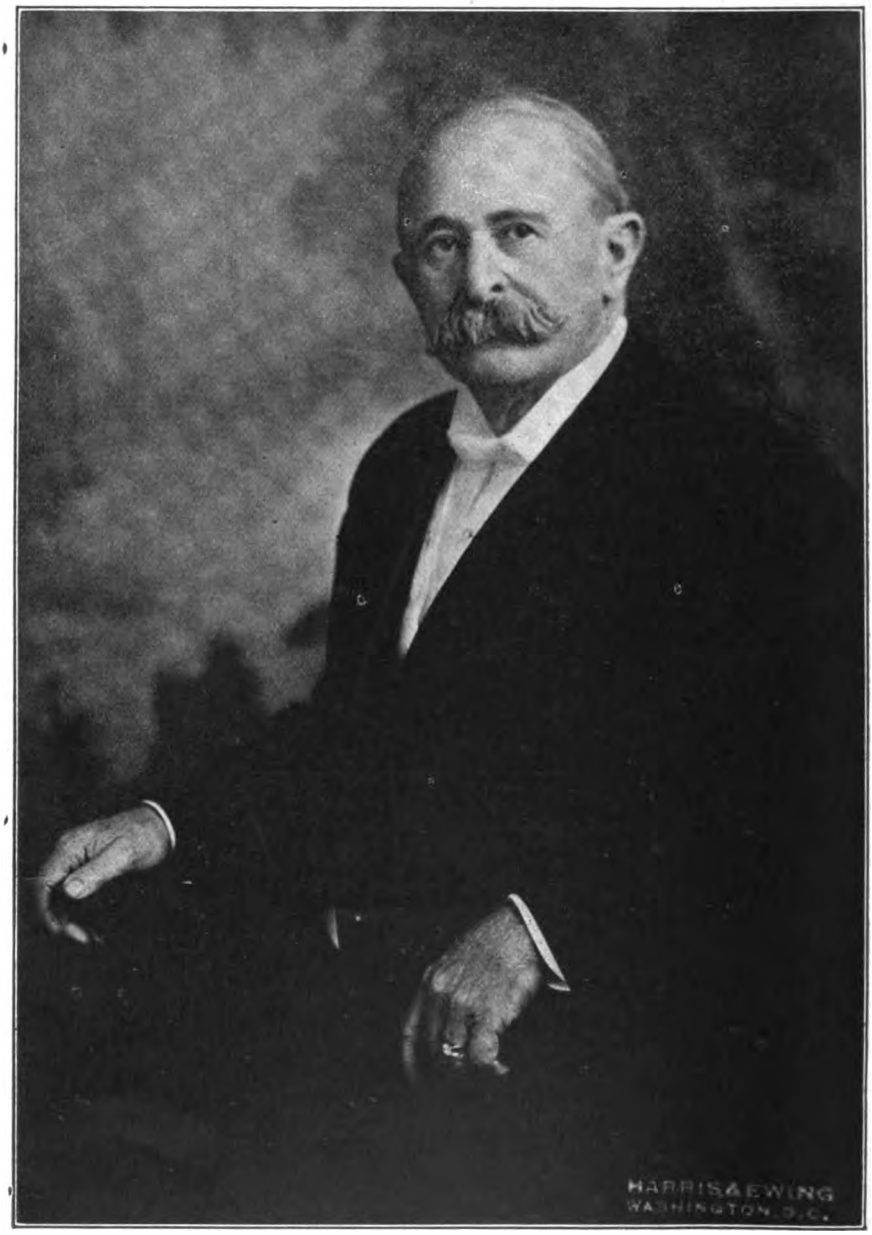

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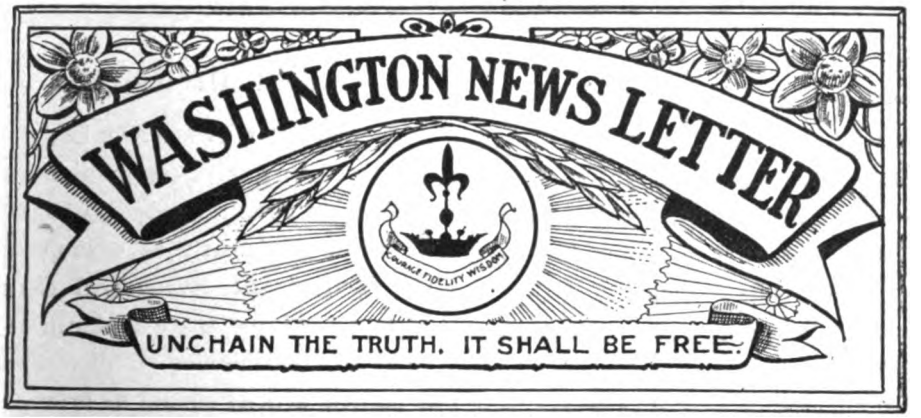

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In sending in subscriptions please do not fail to state whether it is for a new subscriber or a renewal of an old subscription.

Scatter the Truth

The time of year is coming when people will soon begin to take their summer vacation and summer rest as they fly from the heat.

Last year I gave away from my own private means something like $1,800 worth of books and periodicals, and this year I hope my friends will come to the rescue, so that we can give as many or more this year. These books go all over the world, and you can send them to whom you choose in any part of the world in the postal union at the rate of two cents an ounce. I am going to make this special offer to our friends who want to preach the gospel. The book "Divine Healing" will be sent for twelve cents, postage paid, or eight cents, the person ordering the book sending four cents for postage. The book "Christian Science Made Plain" we will send at our expense for twenty cents, or the purchaser can pay the postage and have the books at sixteen cents each. Three copies of

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the book "Christology," $2.39, we to pay the postage; the book "Christian Science Instructor" at the same price. On the booklet "Christian Science; What It Is and What It Does," we pay the postage, twelve cents; when the purchaser pays postage, ten cents a copy.

Our Savior gave as His last command of which we have a record to preach the gospel to all the world. We are commanded to teach the Truth, that the world may be free. Those who tie themselves up in their own selfish lives need not expect any blessing from this great source of All Good, for as you sow, you reap. If a person would have he must give, and I offer this opportunity to all so that they can expend their money without paying a profit to me or anybody else.

Are you ready to accept this great blessing? Are you ready to place yourself in line with those who are doing the Master's work? By the aid of the printing press you can preach the gospel throughout the world. Are you willing to become one of the workers—to carry out our Savior's command? If so, show your intentions by your works, and in blessing God will bless you.

Yours lovingly,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bishop.

An Invitation

The editor of THE NEWS LETTER will be pleased to receive communications for publication upon the subject of the New Thought, particularly as exemplified by the doctrines of Evangelical Christian Science. As the space that can be devoted to contributions of this character is limited, articles should be brief—from two hundred to five hundred words, only in exceptional cases, in which, from the character of the subject considered, it is impossible to condense to this limit.

No Compromise

There is no compromise between right and wrong; there is no compromise between good and evil, between God and sin, sickness and death. These three things are evil; they have no part or parcel in God's divine economy. Man must free himself from this law of sin, sickness and death by grasping this higher selfhood within him. We must do that; we must know that we are the image and likeness of God. We must realize what it is to be the image and likeness of God. God is Love.

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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."

If you would do the maximum of which you are capable, keep the mind filled with sushine, with beauty and truth, with cheerful, uplifting thoughts.—*Orison S. Marden.*

Just in proportion as we return unto God, as we withdraw from the external to the within of ourselves, keeping our thoughts centered on Him who is perfect, will we lose sight of personality, of divisions and differences, and become conscious of our oneness with each other and with God.—*H. Emelie Cady.*

Be in harmony with all things and all persons at all times. Relate yourself harmoniously to all circumstances and conditions and be at peace with all creatures, all elements and all forces.—*C. D. Larson.*

God is the Source of Supply, and instead of owing your brother we should demonstrate along the lines of our teaching and do as Jesus taught, and God will always supply. God is All in All, from Whom comes every good and perfect gift, and in order to demonstrate successfully we must ask, seek and knock, and go to the Father as a little child, trusting, and all will be well.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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Practical Religion

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C.

OUR subject this morning is "Practical Religion," giving an epitome of the rules which make life a success. Religion has been made a mystery of, almost as far back as man's creation, surely as far back as we have history, whereas it should not be a mystery at all; it should be the plain, open road to everything that is good to God Almighty's children here on earth.

The old idea of dogma having a set of people who block out what you have to believe, and another set of people to block out what you have to belong to, leads to confusion and, we might term it, religious anarchy. In the world's history it has been the cause of more murders, wickedness and scoundrelism than any other cause that the human family has been cursed with.

There is no mystery, or should be none, in any of God Almighty's dealings with His children. There is none, unless it is made by what we call carnal mind. Our religion throws aside all these subterfuges. We take the teachings of Jesus Christ as the bedrock upon which we build our fabric, and follow them as closely as we can, and in every instance the demonstration will be made if we lead along the proper life and apply the rules scientifically, as they should be.

> The very moment you recognize error in any shape or form, that error holds you down until you master it. Jesus Christ came teaching the truth. He said that the Truth would make men free, but any other system that has a tendency to prevent you from becoming free, becoming the master, is not the proper religion to live, it is not the proper religion to give success in any of the various departments of human endeavor.
>
> Ignore evil, deny its power. When Jesus was taken on top of the mountain and shown all the world by the devil, who said, "If you will fall down and worship me, you can have all this," His reply was: "Get behind me, Satan, for it is written, thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." That is the answer to give to all kinds of attacks of so-called malicious thought.
>
> The foundation truth is that all that is is good. God Almighty Omnipresent Life, Universal Good, Universal Power, Universal Mind, All in All, fills all space; therefore there is no room for any other thought. Recognize that, hang to it, and when you see the billows rolling high, and looking as though they would go over your ship, go back into the anchorage where it says, "Commit your ways unto the Lord and trust," and see how beautifully the demonstration will come before you, and see how beautifully the so-called evil will be dissipated and destroyed.

Here is one fundamental rule that should be always borne in mind: First, all truths run in parallel lines and there is no crossing of one truth by another. One man, or set of men, or a society, cannot say, "Unless you are dipped you go to hell," or the other fellow say, "Unless you are sprinkled you go to hell." Those ideas are man-made and there is no truth in them.

Take the orthodox people of today. I am not condemning them or saying they do not do any good, because they do. They have brought to the great work the truths which Jesus Christ has taught and have given them to us in the plainest and simplest language as best

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they could. Take the Catholic church. Wherever a civilized flag has gone, its missionaries have been there teaching. The Episcopal church teaches the Bible perhaps more than any other church, and the fruit of that religion is good. As an evidence of that, all we have to do is to look at the world at large in the nations as they exist. The nearer those nations track along the teachings of Jesus Christ, the greater they are, and they are today the rulers of the whorld.

But, while this is true, they have stopped too soon. There was an Episcopal minister who had been in charge of perhaps the largest church in Canada, had been canon of that church for over sixty years. He came to Maine and went through a class of lectures I delivered in that State. When he went home he wrote me that he intended to live long enough, he hoped, to see the primitive rules of life brought back into the churches, that we would all know how to demonstrate the truth. Either the truth can be demonstrated or else it is no truth, so to speak. Or if I come talking of this or that religion, calling it true, and cannot demonstrate it along the lines as Jesus taught us, it is a false religion, or else I am a false teacher and do not teach it right. One or the other is true, for all truths are susceptible of self-demonstration. Where you fail it is either through the ignorance of the operator or that the environments are interwoven with error.

Now in our work we are environed by what we are pleased to call carnal mind. Take a person suffering, say, with a certain kind of so-called disease. The world at large says that is death and that it is incurable. I want to tell you that idea will drag the best of us down if we give it any countenance. The very moment you recognize error in any shape or form, that error holds you down until you can master it. Jesus Christ came teaching the Truth. He said that the Truth would make men free, but any other system that has a tendency to prevent you from becoming free, becoming the master, is not the proper religion to live; it is not the proper religion to give success in any of the various departments of human endeavor.

Ignore evil; deny its power. When Jesus was taken on top of the mountain and shown all the world by the Devil, who said, "If you will fall down and worship me you can have all this," His reply was, "Get behind me, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve." That is the answer to give to all kinds of attacks of so-called malicious thought.

The foundation truth is that all that is is good. God Almighty, Omnipresent Life, Universal Good, Universal Power, Universal Mind, All in All, fills all space; therefore there is no room for any other thought. Recognize that, hang to it, and when you see the billows rolling high and looking as though they would go over your ship, go back into the anchorage, where it says, "Commit your ways unto the Lord and trust," and see how beautifully the demonstration will come before you, and see how beautifully the so-called evil will be dissipated and destroyed. I have had that experience a great many times.

Do not make the mistake in applying these fundamental rules in thinking that you have to do your part and then turn around and do God's part at the same time. The command is to "trust," and the promise is that He "will bring it to pass." Do that in the little things of life and in the big things of life. There is nothing big and there is nothing little. It

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takes the same power to make a hair that it does to make a universe, all Infinite belonging to that Infinite Mind and all Creation to the Infinite Mind.

Now, to apply these rules. Of course, I can only scratch along the edge of this subject. If you have an ailment of any kind, deny it, affirm that God Almighty Truth is my protection, God Almighty Love covers me, God Almighty Wisdom directs me and God Almighty Power sustains me in all the various stages of human life. Hang to it, stay by it and, as Job said, "Even though He slay me, yet will I maintain mine integrity." What was the result? The latter days of Job were greater than the first days. The basic thought of all Christ's teachings is Love, and wherever anything is taught contrary to Love it is false, and as evidence you know by the fruit.

When our Savior asked His disciples, "Who do people say I am?" some said this and some said that, and finally He closed the controversy by saying, "If you do not believe me from what you have heard, or what I have said, believe me for the very works sake." Demonstrations are the only things that prove. If you have a religion and cannot heal the sick through that religion, as given by Jesus Christ, you have a religion that I do not believe in, because the only definition or illustration of the true believer is that certain signs shall follow those who believe. He told His disciples to go into all the world and preach this gospel wherever they could, and said: "As an evidence that you are teaching the right gospel, certain signs shall follow those who believe you, laying hands on the sick and healing, drinking poison without harm, handling serpents safely." All those things belong as the sequelæ, as we might term it, of a believer, and where you have not got them you do not have the belief. It does not mean to say you do not think that you believe. The poor mother who casts her baby into the mouth of the crocodile, believing the animal to be God, you cannot say is not sincere. Nor the man who throws himself before that horrible machine called the Car of Juggernaut and is mashed to pieces; it would be very uncharitable to say he was not sincere. But sincerity is one of the elements we have to have in the study of this truth. You not only must be sincere, but you have to know the Truth, for Jesus Christ said, "You shall know the Truth." It is not that you shall guess at it; you have to know it, and as you know it and demonstrate along the line as scientifically laid out, then the signs follow, and they do not follow in any other way.

BANISH POVERTY THOUGHTS

Erase all the shadows, 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. Discouragement, fear, doubt, lack of self-confidence are germs which have killed the prosperity and happiness of thousands of people.

Resolve that you will turn your back on the poverty thought, and that you will vigorously expect prosperity; that you will hold tenaciously the thought of abundance, the opulent ideal, which is befitting your nature; that you will try to live in the realization of plenty, to actually feel rich, opulent. This will help you to attain that for which you long.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

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The Failure of Modern Philanthropy

Herbert Kaufman in "Man's World"

THIS is the oldest story in the world—the tale of Esau, the beggarman.

He hungered at the threshhold of Paradise, starved in the streets of Chaldea, stole bones from the dogs of Bagdad, whimpered at the kitchen door of Lucullus, whined for crumbs in the house of Dives and gleaned gobbets from the slop pails of de Guise and the Medici.

He was at Delhi when Islam Shah smeared ignominy on the Rajput face. He saw the hordes of Ghengis Khan come limping back to Tartary, and Sobieski's pride undone, and the French eagle fall broken-winged upon the Belgian plain.

But all this was in the long ago—in the brutal ages—in the torchlit centuries, before schools ended the rule of fools and brutes and Borgias.

Then Power fattened on men's souls and swung the knout, and robbed the peasant of his groat, and slit the purse of trade.

But we are freedmen—sovereign lords. Ours is a different creed and ours a nobler breed. We are children of the New Dawn—the People of Light.

We build high and fare and dare and do beyond the farthest limit of the ancient dream. Where Babel bungled, we pile our towers up to the clouds.

We smite the mountain with a drill and streams gush forth to bear life to dead and sterile sands. We do not pray beside the Red Sea for a miracle, but work our own, and move unharmed below the waters.

We talk with men ten thousand miles away. We estimate the distance to the farthest star, and set the hour for the comet's dash. We measure mountain heights upon the moon. We read the coming of the storm, and transplant bones and eyes and straighten twisted spines and minds.

These things have we done and won by the might of our minds and the skill of our hands.

We have changed the soldier's sword into the surgeon's knife and made steel heal.

We have ground the fabled crystal of the seer into a lens that tears the mask from every hideous plague—but the curse of Esau yet persists—the heritage of hunger still defies our mastery.

The ghostly wolf-pack prowls the lanes of poverty and howls before tenement and hovel.

Daily we rise and face our splendid tasks; our wheels spin, our hammers pound; higher and higher mount our works.

Then the sun signals rest.

The derrick drops its tired head. The chattering song of the riveter ends. The chimney gives its last gasp. The city robes herself with flashing jewels. The crowds pour into playhouse and ride to the dance.

One by one the lights fade, and only the stars are left—the same stars that shone at Babylon, and gleamed on Cleopatra's revels—sad with olden memories of cruelty and want and woe.

And in the paling dawn they blink down on the parks where broken things

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lie homeless on the grass—an awful fruitage, under trees that rain a pitying dew upon the outcast brotherhood.

Our boasted civilization is a lie. We still have far to go before we have fulfilled our destiny on earth. We have learned many things, but we do not know mercy. We are hard and selfish and mean. We do not pay our tithe.

This very night a hundred thousand human beings will beg in vain for crusts and shelter.

I have seen vagrants dig dinners out of garbage pails. I have seen a father wrap his coat about a little girl and use a park bench for a bed. I have seen gnarled old women snoring in damp areaways and boys lie huddled on the cobblestones.

How dare you brag of progress in the light of horrors such as these?

If we are truly great, if we are supermen, if we can create airship, telephone and printing press, if we can trail the microbe to his death and tunnel mountains—then all the more blame and shame.

Our past proves what we can do when we set truly to a task.

If one-tenth of the thought we have expended on inventions, education and commerce were bent to the elimination of dire distress, then crime, prostitution and other kindred evils would quickly disappear.

We can keep folks out of jails and hospitals at half the cost of maintaining them there.

We do not understand philanthropy. Economists and experts have laid down scientific formulæ for dispensing charity. But science is all brain and cannot comprehend. We must do this work with our hearts.

We can well afford to postpone the founding of additional colleges, libraries and museums. Let the next plutocrat who wishes to endow the nation with a five hundred thousand dollar painting translate his generosity into five million nourishing plates of soup.

Let the next millionaire who offers us a hundred thousand dollar institute of art erect instead a dormitory with a thousand free beds.

Cold reason protests against pauperization and pleads justly that so long as generosity extends succor, parasites will multiply. But while we are analyzing and criticizing and permitting logic to guide us, garbage cans are being turned into supper pails. It is far better to make humane mistakes than to commit cruel errors.

Until we reach the millennium we shall have drones and idlers, but humanity must always stand ready to cast the life-line whenever and wherever a fellow-creature is battling against the undertow.

ETERNAL YOUTH

I

When she was barely "sweet sixteen"
They gathéred 'round her, to admire.
Of her they never seemed to tire,
She was so young, and sweet, and clean!

II

In later years her children's feet
Turned ever motherward. They knew
That though her years had not been few,
She still was young, and clean, and sweet.

III

A white-haired matron, proud of mien—
Yet no one thought of her as old.
They only knew her heart of gold
Was wondrous young, and sweet, and clean! —*Strickland Gillilan.*

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Omnipotence of Good

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church Washington, D. C., March 2, 1913.

THE subject of our lecture this morning is the "Omnipotence of Good," which means All-Power of God. Our Savior, in giving out what we term the dogma of His religion, gave it in two general rules: First, love God with all your mind, might and strength. Second, love your brother as yourself.

Now, that is the only dogma that Christ gave out as the foundation of the Christian religion. He gave out certain rules and interpretations by which we can know when we have the truth and when we are proving it. When our Savior was going up the Mount of Olives on the day of the Ascension, He discussed with His disciples the truths He had been teaching them for three years, and among the last things that He said that we have any record of, He told them to take this Gospel, preach it to all the world, and these signs should follow those who believe. Now, mark you, those signs would not only follow those who were preaching it, but they would follow also those who believed. That was the evidence that the disciple was a believer, that he had the signs following, and in this way we have the interpretation of what a believer is.

That is our religion, the religion of God Almighty, the message given by His Son to man, and in that religion we have certain rules by which we know. We know that our teachings are true, for the evidence shows that the fruits of the tree are good, and a good tree cannot bring forth bad fruit. That is the evidence by which we know we are right.

There is another evidence. It is the evidence of the knowledge of the truth that you have, and that knowledge gives you freedom. You have freedom in every respect. In our religion all must have freedom; no one has the right to dictate to another; every one is his own master, and each is responsible for the seed he sows, and in the reaping of the crop we know whether the sowing is good. If the crop bring forth good harvest, a harvest of good things, it has

> With love supreme in your consciousness you can control the world; with love absent you can control nothing. If you put hatred in the place of love, that hatred will destroy you.
>
> No one in this thought can stand around filled with hatred and prosper. You are held to a much greater and stricter account in this work than if you had never heard of it. You know the Truth, and you have to follow the track, and you are responsible in this, that unless you make use of it in the proper way it were better you had never been born, it were better you had belonged to the heathen who never heard of such things. Love is the foundation stone upon which rests your power in this World of Good, the World of God.
>
> This doctrine gives us the rule of living, teaches us what to do in order to make life a success. You are bound by nobody's rule; you are bound by nothing but God Almighty Good, and you are independent; you belong to no one, and no one has any control over you; no one has any right to control you; you control yourself, and you are responsible for your doings and have to work out your own salvation.
>
> Follow the road pointed out in the teachings of Jesus Christ, and Harmony will result. Good will be manifested, and nothing but Good can come near you, around you or about you; you are free.

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the tendency to make you free—free from fear, free from disease, free from want, free from the cares of life. In other words, it places you on the level with God's children, owing no one anything and loving everybody as Jesus said we must.

Love one another. That does not mean you have to love those especially that do you favors, or those whom you naturally love because of their characteristics, but it means to love those who despitefully use you. Control yourself and permit nothing to go out from your mind towards any of God's children but love. With love supreme in your consciousness you can control the world; with love absent you can control nothing. If you put hatred in the place of love, that hatred will destroy you.

No one in this thought can stand around filled with hatred and prosper. You are held to a very much greater and stricter account in this work than if you had never heard of it. You know the truth and have to follow the track, and you are responsible in this, that unless you make use of it in the proper way it were better you had never been born—it were better you had belonged to the heathen who never heard of such things. Love is the foundation stone upon which rests your power in this world of Good, the world of God.

This doctrine gives us the rule of living and teaches what to do in order to make our life a success. You are bound down by nobody's rule; you are bound by nothing but God Almighty Good, and you are independent; you belong to no one and no one has any control over you; no one has the right to control you; you control yourself and you are responsible for your doings and have to work out your own salvation. All I can do, or all any one in the world can do, is to point the way. There is the road; you follow that road, the road pointed out in the teachings of Jesus Christ, and harmony will result, Good will be manifest, and nothing but Good can come near you, around you or about you—you are free.

It is also the same rule that applies in every department of human endeavor. It makes you prosperous, gives you perfect health, destroys all kinds of sorrow and heartaches and gives you strength of mind and body, builds you up along the lines of good, the Omnipotence of Good, the All-Power of God sustains you, and no one can harm you nor hurt you or injure you if you protect yourself as you should protect yourself, as you are taught to protect yourself through what we term this Vibrating Treatment. Those who attempt to injure are simply destroying themselves, and they cannot affect you, and unless they cease to throw out wicked thoughts they will destroy themselves utterly—morally and physically. Therefore, love your brother.

You say you love God and do not love your brother, and Jesus says you are a liar and the truth is not in you, because we are part and parcel of this Universal God. It is God Almighty's love that causes the blood to go through your veins, causes your heart to beat. It is God that animates your body and gives you breath to breathe. It is God Almighty who sustains you in every conceivable condition of life; and wherever you see life, that is God manifest—that is the God we worship; that is the God who makes the flowers to bloom, the leaves to grow, the birds to sing, and the worlds in their everlasting courses to go on forever. God Almighty Good is Omnipotent, and there is no power that can withstand it. If you get yourself in con-

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nection with this power you are great, because you are its image and likeness.

Love is the working tools, we might call it, of the Omnipotence of God. Without love you can do nothing, and with love you are mighty, you can control, but you cannot be controlled, for you have perfect liberty, perfect freedom in the knowedge of the truth that Jesus says shall make you free.

Now, that is a pretty good keynote by which to judge the religions of the world. All truths are harmonious, must run in parallel lines. If you see anything that has the tendency to make you free, give you the knowledge of the truth, you can know that such religion or dogma of thought is true, for the fruit of the tree is good—it is a manifestation of Good.

THE LOVE THAT IS AT YOUR DOOR

We have all known what it is to come home so tired that we can hardly drag one foot after the other; when our nerves are on edge, and we feel like screaming if any one speaks to us. But then comes the soothing influence of all that "home" means—the rest and peace wrapped up in that one word; the love that meets us at the threshhold in the person of the mother, the wife, or of the child who throws her arms around our neck and innocently prattles of all the doings of the day—the sweetest music of welcome. We feel a load lifted from tired heart and brain at once, and take courage again. We have come back out of the heat and the toil, among pitiless strangers in an unfavoring world, to the refuge love provides. But suppose it was not that way. Suppose after a day of drudging labor we came home to brawling and discord. Suppose we were met with scowls and frowns instead of loving looks. When you think of what your home-coming might be in the absence of affection and sympathy, be thankful for the love that is at the door with outstretched arms to take you in.—*Woman's Home Journal.*

THE JOB THAT WAS TOO BIG

A teacher was asked by a friend to go with her to a woman's meeting, at which several platform women were to speak. "No, thank you, my dear," answered the teacher; "I know those women as you do not. I have had their children to teach. I have had the task of trying to undo the mess that they made. The mistake you make is this: Those women are not there because they are successful women, but because they are failures as mothers. It wasn't that they found their job in the home too small; it was too big for them." No truer words were ever spoken, as is well known to those who know the facts. There is many a woman before the American public today who can talk with ease from the platform to a hall full of women, but who found herself absolutely incapable of effectively talking to one child in her own home. It was not the smallness of her task, but its greatness, its appalling greatness, that drove her from her home to the platform. A child's mind has been the Waterloo of many a woman and mother who, to hide her failure in the home, is on the platform crying for a wider sphere. The job in the home was too big for her.

How can I teach your children gentleness and mercy to the weak and reverence for life when, by your laws, your actions and your speech, you contradict the very things I teach?—*Longfellow.*

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Leisure

Harriet Doane Prentiss

THERE is nothing more disastrous to one's health or general well-being than the self-indulgence of too much leisure.

✡ ✡ ✡

If one must choose between two evils, overwork or lack of occupation, it is better—mentally, morally and physically—to accept the former.

✡ ✡ ✡

A temperament that seeks leisure rather than occupation lacks the dynamic mental power that keeps the functions of the body in a normally healthy condition.

✡ ✡ ✡

The person who is overworked may feel the need of relaxation at times, but even to be under the pressure of activity is not so subtle a destroyer of physical adjustment as the indulgence of idleness.

✡ ✡ ✡

If one is constructively active in mind, he naturally wishes to see his ideas realized, and this desire will create a corresponding amount of positive energy toward the completion of purpose which will react on every part of the body and build it into usefulness.

✡ ✡ ✡

It has often been said that there is no benefit in exercise which is without an object. This is because there is no benefit in anything that does not stir the mind with a definite aim and a desire to accomplish something. It is mind activity that generates life, and when this vibration is of a wholesome character it produces correct action in its physical expression.

How many examples may we recall of people who are well supplied with material luxuries who are victims of ill-health? If wealth does not increase one's desire to achieve, and inspire one in possession of it with an incentive for usefulness, it is a hindrance rather than a benefit to its custodian.

✡ ✡ ✡

Nature makes a wise provision for maladjustment to her laws. When her purpose is not recognized, suffering is the penalty.

✡ ✡ ✡

The idea is prevalent in some minds that a great amount of work is depleting to energy. The fact is that energy will rise to the occasion of occupation.

✡ ✡ ✡

When one permits his mind to dwell upon lack in any capacity of life, he is bound to feel the reflection of his thought.

✡ ✡ ✡

If we limit ourselves to a lack of ability along any line, we set up a barrier to the possibility of achievement.

✡ ✡ ✡

To have a purpose in life, therefore, and to devote one's time to its fulfillment will so occupy the hours with constructive activity that inertia or fatigue will be impossible.

✡ ✡ ✡

To enjoy a world of beauty, happiness and health one must feel the impulse of desire to be of service to others, and to

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create in thought something which requires action for its completion.

✿ ✿ ✿

Agreeable occupation is the ideal panacea for all ills, and the best remedy for any abnormal condition of mind.

✿ ✿ ✿

It is not leisure one should seek, but the quiet activity which embodies faith, hope, courage and a definite purpose in life.

HOW YOU MAY ACCOMPLISH

If you see no light ahead, nothing but poverty, deprivation and hard work all your life; if you think that you were destined to such a hard life, you cannot expect to get anything else than that for which you look. If, on the other hand, no matter how poor you may be today, you can see a better future; if you believe that some day you are going to rise out of the humdrum work, that you are going to get out of the basement of life into the drawing room, where beauty, comfort and joy await you; if your ambition is clean-cut, and you keep your eye steadily upon the goal which you hope to reach and feel confident that you have the ability to attain, you will accomplish something worth while.

Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head!
Up from undated time they come,
The martyr souls of heathendom,
And to His cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

THE POWER TO FORGET

You think that time can never efface the rankling bitterness of certain memories. But the day will come when oblivion will mercifully veil what now seems unendurable, leaving you the stronger and the wiser for the tribulation. We cultivate the powers of memory; we should likewise cultivate the power to forget, and pray that constant practice may confirm in us the habit of putting out of sight and out of mind all that is hateful to remember.

OUR TASK

To love some one more dearly ev'ry day,
To help some wandering child to find its way,
To ponder over noble thoughts, and pray
And smile when evening falls.
To follow Truth as blind men long for light,
To do our best from dawn of day till night,
To keep our hearts fit for His holy sight,
And answer when He calls.—*Selected.*

UNDERSTANDING

One only heard the beating rain,
The low wind stir the grass,
A vagrant bee drone drowsily,
A lilting robin pass.

But one heard, laughing from the sky
And singing from the sod,
And whispering from each least thing,
The messages of God!

What is a difficulty? Only a *word* indicating the degree of strength necessary to accomplish—a bugbear to children and fools, but a stimulus to man.—*Samuel Warren.*

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Religion: Its Influence Upon the Human Race

Lecture delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, of Washington, D. C.

OUR subject for this morning is "Religion; Its Influence Upon the Human Race."

Our Savior gave us the rule by which we might measure the value of anything, and that rule is, "By the fruits of the tree ye shall know whether it be good or whether it be bad." Wherever we have found in any philosophy — in fact, any of the avenue of human endeavor— that the fruit of the three is bad, we should drop it and turn to the other side. The only way we can judge properly of the value of anything is to know something of what it has done, and for a few minutes I will discuss the influence of religion upon the human race.

Of course, thousands of volumes could be written upon this theme and then you would have only touched the flyleaf, but in a general way we may state something of what the influence has been upon the earliest as well as the latest conditions of mankind.

The first we know of it from history is in what is known as the patriarchal age, before the formation of nations. Families would congregate, children would be born and duly increase. As time went on, contentions would arise between this family and that, and they would go to war, so to speak, and the winner always absorbed the defeated family. The men were usually made slaves and the women and children were adopted into the common tribe. This continued until these little communities became larger, and out of that would come a nation, and then another nation. Nation would be arrayed against nation, and they would have mighty wars, and thus have grown up those mighty governments. In all of these different conditions religion has been the hand-maiden, so to speak, of every condition.

In the tribal or family organization the oldest member of the family, which was the first-born son, as long as he lived was king, so to speak, or the master. He had the power of life and death, his word stood, and that was the end. There was no other court to appeal to. When he died he became a god.

> We have the only all-truth religion that there is, and I am going to show you that we have. Let the critic find a fault if he can. We take God Almighty as our actual leader. We go to Him for everything. We ask, seek and knock, and receive replies in answer to our prayers. God Almighty heals the sick, gives prosperity, controls the affairs of life, and gives us Heaven and Harmony here, and we live in a perpetual state of happiness. That is our religion. If any fail to follow it in full, that is their misfortune and has nothing to do with our religion.
>
> We believe in nothing but Good. The fruit of our tree is Good, and our students throughout the world are laying their hands upon the sick and they are recovering.
>
> This is the Truth that our Savior said would make you free. "You shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free." It does not belong to me or you or any other individual to the exclusion of others, but we are all in this great family of Truth, preaching the gospel of Truth, applying the Truth, and the fruit of the tree is Good. He who knows the Truth can sing and rejoice in victory.

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The next great example we have of religion was formed by what was termed in history the Aryans. They inhabited the northern parts of what is now China, India and the lower steppes of Russia. They divided, and one portion went to the west and one to the east. They were mighty warriors. The tribes that went to the east ran over the country to India, a very populous country then, as now, and as it has been as long as we have had any knowledge of it whatever. They conquered this native population, placed themselves over them as their gods and priests and established a system of espionage, of control, so that not only the mind became enslaved, but the body as well, as it is now and has been for thousands of years enslaved by caste, held down. A shoemaker's daughter does not dare to marry outside of the shoemaker family; the son of a shoemaker must marry a daughter of a shoemaker, and it is so with the butchers and so with the tailors and all other kinds of occupations. They are built up into caste; they have to live along those separate lines. There has been no change for thousands of years.

A system of punishment has been invented by these Aryan priests for those who disobey. That punishment is not hell-fire and brimstone, or an Arctic frozen zone, but it is what is termed reincarnation. If you are good you will gradually be reincarnated until you become a man. After you have been reincarnated for three times you are entitled to go into the first heaven, and so on until after you get into the seventh heaven you are in the universe of the Infinite. Those that have been reincarnated form that universe and that Infinity. But if you do not do right they reincarnate you into reptiles, spiders, ants or rats. Every conceivable system of good or bad has its peculiar kind of reincarnation. If you steal grain you will be reincarnated into a rat; if you steal the priest's money for a thousand times you would be reincarnated into some kind of an offensive reptile or insect. Under that machine they held these people down, and they hold them down today.

Notwithstanding the history of this people, the history of the organization, the fruit of the tree has been shown by these thousands of years of trial, and the fruit is the degradation of the people before the very dirt, toiling on the wage of a cent and a half a day, and every conceivable system of mental serviture is upon them.

Coming along down the history of the world, we reach the fire worshipers. We find them filled with this old Egyptian idea of malicious mental malpractice, which, I am sorry to say, was engrafted and is, I presume, now, as a system of government of one of the great so-called new thought churches in this day.

But time rolls on. The world gradually evolves from this barbaric condition until we come to the time when there is a belief in the existence of a one and only God. Abraham was the first apostle of this doctrine of whom we have any knowledge. He engrafted the doctrine into the Jewish mind, and finally the Mosaic laws were given to the world by Moses in acknowledgment of that one great principle. It was this that gave the Mohammedan religion vitality, and it was that thought that has allowed the Mohammedans to live and prosper as they have. Notwithstanding that they conquered with the sword, forced their believers to acknowledge the one God and Mohammed as His prophet, or else

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suffer death, these fellows stuck because of the vitality of the one-God idea, and today there are perhaps more than a hundred millions of Mohammedans living on the earth.

Jesus Christ came enunciating a new thought, throwing aside all this doctrine of reprisal, this doctrine of going into the land and slaughtering people by the so-called command of God. He enunciated the doctrine that God is love and that through love all must conquer. The doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth was annihilated, and the command given out, "Love your enemies and do good to them that despitefully use you," to practice and take out into actual life this great principle of love, and the understanding that God Almighty is All, through all. Through that doctrine the world is being revolutionized again.

Of course, it would be interesting and instructive to follow this thought as it has gone on through the middle and dark ages, and see where this religion and that religion has been made the enginery of human misery and human destruction, but it was—much of it, if not all—the direct outcome of the conditions of the age.

Man has been and is a progressive being. There used to be a time when the Catholics were anathematized and abused for the Spanish inquisition and the ten thousand wickednesses carried on through the connivance and consent of the church, and these very dear ones that were so loud in their contentions of damnation fled from the old country and came over here. Some of them landed on Plymouth Rock. Many of you feel proud when you can point your hand to your wrist and say, "There flows part of the blood that landed on Plymouth Rock." And yet these devoted Christians, as they and their children grew on, became so convinced of their own rightness that in turn they not only burned the Catholics as was done in Europe, but burned witches, and any one who had the temerity to believe in a different way from what they did had the fagot or some other system of punishment to bring them to life. But the intelligent part of the world is advancing in this New Thought we have evolved—the perfect principle.

It may seem strange for me to tell you people that we have the only all-Truth religion that there is, yet I am going to show you that we have. Let the critic find a fault if he can. We take God Almighty as our actual leader. We go to Him for everything. We ask, seek and knock and receive replies in answer to our prayers. God Almighty heals the sick, gives prosperity, controls the affairs of life and gives us heaven and harmony here, and we live in a perpetual state of happiness. That is our religion. If any fail to follow it in full, that is their misfortune and has nothing to do with the religion.

We believe in nothing but good. The fruit of our tree is Good, and our students throughout the world are laying their hands upon the sick and they are recovering.

This is the Truth that our Savior said would make you free. "You shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free." It does not belong to me or you or any other individual to the exclusion of others, but we are all in this great family of Truth, preaching the gospel of Truth, applying the Truth and the fruit of the tree is Good. He who knows the Truth can sing and rejoice in the victory.

Now may God Almighty bless us all.

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give us a stronger knowledge of the Truth and make us stick by the Truth. If you are persecuted, it matters not. God Almighty Truth is forever and forever, and he who sticks by it is bound to succeed; he who fails to do so must go down, for the water is no more certain to seek its level in the ocean than are these philosophical laws to be manifested in all things.

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE"

Shakespeare sets some mighty truth to glowing words and it sings its way down the centuries: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Every school child has repeated Shakespeare's line. Here is its application. The suspension bridge, a marvel of the age, was completed. On the busiest shore of the big river the beautiful structure's massive steel supports lifted their airy arms. Great people from far and near were lending the dignity of their presence to the opening ceremonies. At the bridge entrance the mayor of a city of five million people, aldermen, preachers, judges, architects, jostled each other. Elbowing his way through the jam came a ragged, eager boy. A withered old man clung to his little guide's grimy hand.

"Hey, how did you get through the police, boy? This place is reserved." A portly alderman puffed out the question. "Why, bless my soul, the man is *blind!*" The old man nodded. His smile was trembling but radiant.

"Sure he's blind. I've fetched him to see de bridge." The youngster gulped sympathetically. "He rooms in our alley an' he ain't got no frens. He never gets to see nothin' an' I says to meself, 'Jemmy, it's up to you. Uncle Ben ought to see de openin' of de biggest bridge in de woild.' Say, mister, kin he stand here?"

"Make way!" The mayor moved along, the judges bent to look, the preachers wiped their eyes. The bands blared, the crowd cheered. When the bridge was declared open, leading the big procession went Jemmy and his sightless charge. Uncle Ben "saw" the bridge.

AS IF AN AGE THAT HAD GONE BEFORE

It seems so new that is all so old,
This gradual green of the hill and wold,
The ripple of tides on a singing shore—
As if in an age that had gone before
And is coming back, with its gleam once more
Of April beauty, and light, and love,
And the skies so clear and so sweet above;
Such sapphire skies, as were once the skies
Of Eden that under the whole world lies,
A deathless, beautiful, living spring,
With the same light laugh and the same bright wing.
Oh, it cannot happen too oft for me—
Its call of the hill and call of the sea,
And that getting back in the blood again
Of joy and worship and song and glee
Reborn in the blossoming hearts of men!

—*The Bentztown Bard.*

BEFORE YOU CONDEMN

Before you condemn another you should be acquainted with all the circumstances that led to his action; and if you could see all around, understanding the underlying motives and impulses, you could not condemn, for you would perceive the meaning and necessity of it all.

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The Prayer That Heals

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., March 9, 1913.

THE lecture this morning is upon the subject of "The Prayer That Heals."

In the days of my first knowing anything of this science they called it the Realization, said it was very mysterious and very difficult to get, and you could not get it without going through a class. It was the bugaboo, it was this gift of the Holy Ghost, and if it had been down in Georgia the negro might have said that it "came down through the roof." It was supposed to be something supernatural.

Make a note of one thing in your mind, that God Almighty's work is always simple, always within the law of perfect nature, and there is no variableness, no shadow of turning. All truths are harmonious, go in parallel lines, and, therefore, never cross one another. That is the one rule, an interpretation which will show you not only what this prayer that heals is, but will elucidate many others of the so-called difficult problems of the so-called Metaphysics. In order to understand anything, this science or any other science susceptible of demonstration along perfect rules and perfect law, you must understand the fundamental rules or principles. There is nothing difficult whatever in the subject we are talking about this morning. If you do not get scared and look at the bugaboo and say, "Oh, you can do it, but I cannot," thereby destroying what possible influence you have, there is no difficulty in understanding it if you understand yourself. In all of your work, whether it is along the line of this teaching or not, unless you go into the work with the understanding and declare that you can do it, you are very sure never to do it, because you go in handicapped and a stone wall is put before you that you cannot get over, and therefore you will never have what is called the Understanding or Realization.

> The understanding simply means knowledge of The Truth which makes you Free, and that knowledge of that essential Truth is as simple as a, b, c, and can be written on half a page of any book. There is no more necessity of any persons leaving this hall today not knowing how to heal the sick than there is for any of them going out hungry if we had plenty of food for them here to eat. The only one to prevent you is your own blessed self.
>
> You are the child of The Infinite, the image and likeness of Infinite Mind. Therefore you have that for which you ask before you ask, because it belongs to you as part and parcel of your charter rights when you were created and were given power and dominion.
>
> If Peter had the right to command, if Jesus did command, we have the same power and the same right to exercise it as did Christ and the apostles. It is not a sacrilege to claim this. It would be a sacrilege not to claim it. "The works that I do, ye shall do, and even greater," and did we not know that this was the Universal Truth, as old as the morning stars that sang together, forever and forever?

Now, this word Realization simply means Understanding. Understanding simply means Knowledge of the Truth which Makes you Free, and that knowledge of that essential truth is as simple as a, b, c, and can be written on half a page of any book. There is no more necessity of

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any person's leaving this hall today not knowing how to heal the sick than there is for any of them going out hungry if we had plenty of food for them here to eat. The only one to prevent is your own blessed self.

Take a man that goes into business believing against himself, who prophesies against his business—he is not only generally a failure, but he is always a failure. You cannot get success out of a man who has no success in his own ambition. It is utterly impossible. There is no freak of nature, either mental or otherwise, that can overcome this universal, invariable, infallible rule.

What is it that you have to know to understand what this Truth is? What is this Truth that we are talking about? You have to know, first, whence it comes. Well, whence does it come? Where does everything come from? It comes from Infinite Mind. If you have the Understanding you are part and parcel of Infinite Mind. Mind is all and God is Mind. Then who are you that are asking to know that? You are the child of the Infinite, the image and likeness of Infinite Mind. Therefore you have that for which you ask before you ask, because it belongs to you as part and parcel of your charter rights when you were created and were given power and dominion.

You are told to go forth and subdue along these lines of your power and dominion. In my first studies along these lines I did not have any teacher. Jesus said, "The works I do, ye can do." If Peter had the right to command, if Jesus did command, we have the same power and the same right to exercise it as did Christ and the apostles. It is not a sacrilege to claim this. It would be a sacrilege not to claim it. "The works I do, ye shall do and even greater," and did we not know that this was the Universal Truth, as old as the morning stars that sang together forever and forever; did we not know it came from God Almighty Mind, the Controller of All, then we might hesitate, but we do know, and, as was read this morning, our Savior said, "If you cannot believe Me, believe Me for the very works' sake." In other words, let the works prove the Truth of our religion.

Now what have you to understand in order to heal the sick? You have to understand who God is. God is Infinite Good, Infinite Life, Infinite Power, Infinite Wisdom, In All and Through All, Controlling All. That is what God is. That is what we term His characteristics, but I go further in my definition than Mrs. Eddy has gone in her books. She stops there. I say there is something beyond. Of course there can be no personal God, for there are no metes or bounds to The Universal. God is everywhere, center everywhere, circumference nowhere; there is no outside edge, but the center point is here in your heart and in mine, in your mind and in mine; we are all part and parcel of the Infinite Mind; we are its image and likeness, but there is something more to God. I wish to emphasize this.

We will term these characteristics the general characteristics of God Almighty, but combining them in the concrete there is something else that takes you by the hand and leads you along the pathway of life, makes everything you do a success. You can have the personality, but there need not be a person; the personality of God is that by which we can ask, we can seek, we can knock, and from Whom and by Whom you receive everything. There is God and there is some-

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thing to God that makes you love Him. You can love a being like that, a personality, whether it be, as Paul says, we cannot understand it now, but by and by we will understand and know Him as He is, for we will be like Him—whatever the form may be, we do not know; it does not matter, but there is that concrete essence of the Divine All in All and through All that we go to when we want anything. When danger threatens, we cover ourselves with Infinite Love and Power. When want threatens us, we go to this same Universal All and demand in the power and dominion that was given us through Jesus Christ and God Almighty's love is poured down upon our heads. Everything you want in all the avenues of life, in every kind of business, if it is seamstress making a dress or a seamstress making her dress, or in creating the mighty inventions going on and being developed all the while, all comes from this universal reservoir of Universal Mind. Such a Being as that you can love.

You say here are laws; you shall not steal, you shall not lie, and various other laws that are good laws; but is there anything especially calling forth the affections of your spiritual nature when you read that you shall not lie? Do you gush, do you feel like gushing? Certainly not. It is an abstract truth, it is a command; you shall not lie, and if you do you shall be punished. There is nothing there that makes you love, but here is this Being, this Personality with all these characteristics that takes you by the hand and leads you along the pathway of life, makes everything a success, fills you with health, happiness and harmony. You can love Him. When you are told to love God "with all your mind, might and strength" it means something.

That is the Being to whom you make all petitions and from whom you receive all replies. The other being is yourself. You have that Understanding whom you are asking. You are asking the God of Love, the God of Good, the God of All; you are asking, seeking and knocking from that Universal Reservoir of Universal Good. Is there any difficulty in understanding that? Is there any difficulty is understanding who God is and why? Not a particle. Is there any difficulty in understanding who you are? Your history is written in the Bible—the best history I know of the creation of man, and I do not know anything better.

Today is the day of creation. Look at yonder beautiful river. You see it every day; it is created every day. Look at the earth in its manifold changes; it is being created all the time. In the beginning God created heaven and earth.

To believe that all is not in harmony is a perfect absurdity; it has a lie on its face. Now, for instance, this is a magnet and here is a nail. Here is another magnet on the other side. If the two magnets are equal in power or attraction, they will hold the nail where it is. If one is a little stronger than the other, it will draw the nail closer to itself, and the closer it is to one and the further it is from the other, the more strength it gives to the former. Now, suppose this earth was taken out of this great system of worlds. There would be a jangle; there would be something lacking, for the pulling power of this earth is so much and the attractive power is so much. If you take that balance out the rest of it is a jangle. By and by there would be gradually a cementing to-

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gether, and soon there would be a solid mass coming, for there is no such thing as going.

There is no such thing as change. The universal is always the same, never changing, and it never can change. When you come to understand that you have that for which you ask, affirming that you have it already, with the Understanding of who you are and what you are, that is the Understanding that heals the sick. That is the Understanding that demonstrates all along every avenue of life, that is the All in All from whom we receive everything. Now, it does not look to me as if there was anything very difficult in that. It does not look as though you cannot ask, seek and knock. You are the image and likeness of Infinite Mind; you have power, you have strength, you have vigor. Why? Because, being the image and likeness of Infinite Life, you are covered with Infinite Good, and all the characteristics of God Almighty Good are part and parcel of you. Therefore you live, move and have your being in this Universal Good, and all you have to do is to reach out your hand and take it and enjoy it.

DO BRUTE ANIMALS SUFFER?

At intervals the absurd theory is propounded that brute animals do not suffer. The tender-footed horse limps, the sore underneath his collar makes him wince and when he is beaten he cringes. Why does he do so? Is it simply fear? Fear what? Look into his eyes—he will tell you. It is pain. Nothing in all brute creation makes such an appeal to a humane being as those eyes. The suffering animal may not always utter an outcry, yelp, as the dog, or mew like the cat, but in its eyes there is an untold tale of woe. Has it not joys? The horse whinnies from its stall at the approach of its keeper; at the coming of the master the dog leaps for joy; in the lap of her mistress pussy purrs out of the fullness of her contentment. A nature that is susceptible to pleasure must also have pain. Capacity for suffering may increase with the development of the sentiment of life and be greater in man, but even then the dumb animal has the harder lot. It must submit to its brutal ruler. Its ability to declare its ailment is limited. No wisdom is given to it to discover medicinal relief. And if it could, no chance is given it to work a cure. None of its kind offer their sympathy. It must simply "tread the winepress" of its suffering alone, unless it can find a friend in man. Its lot is one of patient submission—to do our work, to love and follow us, to cheer our fireside, and, if a bird, to sing our matin songs. All it asks in return is loving fellowship with our humankind—something that man cannot withhold and be a man.—*Exchange.*

"WE ARE ALL BROTHERS"

Confucius voiced a salient and succinct truth when he said: "Religions are many; reason is one; we are all brothers." The one cementing, unifying principle that runs throughout this Universe is Love. We find many teachers, writers and workers in new and advanced thought. They are all telling the same story—telling it differently, perhaps, yet we recognize identity underlying it all. Each in his own tongue, each trying to point to the more excellent way of living and thinking. Brotherly love brings us all together at the Great Heart Center. Love one another—not in a perfunctory way, but in a vital, forceful way.

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THE MENTAL CAUSE

If you go back far enough in the history of a diseased condition of the human body you will discover a mental cause for it.

This is the teaching and belief of those who practice pure homeopathy as well as the mental healer, the Christian Science healer, the Emmanuel Movement healer and many intelligent physicians of all schools.

Disease is a lack of that harmony or rhythm which prevails in health.

The mind first allows the cause of disease to spring up in the body.

The mind may be wholly unconscious of the results of what it is doing. The mind may not know that a certain persistent mental attitude will be followed by certain physical effects, but the law works unerringly.

As the mind has power to cause disease, so it has power to reverse the process and arrest and cure disease.

This it does by re-establishing within the body that rhythm, harmony and vibration which exist in health, and inducing all the functions of the body to work in unison with the Life Principle or with nature, if you prefer to put it that way.

William Sadler, M. D., a prominent physician of the regular school, says: "The mind sits in the place of power upon the throne of the nerve centers in a position of absolute controlling influence."

It is true Dr. Sadler does not believe that the power of mind reaches to the cause in all kinds of disease, but perhaps that is because he has not penetrated below the material surface of things.

The life of you is the life of God.

There is but One Life in the universe and you are a part of it.

If you believe yourself cut off from this life, if you lose your instinct of unity, disease, sin and death may come in.

To keep yourself free from the dominion of sin, sickness and death itself, cling to your instincts of unity. Cultivate your faith in the Oneness of Life.

Life cannot be sick any more than the sun can be dark.

Turn your thoughts toward life and keep them centered there. Avoid inharmony in thought if you would keep free from disease in the body.

There is ever within you a center of harmony which is not touched by that material surface inharmony which we term disease. Keep your thoughts in tune with this center rather than allow them to vibrate with the changeable material conditions without. In this way you will avoid the causes of inharmony which show forth in the material body as disease. — *William E. Towne in Nautilus.*

WE MUST THINK PROSPERITY

If we would be prosperous we must put ourselves in the prosperous attitude. We must think opulently, we must feel opulent in thought, and we must exhale confidence and assurance in our very bearing and manner. Our mental attitude toward the thing we are striving for and the intelligent effort we put forth to realize it will measure our attainment.

Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of sunshine in the soul, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

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HURRY AND WORRY

Habitual hurry and worry will undermine the strongest constitution. Hurry and worry are only a matter of habit. It is natural, when work piles up, to let the mind run on the things ahead. Before we know it we have established a useless and injurious habit of worry. Make "This one thing I do" your motto. Cease to spend your time in foolish regrets over what is passed. "The mill never runs with water that has passed." Do not turn present energy into channels of worry about what is passed and can no longer be helped. To worry about the future is equally foolish. Ninety-nine of every hundred calamities which you fear never come to pass. Get a grip on yourself. Use your will to keep from worrying. Check yourself whenever you feel hurried, and relax for a moment before going on with the matter in hand. After a while you will be able to establish a new habit of poise and self-control. To worry is to waste an immense amount of energy for no good or useful purpose. To worry is more foolish than to try to lift yourself by your own boot-straps. Worry is destructive. Tranquillity, poise, mean the conservation of your forces for constructive use. By worry and fretting and senseless anger and a habit of mind of constant rebellion against your environment and the universe in general you spill your forces and tear yourself to pieces. You cut off your connection with the sources of life. Life thrives in tranquility. Creative processes in nature are always silent. Worry and hurry are a part of the objective life, that which deals with material things. Tranquility, poise, self-control, spring from the eternal principles of nature. Calmness makes for health and a good old age.

GET OUT INTO THE SUNSHINE

We should not nourish and court our sorrows, and talk of them constantly, giving them new force and stronger reality in our own mind. We should make the best of them; find a way out of them. Do not be a cave-dweller. Get out into the sunshine where you belong. What may seem a present sorrow may be a corner-stone of a greater joy. It is time only that shows events in true perspective. Get away from the near-sighted, worm's-eye view of life; take bird's-eye views, where the large, vital elements of our living are seen in truest relation. * * Sometimes we actually grow vain of our troubles, and think that no one ever went through such a relay system of Waterloos as we have. We sometimes have a thrill of strange pleasure in taking the bandage off a sorrow from which we are recuperating, to look at it again and again, as German students glory in the scars that are physical memorials of departed sword-slashes. When trial, failure and disappointment come, get what salvage you can from the wreck, and begin again. If it has not been your fault, fight harder next time; if it has been your fault, charge it to experience, and begin again. In every failure is wrapped up the secret of a possible success. Save your wrappers! A little touch of sorrow and trouble occasionally will not hurt you. It makes moral muscle, it gives courage to bear; it shows your life in perspective; it makes character firmer and stronger, as a forest oak's battles with the storm and the elements toughen its fibre.

He loses little who loses wealth;
He loses much who loses health;
Who loses courage loses all.

—*L. T. Trowbridge.*

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THE GOSPEL OF GOOD CHEER

"Straight through the chill of winter days,
As clear as anything;
Through all the murk and misty ways,
I see the coming spring.

"And clear above the noisy swell
Of winter's arctic blast,
I hear the bird-notes sweet that tell
Of June days come at last.

"Old Winter's days speak not of rue
To me—things drab and gray—
They point the path that leads us to
The flowers of the May."

A friend sends us that bit of verse, which everybody is sure to enjoy. It preaches the gospel of good cheer in every line, and emphasizes the wise, needful lesson we are all essaying to learn—of "looking on the bright side rather than the blue." It seems sometimes a pretty hard lesson to learn, doesn't it? There are dark days when we feel there cannot possibly be a bright side to anything; yet there is, always, and we can find it if we search. We have only to close our eyes and ears to all save pleasant things, to look through the dark to the dawn, and hear the real harmony above the discord. This we can do if we will; every effort strengthens the "bright-side habit" and makes the way easier. It is for us to determine, resolutely: "I will believe in good, the very best that can come to anyone in life, and I will expect it, refusing to hold any gloomy thoughts." Then it is for us to put this resolution in constant, earnest, every-day practice. The result, in health, happiness and plenty, will be as exact as the answer to a mathematical problem worked out according to rule; for it is a law as old as the world that "As a man thinketh, so he is." We are coming in these days to give that ancient saying a scientific value, and to know that every thought of the heart, every word of the mouth goes forth to create conditions "after its kind;" and so we are learning to think the best and say the best of ourselves and everybody eise.—*The American Woman.*

SPRINGTIME IN ENGLAND

A Blackbird greeted me today
On swiftly moving wing,
And as it passed it seemed to say,
"I'm glad because it's spring."
Near where I stood a linnet sang,
Hid in a hawthorne bush;
And overhead, 'midst apple bloom,
I heard the speckled thrush.
Borne on the breeze, "Cuckoo, cuckoo,"
Came to my listening ear.
Thou vagrant bird of alien ways,
Thou tell'st that spring is here.
A brook that ran through meadows green
Sang its song to me.
It filled my heart with purest joy,
With sweet tranquillity.
Primrose, cowslip, buttercup,
In field and lane abound,
And in sequestered paths and nooks
The fragrant violet's found.
The gardens all are glorified,
Dressed with living green;
Tulip, crocus, hyacinth,
In every garden seen.
The alder and the common gorse,
The daisy prim and neat;
A thousand other plants and trees;
'Tis paradise complete.
A joy supreme is England's spring,
The land with flowers crowned;
Home of my youth, I love thee well;
To me 'tis hallowed ground.

—*J. G. Mills.*

Bloomington, Ill.

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DEPENDENT ON THE MENTAL ATTITUDE

No matter what your condition may be in life, how humble, mean or discouraging, the habit of holding the right mental attitude and facing the right way, of keeping your confidence in men and things will gradually lift your life to a higher level.

It is a sad thought that, ignorant of the laws of thought, many of us make impossible the very things we most desire. Our antagonistic fears, our lack of faith that we can have what we desire, are constantly fighting against the very thing we wish for most.

We all want to improve our condition financially, and yet most people believe that they will never get very far away from poverty. They do not know that predicting poverty, talking about their hard luck and thinking that fate is against them, are the very things that drive prosperity away from them.

Your mental attitude towards your future condition is the pattern which is being woven for you, and if you fill the pattern with all sorts of poverty pictures, discouraging pictures, do not be disappointed because they are faithfully reproduced in the great life web.

We tend to become what we believe we shall become. People who always feel poor, who think that they always will be poor, are in no condition to produce the opposite condition. Everything depends on our vision, our hope and expectations.

No one can accomplish anything great in this world who is contented with little, who is sure that he was made for little things, or is satisfied with what happens to come his way.

The mental attitude determines the tendency of the life. According to this law, there is everything in feeling rich.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

THE MAJESTY OF THE HUMAN MIND

I have just been looking at Saturn in the great telescope. The huge globe and colossal rings were magnificent in the zenith. The diameter of this distant planet is 73,000 miles and that of the outer ring is 168,000 miles. It is, therefore, 762 times larger than the earth; but, large as it is, it turns on its axis in 10 hours 14 minutes. It requires 29.46 years to make one grand revolution of the sun. Thus our little infinitesimal world, our earth, spins around nearly thirty times while Saturn is making one circuit at a distance from the sun of 886,000,000 miles — nine and one-half times farther away than the earth. After looking at Saturn and its four moons, visible tonight (it has ten moons), I centered the huge lenses on the bright red star Aldebaran, a few degrees eastward of Saturn. After 305 years of arduous, tireless and very exacting toil of mind and body, the distances of about fifty stars are known with a fair degree of accuracy. The best measures made by several astronomers agree that the distance of the giant sun Aldebaran from our little star, the sun, is 191 trillion miles, or 216,000 times farther away than nearby Saturn. Light is known to move with a set specific speed of 186,380 miles per second. With this terrific velocity, the light that left Aldebaran thirty-two years ago entered the telescope up here tonight. — *Edgar Lucien Larkin in the Spiritual Journal.*

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THE BEST THANKS

The best possible method of giving thanks for the blessings of life is to live joyously and genuinely. When the flowers of spring break forth in their simple beauty because of the sun's rays they make the response of gratitude. When human beings expand in the richness and geniality of warm hearts and sincere desires they, too, are showing the supremest gratitude. The sparkling air of a frosty fall day makes one "feel good," but feeling good is nothing else than a grateful recognition of the atmospheric stimulus left in the blood.

It may be that formal phrases of gratitude are not spoken as readily as in earlier days. It may even be that there is less informal phrasing of grateful emotions than there was when life was less complex and disturbed. Quantitative comparisons of emotions are hard to make and sure to be inaccurate. Who shall say that there is less genial and joyous living today, or a more sluggish response to the warming spirit of fellowship?

Mere laughing does not signify happiness, nor does the eager pursuit of commercialized amusements mean true joyousness. But the judgment of the capacity of humanity for thankfulness must be based on wider evidence than the wretchedness wrought by crime and poverty, or the cynical pessimism of those who have been cheated in life's game, or the unhappy restlessness of the wanderers in a great city.—*Edward H. Chandler.*

MY CONSCIOUSNESS

My consciousness is as much a truth as is any truth of which I can gain knowledge, for all my knowledge must become part of this consciousness before it is mine.—*Linton.*

THREE MILLION MATCHES A MINUTE

It has been estimated that for each minute of time the civilized nations of the world strike three million matches. This is said to be the average for every minute of the twenty-four hours of the day.

Fifteen hundred billion is the number for the entire year, and those persons who live under the American flag are charged with consumption of one-half of this amount.

The importance of the industry which turns out the little splinters of wood tipped with sulphur or some other material ignited by friction, is only recognized when the average smoker tries to contemplate his predicament if he had to go back to the time when he had to coax a spark from a tinder-box.

Small and insignificant as it is, the match demands as much attention in the choice of wood involved in its manufacture as any other forest product. Only the choicest portions of the best trees are suitable. Sapwood, knotty or cross-grained timber will not do.

Instead of being a by-product, the little match is turned out at hundreds of mills over the country where the by-products are bulky objects like doors, sash, shingles, sidings, posts and cordwood.

The pines, linden, aspen, white cedar, poplar, birch and willow are the most suitable match timbers.

When we learn the art of seeing opulently, instead of stingily; when we learn to think without limits, how not to cramp ourselves by our limiting thoughts, we shall find that the thing we are seeking is seeking us and that it will meet us half way.

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Harriet Doane Prentiss

AT THY DOOR

LOVE is hovering 'round thy door,
Hoping an entrance to find;
Peace is near, waiting just outside,
Ready to comfort the mind.

Success and fortune are so close
They can almost touch thy hand—
Ever on guard for a signal
To complete what thou hast planned.

Health is never beyond thy call;
Harmony dwells in the air.
These qualities vie with sunshine
To gain entrance everywhere.

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The Girl That Cheapens Herself

Maude Radford Warren in "Woman's World"

A PRETTY and attractive girl was trying to defend herself for permitting personal familiarities from a young man to whom she was not engaged.

"Why, I've known him all my life," she said. "We're just like brother and sister. He expects to hold my hand."

This, the first of several excuses she made, was a very specious one. As a general thing, brothers do not spend much time holding the hands of their sisters. A careless, if affectionate, caress in passing is about all the average brother bestows upon his sister, no matter how much he loves her or how proud of her he may be.

Even weaker is the excuse, "He expects to hold my hand." Now it is unfortunately true that in certain small towns where girls and boys have grown up together there prevails this custom of more or less careless love-making.

This is a case of "he expects to," but it does not follow that the custom is at all proper.

But even in large communities can be found girls who will make the excuse that young men expect to offer demonstration.

"He kissed me as a matter of course," the sweet-faced girl said, when she was explaining why she was so familiar with a man who had no intention of marrying her. "He said afterwards that all the girls he had gone with had let him, and they were nice girls, too, just as nice as I. And he had taken me out to the theater and had shown me so much attention, and it had all cost so much that when he put on that surprised air, why, I felt that I was in the wrong."

There are young men, not too scrupulous, whom other girls have spoiled, who will kiss every pretty girl who will allow it. They are base enough to imply that they should have some such return for whatever entertainment they have offered. But a girl who can be deceived or moved by that kind of attitude has a vein of weakness in her. Any young man worth marrying or worth keeping as a friend will expect from a girl to whom he offers some social courtesy nothing but the pleasure of her society. The very fact that he says other girls have permitted such familiarities should put the girl on her guard.

"But if I held out," objected the girl, "he surely would not have come to see me again."

He would have come again; he would have been piqued to think that here was one girl with whom he could not have his way. And even if he had not come again, it would be clear gain to the girl, for she could have saved herself up for some one worth while. Any young man who speaks of "all the girls he has gone with" is not a young man who can be looked on as any kind of permanency, even from the standpoint of friendship.

That girl held herself at too low an estimate, not only to the young man, but to herself. A girl should have a very strong respect for herself; this is a different thing from conceit. She should not be vain of her beauty or her money or her popularity; but she should be proud of her ideals. The greatest ideal

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should be that of purity. The ideal of purity embraces much. It means purity of thought, the casting out of all that is mean or cruel, uncharitable or unrefined. And it should mean purity of deed. The girl must never do anything which she would be ashamed to have the noblest men or women in the world know about.

There is only one good and safe rule—a girl should not allow a man to kiss her or even to hold her hand unless they are engaged and have the fullest intentions of marrying each other.

Looked at from the lowest level, it is good tactics for a girl to be reserved with a man. If he knows he can kiss her without being engaged to her, his respect for her fails.

A man likes best what he has to work to win; he doesn't want a woman to come even half way when he is wooing her; the more difficult the chase, the more he values her.

But carrying out a line of conduct from prudential motives in order to make one's self more valuable in a man's eyes should not be enough for the really nice girl. She must guard her body, because it is the temple of her mind and her character. To yield herself in the very slightest way to a man she is not going to marry is unworthy of her mind and character. Her own mind, her own character, are to be her long companions; they will be closer to her always than husband or children, parents or friends. To get the highest and best out of life she should refine, purify and develop these companions.

I believe that no love, no life, goes ever from us; it goes as He went, that it may come again, deeper and closer and surer, to be with us always, even to the end of the world.—*George Macdonald.*

TO THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Silent it stands and strong, its white-walled way
From earth to heaven leading. Up it soars
And boldly breaks the blue of heaven's bright floors
Within whose reach its glorious top holds sway,
Its sun-kissed cap sees last the light of day,
And first the light when morning glory pours
Its stream of glory adown the shaft. It stores
Within it memories that will live alway.

A Master speaks, this monument proclaims;
His lessons learn, Americans, and live;
As high as his be your motives, high your aims!
Let his great life to you the impulse give
To make this nation, as this tower tall,
A hope by which the world shall rise, ne'er fall!

—*Henry L. Sweinhart in the National Magazine.*

THE ONE MIND

There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all the same. He that is once admitted to the right is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this Universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.—*Emerson.*

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Why Cocoanuts Have Faces

DEEP in the heart of the African jungle lived a family of monkeys in the day of long ago—so long and far back that there were no people in the world and the monkey folks and their neighbors roamed through the great forests.

So the mother monkey and her family of four children lived happily in a hole in the trunk of an old banyan tree by the edge of a wide river. In the family was an adopted monkey whose name was Koko. He was an orphan, and the mother monkey had taken him in and treated him kindly and given him a home with her own. But Koko did not appreciate this a bit, for he was a mean imp and would fight the other children, steal their things and eat their food just to tease them. And nothing seemed to make him have any idea of how wrong he was acting.

Now the young monkeys had a pretty plaything which Koko was always stealing. It was a big green ball which grew on a bush in the jungle. So these monkey children would toss it about from one to another by the hour and thought it great fun. At last, when the season for the balls being ripe had gone by and there was only one left, Koko stole that and hid it in a bush for away from the home.

But when the bad monkey was covering it with earth an old tiger happened to be dozing near by and saw it all. But he kept still. As Koko crept home he saw the end of the tiger's tail and knew this was a chance to play a mean trick, and so he gave a sharp bite on the tail, then dashed away and left the poor old tiger howling with pain.

Now, in the tree just above where the tiger lay lived a good little Brownie, who was very fond of the old tiger and very angry at the bad monkey. So he slid down the tree and rubbed the tiger's tail softly till the pain stopped.

"That impish monkey is going to ruin everything in this neighborhood," said the Brownie. "He seems to wish only to make every one unhappy."

"It would be a good thing if we could get rid of him," replied the tiger, "but there does not seem to be any way."

"Well," laughed the Brownie, "I know of a good one. I will dig up that ball, but magic on it, then bury it again. Then you manage to meet Koko and tell him that you know some wonderful news.

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which is that if any one will find the very last of the green balls from the bush near his home and rub it on their faces it will make them twice as handsome and twice as tall as they were before. You do this and rub it on his face. Then he will get his punishment."

So the Brownie dug up the ball, put magic on it and buried it again. And the next day the tiger called on Koko and began to talk about the green ball.

"Do you happen to know, Koko," he said, "there is a wonderful power in the last of those balls that fall from the tree?" And the tiger then told Koko that if any one smeared it over their face they would be twice as handsome and twice as strong as before.

So the next morning early Koko got up and trotted off in the dawn to where he had buried the ball. In the bushes lay the old tiger, watching, and up in the tree sat the fat little Brownie, too. Koko dug up the dirt till he made a cloud of dust, and at last he got the ball up on the ground. With a pull he snapped it apart and, taking one-half of it, placed it on his face.

Then a wonderful thing happened to Koko. He began to shrink up till there was nothing left but his head, and this had become a great, green ball. Then the ball commenced to grow hard and dry, and hair came out roughly on it all over. Only there were black places where the eyes and nose of Koko had been. And to this day, if you look at a cocoanut, you will see the rough monkey hair covering it and the face in the shell with the eyes and nose showing plainly.

Then the Brownie threw the cocoanut up into a tall palm tree and there is stuck and there now the cocoanuts still grow. But they will never again be turned back to monkeys, for every one was too glad to get rid of bad Koko.

Little Dog Fido: A True Story

Mary Waterson

My grandmother and auntie lived in such a cosy house, which had a lot of rooms and a big attic, where we children played when we went to visit them.

One day, late in the fall, a friend came to say good-by to grandmother and auntie, as she was going away on a long visit.

She said: "You know I have little Fido, and I want to leave him with you while I am gone."

Grandmother and auntie looked at each other and smiled, for they were not very fond of dogs.

They told their friend they did not care to keep him.

She said she knew he would not give them one bit of trouble, that he could do a lot of cute tricks and he would be company for them through the long winter.

"Well," said grandmother, "when you are ready to go, bring him over."

The days and weeks went by and they began to be very fond of Fido. They made him a nice, soft bed right behind the sitting-room stove.

One very cold night grandmother filled the stove with great pieces of wood and they all went snugly to bed.

About midnight they were awakened by hearing loud barking and Fido making a great fuss. He had never disturbed

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them before, and they could not imagine what the trouble could be.

Their bedroom was some distance from the sitting-room. Grandmother called in a loud voice: "Fido! Lie down! Fido! Keep still!" For a few minutes he was quiet, then began barking again.

Grandmother said to auntie: "What can be the matter with that bad dog?"

At last he came running into the bedroom and jumped upon the bed, pulling the bedclothes as if he wanted to say:

"Please get up and come out!"

Then they went out with Fido running on ahead, and what do you think they saw? A great piece of blazing wood had fallen out of the stove onto the floor!

Dear little Fido had done the best he could to save grandmother's lovely home.

As soon as they had put out the fire they took Fido in their arms and almost cried for joy, to think that such a little dog could know so much.

In the spring, when their friend came home, she went after her little dog.

My grandmother said to her: "Can't you let us keep Fido for our own dog?"

Then they told her the story of how he had saved their dear home from burning down. She told them they could keep him. So Fido lived with my grandmother till he got to be old, and he was loved and petted as long as he lived.

DOG KNEW THE SIGNALS

Can a dog tell green from red when displayed on a switch alongside the track of a railroad, and can it learn the significance and importance of the green and red signals as applied to railroading? H. W. Sheridan, superintendent of the Sacramento Division of the Southern Pacific Company, says that it can, and Sheridan has a mass of evidence to prove his assertion.

Sheridan secured his evidence recently while conducting an efficiency test about 100 miles north of Sacramento, Cal. With several assistants he changed the light on one of the switches from green to red, then waited to see if the crew of the next train would observe the wrong light and stop the train before it reached the switch.

The dog began to bark as soon as the red light was shown in place of the green. It ran about the signal for several minutes and then to the quarters of the section foreman, a half mile away. Shortly after the foreman appeared with a lantern and a shotgun, led by the dog, and Sheridan and his assistants had a difficult time in explaining the red light to the satisfaction of both the dog and his master.

A SEASIDE S'POSIN'

S'pose the little stars on high
Should shoot down from the evening sky
And join their friends, the starfish, all
To have a merry, fishy ball.

And s'pose the fiddler-crabs right soon
Should fiddle them to dancing tune;
The band could be assisted, too,
By sandpipers, a jovial crew.

Sea urchins, buoys and other folks
Could join the fun and crack their jokes,
While mermaids, with their golden hair,
Could swim forth from their shelly lair,

And, riding on sea-horses, they
On to the dance would make their way.
Oh! s'pose we saw this on the beach—
We'd run till we were out of reach.

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WHEN PAPA SLEEPS

When my pa's awake he's still,
Dis alike you and me.
Never makes a bit of noise,
Dis still as he can be.

But when he goes to sleep, oh!
He makes such a clatter,
Scares you almost half to death
Wond'ring what's the matter.

First he gives a growl or two,
Then begins to rumble;
Then lets out a snort or two;
Then he'll groan and grumble.

Wonder if pa's broke inside,
Or been getting rusted?
'Spect I'd better have him fixed
Or he'll wake up busted.

—*Anna Wood Cantrall.*

THE LITTLE CRADLE

Bend over a little cradle
When a little one's sleeping there
If you want to forget the trouble,
If you want to forego the care.
Bend over a little cradle
And you won't care how much strife
Beats at the door of dreaming
And roars at the gates of life.

Bend over a little cradle
And a starry world it will be,
Full of the fists so chubby
And the dimples of chin and knee;
Of laughter and light and sunshine,
And prayer and purpose and gleam
As you step to the daily struggle
Like a shadow climbing a dream.

Bend over a little cradle
And lean your lips to that face,
And look on those cheeks of roses,
And think of that baby grace!
It will make the whole day's labor
And the whole life's labor, too,
A morning of sunbeam rapture
In a silver valley of dew.

Bend over a little cradle
And the dust of the day will fly;
The grind and burden and battle
Like a horrid vision will die.
And there you will find the sunshine,
And there, as you bend above,
You will learn what it is to hallow
All life with a lasting love.

—*The Bentztown Bard.*

SHOPPING

Times when my shoes are all worn out
And white and raggy at the toes,
My mother takes me to the place
Where people buy their children's clo'es.

And if it's snowy, or it's wet,
And mother thinks I might take cold,
We have a hansom or a cab,
And ride to where the things are sold.

While I just love a hansom cab,
I think they're very dangerous!
The man he is so far away—
The horse so awf'ly close to us!

I guess I like the street car best.
I like to kneel upon the seat,
And while I watch the things go by
My mother holds my muddy feet.

'Most every one but mother mind
When children wipe them with their feet.
But it is very hard to think
With so much happ'ning in the street.

—*Ethellyn Brewer Defoe.*

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Burbank Your Soul

Harriet I. Lockwood

WHERE you were born or when are matters of no consequence at all, but when you found yourself—that is the event worth moment.

Your youth—bodily youth—is gone, perhaps; but the human heart never grows old—not if you give it freedom. But if you may not cramp it, nor seclude it from human joys. If we would have the heart to stay young, find something to love, something to work for! Then we may expect to stay the days of hoar-frost and death in interest of things mortal.

"Burbank" your soul! Yes, Elizabeth Towne said that word, and it should make her name known from coast to coast. Burbank your soul and your heart! Improve every day. Make yourself better. Don't say you cannot. I have built myself up from a whining, sick, poverty-stricken poor soul until I am *whole*. Now, I know there will be a number ask, How? You shall know. First, I learned to think for myself. Then I learned to think. Do you know how? Not many of us do. Can you set rules for your mind? Can you discard the trash that troops like tramps through the mind? If not, then you cannot think. I fought in the Silence for years to govern my mind. When at last I found that I could choose my thoughts, and discard all the wornout things, and fashion new ideals, and crystalize them into real pictures that would live with me every hour, then I said, Now I am strong! I can command the army. I am now a general. I can banish all evil from within the temple. How did I do that?

One day, when life had become a burden, when I was contemplating death, I asked myself if I was ready to die. Then came an answer like a still small voice: No, you are not fit to die, and you are not fit to live. I was startled. Not fit to live?

So on that day I went into my soul, shut and bolted the door and then and there I began taking stock.

I found on hand a large amount of wornout, trashy thoughts. I found they were tramps, so I sent them flying. I found a whole stock of hates—little hates and big ones. Out of this, my temple! I cried, I shall be fit to live! I found misery and discontent. I found the icicles of indifference hanging on the eaves of love.

I found the rotten apple of "What is the use?" It was in the barrel of all my good impulses, and over everything lay the dust of wasted hours. All my beautiful years were rusted almost through with indolent thinking — drifting — I had not been pulling my oars, and I had not gained anything.

My heart was discouraged. "What shall I do to be fit to live?" my soul cried out. "Where shall I get help?" No answer came, so I began to turn out all the dark corners in the bright light of reason—New Thought. I found myself a poor creature, indeed. There were stalking me the skeletons of discontent and the skeletons of hate and error.

So on that day my soul was cleaned of

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all the old, and a new birth, a new life was mine. The old had failed. *I was not even fit to live!*

With the keen knife of New Thought I cut my chains. I was born again mentally, and then I found myself weak. So then the battle began. Hours I gave to concentration of thought on one small saying of a New Thought Angel that had fluttered into my heart. I left the windows open when I finished cleaning, with orders that no old tenants were to re-enter.

I cast aside the shackles or doubt, and fear was banished. "God made me in His image. He will provide." I began growing. When I saw a tramp coming I met him at the gate of my soul and banished him with one thought—work! If regret came along to taunt me about the lost years, I said: "It is not what I have been, but what I am today."

That is what counts—what you are today. Have you taken stock? What did you find? Old wornout ideas gone to seed and poor at that? *Discard them, and Burbank* your soul, and do it now!

Clean house in your soul. Take down all the dusty things. If you are living, really living, you will clean house every day.

Now that I am whole, I clean house every morning. When I first awaken in the gray of the dawn, I set down rules for my day's soul work. "You shall and you shall not do so and so." Thus I command, and my soul is now my obedient soldier. The thoughts that seemed good a few days ago are now old and not what I need, because I am progressing. Why should I retain the dead husks of the old thoughts!

"Get rid of them—you have a better thought!" Thus I command my soul. Clean house, and Burbank—which means improve. Don't be an indolent thinker with the door of your mind standing open, so that every tramp thought that comes along will walk in, but set a guard over the gate of your mind and soul and decide for yourself just what thoughts bring peace and happiness. If a thought is disturbing and causes you trouble, discard it and choose better ones.

"I am master of my fate! I am captain of my soul!"

THE SMALLER THINGS

We may not own a hero's crown,
Our coffers may be scant of gold,
And we may never known renown
Or clasp the hand success may hold;
But though these treasures be denied,
With all the joy their presence brings,
Dear Lord, we will be satisfied
To take Thy gifts of smaller things.

A helping hand to him who feels
A burden that is hard to bear,
A willing heart that gladly steals
Some portion of another's care;
That art of making gracefully
Some sacrifice; nor count the gain
Of that which, in attaining, we
Have caused another person pain.

To make a little child rejoice,
To bring a smile to sorrow's face,
Restore the laughter to some voice
Or put a broken heart in place.
So lay the tinsel crown aside;
We do not ask the fame it brings,
For we, dear Lord, are satisfied
To take Thy gifts of smaller things.

—*Reynale Smith Pickering.*

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—*Disraeli.*

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Thought as Creative Energy

Rose M. de Vaux-Royer

ONE of the principal interests in life's training school should be the art of directing the thought impulse or forces in a purposeful manner. After the storm, nature asserts itself and goes on rebuilding. There is always force enough back of each individual form of life to carry it on to its ultimate intent.

We interview the cruder orders of nature and find that everything God-made will stand the closest scrutiny, from the tiniest-petaled flower to the growing oak or man himself, materially considered.

But man's mind, how woefully untrained—always loudly lamenting his injustices, portraying a regretful past, instead of holding silently to the thought he wishes to see expressed as his future condition! How does the artist produce and bring his ideals into materialized form and objective utility? In the silence are the wonders of the universe performed. The poppies of the foothills, in their luxuriance of growth, their abandonment of beauty, or the hot-house product placed under a microscope, betray only the perfection of God's handiwork. Inherent within us is that same mind tending toward perfection. We cultivate our plant gardens, but how about the gardens of the soul? The spirit has been obscured in letter and creed.

Training schools for the science of mind should be founded throughout the country and the leaders and co-workers should learn the value of concentration on the object to be attained—with unity of effort, harmonious action and co-operation.

Selfishness is like unto an ulcer. If evil is contagious, so is goodness—which is a positive force. Let us erect within our thought the idea of Goodness to the exclusion of all else. If we could only get into closer communion with Goodness, nearer to God, to Righteousness, to Truth, to the Great Center of Being, with more Faith and more Love! I believe, as we each send out this strong uplifting thought, we affect the etheric vibrations and become potent in creating a spiritual atmosphere corresponding with our desire, and so we become creative agencies for that which we allow to express mentally through our mechanism. This may be the scientific explanation of Prayer.

However fallacious one's accepted theory or plan of life, the law moves on mercilessly, unchanging, and for the one not wholly enlightened he alone is robbed of that fuller realization—the nearness to Truth in concrete form as reflected results—for after the order of the workings of his mind is a man's life fashioned.

The higher forms of power give refinement of expression, beauty to the face, finer contour for the outer embodiment of man, and a deeper feeling that attracts by its inexplicable charm of sincerity. And this power may be cultivated according to the order of thought we indulge in. Some people think; other think they think. Let us purify our own channels of thought and welcome a contagion of culture, of character and concrete ideals—for God has placed a pedestal for each of us to occupy.

Can we not see God's face in the stars?

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Do we not know that these creations are for Good alone? Evil comes and goes—it has its flitting history—but Good remains always. The permanent values are ours at all times to command.

In the fullness of time, when the solution of the spiritual mysteries that govern man's destiny shall have been made a little clearer in the now seeming incomprehensible scheme of things, we shall then know that each small effort in the right direction has been registered with its manifold results in our favor—as we proceed in a freer spirit along the common human pathway toward the everlasting secret.

SURSUM CORDA

Oh, Father of Lights, Who causest the spring to follow the cold and dark season, Who sendest clear shining after rain, Who makest green things to grow up from the earth, and the song of birds to be heard in the land; Thou hast placed us in the midst of much beauty, Thou hast made Thy world fair and full of wonder, Thou hast bidden us serve Thee with gladness; preserve us from ever casting over others any shadow of our own troubles; grant us to keep a sunshine in our thoughts that may brighten theirs; lift Thou up our hearts, that we, like our risen Lord, may seek those things which are above, and evermore truly rejoice in Thee. Amen.—*People's Home Journal.*

Always look at the sunlight and forget the shadows. Memories of what might have been do very little good. Be more than worthy of the job you hold; you'll then be worthy of the place higher up. —*O. L. Dickeson.*

SASSAFRAS

Been sassafras 'round here today, as certain as you're born,
A-smellin' like Christmas come in May er plowin' fer early corn.
Sweet sassafras that starts to flow
When spring jest kicks the kivers,
Unlocks the lilacs on the hills
And loosens all the rivers.

Been sassafras in some boy's hand, the fresh-peeled bark like wine
Of mornin' in some faery land of boyhoodtime divine.
Sweet sassafras to cut and chew
And bile it in a caddy
Fer tea to make yer soul feel new—
I'll have some sugar, daddy!

Been sassafras all fresh to boot, or I beg'n to dream;
Dup up to git that pungent root and then drawed out 'ith steam.
Sweet sassafras, and with it come
A saucy blackbird, flirtin'
With sweet Miss Spring who takes her thumb
To flit right back the curtain.

Been sassafras 'round here somewhere, or only me again
Just feelin' the spring creep up the air to take the hearts of men.
Sweet sassafras, there's nothin' like
In all the world to fill you
With wantin' to hoof it down the pike
And let the catbirds thrill you.
—*Maryland Musings in Baltimore Sun.*

The world generally gives its admiration not to the man who does what nobody else can do, but to the man who does *best* what others do well.—*McCauley.*

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From Middy to Throne

George King of Greece Exactly Half a Century a Monarch

KING GEORGE I. of Greece was assassinated precisely fifty years to a day from the date of his election to the kingship by the National Assembly at Athens on March 18, 1863. In that half century—the longest rule of any monarch in the Old World, with the exception of Queen Vitcoria of England and Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria—the 17-year-old Danish prince, who had been taken literally from the masthead of an English man-of-war and transformed from a British boy midshipman into a king of a distant nation, whose language and culture and customs were alike strange to him, had grown, if not to love his alien people and to be one of them, at least to link himself whole-heartedly with their national destiny and to lead them as a true Greek King into a more glorious future.

His death will cause mourning in half the courts of Europe, for he was the son of King Christian of Denmark, who was the father of the Queen Mother Alexandra of England and of the Dowager Empress of Russia. King Haakon of Norway is a brother of the dead monarch, and the wife of the Crown Prince Constantine, who succeeded to the throne, is the sister of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany.

In 1867 King George married Queen Olga, the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, brother of the late Emperor Alexander II. The royal house of Greece was thus linked with two of the most powerful ruling families of Europe, for George himself was a brother of Alexandra, the present Queen Mother of England. There were five sons and two daughters of the union. The prestige of the Greek royal family was further increased by the marriage of Prince Constantine, the Crown Prince, to Princess Sophie of Prussia, a sister of the present Emperor of Germany, October 20, 1889.

Few tourists in Athens would suspect that the elderly man whom they were apt to find sipping coffee in one of the cheap restaurants of the city was the country's King. His attire was of the plainest, with slouch hat and gray coat and trousers, unusually uncreased. His entrance into the coffee house inspired no further demonstration than a nod of recognition from a few frequenters of the place and a hurried bustle of the proprietor as he hastened to offer the King a seat or strike a match for his cigar. The King, as a rule, buried himself in a newspaper or watched with interest some game in the street in front of the restaurant.

Until comparatively recent years he was a very poor King financially. Great Britain, France and Russia contributed $20,000 a year to his civil list, making him a King openly in the pay of foreign governments and dependent on them for half his income. He got little out of his job as King of Greece, but is said to have reaped a rich harvest by speculating in American grain at the time of the Turkish-Russian war at the advice of his friend, General Meredith, it is said.

"I am sure if I were rich," he once remarked at Aix-les-Bains, "I should be a very ordinary King."

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MARRIAGE AND HEALTH

The Rev. Hugh V. Wilson, of St. Gregory's Protestant Episcopal Church, Passaic, N. J., is so fully convinced of the importance of eugenics that he has announced that hereafter he will only unite in marriage such couples as can present, along with their marriage license, a certificate of physical and mental health indorsed by a reputable physician.

Progressive men are beginning to realize that the asset of bodily and mental health is indispensable to married happiness. Indeed, the masculine party to a marriage contract is expected, nowadays, to come up pretty briskly to the notch of an efficiency standard. He must be able to financially provide for a wife, he must be personally acceptable to the lady of his dream, and now he is expected to be physically and mentally sound.

All entirely wise and reasonable demands. But what about the girl? She is not expected to make good financially, except as an intelligent dispenser of moneys. There are few women who have difficulty in inspiring men with interest and affection, but the great place where women fall short is in the matter of health. Girls live and dress so unhygienically that the result is almost certain to be wrecking of health and beauty.

It may be a matter of passing interest what vagaries of fashion women accept or cast aside. Women find in change of dress the variety essential to their spirit, that men find in business affairs and outside interests. If feminine costume ventures are extravagant and silly, well, many of men's business ventures are senseless and unprofitable, but when it comes to safeguarding health, ignorance or carelessness is inexcusable. Uncivilized women have about the same strength and endurance as men. There is no inherent fragility about women. They only need safeguarding, and it is the carelessness of mothers that is responsible for many of the breakdowns. We heard a mother say she was so thankful to a stranger who had induced her debutante daughter to wear rubber shoes upon rainy days. Think of a mother needing any outside influence to enforce her will with a daughter in a matter so vital to health as the protection of the feet from chill! We see young girls coddled in conservatory heat within doors and then see them going forth at midnight, after the exhaustion of hours of dancing, into the penetrating cold of night air with nothing over their heads and but little about their throats. Many girls are not sufficiently encouraged to exercise out of doors and often are not adequately fed. Slipshod meals wreck the health of men and women alike. It may be tiresome to mothers to supervise the routine of meals and insure their being wholesome and palatable, but life is largely a matter of routine, and whether of tiresome or cheerful routine is much as the individual chooses to make it. Girls are like flowers, and no gardener is to be commended who raises sickly plants.

By all means get the girl an Easter bonnet, but, mother, see to it that only a cheerful, blooming face peeps from beneath its ribbons. Your girl will certainly need health, if not a health certificate, if she essays any business vocation in life. She will probably soon be asked for a mental and physical health certificate before entering upon woman's greatest of all vocations, that of aspiring to wifehood and motherhood. — *Frocks and Frills in Baltimore Sun.*

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WORLD HELPED BY ITS DREAMERS

Keep on dreaming, by all means. That's the advice of a successful man. He tells you why, too.

If Newton hadn't dreamed, we might still be wondering why it is that an object hurled from the earth returns to it, though having no power of its own to stop going in one direction and begin to go in another.

If Franklin hadn't dreamed, the world might still be waiting for some one to show how the awful energy of electricity could be made to give men commercial service instead of merely terrifying them.

If Jefferson hadn't dreamed, some one else would have written the Declaration of Independence, and if Washington hadn't dreamed, a name other than his would be glorified in American citizenship.

If Lincoln hadn't dreamed, slavery might now be threatening the permanency of the Union, and if Bell and Edison hadn't dreamed, the telephone and phonograph might still be among the unworked miracles. If Marconi hadn't dreamed, wireless telegraphy would not now be saving lives at sea.

Dream on, then—but work.

Newton worked night and day until his problem of the law of gravitation was solved to his and to the world's satisfaction. Franklin worked tirelessly in the face of obstacles greater than any one shall ever know. Jefferson and Washington worked—though there was so little to encourage and so much to dismay. Lincoln—well, read the wonderful story of him and learn what real work means. Edison worked—and still works—more than the humblest laborer in any Edison plant.

Dream and work—work till your brain has solved your problem and made your dream a reality. Without dreams, work is mere drudgery; without work, dreams are mere folly.—*G. N. Briggs.*

STRENGTH

Man is ever in search of strength. It is the strong man that wins. It is the man with power that scales the heights. To be strong is to be great, and it is the privilege of greatness to satisfy every desire, every aspiration, every need. But strength is not for the few alone; it is for all, and the way to strength is simple. Proceed this very moment to the mountain tops of the strength you now possess, and, whatever may happen, do not come down. Do not weaken under adversity. Resolve to remain as strong, as determined and as highly enthused during the darkest night of adversity as you are during the sunniest day of your prosperity. Do not feel disappointed when things seem disappointing. Keep the eye single upon the same brilliant future, regardless of circumstances, conditions or events. Do not lose heart when things go wrong. Continue undisturbed in your original resolve to make all things go right. To be overcome by adversity and threatening failure is to lose strength; to always remain in the same lofty, determined mood is to constantly grow in strength. The man who never weakens when things are against him will grow stronger and stronger until all things will delight to be for him. He will finally have all the strength he may desire or need. Be always strong and you will always be stronger.—*C. B. Larson.*

Never think any matter so trivial as not to deserve notice.

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PAUL'S VISION OF THE TRUTH

"Ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them, and I will be their God and they shall be my people."

"And if children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ."

"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a strong mind."

"So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

"For He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"

"Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

"All things are yours, * * * whether the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours."

"For the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him."

"The inward man is renewed every day."

"The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities."

"He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you."

"Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

"Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law."

"To one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gift of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues."

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee."

"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."

"And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men, knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of inheritance; for ye serve the Lord Christ."

"Whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord."

"For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have showed toward His name."

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

"Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.—*Truth.*

We can never measure the encouragement to continued effort that a word of appreciation gives.

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THE TOP O' THE WORLD

("In the acclaim which belongs to those who have found death and glory at the South Pole, it is still with pride that we can think of the flag which waves at the top of the world."—Editorial.)

In the land where the Four Winds start
their march out the trail of a lonesome beat,
Where the gray sun wheels in a six months' day and dawn and twilight meet;
Where the Great Nail drives to the Southern Pole—to the storms and the stars unfurled—
The Star-Spangled Banner waves today from its staff at the Top o' the World!

A shadow falls on the Arctic snows, and a rippling roll of red
Reels out to the nearest world beyond the tale of the ages sped,
With only the stars of night above that gleam on a crest empearled,
At the End of Things Old Glory floats today from the Top o' the World!

The Gray Winds swerve in a startled sweep from the patch where the way was clear
Since the first faint breeze crept forth from on the trail of a Phantom Sphere;
From the whip and flap of a flag high flown, to the storm and the stars unfurled,
The Stars and Stripes in their place at last are set at the Top o' the Word!

At the Top o' the World, from the curve that bends to the land of the Southern Cross;
By the white bleached bones of the brave that died by the land where the palm trees toss;
Over the wind and the rain and sea borne through the Midnight Gate—
Under the Great White Throne of God —the Stars and Stripes await!

NOTHING IS EASY

Nothing at all is easy in life,
Nothing worth while can be done with ease;
A stern, brave battle is that of strife,
On the hills of blue or the conquering seas.
Nothing is easy to do that's great
With lofty purpose and art supreme;
Toil and struggle and grief and care—
Nothing in life is a moment's dream!

Nothing worth while is won with ease,
The goal worth reaching is sacred ground,
And it can't be reached in a gentle walk,
Or a burst of speed and a leap and bound.
The eagle of victory perches high,
And the climbing soul has far to climb,
With death and doubt in the vales below
And the stars far off on the hills of time!

Nothing one does, if he does it well,
Is easy and simple and quick and light—
The task of life is a difficult task,
To do it well and to do it right.
Nothing comes easy—the strife is hard—
But the thing worth doing—ah, that repays
For the ache and grief and the dust and grime
And the infinite pain of the toiling days. —Selected.

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THE MAN WHO PASSES

William H. Taft.

Serene he came, serene he goes his way,
A friendly spirit without thought of guile;
Judicial always, genial as the day,
Inseparable ever from his smile!

Another comes, another takes his chair,
The bannered hosts exalt another name;
Still genially he shifts his load of care,
And, smiling, seeks the old life whence he came.

The strife is o'er, the strife he would have spurned.
How soon forgotten and how soon passed by!
The record's written and the page is turned,
He yields the pen without regret or sigh.

The passing change, the passing twists of fate,
Wrenched his calm vision but a small degree.
Consistently he moved, not soon or late,
He kept his way through every troubled sea.

He may have erred, he may have missed his way,
Fate tossed him out on stormy seas to roam,
But still he smiles, and for that smile to-day
We greet him as a good ship riding home!

—*Robert C. McElrave in the New York Times.*

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. —*Anon.*

NOT TOO LATE

"It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late—
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand 'Aedipus,' and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
And Theophratus, at fourscore and ten,
Had begun his 'Characters of Men.'
Chaucer, at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the 'Canterbury Tales.'
Goethe, at Weimer, toiling to the last,
Completed 'Faust' when eighty years were past.
What then? Shall we sit idly down and say,
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress.
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day. —*Longfellow.*

CLEAR THE WAY

Lo, a cloud about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo, the right about to conquer;
Clear the way.

With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way.

—*Charles Mackay.*

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Let There Be Light

Rev. A. C. Grier in "The Truth"

THE sun, which is the symbol of light, expresses to many a mind and heart something of the beauty and the majesty and the love of God. I have at times in my life tried to trace some part of the good that comes to me and to all mankind from the sun, this supremely beautiful thing which gives so generously and unreservedly to the universe its life and radiance.

I know that if it were blotted out for a few short hours the whole earth would become dead. Every plant would lose its life and every animal would perish. I have thought that through its warmth there is started into activity the delicate life of the seed, the frost-bound mountain streams are freed, and glory and beauty and joy are given to the world. I have realized that every power, every form of energy, with rare exceptions, that is utilized by man is the outcome of the light of that great orb shining from the heavens; that every locomotive which carries a train of cars across the continent today is dependent upon this source, because millions of years ago its rays, beating down upon gorgeous forests, stored up there for the use of mankind energy in the form of coal. I have thought of the water power, now so significant in the life of our nation, how every atom of its force has been given to it by the lifting of the water from a dead level to the clouds, whence it falls back again upon the face of the earth. Light is transmutable into heat, into chemical action, into electricity, into multitudinous forms of energy. Science traces every one of these back to the one source, and then Divine Science renames that and calls it God.

As the radiance of the sun is the means by which the one Divine Mind sends to the great physical world its message of blessing, so when Jesus Christ gave His vision as to the relation he bore to the universe He said, "I am the light of the world." In these words is the perfect illustration of God and of Truth. So when you pray, when you desire for any person the good gifts of an Infinite Father, your real prayer is that the light should stream in upon his soul. We know in the Truth that it is not best to hold for the satisfaction of a specific desire on the part of another; the wisest, the right way, is to ask for illumination from God to flood his mind and heart, for with this radiance there will come a vision of the real needs of his life and the power to satisfy them. Light represents all strength, all peace, all joy, all health, all good. It is the symbol for everything to be desired, while the opposite, darkness, is typical of that from which we shrink, of pain, of sickness, of sorrow.

With the old way of thinking we have believed that there are so many material blessings that the world needs, a thousand benefactions it should have, and we have cried out for those things; but as the vision of Truth breaks more and more fully upon our minds, as we rise to a plane on which we can get a panoramic view of life, we know that there is just the one necessary thing—that as fast as the light shines in upon the individual or upon society, in just that in-

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stant all that the individual needs is added unto him, is added unto society.

Man believes that he wants power. Christ said, "I came that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly," and we claim that life, that power—how earnestly we claim it! But the command comes, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things will be added unto you." I recognize by an inward knowledge which defies all repudiation that the one thing that you or I or any man in this world needs is light. Then are we filled with power from above. We think that we require wisdom, and we pray for it, but it is something finer than that we want—it is the radiance of Truth. With this in the soul, man will make no mistakes, for he has been given a vision of God, who is infinite wisdom. We desire health, and in the Truth we are learning the wonderful lesson that when the light of the Divine is ours, not only is sickness dissipated, but we have come into such a perception of our sonship that there is given us a consciousness that establishes physical well-being. Man longs for wealth and he seeks it, but he discovers that it is not money which he wishes—it is the spirit that produces it.

MOTHER LOVE AMONG THE LITTLE PEOPLE IN A HENNERY

The scene of this story is in the hennery on a beautiful farm in Southeastern Kansas. It is a true story—the story of a little chick left an orphan, the last one of a brood. It missed the protecting wings of the mother hen and naturally was lonely, fearful, cold and sad.

Presently there were three other motherless ones—smaller and younger. These were put in the coop with the solitary one. Quickly they nestled close to her, and the little dear spread her tiny wings over them and adopted them forthwith. And they became one happy family. The little chick was no longer lonely and sad. She found comfort and happiness in making others happy.

It was a pretty sight to see them together. The little mother led about, scratched, clucked and offered dainty morsels to her chickens just as old hens do. And when they were tired, cold or in danger, gathered them under her wings. At night she led them to the coop. There they were all carefully shut in by their owner, so that no enemy could molest them. The family kept together until they were almost grown. The owner said "the little mother" should never be killed, and she was taken care of as long as she lived.

THE HARM WROUGHT BY SMALL THINGS

Engineers tell us the great cables supporting our bridges are not so threatened by projectiles hurled against them as by impact of heat and cold, the rhythmic strokes of many falling feet, which at last cause the atoms to lose their grasp on each other and the law of cohesion is broken. Our flowers are ruined by small insects and our waters are vitiated by minute germs, and petty enemies devastate the world. The fog, so ruinous to commerce and travel on the waters, is made up of unseen particles. Character is torn down by small vices or built up by just as small virtues. The body falls into decay through the workings of infinitesimal bacilli.

This is the beginning of all gospels—that the kingdom of heaven is at hand, just where we are.

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THE HOME FOR CHILDREN

Have you ever visited—we take it for granted you never lived—in a home where nobody ever seemed to do anything, where folks either sat about aimlessly and listlessly or sought diversions outside? These are the homes without facilities, the dwellings unsupplied with what one might call the raw materials. They are the woeful places where children languish for want of something to develop personality and creative force.

Children reared in such homes rarely become good penmen or letter-writers, because ink-wells are never filled, pens are corroded and there is usually lack of note paper. If any one needs to write the most casual note, it is scurry 'round and find paper, pens and ink. Immediately the polite art of correct writing is neglected.

For the same reason the children never become book-lovers—there are never any interesting books lying conveniently about to tempt any one to spend an idle hour reading. Almost every one has some interest along some literary line that may be nurtured into a genuine taste for reading if only stimulating books are put in their way.

Of music there is little in such homes, because, forsooth, the piano is in the drawing-room, where it is usually cold and frequently ill-lighted. The instrument is also often out of tune, or a key is broken, and under all these adverse conditions music makes nothing like the appeal it would make if the piano were placed in the living room, set where a first-class light was always attainable, and to hear a good piece of music at a concert meant some member of the family purchasing the score the next day and becoming immediately familiar with it in the household.

The surest way of teaching little girls to sew is to provide them with pretty thimbles and a well-stocked workbag. We know one mother who is teaching her small daughters to sew by giving them really artistic and beautiful fabrics to work upon. She says if they spoil the materials they have at least enjoyed the sewing, and her theory is—and it seems to be woking out all right—that the very beauty of the fabric will stimulate to highest endeavor.

If you would have children love and tend a garden, give them flower seeds to plant and tools with which to manipulate the earth. Children possess such superabundance of energy, such stirring of creative force within them, that. unless abnormal, they really want to do things, at least, want to try to do things, but, like the discouraged children of Israel in Egypt, it is beyond their powers to make bricks without straw.

Therefore, homes should be well provided with raw materials, with groceries in the pantry when the spirit moves a girl to attempt to make a cake, with everything, in short, that will tend to self-development. It is the primal impulse of all youthful life to try the strength, to create along all lines, therefore why not encourage the home production of all that is useful and beautiful and inspiring? Let everything that any one does about the house conduce to the pleasantness and interest thereof. Aim to have interests and comforts and you suddenly find you have the truest luxuries. Aim for simplicity and self-expression, and lo! beauty and culture will environ you.—*Baltimore Sun.*

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THE NEW AWAKENING

Emerson prophesied a new Church, founded on Moral Science, the Church of men to come—a Church that would send men home to the central solitude where God speaketh.

This does not of necessity mean a new denomination, but a new spirit in the church that already exists. The fulfillment of the prophecy is ours—we are in the midst of a vital spiritual movement, a common urge, that has for its realization the reign of intelligence and the Kingdom of God on earth—the awakened spiritual consciousness of men is no longer looking to a state of felicity after death, but is claiming the earth as its inheritance. This is an age of faith.

Does this sound strange? "An age of faith," with churches empty or nearly so? Yes, it is an age of faith, and the reason why the churches are empty is because the average man is too religious to go to church, where he listens to stories about a dead God, one who used to talk to men, but who has gone out of business.

It is useless to tell men longer about a far-off God sitting on a throne ruling from the outside a world that He made but could not govern. Recently in a half-filled church I heard a minister say, "If God could only have His way," and I wondered not that the church was only half filled, but that any person could be found to worship an incompetent God, who could not have His way!

The new thought in religion is that God lives in His universe, that man is in His image and likeness, and, therefore, being in the image and likeness of God, all the qualities of the Father must exist in the Son.

I have studied healing in Christian Science and in many metaphysical cults, and I find the basis of all real healing is the idea of God's image in man. The Christian Science healer realizes that man, being in the image and likeness of God, it is absurd for God's image to be sick. If this were a lesson on Divine Healing, I could show how the statement of the universal Fatherhood of God is all that is really necessary to know in order to escape into the glorious liberty of the Sons of God. For over ten years I have been applying this sublime truth to the healing of all manner of sickness. I have taught classes in healing all over the United States.

When I pray, "Our Father," I immediately realize that all men are my brothers—Jesus could not be more than the Son of God, and the outcast cannot be less. When in consciousness I stand with Jesus and pray "Our Father," I realize that Jesus was and is my elder brother, showing me what I may become—that as the child of the same Father he demonstrated powers which all men possess—and so the statement, "God was manifest in the flesh," becomes very real to me.

It was while meditating on this thought that I became conscious of the healing power within my own body that lifted me out of invalidism unto a growing consciousness of health and life more abundant.

I say my hope of social justice is founded on the idea of God as the universal Father of all men.—*Rev. Henry Victor Morgan in The Truth.*

Let me waste no time with the future, neither in fears nor forebodings, thus inviting and opening the door for their realization; but rather let me, by the thoughts and so by the deeds of today, make the future exactly what I will.

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Seeing the Right Side of Things

"Codex" in "Thought Power"

THERE is a right and a wrong side to everything. Happy is he who can see the right side. It is a great heritage to the individual in the great business of life to be always able to look on the bright side of things, where the silver lining is.

This heritage is to him even as a pair of rose-colored spectacles, and because of it he is saved as by a miracle when others are overwhelmed.

Complaint and groaning never lightened trouble one particle, and no affliction is too sore to yield to continued insistence in looking on its bright side.

Cheerfulness begets cheery surroundings; "a long face" begets misery.

Just as the work of restoring a room from chaos to perfect order often necessitates, for the time being, even greater confusion, so in the storms of life's struggle is it sometimes difficult to realize the cheery buoyancy of the Spring day of life, when the heart was right and the outlook clear. Ella Wheeler Wilcox tells us that "no year brings June that does not bring December." There is nothing great or small except by comparison—no troubles without joys, no light without darkness. We see the law of averages all throughout life. And troubles are as necessary for our growth (our evolution) as joys are.

One of the greatest sources of happiness is the pleasure which is engendered within ourselves by doing good to others. A kindly word or a kindly act is like the boomerang—it returns to the giver.

There are, however, times when a man is so beaten by misfortune, disillusionment and ill-success in undertakings that for a while he is unable to appreciate the silver lining that is, nevertheless, apparent to his friends. One may be as optimistic as one likes, but it is not desirable then to force cheerful philosophy upon him. Rather, leave him to his own meditations for a while. Fortunately, time and work are great healers and restorers, and things often right themselves if not worried about unduly.

Some people, not content with the troubles of the present hour, continue to fret over those of the past, which should be left dead and buried, and also those of the future, which certainly don't all ever come, but, like the clouds, melt away before the noon arrives.

There was a famous German artist who once painted a picture of clouds, which, viewed at from a distance, showed only masses of wonderful cloud effect. If, however, it were viewed in a certain light one saw little angel faces peeping through.

Those who stand by a friend when "storm clouds" thicken around him are as the salt of the earth. They inspire a certainty of ultimate success, even when failure beats down and threatens to overwhelm, and they help him to stand on his own feet until victory is attained.

"Some people are always complaining
That roses have thorns;
But for my part
I'm glad that thorn trees have roses."

Anger, worry, jealousy and hate poison the blood and are the causes of all sickness.

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A RAILROAD PRESIDENT'S VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY

When Christianity first made its way into Rome, history tells us that the Imperial City was a city of great wealth, philosophy and luxury, and when God selected a channel by which Christianity should make its way into this magnificent pagan city, to be carried forward to acknowledged supremacy in the Roman Empire, He gave to the apostle of the Gentiles favor in the household of Narcissus, the then Prime Minister, and he planted the truth deep into the common soil. Had Christianity been received at court it would have been stifled or corrupted by the vices of the ages.

Christianity lived and thrived in the hearts of the common people, as it does today. It sheltered itself against oppression in the catacombs and among the tombs. Christianity has always had misfortune, as its comfort and sorrow have been its sincere companions with earnest endeavor on the part of the multitude as its most devoted state or condition. It has always rested upon a solid rock, for it has rested upon the common people, and it has been gifted with immortality, for it has struck root into the hearts of the masses. Paul, a Roman citizen, was beheaded outside the walls of the Eternal City, and Peter, who was a plebeian, was executed on the cross, head downward, to make the indignity more conspicuous and appalling; yet, as those great apostles had poured truth into the common mind, no kings or emperors could compare with them in their influence on the destinies of mankind.

Reforms in society are only effected through the masses of the people, but through them they are continually taking place. The irresistible tendency of the human race is towards advancement, for no power, however absolute, has ever succeeded in permanent despotism or in suppressing a single truth. The movement of all peoples is irresistibly forward, and while the individual may be lost, Divine Providence never disowns the race. The world cannot retrograde. The dark ages cannot return. Humanity has been and always will be on the advance, gaining maturity, truth and power, and when one great principle has been once proclaimed and established it will live without end in the safe custody of the human race. While philosophy may sometimes forget God, a great people never will. The flame of truth is undying. Though generations may despair, each generation will gather together the imperishable children of the past and increase them by the new apostles of light. —*B. A. Worthington, President Chicago and Alton Railroad Company.*

NEVER DISCOURAGED

In the New Thought philosophy we are never discouraged. We know that the supply is greater than all the demands that have ever been made. Truth can come to us from any and all arcs in the circle. Demand all you need. The Universe has not been bankrupted. There are illimitable worlds to conquer. We perhaps will never reach the place where, with Alexander the Great, we can weep because there are no more worlds to conquer. When we have conquered on one plane, others unconquered stretch out before us. There is not only a Fourth Dimension, but Infinite Dimension approached through inner perception and apprehended through spiritual qualities. —*The New Thought News.*

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The Best

John Milton Scott in the New Thought News

THE best beckons divinely. Divinely we should follow. By aspiring unto the excellent we grow beautiful in heart. By striving to express the excellent we grow beautiful in conduct. By adoring the excellent our souls enchant into beauty. When we will be satisfied with nothing short of the best, we are in the infinite progression, ascending from glory to glory unto the ever enchanting and greatening Perfect.

To be content with less than the best is to rift our lute, muting the music in some failure at last. Leaf by leaf the rosebush grows, because its heart purposes ever the best leaf, which in its fellowship of royalty we call the rose. So the tree fruits, because never from the gracious toil of its sap is absent the central purpose of rounding its year into the best of nuts. By an insistence as intent men have mellowed the wild grapes into the better grapes of their vineyards, and greatened the wild grain into the better wheat of their fields, and gentled the wild horse into its patient centuries of service, and brought himself out of savagery into a civilization, dreaming and endeavoring of the diviner best that goldens the sky with its promise of day.

So from the shepherd's oaten pipe the glory of the orchestra. So from the rude-shaped stone, Thorwaldsen's enmarbled Christ. So from rude lines, without perspective, Raphael's Madonna.

So from the simplest things of the day's adventure, Shakespeare's compelling dramas. So from the monologue of persuasion, when the tribe considered concerted actions, the tongue of a Beecher enchanting its thousands and making men passionate for liberty. So from the counting of ten, the weighing of systems and suns.

So from the log canoe, the empalaced ships of the ocean. So from the hammer of stone, the thinking machines and their whirring myriad hands.

So from the simplest why, Platos with systems that fly in the sky and Spencers with systems that grub in the earth.

So with the simplest enjoyments in life, Krishnas and Christs with their search for the soul of absolute bliss.

So from the freedom of roving hills, this passion for liberty, determining each fetter a wing, each wrong a bright justice, blessing with fullness of life.

By spelling the best in letters of life is all progress. Only the optimist wins. Only in his unswerving ideal, races advance, new springtimes forever refusing decay.

Only as I think the best man can I become him, his enchantments of grace and of dream awakened in me. Only as I love the best God can the heart of the universe reveal its graces of being in me. Only as I claim the best for myself can I be my own best. Only as I claim the best for my brother will he smile out into his own unshadowed noon.

I claim the best for myself and for him—the best body, mind, heart and soul—fullness of life, eternity of being. I claim God to be mine and that He is the most perfect my imagination can fashion and love. This I will surpass, and God, too, enchanting me ever in an infinite beyond. So attain I may heavens of perfection, my eternity of being.

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AFFIRMATION VS. FALSEHOOD

Affirmations and falsehood may at times seem close to the synonymous. For this reason persons overly conscientious have been slow to engage in the practice. The claim is made that one is simply lying who affirms, "I am health," when one knows that conditions with him are otherwise. On the surface this may appear to be true. Where the object is mere repetition, it is true. But mere repetition does not embrace all that is included in affirmation. A parrot may be made to speak certain words, and the repeated utterance will leave the bird a parrot still. Unless the words are uttered conscious of their worth and with the end in view to make them living words, they were better not spoken. They must be spoken in all sincerity, and to the subconscious self, with the purpose of awakening that faculty to the performance of great and desired things.

In a sense the principle employed is the same as that employed in the education of the child and in the training of the mind to memorize. What we would have the child to receive or the memory to master may only be driven home by endless intelligent repetition. The subconscious faculty is sometimes slow to awaken and to absorb, and we must needs repeat, more or less frequently, out desires. To affirm, "I am health," is virtually to declare, "I desire and will have health," but with faith so assertive and active as to believe that we already have that for which we petition—and this is scriptural. Faith, coupled with desire, is a necessary element. Without faith it is impossible to please God and to awaken the Divinity within. Affirming, "I am health," and in full confidence that the desired condition will be realized, the subconscious mind will gradually harmonize with the intelligent utterances of the conscious mind, and its creative forces will begin to build according to the plan of the perfected mental image.

THE WILL OF GOD

The universe is orderly from center to circumference, and everything is established upon the firm foundation of eternal right and universal good. There is a power that lives and moves throughout this vast immensity. All the laws and forces in existence spring from this power; it is, therefore, the center and source of all that lives and moves; and this power is the will of God. Accordingly, to do the will of the Father is to enter into harmony with the universal order and promote the great eternal plan. Whoever can say with his whole heart, "Thy will be done," has placed the whole of his life in perfect accord with God; and henceforth he will seek to live in perfect harmony with all that is, because all is of God. To do the will of God is to be at peace with all the world and to give one's whole life to all the world. The will of God seeks eternally to give itself to things—all things; the will of man, to be in harmony with the will of God, must do the same.

Talk not of wasted affection;
Affection never was wasted;
If it enriches not the heart of another,
Its waters returning
Back to their springs like the rain,
Shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth
Returns again to the fountain.

—*Longfellow.*

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Spiritual Liberty

Dr. F. A. Bisbee in The Universalist Leader

BY what right do we criticize the gown our brother wears, his way of observing the Lord's Supper, or how he shall lay his hands upon the sick? By what prophetic inspiration have we been assured that tomorrow will witness none of these things still abiding in the curriculum of spiritual education?

We confess sometimes to being old-fashioned. We recognize a certain conservatism which increases with age. There is something in the dignity and restraint of worship that appeals to us. We have felt humiliated at some of the "popular" efforts to gain public favor. And yet others use these methods. Others practice what we shrink from, and seem to do great good thereby. One confession we do make. Despite our age, despite our sense of dignity, we would stand on our head or blow a trombone in the street, or practice knee drill on the pavement, or even put some ruffles in the flounces of our ideas, if we believed that we could thereby win men and women to the heart of Christ. That we cannot do these things does not blind up to the fact that others can.

And here and now, once and forever, let us drive the stake to which we fasten our faith. Let him who will, do as he will, and by whatsoever way he can, turn men to holiness. Let him who can, by what he can, lift up the discouraged, bind up the wounded, win back the wanderer, establish all in righteousness. By this supreme and all-important test let us try every man's work in the ministry. Take no excuses. Make no excuses. Fix attention on the center of the stage. Let the actors pass. Let them wear whatsoever costumes their temperaments demand. Let them state their message with the lisp of ephemeral fancy, or in the voice of simple, naked, noble, eteranl truth. If it but wins the hearer, that is the test and that is the supreme test.

Success, success in winning men and women to faith, hope and love, redeems the foolishness of preaching from the sting of any jibe. And no pompous dignity, no classic self-restraint, no pride of worship and no noble self-respect is other than a dismal failure if it fails to stir the blood of men to nobler thoughts. No criticism of another man's faults can be an explanation of our own impotence in the work of our Master. Each should be free to use the tools he likes. But each should be held to the judgment of permanent results for good. Beyond this let us not venture. Let us wait until the Lord reveals whether he is in this new fashion or in that old one. And in the meantime, by this shall all men know that we are His disciples, that we have love one toward another.

MEXICAN NAMES

Huerta, pronounced Wherta; first syllable like English "where." Diaz, pronounced Deeahss; accent on first syllable. Coahuila, pronounced Co-a-wee-la; accent on the "wee." Reyes, pronounced Ray-yes; accept on Ray. Vasquez Gomez, pronounced Vahskess Gomess; accent on first syllable. Zapata, pronounced Sahpahta; accent on "pah."

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THE BOY WITH THE SILVER SPOON

The boy born with a silver spoon in his mouth and a bag of gold in each chubby fist faces an uphill fight if he's going to be a man's man.

He has to fight the influence of a mountain of money, and that is a fight strong men have fought—and lost.

He has to fight the influence of pampering and petting by friends and relatives.

He has to fight the impulse to indulge in condescension and snobbery, which is born of the ministrations of a horde of tuft-hunting, kowtowing, palavering curry-favors.

He has to fight his environment of luxury and dependence; the languid, do-nothing, day-in-and-day-out existence of his "set."

He must fight these things if he would escape a supercilious, distorted, simpering maturity. He must fight for his right to democratic manhood and success by his own efforts.

He must forget, and make others forget, that he was born to money and station. Then he must plunge into the middle of the current and flounder about with millions of others until he finds himself and strikes out up-stream.

The son of the rich is in the minority by accident of birth; he is out of tune with the vast majority of his fellow-men; he lacks their viewpoint of life, their viewpoint of righteousness, justice, equality, prosperity.

If he is to be anything in this world except a drone, he must work with these men. He can work as their enemy; he can work as their friend; he can, worse than either, work in the dark, not knowing his fellow-men.

The hardest battle before the rich young man, then, is his fight to become democratic, to be born again. If he cannot win this fight his labors will be in vain, for he is laboring blindly.

Altogether the lot of the boy with a silver spoon is not an enviable one if he is to win success. He has a double task. He has to learn to climb down before he can climb up.—*Washington Times.*

NEW USE FOR ADVERTISING

We shall see the same great forces that are now used to exploit foods, whiskies, cigars, clothes, automobiles, etc., in order to make money, turned to the service of the Good News of Truth that makes man free. And not that some one shall make money or that some personality shall get fame, but that men and women shall come to themselves, cease from making mistakes and establish heaven on the earth.

As I have raised my eyes in the street car to glance at the advertising cards that call to me, I have in vision seen other signs in their place, saying:

"Your disease is not incurable. The mind rules the body. Get a new mind and you will have a new body."

"You are soul, the offspring of the Most High, here on earth to make an Eden for the race. Come, be 'about your Father's business!'"—*The Master Mind.*

Love feels no burden, thinks nothing of trouble, attempts what is above its strength, for it thinks all things lawful for itself and all things possible. It is, therefore, able to undertake all things, and it completes many things, and brings them to a conclusion, where he who does not love faints and lies down—*A'Kempis.*

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

JUST FADED AWAY

"So you've broken off your engagement with Miss Smarte?" asked the inquisitive friend.

His victim shook his head.

"No," he replied, "I didn't break it off."

"Oh! Then she broke it off?"

"No," answered the young man, enjoying his friend's growing wonder.

"But it's broken off, isn't it?" persisted the curious one.

"Oh, yes," explained the young man, gently. "She told me what her dressmaker's yearly bill was, and I told her what my income was; then our engagement gently dissolved."—*Answers.*

THERE FIRST

The lovely girl, having lingered a minute in her room to adjust her transformation, change the angle of her Grecian band and make sure that her skirt fitted like the peeling of a plum, descended to the parlor to find the family pet ensconced upon the knee of the young man caller, her curly head nestled comfortably against his shoulder.

"Why, Mabel," the young lady exclaimed, "aren't you ashamed of yourself! Get right down."

"Shan't do it," retorted the child. *"I got here first."*

WILLING

Husband—"My dear, we'll have to economize."

Wife—"Well, let's cut down on our cigars."—*Boston Transcript.*

AMBIGUOUS TITLE

"That's a swell umbrella you carry."

"Isn't it?"

"Did you come by it honestly?"

"I haven't quite figured out. It started to rain the other day and I stepped into a doorway to wait till it stopped. Then I saw a young fellow coming along with a nice large umbrella, and I thought if he was going as far as my house I would beg the shelter of his umbershoot. So I stepped out and asked: 'Where are you going with that umbrella, young fellow?' And he dropped the umbrella and ran."—*Houston Post.*

HIS IMPLEMENTS

The small daughter of the house was busily setting the table for expected company when her mother called to her:

"Put down three forks at each place, dear."

Having made some observations on her own account when the expected guests had dined with her mother before, she inquired thoughtfully:

"Shall I give Uncle John three knives?"—*Kansas City Star.*

GIVE HIM TIME

"You're a pretty old man to be begging," said the lady to the man at the back door.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the man, with his hat in his hand.

"Have you been begging all your life?"

"Not yit, ma'am."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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KATHARINE'S KINDNESS

Katharine is two and a half years old. Her father came home one afternoon, after working three days and three nights at high pressure, with almost no sleep. He lay down with the feeling that he did not want to wake up for a week. Half an hour later, from the depths of his dreams he heard a small, clear voice: "Father!"

The sleeper stirred and turned his head on the pillow.

"Father! Father!"

He stirred again and moaned.

"Father! Father!"

He struggled and resisted and floundered, and finally raised his eyelids like a man lifting heavy weights. He saw Katharine smiling divinely beside his couch.

"What is it, daughter?"

"Father, are you having a nice nap?" —*Youth's Companion.*

HIS MONEY'S WORTH

A grouchy butcher, who had watched the price of porterhouse steak climb the ladder of fame, was deep in the throes of an unusually bad grouch when a would-be customer, eight years old, approached him and handed him a penny.

"Please, mister, I want a cent's worth of sausage."

Turning on the youngster with a growl he let forth this burst of good salesmanship:

"Go smell o' the hook!"—*New Orleans States.*

A GORY MONUMENT

"What's the matter with Briggs?"

"He was getting shaved by a lady barber when a mouse ran across the floor." —*Life.*

POOR PICKING

Uncle Ben stood at the fence watching a lot of dilapidated sheep that ruminated in a field.

"Guess I'll have to get rid of them. They don't seem to be thriving at all," he observed.

"Get rid of what?" piped little Jimmie.

"Them sheep. I'm going to sell them," replied Uncle Ben.

"All right, uncle," said Jimmie. "The next time I see the rag man passing I'll just call him in."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

HIS BED WAS HARD

Traveler (settling bill)—"Pardon my curiosity, sir, but what do you stuff your beds with in this hotel?"

Landlord (proudly)—"Best straw to be had in the whole country, b'gosh."

Traveler—"Ah, that's very interesting. I know now where the straw came from that broke the camel's back."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

AT THE RAILROAD RESTAURANT

The Man—"Have you dusted off the pies this morning?"

The Waitress—"Yes, sir."

"Sifted the sugar?"

"Yes, sir."

"Limbered up the sandwiches?"

"All done, sir."

"Well, come and help me blow through this macaroni."

JOE'S HABIT

Spanker—"Joe married a widow with three children."

Spinker—"Oh, well, he was always putting on heirs."—*Yale Record.*

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The Call of Spring

Sophie Irene Loeb in Chicago Journal

Old Sol is smiling. And when he does he makes things warmer. Soon he will laugh the flowers into bloom, for the elements cannot withstand him much longer. They do not want to. We may joke about the inevitable spring poet, the resurrection of all of last year's metaphors, but is there any so poor in thought who does not respond to the first call of the spring?

So the office boy whistles his tune more lustily on his errands; the business man sees the disastrous transaction of yesterday in a new light; the cynic even forgets his rebate attachment on the gloom; the growler forgets to growl; the little woman sees pleasant times spent out of doors looming up in her mental vision; the man at work toils more joyously. And, indeed, all the world is glad!

Just as it should be! Keeping one's nose to the grindstone and not looking up is the best receipt for the grouch that any pessimist can give you. And nobody loves a grouch.

The fellow who crawls in his shell hasn't any room to laugh when Old Sol laughs with him. He loses much, very much. Nature verily "speaks a various language," and you and I and all of us may "hold communion with her visible forms."

Soon, quite soon, they will be more visible. And then—to the tall timbers! Perhaps you do not know it, but (aside from all sentiment) to catch the first spirit of the spring gives one a new lease on life. There is no interest to pay, either.

It pays for itself. Further, it helps to bring the premium of happiness that we are all pursuing. The man who, busy as he is, pauses to see a bursting bud, where there is a bit of growth, even in the crowded section, who notices a bright-colored bird—a first messenger of awakening life—there cannot be very much wrong with an individual like that.

We realize this necessary reaching out to nature every day, even in this monetary hurry-scurry era. For, after all, what is more natural than nature herself?

Thus in the schoolrooms we find the very early "pussy willows" with their object lessons to the wee ones. And how we love them! The powers that be here know that love of the things that grow and greet the passer-by are there for a purpose.

They have influence that perchance we have not the time to think about. But it is there, just the same, and "moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform."

Besides, it is not so mysterious after all. The things that seem supernatural are only the natural unexplained. The Maker makes no mistakes. The human alone may err. But with every despair a new hope is born.

Therefore if John Jones has disappointed you in that transaction and everything seems all wrong, just put the "kibosh" on the blues and breathe the ozone that wafts itself to you. It may breathe into you a new viewpoint on the whole situation and bring in the spring light of success.

After all, when you think it over, this is a great big world. Everybody may

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look up to it at one time and there will still be room for one more.

This is a fresh-air period of history, and each is helping to make it. It begins with the little one, for he recognizes it at once and wants to be out in it.

So nothing is better than to forget the snows of last winter and catch the spirit of the spring.

EDUCATING THE SUBCONSCIOUS TO SUCCESS

Yes, the subconscious mind can be given a false suggestion. And if it receives a false suggestion it will certainly act upon it.

In receiving and acting upon suggestions the subconscious self is absolutely automatic. One suggestion may nullify another, a new suggestion may reverse the action of the subconscious on a former suggestion.

But it does not at all follow that if you affirm to your subconscious, "I am success," "I am prosperous," "I am well," etc., that "the subconscious will believe this, even if it is not the truth, and will stop building for the highest degree of success, prosperity and perfect health."

To say, "I am going to be a success," "I am going to be prosperous," is to keep yourself eternally going, but never arriving. Your subconscious will keep trailing after something not yet attained. To say, "I AM success," "I AM prosperity," is to offer suggestions that wake in your subconscious all the activities of the successful and the prosperous.

Until your subconscious is *convinced* that your are a success, it will not give you the ideas, the inspirations and the decisions of a successful person. Do you remember Sam Walter Foss' poem about the lunkhead? The lunkhead who thought himself a great fellow and a success went right on thinking and doing successful things until he made a great place for himself in the world. But the lunkhead who knew himself for a lunkhead remained always a lunkhead.

To make your affirmations of success and prosperity in the future tense is to put your success and prosperity in the future. And the future is ever fleeing, while you pursue.

To affirm success NOW is to awake in your subconscious the thoughts, aspirations, inspirations and decisions of one who is successful NOW. — *Elizabeth Towne in the Nautilus.*

I AM ENERGY

Who are the cowards who bow down to environment—
Who think they are made of what they eat and must conform to the bed that they lie in?
I am not wax—I am energy!
Like the whirlwind and waterspout, I twist my environment into my form, whether it will or not.
What is it that transmutes light into auroras and rainbows and soft flakes of snow into stars, and adamant into crystals, and makes solar systems of nebulæ?
Whatever it is, I am its cousin german.

—*E. Crosby.*

THE PERSONAL MAN

The personal man is the result, not of beliefs and opinions, but of the quality of all the mental actions that are at work throughout the whole mind. Man is as he thinks in every thought, and not what he thinks he is in any one or more isolated parts of his personal self.—*Larson.*

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"LITTLE FOXES" THAT SPOIL THE HOME

If you and I could go into a number of homes where this magazine is read—homes that we would at once call ideal—and could pierce through the apparently tranquil eyes of the mothers and wives in those homes, we would find buried deep heartaches that these women are trying to hide from the world's eyes. Not the great aches of despair caused by drunkenness or worse; not the overpowering ache of heinous crime; but the irritating, nagging ache brought to sensitive hearts by perfectly good husbands who do not understand. Needless aches they are, which would never exist could the husbands but stand in the wife's place for a week. Misunderstandings unexplained—these are the "little foxes" that spoil the home. Love is sensitive, and the greater the love the deeper the hurt caused by a misunderstanding. The little slight, the frown, the impatient word, the injured silence are to the loving wife with high ideals what the abuse of a drunken husband, minus the physical suffering, is to the woman who never had ideals. It may be only an imagined wrong, but until one knows it was not intentional it hurts just as much as a real one. How many a keen heartache would be spared to hundreds of loving wives if we all more clearly felt the need of explanation, and immediate explanation!

As a penny can be held so close to the eye that it shuts out the great sun, so can a censuring thought be hugged so closely to the heart that it deadens the sensibilities to the great love there. Life is too short to waste time in grieving which might be spent in happiness. Why can't we more often explain as we go, apologize where apology is needed, forgive when forgiveness is necessary, humble ourselves—do anything to heal the love we have wounded and to preserve the sacredness of our homes? It is easy enough to settle for a roast of beef when you get it; but have it charged and each day add more to the account, and then see what there is to pay at the end of the month. So is it equally easy to settle a misunderstanding as soon as it occurs; but charge it up, add an unkind thought or some imagined slight each day, rake up all the half-forgotten things that ever hurt, keep an account of everything that didn't suit you for a month, and then see how hard it is to settle. Just as merchants are delighted when reliable people start accounts with them, so the devil laughs with glee when happy home people open accounts with him.—*Woman's Home Journal.*

THOUGHT AND ACTION

Thought is powerful in its creativeness, but only when it eventuates in *action*. Thought without action is barren—fruitless. Many people let their creative energies dribble away in fruitless thought. They plan the most wonderful things. They are as full of schemes as a hive is full of bees. But, alas! they have a new scheme every day and none of their plans is carried into action. Lack of will and self-control causes one to spend his energy in thoughts that are never expressed. Try to make all your ideas practical, to serve some use. Test them by action. When you have a plan, try it out. You are an experimenter in the laboratory of the world. But if you only think about experiments yon never make useful discoveries or progress anywhere. Make your thoughts constructive and prove them by action. In that way you will acquire more and more of that power which prevails.—*Health.*

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FIND OUT IF YOUR MIND IS TRAINED

Examine your store of accumulated wisdom, analyze your mental powers; see what you are able to do mentally, to understand, comprehend. Now, unless you can thoroughly understand how astronomers measured the distances of the stars, your mind is not trained to the highest—that is, you might go around with a man able to do this supreme master-mind work all day and not have the power to think one of his thoughts, and hopeless to try when he measures the distance of Arcturus, 950 trillion miles away. And you may as well give up an analysis of his thoughts when he is weighing these stars and measuring their specific speeds in space. You will fail even to touch the hem of his garments if you are not a mathematician endowed with all that the word implies.

The two capital works of man, beside which all others pale and faint, are to measure the distances of stars and weigh them, and to isolate and weigh one electron. Now, unless your mind is really, not superficially, trained and cultured, you might walk around with the mighty mathematical physicist that performed this Herculean task every day for ten years and not have power to even commence to think one of his stupendous thoughts. Millikan, University of Chicago, did this great work. You would think him so many million times greater than yourself—unless you are trained—that you would stand in blank astonishment. Electrons repel and man cannot force them to lie in a row, side by side. But if this could be, then a row one inch long would contain 122,700,000,000,000. And the Chicago professor has separated one from all others and weighed it. Electrons are pure electricity, and nothing exists but electricity. Suppose that the reader could go without sleep for one year and be in a laboratory with a modern physicist, also able to go without sleep. And suppose that once during each five minutes throughout the year the physicist should slowly say, "Nothing exists but electrons." Then you might be able by the end of the year to get this supreme basic fact in the Sidereal Universe, and a small portion of what it implies, into the ante-room, the outer court, of your mind. For mighty indeed is modern mathematical research into hidden laws of Nature.

MARVEL OF A NEWSPAPER

What a wonderful work is a newspaper—a work of art and science! Six ages have not been enough to complete the Cathedral of Cologne, and one day suffices to finish the immense labor of a newspaper. We are unable to measure the degrees of life, of light, of progress that are to be found in each leaf of the immortal book which forms the press. We find in a journal everything, from the notices relating to the most obscure individuals to the speech which is delivered from the highest tribunal, and which affects all intelligence; from the passing thought excited by the account of a ball to the criticism of those works of art destined to immortality. This marvelous sheet is the encyclopedia of our time; an incalculable knowledge — a knowledge whose power our generation cannot deny—a knowledge which is the condensation of the learning of a century.—*Emilio Castelar.*

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.—*Ruskin.*

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ONE'S OWN CONCEPTION OF HIMSELF

The one who studies the science of man learns certain facts about thought which he did not know before. Among other things, he learns that the ideas and ideals of his neighbors are as worthy of consideration as his own. He learns that every man has his own ideals and standards, and has as much right to them as he has to his.

He learns that his neighbor has as much right to have his own set of ideas and convictions as he has to have his own body.

He learns, too, that to the extent he uses his activity to induce his neighbor to accept his ideals, he is robbing the world of what he himself has to give to the world and becomes an idler, because he is not bringing to the world his ideals.

He learns that if his ideas are ever to be seen by the world he must bring them forth in his own life.

He learns, above all, that he needs all his activity to enable him to live as he would have his neighbors live.

He learns that to lead and guide his own thought into its true work needs an activity that must have an infinite power behind it.

He learns that it does not mean inactivity to live out one's ideals of courage, strength, nobility, art, religion and beauty. If any one thinks that this course is an enervating one, he has but to try it to find out his mistake.

Until one begins to locate in his own body an infinite power, an unerring wisdom, a life that nothing can kill and a Love that knows not even aversion, he does not realize what a small value he has hitherto put upon himself, and how many false convictions he has regarding himself, and how many thousands of wasteful, debilitating thoughts he has in one hour. One week devoted to the new conception of himself will convince him that he never was more actively occupied in all his life before, and he will be glad, too, to remember that his activity cannot be exhausted.—*Alma Gillen in Expression.*

THE INEXORABLE LAW

In unfolding our interior and latent powers our individual development is commensurate with the individual effort we put forth to attain. Our growth cannot be delegated. It is an inexorable law that the one to be benefited is the one that must do the work—must put forth the individual effort to attain. The law is that we give a full equivalent of what we receive, and we receive a full equivalent of what we give, but above and beyond this law is the truth that there is a plus element generated through giving and receiving, and this plus element is our increase, our growth and development.

A GOOD-NIGHT VERSE

A little prayer written by a Truth-lover for her little niece to take the place of the crude one we used to say:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I know that Love me safe will keep.
Love is with me all the night,
And when comes the morning bright—
Love is with me all the day,
While I work and while I play.
Love is here—never fear—
Love is always here.
Love is God and God is Love.

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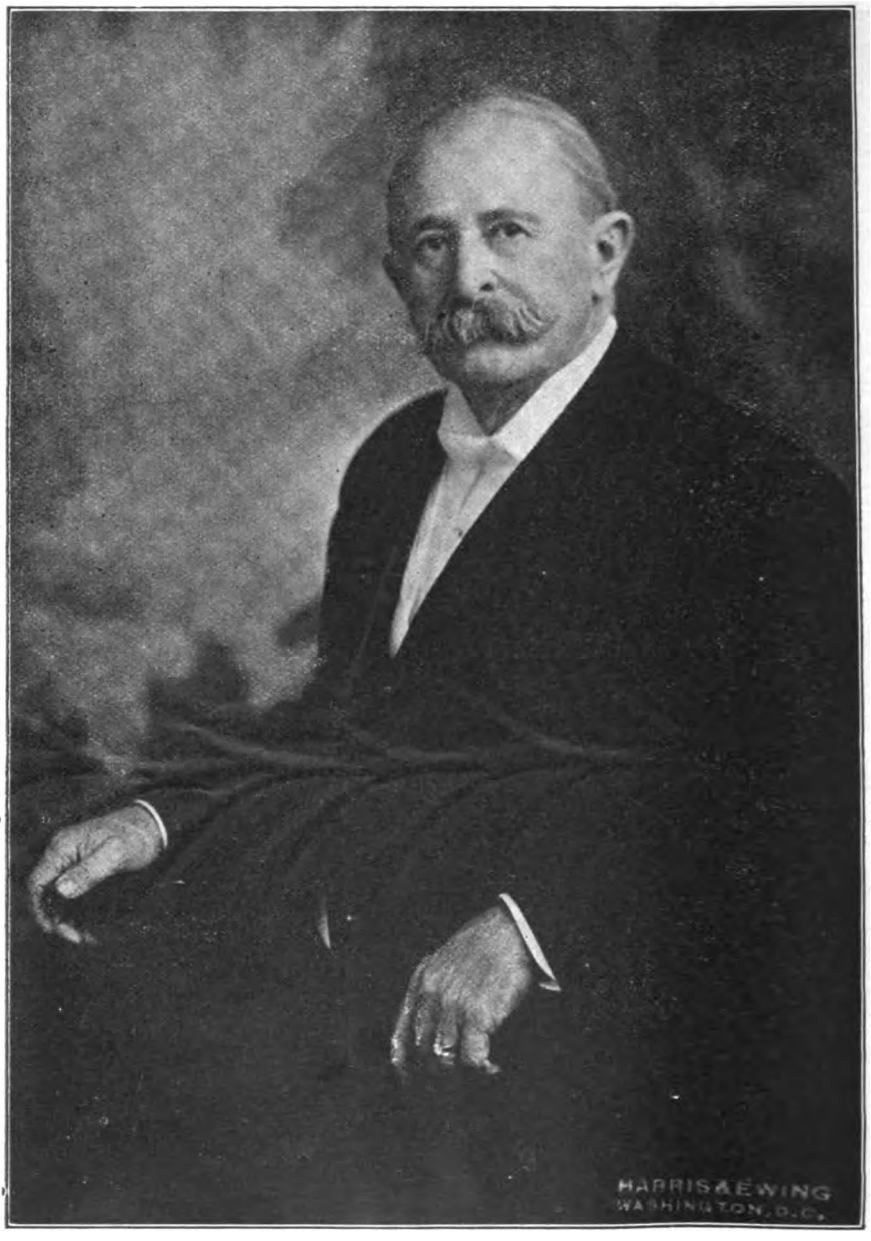

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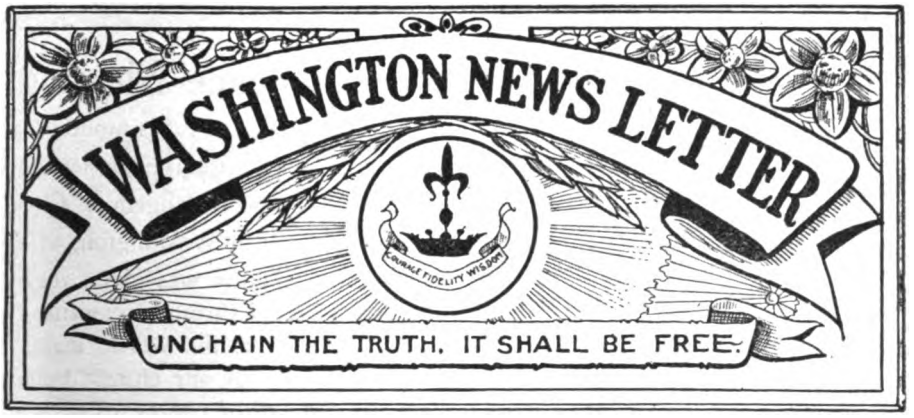

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Words Spoken and Unspoken

How few there are who, in looking about for opportunity to do good for themselves and those with whom they associate, realize that such opportunities are ever immanent within themselves, and that in every-day life they present themselves at every turn. In the words we speak, and no less in the words that we may speak but do not, lie inestimable opportunities to do good unto others, and no less to refrain from doing wrong to our neighbors. Life gives us the chance every hour to say a kind word to some being, or to check the thoughtless or spiteful word that might be given vibration and effect by our tongue.

St. James says, "The tongue is a fire—which defileth the whole body—it is full of deadly poison." The apostle, of course, referred to the tongue which gives utterance to malicious, cruel language—the tongue which sins through commission; but the tongue which sins

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through failure to give expression to kind, loving thoughts no less, perhaps, "defileth the whole body."

Elva Sonnefield Scott, in the *Emmanuelist Herald,* says of the sin of criticism:

"If you only have ten minutes a day to think, use that ten minutes to pray that your tongue will utter only the words that Jesus, our Savior, would speak. Let our spiritual selves predominate over our carnal nature. Be careful and heed St. Paul's warning: 'Therefore, thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art, that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doeth the same things.'"

Beyond calculation is the good that each one of us can do every day in our existence by refraining from words that hurt or kill, and by giving expression in words to kind thoughts that otherwise would fail to carry out the will of the God of Love and Kindness that planted them in our hearts.

Never again say that in your life, wherever it may be cast, there is lack of opportunity to do good. If you say one kind word to a human being, or even to a dog, a cat, a horse or a bird, you are fulfilling the law of Love and honoring the God of Love who created you, and no less are you fulfilling the law and honoring God every time that you refuse to give expression in words to an unkind thought.

Yours lovingly,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bishop.

Experience Meeting

THE NEWS LETTER this month devotes considerable space to an Experience Meeting held at the Evangelical Christian Science Church in Washington, at which abundant testimony was given regarding healings effected through scientific treatments, or prayer, the word "treatment" in the parlance of our church being the exact equivalent of prayer. By its fruits we judge the tree, by the things done we determine the causes and processes of their doing. If you believe not, believe "for the very works' sake." The thinking man or woman will not lightly pass over such evidence as is disclosed in THE NEWS LETTER'S account of this Experience Meeting; and no one, no matter what may be his affiliations or his preconceived ideas regarding healing by Christian Science methods, can afford to neglect examination of the record.

Do You Realize

Do you fully realize that your life is a part and parcel of the Life Universal, inhering in all nature and moving this world and the systems of worlds of which our world is but an infinitesimal atom? Do you fully realize the grandeur and glory of this relationship with God and all that God has made? When you walk abroad these beautiful days of Spring, do you fully realize your kinship with the grass, the trees and the flowers, with the birds and every living thing?

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

May

PAULINA B. SABIN

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

Resolve to be thyself, and know that he who finds himself loses his misery.—*Matthew Arnold.*

If one finds himself in any particular condition, in the midst of any surroundings or environments that are not desirable, that have nothing—at least, for any length of time—that is of value to him, for his highest life and unfoldment, he has the remedy entirely within his own grasp the moment he realizes the power and supremacy of the forces of the mind and spirit; and, unless he intelligently use these forces, he drifts. Unless through them he becomes master and dictates, he becomes the slave and is dictated to, and so is driven hither and thither.—*Ralph Waldo Trine.*

Selfishness is the heart failure of our spiritual life. Until we purge ourselves from every form of personal selfishness, we cannot become channels for the free and unimpeded flow of universal good and wisdom.—*Charles B. Newcomb.*

The text given by our Savior is the key which opens the door of knowledge by which we are given to understand the conquering power of the realization of Truth, the understanding of the allness and perfection of good and of Truth, and that all is good and there is nothing opposite, makes it easy for us to understand that there is nothing but good and that good is for us. Therefore, if we pray with that understanding the promise is perfect and the realization will be certain.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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Testimonial Meeting

Held at the Evangelical Christian Church of Washington, D. C., Sunday, April 13, 1913.

BISHOP SABIN said: I want to say, for the information of the stranger who is with us this morning, that we have cut our program almost in half, leaving out the larger part of our regular services. We did that in order to give a meeting which we term a testimonial meeting—teaching or telling others what the world outside is doing in the way of Christian or divine healing. We very rarely specifically mention such things, for the reason that we are liable to be misunderstood. Our Savior said, "If you do not believe me, believe me for the very works sake." If what I say seems unbelievable, prove its truth by actual results; that is what I have been teaching you all these years.

What we do today is not for the purpose of advertising as generally understood, because it is not advertising any one person, but it is the advertising, you might term it, of the great work of our church. It is giving out the knowledge of the results of the teachings throughout the entire world. The healing of the sick is being done more and more, and we receive daily testimony that such work is being done. It cannot be charged that this is a personal propaganda by any group of persons or by any one person. He who does the work and who should receive the credit and does receive the credit from all healers is God Almighty. The work done is such as regarding which Peter said in regard to our Savior on the Day of Pentecost: "God through this man has done many wonderful works." The works that are being done are wonderful, and, of course, what we students will be able to give today, or ever, will be very slight compared to the great possible aggregate of testimony from all over the world.

Now, with these preliminary remarks, hoping that we will not be misunderstood, hoping that you will receive the truth as given here in letters and testimonials and place it to the credit of this great work in which we are all engaged, we will present evidence of the work that has been done and is being done which we feel must be convincing.

The first letter I will call your attention to is from Texas. I want to say, furthermore, before we go further in this, that we never give the names of our patients, but if any persons of reputable character come to me and prove that they are seekers after truth, then I will give them the truth and let them know all the facts. After three days' treatment for appendicitis and stomach trouble, this gentleman writes:

"I am glad to say that I was cured of appendicitis in a very short whle."

(Signed) ————————

The next letter is from Missouri:

"Our daughter is getting along fine and I guess you can stop the treatments."

(Signed) ————————

The young lady was treated twelve days for stomach trouble, hardening of liver, no action of kidneys and lack of blood.

The next is a case of a lady in West Virginia who was healed by the reading of the book "Christology." She writes:

"I want to add my testimony to the many that have received help and happiness through your guidance in giving to the world 'Christology.' I have been

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quite a victim of la grippe for the last three years, having three and four attacks a year. Last night I felt the spell coming on — sore throat, pains and aches all over my body, a little temperature and severe cold in my chest. I said, 'I will not have the grip.' I took 'Christology' and went alone to God and was healed. This morning I feel a new soul and cannot say too much in praise of the simple truths put forth in your book. May God continue to bless you and enable you to set forth His divine laws to help suffering humanity. I promised God last night if I was healed by morning that I would write to and let you know of the good I had received by the reading and studying of the book 'Christology.' Again asking God's blessing on you, I am, a grateful admirer of the truth you have made so plain."

(Signed) ————————

On February 8, 1913, we received a telegram to treat a lady in Wisconsin against hemorrhoids. Under date of February 8 she writes in explanation of the telegram:

"I have been a great sufferer for the last two months with protruding hemorrhoids. At times they bleed and are extremely painful. I am also troubled with constipation. This trouble has weakened me so I am unable to attend to my household duties. Medicine has failed to do me any good, and I now turn to Evangelical Christian Science, feeling sure that I shall soon be entirely healed."

On February 17, 1913, we received the following letter:

"Your kind letter has been received, and I will say in reply that I am feeling so much better that I do not think that further treatment will be necessary; in fact, I believe that I am healed. I cannot tell how thankful I am for this healing, and my faith is strong in Evangelical Christian Science. Each time I pick up a copy of the WASHINGTON NEWS LETTER it seems to have a new message for me. I am anxious to grow stronger and stronger in this beautiful faith, and am confident that I shall."

(Signed) ————————

After months of treatment for gastric trouble, nervousness, fear, constipation and goitre, a lady from the West writes:

"Replying to your letter of recent date, will say that I think it unnecessary for the treatment to be continued. I have never felt better in my life, and feel sure that you have done a good work. Thanking you and wishing you success in all your work, I am."

(Signed) ————————

From the Transvaal, South Africa, we received the following letter:

"Early last month I wrote to you for treatment for nervousness and self-consciousness. Today, about twelve days after you probably received my appeal, it is with intense satisfaction I am able to record wonderful progress. I find that for ordinary purposes I am quite easy in mind and without fear. By the time this letter reaches you I am quite confident I will be entirely free. Please now accept my heartiest thanks for your very kind assistance. Yours very sincerely." (Signed) ————————

A man in Arizona was treated two weeks for measles and mumps, when he writes:

"You can stop treatment. I think I am all right."

(Signed) ————————

Under date of March 5, 1913, a lady from Pennsylvania wrote us as follows:

"Kindly commence treatment for my married daughter. She is suffering with an affection of the rectum, constipation

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and nerves. While I know they are but errors of carnal mind, and that there is no truth in them, I use the old terms to express myself for want of other words. I am reading and thinking over the beautiful truths contained in the Word, and am happier than ever in realizing 'from whence cometh my help.'" (Signed) ————————

March 18 she writes:

"You may stop treatment on my daughter, as she is restored to health. It has certainly been a wonderful cure, and my heart is filled with gratitude for this manifestation of God's love. Yours in love and truth."

(Signed) ————————

A lady from Colorado writes regarding her husband, who was given one month's treatment against eczema and liver and stomach trouble:

"Yours of recent date received. Mr. T. is so much improved that he was able to go to work yesterday, and if he continues to improve as he has in the past few days there will be no necessity for continuing the treatment beyond the time arranged for. If it should be necessary, which we do not anticipate, I will call again for help, for he has been wonderfully benefited. Yours in love and truth,

(Signed) ————————

COLONEL W. H. ANDREWS made the following remarks:

"About three years ago I had some financial reverses and I lost my mental grip on life, so I lost about a pound a day for about fifty days. I got the impression that you must begin on yourself, correct your thought world, stop smoking, improve yourself, and God can come near you. The Holy Spirit took all taste of tobacco from me. I sat in the Silence as designated in 'Christology,' and it was not long until I felt at one with God Almighty's love. I began to see life in a new beauty. I began to see good everywhere. I stopped condemnation and harsh criticism. I began to have heaven every hour and minute. I got in harmony with myself, with my wife, with my neighbors, with the whole universe."

MRS. RHODA S. EATON said: On March 2, 1913, we received a telegram as follows:

"Treat for cold; cannot breathe; when lying down, in distress."

Under date of March 2 we received a letter from the daughter of the patient, saying:

"I had Mrs. ——— wire you today for treatment for my mother, almost seventy years old. Her trouble commenced with a cold two weeks ago. Today it troubles her but little, except a slight cough at night, as colds usually act, but she is so weak and frail. Towards morning it seems impossible for her to rest easy in any position, and very difficult for her to breathe. I fear there may be some heart difficulty."

March 4 the daughter wries:

"My mother's condition is, perhaps, more serious than I thought. She still has difficulty in breathing when lying down, and I noticed last night that her feet were badly swollen, which would indicate that her heart was the cause of this trouble. Do all you can for her, for I cannot spare her yet. The doctor here says it is the beginning of a general breakdown."

March 12: "Mother is very much better. She can sleep during the night without that difficulty in breathing and restlessness, but is still very weak: seems to have no strength. She moves around

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the house and very frequently goes out on the porch in the sunshine."

April 2: "As mother seems so much better in every way, she wishes the treatment discontinued for the present. If at any time we will need your help for her, rest assured I shall call on you. We appreciate what has been done, and both of us thank you for what has been accomplished through your prayers and good thoughts. Mother did not realize the condition she was in, but I did, hence my gratitude must exceed hers, if possible."

Mrs. O. C. Sabin said: I am going to read two letters and two telegrams and let them tell their own story:

"March 25, 1913. Begin treatment at once for (giving name of patient), age ninety years; heart trouble."

"March 27. My grandmother is improving. I telegraphed you Tuesday morning. Tuesday between 3 and 4 a change, very slight, was noticeable. I saw her Tuesday at 9 p. m., and she was feeling very much better, but had a very poor night. Tuesday at 10:30 p. m. I sent you a night letter. Wednesday afternoon she slept a little, sat up in her chair until 9 p. m., when, as soon as she reached her pillow, she immediately fell to sleep and had a very good night. . . . We want her to be able to come downstairs again. Treat as before, insomnia, heart, asthma, lungs and swelling of feet and legs."

"April 1, 1913. My grandmother is better. It is wonderful. She is sitting up every day."

"April 4, 1913. Telegram. Stop treatment. Everything all right."

Mrs. O. C. Sabin, Jr., said: We received a letter dated March 31, 1913, from a lady in Pennsylvania, asking for heroic treatment. She says:

"A year ago I had a sore arm; had to have it operated on time after time, and the pain was so awful that I had to take a drug for it, and now if I do not take it I am so nervous I cannot sleep at night and I am miserable. My arm is still sore and lumps form on it, and the doctors say I will have to have another operation, but I cannot stand another one."

Under date of April 5, 1913, this lady writes:

"I am feeling fine and you need not treat any longer than the week. I am so happy I can praise the Lord now, for I know what He will do for us if we only know how to ask Him."

Miss Bessie L. Davis: One Wednesday morning I took a backward tumble down a stairway of about seven steps, striking the back of my head on a chair, cutting it very badly, which caused me to faint. Two of my sisters who were with me at the time were very much frightened and wanted me to have a physician. I said, "No; all the physician I want and need is with me now and is healing me." And about that time I fainted again.

One of my sisters ran to the hospital for a doctor. When they got back I was sitting on the doorstep and she said: "Bessie, here is a doctor. Don't you think you had better let him examine your head?"

Again I said: "No; I don't want him, for I am all right, therefore I don't need him."

The doctor said: "Oh, she is a Christian Scientist and she doesn't need me."

I thought like Job: "Though they slay me, I will maintain my integrity."

I then had my sister telephone Bishop

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Sabin for treatment, and within three hours the wound looked as if the fall had happened three weeks before instead of three hours. The instant I knew I was falling I affirmed, "I am Spirit and I cannot be hurt," and I clung to that affirmation. I committed myself unto God, and in Him I trusted absolutely, knowing that whatsoever I asked in the name of Jesus Christ, believing, I would receive. Therefore I knew I did not need the doctor, so he dismissed himself gently and kindly.

MRS. SUSAN Q. MORRIS: About nine o'clock in the evening I had an urgent message from a friend to come quickly. I went to see her, and according to mortal mind she was suffering great pain. I gave her a treatment and she immediately appeared relieved. After the treatment she informed me that she had sent for an osteopathic physician.

She was an Evangelical Christian Scientist; had been taught the God healing, which could bring to her health, happiness, prosperity. She had been taught to know the truth and that the truth would make her free. She told me that she had been making a study of osteopathy, and that she thought that osteopathy and Christian Science together would make good healings.

When we learn Christian Science and go to God for everything, we know that God needs no helper. "Thou shalt have no other God before me" is his imperative command.

This friend had gone after other gods, and those who do this make the mistake of their lives. It was true in her case. I advised her to go to Bishop Sabin for treatment. She finally promised she would. She went the next morning, and left his office feeling well, saying she had no pain. But from there she went directly to the osteopath's office, took treatment there and began to grow worse. She went to the doctor's home the same day and died that evening.

You cannot mix osteopathy and Christian Science. God has not lost His power and He needs no help from any source. Jesus' greatest miracles were in healing the sick. Addressing His disciples, He said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do also."

Some of my hearers will say that Jesus' immediate disciples could heal the sick, raise the dead, because they were especially endowed, and such power ended with them. That is not true. For, according to the Acts, beside the disciples, Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people. Barnabas, Philip and Paul healed the sick, and Paul raised the dead. And today the followers of Jesus are healing the sick just as the disciples of Jesus did. Christianity without healing the sick is not the Christianity that Jesus preached, practiced and with most tender, most loving benediction left to mankind.

T. M. COOK: Many years ago a gentleman who was a carpenter by trade was carrying a load of lumber up a ladder; a rung of the ladder broke, he fell to the rung below, his foot caught between that rung and the railing of the ladder, and he fell backwards to the floor. His ankle was wrenched in the accident. He was carried home; a physician bound up his ankle the best he could—he could do but little—and left the work of healing to nature to do as best it could. The gentleman was confined to his bed for some time, and after he got up that ankle was

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enlarged and stiff and he suffered pain in walking. He supposed that some of the small bones of the ankle were broken or shoved out of place. More than seven years after the accident he took a course of absent treatment. Soon his ankle limbered up, and after treatment of two months or more it improved so much that he afterwards worked on a farm, and he told me some years later, when I saw him, that he could plow all day without pain, and he showed me how he could move his foot from side to side—something which he said he could not do before he received the treatment.

A few years ago a heavy weight fell on the same ankle which was hurt before, and his family feared that he could not go back to carpenter work again, but he took a short course of absent treatment and was soon able to resume his work. In both instances the treatment was done in Washington and he was in Texas.

In Texas a lady was sick of a fever. I suppose it was a malarial fever, common to that country. Her husband, knowing that I had practiced the art of healing, came and asked me to treat her. I did so, and told him if he desired further treatment I would give it. In a day or two he came down and asked me to come up and treat her again, saying that he would rather have Dr. Cook than Dr. ———, his physician. Of course, I am not a doctor. I treated her another time or two, I do not remember just how many, and she was well.

The next year she had another spell of fever. The regular physician was away, and he could not get another, nor could he get any medicine. I went up and gave her a long treatment one afternoon. At the time I saw no change in her condition, but about sundown the fever subsided and did not come up again. That was the end of that fever.

———

Miss Hickes, of Washington, said: When one thoroughly makes up his mind to study the Truth of Being, he will have sufficient proof in his own experience to encourage and stimulate him to further investigation.

I had two very gratifying demonstrations in the very beginning of my study, before I came here. I was sitting in my room one day, reading in 'Christology,' looking over the formulæ designed therein for the healing of the sick, trying to understand their meaning. A neighbor called up over the telephone, saying: "Don't be so selfish. Come over and see me a bit." I put down my book and went over. About the first thing she said to me was: "Look at this sty on my eye, the angry thing! I do believe my eye will swell shut." I said: "Why, Mrs. Muntinge, don't you know there is no such thing as a sty?" Our faces were almost touching when I said it. We went on with our morning call and forgot all about the sty. After I went home she called up again and said: "Miss Hickes, what did you do to my eye? That sty is all gone—can't tell I ever had one." I replied: "Didn't I tell you there was nothing in it?" We laughed heartily.

Another time I was on my brother's fruit ranch in Oregon, where the peach trees bear a double crop. They were thinning the peaches, as they called it—picking half of them off, so that the other half would have room to mature and ripen. Something lodged in my eye. Instead of rubbing it, I closed my eyes and realized as best I could that God is All in All and that He would take care of my eye in His own way. It passed out

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of my mind. The next morning, when I was drying my face, there was a scratching in my eye, enough so that I knew it was there. A few hours afterwards my attention was called to it by one of the family, and I saw there was making its appearance on the outside, without pain or irritation, the biggest foreign substance I ever saw in any one's eye.

Every step in my experience is more wonderful than the last, and I thank God daily for a better understanding of the Truth.

MRS. ANADALE: How I became a Scientist, which I now enjoy, was through my son's hearing of some healing that was being done. He said: "Mother, go and see them and find if I cannot be healed by them of the trouble with my limb"—which was called by the doctors infantile paralysis. Then I did not understand anything about it, having been reared a Methodist. My father living to be ninety-one years of age, thought I was losing my mind to a certain extent and said I was taking my children to the devil. Some called me a crank. I said, "Well, if I am a crank it takes one to turn a wheel, so I am glad I am one."

Nevertheless, I went on investigating, and then I told my son that he would have to be co-operative if nothing else. I told him that the healer desired him to study, but he was not willing. So I still continued going and studying, and said it was beautiful, and I would learn and help my mother and others, so that they saw I was in earnest. They tried to stop me and threatened to destroy my books, but I said, "There is nothing in them to destroy." I told them that they might stop me from going to the meetings, but they could not stop me from thinking. So they came to the conclusion to let me alone. I said, "I will learn all about truth and teach others." So I have onstrated for myself and others, and realize that it has made me st and able to help others. I have he myself of acute indigestion in its w form when none but God was with and also pains of all kinds in my h which I denounce when this carna mortal mind crops out.

So I give thanks to God for the te ings of this evangelical church of Ch and hope always to continue and be st in the work that is laid out for m and through the name of Jesus Chris

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A DEED AND A WORD

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parch
tongues
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

—*Charles Mackay.*

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The Unity of God and Man

John W. Eighmy

GOD is a great ethereal spirit, Omniscient, Omnipotent and Omnipresent. He is All Life, Truth, Love, Wisdom and Power. He is the only Power in this vast universe. No other has ever been known. He is everywhere present, filling all space with His attributes of Goodness. Every crack, crevice and corner in the room where we dwell — yes, the smallest space the human mind can contemplate—is filled with God. He not only fills all space around and about us, but all space in our town, our city, our county, our State, our Nation—all space in this world and throughout all the myriads of worlds that have ever been known or imagined. God is not a person; he is a spirit, filling all space. We cannot get on the outside of God. We are in His center all the time. Wherever we may be, we are in the center of God. He is always on our right side, and on our left, in front of us, and behind us, beneath and above us. We are at all times and in all places and under all circumstances and conditions enveloped in God. "As the waters cover and surround the fishes in the sea, so does God cover and surround you and me."

God created man in His image and after His likeness. He made him perfect, and as children of God we are perfect beings. God being spiritual, we as His children are spiritual. This physical body you see is not the real man; this flesh body is nothing but matter; it is unreal, the outward expression of the thoughts and beliefs of the conscious mind.

This flesh body of itself has no life, sensation, feeling or causation. The real man is the Mind, the Spirit. Take the mind, the spirit, from this physical body and the body is worthless for any purpose; it is the most useless, inert mass of matter in the world; it perishes, becomes like dust and returns to the earth. Jesus Christ said: "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing. The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." (St. John vi: 63.) The real man is the spirit, the mind within you, which is eternal and lives on forever, while the flesh body without the spirit perishes. God is Eternal Life, Truth, Love, Wisdom and Goodness, and will exist throughout all time, and Man as His image and likeness possesses all these attributes and will dwell with Him. Jesus Christ proclaims: "I and my Father are one." (St. John x:30.) And again He said: "Believe me, that I *am* in the Father and the Father in *me*." (St. John xiv:11.) And: "Ye shall know that I *am* in the Father and *ye* in *me* and I in *you*." (St. John xiv:20.) The New Testament abounds with passages proving that God, Jesus Christ and Man are spiritual beings jointly united as the Trinity.

What a sublime truth was that given by Jesus Christ when He said: "I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, He taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word that I have spoken unto you. Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit

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of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." (St. John xv: 1-8.)

In the vegetable world the vine furnishes sustenance and strength to the branches, giving them life to flourish and yield fruit abundantly. If we sever the branch from the vine, the branch perishes—it decays and becomes extinct. So with man, who is a branch of the true vine, the Father, God. If he is severed he dies, and is no more. Man cannot live outside of or separated from God any more than a fish can live outside of water. If he severs himself from the true vine, his Father, he then exists for a time under the bans of mortal mind, and is, like the Pilgrim, wandering in the Slough of Despond. He becomes subservient to the lusts of the flesh, drifts into a comatose condition, a state of nonentity, and perishes like the branch in the vegetable kingdom.

Man is free, he is endowed with the right of selection. He can choose the mode of life he wishes to live. He can choose the good or the bad. If he chooses the bad, and travels along the pathway constructed by mortality, he will find it strewn with thorns, thistles and briars, and will have a career filled with misery, sinfulness and shame, a life covered with dark clouds, bowed down with this so-called poverty, sickness and disease that culminate in what mortal mind calls death; or he can choose the life that is filled with joy, with peace, with harmony, with prosperity, with sunshine and happiness, and finally eternal life, where righteousness and holiness reign forever.

When man is united with God, and lives in obedience to Divine law, he is lifted out of bondage, his power is unlimited; he can perform the works Christ did. All Power in heaven and in earth was given by the Omnipotent God to His Son, Jesus Christ. (St. Matthew xxviii: 18.) And Christ conferred the same power on man. (St. John xiv:13-14.)

Man severed from God is like a rudderless ship on a turbulent ocean, tossed to and fro, a sinking mortal, without a stick or straw to grasp. He sinks, he perishes. Without unity with his God there can be no safety, no assurance, no hope of a future. The foregoing passages from St. John xv:1-8 are a sermon of themselves, more grand and eloquent than any minister can deliver; a lesson well worthy to be patiently studied and meditated upon by every one. It has a deep and significant meaning—broader, greater and deeper than any production of mortal man, for in it we find the principle and power of unity between God, Jesus Christ and Man.

THE RIGHT IDEA

The pessimist says that man was born in darkness and for death. I believe that man was intended for the light and shall not die.—*Helen Keller.*

It is a good thing to be rich and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends." —*Euripides.*

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Prejudice

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., March 16, 1913.

THE topic of my lecture this morning is "Prejudice." Of course, prejudice is so wide in its range that I must confine my remarks to the prejudice existing against this church and the kindred churches grouped under the name New Thought.

I think that Mrs. Eddy was the first in America to give it a name, who gave it a name that had an aftermath, as we might say, an odoriferous appellation. There is nothing remarkable in the words Christian Science, because that to which they are applied is a science and is Christian, if you follow the teachings of Jesus Christ, but in the organization of the Eddy church they were unfortunate in arraying every man's hand against them, and they became religious Ishmaelites.

In the first place, Mrs. Eddy laid the ax at the root of the tree by annihilating everything in the name of *materia medica*. That is nonsense. Take the world's theory and the world's botanical supply, wherever you go, and it is said by those who know that there is a sovereign remedy in every locality on the earth's surface for the disease contracted there. Whether that is so or not, I know there are a great many, and it is perfectly absurd for me to condemn God's creation, whether it be boneset, lobelia, or any of the various kinds of catnip and other herb cures. They have done the world a great deal of good, and if there had never been a doctor in the world many of the best doctors will tell you that the boneset, lobelia cures of the old women are much better than the combination of *materia medica* of today in its more enlightened form.

Be that as it may, there is no sense in condemning *materia medica* in the whole. Doctors make mistakes, many of them are scoundrels, but that does not destroy the effects of the work of a good physician who understands his business in the sick room with people who have been raised to believe in him. Put some physicians in a sick room, and if they do not give anything but a bread pill their very presence is a benediction. So what is the use of arraying that great prejudice of *materia medica* against the New Thought and the new church?

If this is a science, and it is a science that is worked according to rule, as all other sciences are, then why cannot God heal the sick as well with a doctor as without him? We know from the experience of this church that these followers of Mrs. Eddy's early teaching—and it is so the same now, so far as I know—do not even approximately do the work that is being done by the students of this church.

God is able to heal the sick with or without a physician; God is able to bless the catnip, the lobelia and the ipecac for certain given purposes, and He does it. What is the use of being foolish?

Have common sense, be rounded out. Do not get hold of a single little idea and make yourself ridiculous and the world your enemy, but take it in its entirety. God created all, and all is good, therefore the infinite number of mineral and vegetable remedies used, if

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properly used, have their beneficent results.

Now that denunciation of *materia medica* is one great cause why the term Christian Science is a stench in the nostrils of the world at large.

There is another cause of prejudice which has been created largely by our own class of people, and that is this universal condemnation of everybody who does not belong to their church. I do not care whether a person ever saw a Bible or not, if he follows conscientiously the life taught him by his religion he, as the prophet says, will be judged in accordance with his law. You do not have to believe any specific dogma in order to reach what is tremed salvation.

This so-called prejudice is rooted in the very infancy of us all. But all those things taught us in our childhood teach universal love. Love for the churches has done a great deal of good. Anybody who says that the teachings of Jesus Christ, as inculcated throughout the world, have not done good is no student of history, or, if he is, he has read it to no effect. Take the nations that live closest to God Almighty and follow closest in the teachings of Jesus Christ, and they are the leaders, absolutely leaders of all civilization and advancement in the world. Take the little English Isle—and she almost covers the earth with her influence—she is the leader; she brings forth this power of Jesus Christ and His teachings, and you can follow it all along the lines of the world. The people have advanced in accordance with their ideas of their deity. Man never grows beyond that level for which he fits himself; a nation never grows above the level at which it holds its God. I am going to give such data as any student who seeks or desires to study will find to be exactly true. In her book, "Science and Health," in the edition that I have, on pages two and three, Mrs. Eddy claims that this religion was given to her through Divine power; in another place she finds out that she discovered it. Then she says her "discovery" is the foundation upon which all of this metaphysical healing and demonstrations are based. She claims that as "my" discovery that God has given it to "me." That is false. God did not give her any such thing. God does not give, so far as I have any record, a special proclamation to any one of His children, when any one can go to a circulating library and read of the "discovery" in a better form. Bishop Berkeley, in his writings published in 1710, an eassay entitled "Sources of Human Knowledge," takes up this identical doctrine of the allness of spirit and the nothingness of matter, and analyzes it, discusses it and shows it up from every other conceivable standpoint better than I have ever known any other writer before or since to do. He philosophizes it, teaches it along the line of logic and proves it to be true. And some of the wording in "Science and Health" is identical with the wording of Bishop Berkeley.

Now, if the writer who compiled "Science and Health" for Mrs. Eddy had given credit to Bishop Berkeley, it would not have detracted one iota from her just reputation, but on the other hand it would have added to her reputation as a great philosopher, one who was a helper of the human family in a very large degree. But in making it a personal asset, then copyrighting it and selling it at from five hundred to one thousand per cent profit, as many things that they print are sold, so establishing a trust of money held up by the law, there was created a

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prejudice in the minds of all fair-thinking people against that kind of teaching. The propagandists of that "discovery" think it is wrong to give this truth out; people must be made to make a sacrifice. That is all right if a man has gotten far enough to understand it, but how are you going to make a man give his money out for something in which he does not believe? It is not the way the propagation of the world's religion has been carried on. You have to give them a show.

We do not make any splurge in building churches; we do not believe in building churches. So far as I know, our church will never have a building, but yet I do not know what God may bring. The whole trend of our thought is that the blue sky covers our church, and the earth is its floor and sun is its light, and we have to teach a religion that is broad enough, not only to cover one little society, but to take in its broad arms of universal love the whole earth, and when this religion of God love and love for your brother permeates the feelings and conduct of the human family, look up, for God Almighty's heaven is here and now.

HONORING CAPT. ROSTRON.

In the presentation of a medal of honor, granted by vote of Congress, to Captain A. H. Rostron, commander of the steamer Carpathia, for his part in rescuing the survivors of the Titanic disaster last Spring, the United States paid a tribute to a man who performed his duty to humanity in a crisis without hesitation. It is, of course, assured that any man confronted as Captain Rostron was with such an emergency would probably have risen to it in the same manner. But it is none the less due to him to express in this tangible and conspicuous manner the thanks of the United States for his noble service rendered so unhesitatingly and so efficiently.

Captain Rostron proved to be not only equal to the emergency which the Titanic disaster presented, but has throughout the subsequent proceedings borne himself admirably. He doubtless regarded that day's performance as part of the work a sailor is called upon to do. He maintained the traditions of the sea. His first thought was for the people who had been so narrowly saved from death, not for those who were intrusted to his care in the ordinary course of business, and his prompt decision to return them at once to land was a creditable instance of correct judgment.

The medal of honor granted by Congress and presented by President Taft is a token of unusual distinction. Not many of these symbols of the national gratitude have been issued. Captain Rostron stands in a distinguished company in this regard, and the United States is proud to pay tribute to him. The occasion serves as a reminder of a shocking disaster, which it is to be hoped will have no equal in time to come. The lesson that the Titanic's fate taught has not yet been fully applied. Steamships are continuing to plow the sea at high speed and few of the reforms which the catastrophy of last Spring plainly indicated have been put into execution. But navigation is in a measurable degree safer in consequence of this disaster, which was so needless and which might so easily have been avoided.

There is at any given moment a *best path* for every man. To find this path, and to walk in it, is the one thing needful for him.—*Carlyle.*

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The Power and Purpose of the Imagining Faculty

Read before the Betterment League Club, New York, Sunday, April 6, 1913.

Rose M. de Vaux-Royer

REALIZATION is the goal of man's desire toward which he is propelled. "Ask believing that ye already have and ye shall receive," has been classed with the verities. These are scientific statements in the Book of Books which, as man's consciousness rises to an understanding and acceptance of, bear realities. "Thought in the mind hath made us!"*

Professor Larkin questions, "What can be inherited save models, types, patterns, and what entity can form a pattern but thought itself, or Mind?" Then, the central fact of modern biology is Mind.

Truth is ever existent, awaiting but our comprehension. The perceptions are quickened as we turn the illumination of Mind upon any subject. The supposition has been cautiously advanced that perhaps the life hereafter is a purely mental life. Are we not mental or mind-made beings today? Self-creating, reconstructing—fragments of the one great creative force in creation — the One Mind! As long as the desire-man wishes to walk and demonstrate in form and flesh, he mentally makes his alliance with the vibratory forces of that stratum of being, and thereby creates his conditions here and hereafter. The centrifugal and centripetal forces are ever active, and as man launches his thought upon any particular plane of expression, it is therefrom he obtains his response, consciously or unconsciously—verifying that "as a man thinketh so is he."

One of the most powerful of man's attributes is the imagination, or imagining faculty. Imagination is the faculty to create something which we can contemplate—to develop a perceptible object in the mind. Ideas, then, are the original models and patterns from which everything is fashioned.

Ideality has been explained as vision of the mind. (See Plutarch: "Sentiments of the Philosophers," xii: "Phantasia, or imagination, is derived from phos, which denotes light; for as light discloses itself and other things which it illuminates, so this imagination discloses itself and that which is its cause, . . . for to the imagination there is always some real thing presented as its efficient cause.")

This definition affirms the fact that the mind has vision—that it can see. It creates. It can by no possibility perceive or conceive of a nonentity. "If the human soul imagines an immortal life, if it conceives of a Supreme Being who is essentially life, intelligence and goodness, then God and immortality are everlasting facts."

There was a time, not long past, when to have declared of a thing not fully understood, "Oh, you imagined it," was to have relegated it to the dustheap of the inconsequential. Even then a certain power and property were bestowed upon the imagination, but they were not properly applied for good results. To imagine a thing you hold the picture in mind. It is the creative center—and through this sustained vibratory force you fashion the object, complete in substance and detail, in the invisible long before it is made

* From Professor E. L. Larkin's book, "Within the Mind Maze," p. 422, in "Germinal Continuity." "Number and order are absolutely a process of Mind, and that alone."

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perfect in materialization. Any flaw found in this finished article must have existed in the original. One is cause and the other effect.

In just this manner are you each building not only the beautiful picture or book which you see (image) as complete before you begin it, but your personal structure and health are becoming more and more permanent by the thought you think, by the image you create and by the understanding you have of life.

If life is a series of impulses—states of consciousness—let us invite new and happy mental images in times of weariness and discord, that a wealth of wholesome forces which promote harmony and kindle energy may pervade our being.

In the higher Thought practices for the healing and betterment of human life, one school will resort to energizing the faith principle, and another holds that vibrations sent out with the proper thought or feeling will center where they are directed and produce desired results. And yet another order awakens the responsive chord by reiterated belief, voiced or thought in unity—like the volume of a choral society or Niagara unbound—that "all is Good and there is but one Good"—one Mind. All of these produce a mental condition or image of that which they are trying to express, and actual experience goes to show that the imaging faculty of the mind is the real instrument through the exercise of which the desired results are obtained or healing is performed. Sometimes we must eradicate a previously formed image and supplant a new. With each class of thinkers its own accepted theory constitutes the basis of its thought, and each thought forms its own corresponding image during the process. The "theory" serves as a starting point for more or less definite thought action, which inevitably results in the formation of mental images, regardless of whether the thinker recognizes the fact or not.

There is no thought without its accompanying image.

This is the permanent law of mental action, and none can escape its results. A strong faith in some particular method (called by any name you choose) will only put this law into operation in the mind and produce its results through the natural subconscious reproduction of the image.

We seek to divest these phenomena of all claim to mysticism or miracle, and receive them as facts of natural law, which is today employed in uplifting and harmonizing purposes, even though not recognized fully by the majority.

Note—Dr. James H. Hyslop, President S. P. R., stated at the Unitarian Club dinner, April 4, 1913, that "the Society for Psychical Research had scientific demonstration in evidence of man's continuity of life after death."

A cheerful outlook on life, combined with patience and the heart of a little child, are the chiefest assets. Do not allow yourself to become discouraged by fools and selfish men. Keep fit by work and plenty of it. But enjoy your work. Be the master of it, and do not permit it to master you, for then it will become labor and not life saving, invigorating work, the foe of ennui.

Oh, keeper of the little dreams,
Keep one for me, I pray.
All quiet in the starry gleams
Of rest beyond the day,
A dream of music I have heard,
A dream of love I knew,
When life was like a singing bird
And hearts were fresh with dew.

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The Benefit of Our Religion

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin. Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., April 20, 1913.

THE text or subject of our lecture this morning is "The Benefit of Our Religion."

There should be only one religion, if we mean by religion a system by which we go to God Almighty to thank Him for what we receive and ask Him for what we want. One religion should be sufficient, for that ought to be the All in All, because God is All, and if you receive anything you have to go to God—if we receive anything that is good—because every good and perfect gift comes from the Father.

It is true that all systems of religion, so far as my research has informed me, have as an accompaniment, as we might term it, reward and punishment, or reward or punishment. You are rewarded for the good you do, and you are punished for the evils you commit, and this good and this evil are measured by the dogma of the particular church that doles it out.

Religion, *per se*, as we know it in history, is the cause of and it was the motive power that carried on ninety-nine-one-hundredths of every war that was ever fought on the earth. This was done in various ways—generally by one church corraling all parishioners, making them believe that whatever comes down to them was from God Almighty: and, therefore, of course, there could be but one road, and the other fellow, who practiced some other system, was supposed to be eradicated. In some places they would call him a heretic and in other places something else. These religions were always ready to punish the person who did not believe as its adherents did.

> Ours is a plain, simple road through life and giving you success in everything, making you master instead of slave, freeing you from all fetters of disease, freeing you from everything that worries you. All you have to do is to ask, seek and knock, in accordance with intelligence, and you will get what you want. There can be no failure, unless it is within your own environment. This is our religion, and I tell you it is a better religion than the fellow has who goes dodging through life in fear of hell-fire and brimstone.
>
> Take this religion with you, practice it, live right with God. If there is anything you do not understand, and it worries you, commit your ways unto the Lord and trust, and He will bring it to pass. He will bring it right—trust. You have nothing to do with the answering of the prayer—simply trust.

Now, as I have said, there should be but one religion, and that the religion that comes to God Almighty, asks for what you want and thanks Him for what you get. There is but one God. Then why should there be more than one road to Him? I am not here holding up the idea that anybody who does not follow this religion I am trying to teach is going to hell, for I do not believe there is any such place as hell. I believe that for every possible sowing you ever sowed you are going to reap a crop of similar character, and I believe you will never get rid of one sin

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ever committed until you have had a chance to make reparation.

Now, the redemption of Christ meant this—it was to save man from his sins. Say that I have been committing sin all of my life. I cannot here and now go all over the world nearly and make right where I have done wrong. That would be an impossibility. But the time will come somewhere, somehow, that we will have the opportunity to make right every wrong we ever committed. Until such time, the knowledge of the truth that Christ gave to us gives us peace, gives us quiet, gives us the knowledge within ourselves that we are going to be enabled to reap, in the sweet by and by, the crop of good that we have sown.

There can never be any lapses. This religion of ours is not a license for crime, it is not a license for anything but the highest quality of morals. You must follow along the lines as Jesus taught as nearly as you can, and remember always that the great fundamental principle which He taught us to practice, and which you must practice, was to love God with all your heart and love your neighbor as yourself. When you get strong enough and broad enough and big enough to love your brother as yourself and bring that down into actual practice in life, I tell you you can move the mountains, you can do anything. It is the great, broad acreage of right that we stand upon, and that is the foundation of all true religion—love God and love your brother. Jesus said that you cannot love God, whom you have not seen, if you do not love your brother, whom you have seen.

This Being called God, as we understand, is something different from the ordinary thought. I was taught to believe that God was a personage sitting on a throne. I was taught to believe that hell was a reality. In our religion of today we eliminate the thought that God is a person, but hold that He is a personality whom we call God, and it is wonderful when we come to examine into the broadness of it. God is Spirit; Spirit is everything, Omnipresent, everywhere intelligence. God is Life; Life is everywhere; you see it in the bush, in the birds, in the beasts of the field and the fishes of the sea; you see it circling with the worlds, making them move in their orbits; you see it in the zephyrs that blow around us everywhere—everywhere Life, God. It makes the blood in your veins and mine, and the same God that moves you moves me. There is but one life, because there is but one God.

If God had life, like one of us, and should die, life would be greater than God; therefore God IS LIFE—He is the IT, the ESSENCE; He is LOVE; He is GOOD. We do not say that God's LOVE comes down upon us, but GOD-Love. There is no possessive case in His LOVE. He has no love, but IS LOVE, and it is so with all the great cardinal principles or characteristics of the Deity.

He is the power and the only power that moves ALL, and He is the only power that has wisdom, that controls EVERYTHING. God is All in All and through All. We are part and parcel of God Almighty LIFE, GOOD, LOVE, POWER and WISDOM; therefore, when Paul told the Athenians when they had him arrested and brought to the Forum, and made to declare what kind of a religion he had been teaching, "Him that you ignorantly worship I declare unto you." The Athenians had a greater multiplicity of gods than any other people, and had erected a temple to "The Unknown God," whom Paul

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said he had come to declare unto them. So Paul taught them the religion of Jesus Christ, the oneness of God, and that is what our religion is. It is a religion that fills All in All and through All; there is no lack; it gives you prosperity through your entire life, makes everything you touch a success, and there is no such thing as failure. God Almighty wisdom controls you in all your undertakings. God Almighty power gives you strength to do all and to practice all and to enjoy all, and love more abundantly fills you in all the undertakings in which you are interested. Ours is a religion that leads you along the pathway of life and makes your failures cease and causes success to perch upon your banner. It is a religion that is worth something.

Ours is a plain, simple road through life, giving you success in everything, making you master instead of slave, freeing you from all fetters of disease, freeing you from everything that worries you. All you have to do is to ask, seek and knock in accordance with intelligence, and you will get what you want. There can be no failure unless it is within your own environment. This is our religion, and I tell you it is a better religion than the fellow has who goes dodging through life in fear of hell-fire and brimstone.

Take this religion with you—practice it, live right with God. If there is anything you do not understand, and it worries you, commit your ways unto the Lord and trust, and He will bring it to pass; He will bring it right—trust. You have nothing to do with the answering of the prayer—simply trust.

The great principle upon which our church is based is: Love God and love your brother, and when you want anything go to God Almighty, become as a little child, and then let Him do the answering of the prayer. In other words, be simple-hearted, filled with love, not only love for God, but love for all; let your mind be big enough and strong enough and wide enough to take in the whole course of the human family. You do not have to love a person who steals a horse because he steals the horse. That would be wrong; you do not have to love a man for the commission of crime, but you love the image and likeness of God who is there, and you declare that he cannot do those things, and you cannot go around hating him. You are not required to love crime, and you hate crime. There is nothing in common with you that is not of the highest and purest and most perfect love.

Remember that this is the road and the only way to perfect harmony, perfect success and perfect love. Everything belongs to you. You are God Almighty's child and you have all; therefore get in the sunshine. All belongs to you, and you do not have to steal anything. All belongs to you; you get in the sunshine and take all you want, yet there is no diminution, there is always a great abundance.

There is naught better than to be
With noble souls in company;
There is naught dearer than to wend
With good friends, faithful to the end.
—*Edwin Arnold.*

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the wrong go right,
But only to discover, and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints. —*Jean Ingelow.*

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Mental Prescriptions

Harriet Doane Prentiss

IN ORDER to connect with the life-giving forces, and make of existence all that one's fancy might picture it, it is necessary to study carefully the governing laws of being and find out through the observation of cause and effect what principles generate and control conditions.

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We are learning that the atmosphere is charged with an invisible energy that responds to the call of individual expression. Whatever the desire may be, its complement is at hand in the latent forces of the universe, waiting to be drawn into visibility through the magnetic power of active mental attraction. This being true, it is obvious that one cannot afford to follow at random the leading of an undirected mind.

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Many writers are giving us mental prescriptions which will insure definite results and bring about conditions satisfactory to the seeker after comfortable, happy, opulent and desirable expression.

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It has been discovered that well-defined rules govern the activities of life, and one only needs to apply the correct formula in order to obtain beneficial results.

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We learn very early in life that we cannot put a finger in the fire without suffering, but it is not so easy to comprehend the danger of adverse thinking, or to realize that it is by any process of mind that we are experiencing torture of body.

Mental suggestion only reminds us of its power when we attempt to change the trend of on uncomfortable thought.

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The difficulty one experiences in trying to alter his habitual mode of thinking should serve as a hint to the power of mind and tenacity of mental influence.

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This leads to the conclusion that if we indulge in certain qualities of thought, we injure ourselves and feel the reaction in as much suffering as in the case of a burn.

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It is a perfectly demonstrable fact that every condition experienced physically is the direct result of some attitude of mind, either having its origin in one's own brain or in being negative to the power of outside mental inbuences. The only possible emancipation from disturbing conditions, therefore, is through the direction of one's mind into constructive channels, and properly insulating it against the influence of other minds.

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If one is a victim to suffering or distress, it is because his mental magnet is not drawing the right quality to itself by the power of its own attraction. One is never the prey of conditions or circumstances that he does not draw to himself.

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The difficulty with people lies in the fact of their being unable to analyze their minds, to find out what they are doing wrong, and there are not enough competent advisers to discern the root of the trouble. A few simple rules may serve

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as a guide to those who wish to analyze conditions and improve their possibilities for a wholesome existence.

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Fear in all its forms must be evicted from the mentality. It is the greatest destroyer of health and happiness known to man. It places a tension on every function of the body and prohibits normal activity, particularly in the digestive organs. Anger heats the blood and outpictures in various kinds of eruptions, internal and external. Concealed irritation is more damaging to the body than open expression, but is the most commendable form of its expression, as it reacts where it will do the least harm to the greatest number.

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Criticism generates catarrhal and pulmonary difficulties.

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Stiffness of opinion will react in rheumatic discomfort, stiff joints, etc.

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Jealousy will interrupt the rhythm of the heart. Mental depression will produce a heaviness of the body, which results in languor and retarded circulation of the blood.

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Every physical depression is the direct complement of mental suggestion. Mind is the cause of all that is experienced, and to restore equilibrium to a perfect balance a mind must be well poised and harmonious.

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This is the problem before us: How are we going to treat it?

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Through the forces that govern life man may follow the example of the Great Leader and emancipate himself from every condition of discomfort or distress, but this can only be accomplished by following the law of love, harmony, optimistic faith and charity of heart. "Be ye made perfect by the renewing of your mind."

The love of spiritual things places a man in his true rank, a Prince of the House of the King of Kings. His motto is, in the truest sense, *"Noblesse oblige;"* that is, "Rank imposes obligation; much is rightly expected of one of high birth or station." All the demands that are made upon humanity, to be noble, to be courteous, to be brave, to be honorable, are from this viewpoint. It is not because a woman is weak and a man is her natural protector that certain chivalrous things are expected of him. It is because he is a prince, whose princely glory is *Ich dien,* "I serve." The man who yields his seat in a crowded car will feel no imposition or weariness when the act is done because of the service he renders the prince within him, instead of catering to the churl. Every mean, despicable thought cast out gives nobility to the features. Every gracious answer to the discourteous adds grace to one's movements. Every pure thought gives clearness to the eye. Every sincere and innocent expression clarifies the skin. — *The Master Mind.*

We are constantly undergoing a change in mood, in temperament. As we make the individual life better worth while, so we better conditions of those around us. If it were possible that a national temperament could be accurately measured it would be proved that the people of today are more hopeful and happier than ever before since our written history began.

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THE CIRCULATION OF THE BIBLE

Twenty-three Bible societies are printing the Bible—one in the United States, three in Great Britain and twenty-three on the European continent. *More copies of the Bible are sold annually than of any other one hundred books combined. Ten millions of Bibles in English are distributed every year.*

Every year there are printed 17,000,000 Protestants Bibles, Testaments and portions in more than 500 languages. Of these Bibles, 10,000,000 are published by Bible societies and sold below cost. The remaining 7,000,000 are sold commercially.

The British and Foreign Bible Society was organized in London, England, on March 7, 1804, and from its foundation in that year to the end of its 102d year in March, 1907, the society has issued 203,931,769 copies of the Scriptures, complete or in part, in 390 different languages and dialects. At present it prints 5,000,000 Bibles a year, in 400 languages.

The Oxford Press of England, one of the oldest Bible societies, issues 20,000 Bibles a week, 1,040,000 a year.

The American Bible Society was organized in 1816, and up to April 1, 1907, had issued 80,420,383 Bibles, Testaments and portions, in 116 different languages.

Other Bible societies have issued between 60,000,000 and 70,000,000 Bibles, while private publishers in Great Britain and the United States and elsewhere have increased these by scores of millions.

The following figures show that there has been a steady growth in the circulation of the Bible. The American Bible Society has this record of its God-given work:

In the first year.....	6,410 copies
In the tenth year.....	67,134 copies
In the twentieth year.....	221,694 copies
In the thirtieth year.....	483,873 copies
In the fortieth year.....	668,265 copies
In the fiftieth year.....	1,150,528 copies
In the sixtieth year.....	850,470 copies
In the seventieth year....	1,447,440 copies
In the eightieth year.....	1,750,283 copies
In the ninetieth year.....	2,236,755 copies

In the first ten years the society issued 439,580 copies; in the ninth ten years, 16,773,684.

The increase in issues of the American society during its ninety-sixth year is 459,479 volumes over the total issues of ninety-fifth year.

The total issues of 1911 were almost twice the issues of 1906, those of 1911 being 3,691,201 volumes.

The total issues of the society in the ninety-six years of its existence amount to 94,210,105 volumes, in 100 languages, including 28 European, 39 Asiatic, 9 African, 8 Oceanic and 12 American tongues.

In 1909, 491,290 Bibles were circulated in China, 91,100 volumes in Japan, 151,230 in Korea, 102,999 in the Philippines, 117,191 in the Levant.

At present in China the circulation of the Bible has reached almost 1,000,000 volumes a year.

The American society has now attained a Bible service that reaches almost all the world, and does so in 116 languages and dialects. The society's endowment fund now amounts to $2,118,528.21, and yet the society gives notice that $700,000 is needed to spend this year in the circulation of the Bible.

The grand total of receipts from the organization of the society is $32,404,262.26.

The art of printing was invented by

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John Gutenberg before the middle of the fifteenth century. The first book printed from movable metal types was the Latin Bible, in two volumes, which appeared about the year 1455. Before the close of the fifteenth century one hundred and twenty-four editions of the Bible in Latin were printed in various cities of Europe, and the total number of known editions of the Bible in this language previous to the year 1800 is more than one thousand.

BACK TO THE THREE R's

The wheel of progress turns on a stationary axis, and it requires only so long a time for a given point on the rim to find its first position. It is no surprise, then, to learn of a movement in educational fields here toward the system of education formerly in vogue, but which has long been held in opprobrium by those who regard a child's mind as an incubator for the hatching of every new theory of education.

That the return in the schools of Washington to the three R's of earlier days will not be accomplished at the neglect of any essential feature of child instruction is made sufficiently clear by Superintendent Davidson's statement:

"Children must be taught certain knowledge which they emphatically need in after life. This stress should be laid on these branches. On the other hand, the recreative side of school life must not be totally neglected. Children as well as adults must be taken out of absolute routine. For this reason the little music we have and the physical culture work and instruction in manual training are important."

This is sane and logical. Teach the child first the things it needs to know, and all else shall be added unto these. Most of the great plans for the reconstruction of the human family are well meant, but they begin at the wrong end. The future voter should be trained in his tender youth, if he is to meet intelligently the different problems of national life. Some phases of the earlier forms of instruction were mawkish enough, it is true. But, at that, one dog-eared copy of McGuffey's old Fourth Reader, with its "Wirt's Blind Preacher" and even "Respect for the Sabbath Rewarded," was worth a boat's crew of modern myth compilations and their associate "Membyjams," as the poor infant called those precious pearls of misapplied wisdom known as "Memory Gems."

The mind of the child is like the man's house that was ready, swept and garnished, prepared for the reception of wholesome guests and helpful companions. Woe be to those who, when the evil spirit of impish unrest has gone forth, bring in its stead the seven ological demons, each worse than the first!

The problem of child education is the most important that exists today, or that ever has existed, and we do not propose its solution. But the arithmetic of the market basket will do more to solve the question of the high cost of living than all the tariffs in the world, and simple instruction in the every-day issues of life will prove far more establishing in the days to come than classic knowledge of whom dragged whom how many times around the walls of what.—*Washington Post.*

We are born to be neither slaves nor beggars, but to dominion and plenty. This is our rightful heritage, if we will but recognize and lay claim to it. All things are in the hands of Him who knows they are there.

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Creeds and Christianity

SIR: I think we are indebted to Ella W. Wilcox for the folowing lines: "Believe in God; in thine own self believe, and that which thou hast desired thou shalt achieve."

This clear, concise and truthful statement should find a quick response in the minds of New Thought readers.

It really contains the old and simple faith of our fathers and forefathers—a faith we can all learn to reverence and respect—but it also holds the direct injunction for self-knowledge, self-development and self-control. In this age of Progressive thinking the young generation is continually asking "the why and wherefore," and we need to be well informed along Biblical and New Thought teaching if we would not have confusion and conflict of ideas. No one desires to rob the churches of their simple creeds (which should contain the kernel of faith), but rather to point out when and how they must be put into practice. Take, for example, these Biblical words: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all things will be added." Then, again, "He sent them forth to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick." Are not these sayings in direct harmony with the quotation from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and in fact all recognized New Thought writers?

Where the divergence of thought appears most real is, I think, in the actual practice and manifestation of life itself. Theologians preach much, but do not appear to attempt to put into actual practice the promises contained in the texts, whereas New Thought folk very often attempt more than they are yet capable of manifesting, thus discrediting the movement in the eyes of the uninitiated. Still, it is wiser to attempt and fail temporarily than to preach and not attempt at all. There is room in the churches for "greater works," especially in the direction of healing the sick, both in mind and body. But New Thought healers should consistently give all the praise to God, instead of relying too much upon self. With our present limited knowledge and power of manifestation there is surely a middle path, where we might more often meet and dispassionately discuss the ways and means to higher enlightenment. Let me conclude with the New Zealand poet's (Bracken) last version of "Not Understood":

"Oh, God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;
Oh, God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another, they'd be nearer Thee—
And understood."

With the heartfelt desire that all people may soon see and "feel" what the Good Master conveyed to the world when He said, "I came that you might have life and have it more abundantly."
Yours for Truth, *Frederick Allman, Royal Chambers, Hunter Street, Sydney, New South Wales.—Thought Power.*

Let us all be sure that all is well, whatever comes, while we trust and stand fast and strive; and only hopeless —and rightly hopeless—when we want what we are in nowise willing to earn.

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Thoughts and Things

Thomas J. Shelton in "The Christian"

THERE is only God. This I have said over and over until the thought has entered into the mentality. In this fellowship I have used three words for your personal treatments —. health, happiness, prosperity. The Spirit has made us hold on to the three words for all of these long years until they are now bearing fruit as never before. Just sowing three words! The most of you know how I have kept on sowing the three words over and over with this typewriter. Sometimes her fingers have touched the red and made the three words stand out in red. You never got tired of them, did you? The words are not shopworn, even now, after all of these years. Why? For the simple reason that they were alive every time they came from my own thoughts. It was the Voice of the Spirit.

So this expression, "There is only God," has been sown over and over until the good seed found a resting place in good ground and is now bearing fruit. I have gone around and around the one subject by changing words and expression so that you may know, absolutely know, that thoughts and things are joined together, now and forever, in holy wedlock. If you undertake to separate them you will enter into the world of confusion. You will get into that dreadful world where disease will take away all of your ease. You will get into the world of unrest, the world of inharmony, the world of discord, the world of death and the devil. It all comes from trying to separate thoughts from things and things from thoughts. To know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent, is to know that mind and matter are one and the same now and forever. From everlasting to everlasting thoughts and things have operated together. Any attempt to separate them into divisions will cause war, and war is hell.

Do you mean to tell us that the union of thoughts and things will bring harmony, peace, heaven into our mentality? That is exactly what I AM telling you, and nothing else under the sun will do it. "There is not any other substance than Spirit." And when Bishop Berkeley uttered these words the teachers of religion thought he was insane. How could there be any other substance than Spirit? How can thoughts be separated from things? How can things be separated from thoughts? Glorious God! When we people once get this lesson, Christian Science will be as a mere infant class. All the so-called mental attainments of the world will be as a candle light compared to the sun at noonday. The greater things that Jesus promised that we should do we will do without an effort.

Spirit was speaking in Jesus and told us in plain words that the physical man was removed from our vision so that we could become spiritual. The only way that we can recognize the Spirit is to get away from the physical. There is absolutely no such thing as physical personality, but we continue to think so, and so our thought makes an idol in our mentality. Jesus healed the sick, but He did

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not destroy sickness. He opened the eyes of the blind, but He did not destroy blindness. He made the lame man leap into a temporary healing. He even caused the dead to rise and return to life; but He did not destroy death, disease, distress and all the other devils that infest our thought. The greater works that we will do will be to put blindness out of existence, to absolutely destroy disease, to cast death and the devil into the bottomless pit. These are the greater things. Spirit has been patient in teaching us the truth. Jesus has gone right on reigning over us as Spirit and His kingdom is sure and certain. The flash of light from the invisible in the works of Jesus is to become the steady light of the world.

Do you see the vision? It is not the healing of one poor lame man, the cleansing of one leper, the healing of one paralytic, the raising of three persons from the dead. It is the wiping out of the whole world of mortality. We will get up to the place where we are going and will have arrived. There will be a new heaven and a new earth, for the old heaven and the old earth will have passed away. The recognition that thoughts are the creators of things will bring about a new creation. The things that we have are made by our thoughts. We have been going right along thinking the same old thoughts and living in the same old environment. All you have to do to get a new earth is to have a new heaven. Heaven is mental and the earth is material. Now what is material? Material is made out of things and these things are created by thoughts. The new mentality creates a new materiality. This can be done personally and individually in your own mind and body. This is what this mental fellowship stands for, and it is the kind of work we are doing.

How long does it take us? It may take a thousand years and it may take a minute. It is owing to how you unfold in your thinking. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, is the way Paul puts it. I have learned more and advanced further in one day than in all the years preceding that day. I had come up to the place where the light came into my mind. The one flash of light separated the light from the darkness and so made me a new man. Just for one moment look at the things that surround you. You may get next to yourself by looking at your own body. You have thought that this body was made to order after a certain pattern, and it is utterly impossible to change the pattern. You are kept in constant suspense for fear that you will hurt or in some way mar the thing that you call your body. You never call it yourself. Your own consciousness makes you understand that it is not yourself. If you can mar, you can mend. If thoughts are things, you can change the things by changing your thoughts. And this is being done every day.

It is a practical fact that mind mends matter. The whole world has acknowledged that Spirit is the generator and regenerator of what we call matter. You are getting the lesson? You know that the inside of yourself and the outside of yourself are one and the same in substance. Therefore, you are letting the light shine so that your whole body is full of light. You are thinking with your toes and with your fingers and with every atom of the body. Your thoughts go down into every part, and so there is no darkness in your house. You turn on the electric light in every part of your

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body and every atom of your being is electrified. Your thoughts are turned into things and the things are turned into thoughts, and so you make a change in your environment every day. It is getting away from all "breaks" and recognizing in your consciousness the continuity of life.

RECALLS SHOOTING OF LINCOLN

H. Clay Ford, a retired theatrical manager, formerly a Washingtonian and now a resident of Rutherford, N. J., who is spending a few days in Washington, talked interestingly of the shooting of Abraham Lincoln forty-eight years ago in Ford's Theater on Tenth street.

Mr. Ford was treasurer of Ford's Theater the night of the tragedy, and he declares that the story that John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, caught his foot in the folds of an American flag as he was making his escape, and that "Old Glory" delayed the murderer, is a popular misconception. A picture of George Washington served to delay Booth, Mr. Ford says.

"I remember the tragedy as if it were but yesterday," Mr. Ford said. "The theater was owned by my brother, the late John T. Ford, and I was his treasurer and in the box office at the time. When I heard Booth's shot, which eventually ended Lincoln's life, it occurred to me casually that the pistol used by Sir Edward Trenchard, in 'Our American Cousin,' the play that night, had gone off accidentally. Sir Edward, in the play, puts a pistol to his head at the end of the first act.

"In a second, however, an afterthought came to me. I knew it was not the time of the evening for him to put the pistol to his head.

"In the ticket office there was a window from which I could see the audience. I looked out, and there was Booth on the stage, where he had leaped from the box. I knew him well. The President and his party had been seated in two boxes, which I had helped to make into one, decorating them with flags borrowed from the Treasury Department. In the center of the box I had placed a picture of George Washington, with the flags on both sides. It was this picture which caught Booth's foot. I know it, because his spur made a large cut in the picture. They always say 'Old Glory' delayed him, but it didn't—George Washington's picture did it. I saw the picture again in Baltimore, while I was visiting the widow of John T. Ford, in whose possession it now is."

LET'S REMEMBER THIS

"The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means, 'I cannot speak,
But I have heard;'
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own word—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry,
The giver deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of all such tiny things
To make it well!" —*Unidentified.*

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Harriet Doane Prentiss

The Season's Message

WITH the Springtime resurrection,
Blossoms and new buds appear.
May you catch the season's message,
With its soul-refreshing cheer.

May you echo back the gladness
Heard in Thrush and Robin's song;
Learn the secret of the flowers,
That you may earth's joy prolong.

God's protection, strength and bounty
Every one alike may share.
Man, birds, flowers—all are under
His sustaining love and care.

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The Princess's Choice

ONCE upon a time there was a little princess whose father was King Kofa. He wanted that his daughter should marry, and so one day he called her to him and told her it was time she chose a husband.

"Tell me the man you would wish to marry," he said to her, "and I will find him.

"Shall he be short or tall, fat or slim? Shall he be dark or sunny-haired, and shall he be grave-looking or with a jolly face?"

"I will wed when I find a man unlike any other man I have ever seen," replied the princess, for she was a willful lass and did not want to marry until she decided for herself.

"Very well," said her father. "I will wait until you find such a man, but do not put it off too long."

But a year went by and still the princess did not wed. Every man who came into her presence she would dismiss by saying, "I have seen a man who looked like this one."

At last King Kofa would wait no longer, and he told the little princess he would make the choice himself and she must marry at once.

"Give me one more chance," beg the princess. "I will marry the first m who rides up to the castle on a coal-bl horse, if only he looks a very little un any other man I have ever seen."

Now, King Kofa had an enemy w had tried to get his kingdom from h and when this enemy, whose name w King Bore, heard this he covered his f with walnut oil, which made it very da and colored his rair red, then he moun a coal-black horse and set out for K Kofa's palace, for he knew if he marr the little princess he would be able to g all of King Kofa's lands and money, a this was what he wanted. Of cour King Kofa did not recognize him, a while he did not think he was very n to look at, still he rode a beautiful bla horse and was dressed in the richest ki of robes, besides being followed by ma servants.

The little princess drew back wh she beheld him, but King Bore sai "Your highness wished to wed a ma unlike any one you had ever seen. I a that man, and you cannot refuse to w me."

Seeing there was no way of escap the princess said she would marry hi

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and King Kofa ordered a big feast to be prepared and the wedding took place at once.

The little princess—or queen she was now—rode away with her strange-looking husband, who did not even tell them his name, and he took her to his castle, a long way from her father's castle.

When they arrived she was shown to a large room at the top of the castle and the door locked. All the food was put through a hole in the wall, and she saw no one.

Some days she had a slice of bread and some water, and sometimes it was only water, and soon the little queen grew so thin her father would not have known her.

The wicked King Bore had hoped she would soon die, so he could claim her father's lands, but he grew tired of waiting and he started out to go to King Kofa and tell him his daughter was dead and he had come to claim her land and the castle.

He did not take any servant with him for fear King Kofa would question the servant. When he was riding through the woods a storm came up and a tree was struck by lightning, which struck the wicked king and knocked him off his horse. He was unable to move and so far in the woods that no one heard his cries for help, so that the fate he had prepared for the poor little queen came to him and he died for want of food.

When the servants of King Bore found their master did not return they went to the room where the little queen was a prisoner and set her free.

They took care of her until she was strong and able to travel, and then she returned to her father's castle and told her strange story.

King Kofa went with his daughter to the castle where she had been imprisoned and found it was the home of his enemy, King Bore. They sent out many messengers to hunt for him, but no trace of him could be found, and the little queen became the owner of all his broad lands, and the servants, who disliked their master, King Bore, were as glad as their queen that he never returned.

But the queen felt that she had brought about her own sorrow and sufferings because she was willful and did not want to marry one of the good men her father had asked her to in the first place. But before King Kofa died she married a good man whom her father selected and was happy ever after.

THE WORD WE MIGHT HAVE SPOKEN

"What silences we keep, year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear!
We live beside each other day by day,
We speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.
Then out of sound and out of reach they go—
Those close, familiar friends who loved us so—
And sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone with loneliness, and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some kind word
That once we might have said and they have heard."

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A Science of Prayer

Paul Ellsworth in The Nautilus

PRAYER is a natural force, and is subject to definite laws and conditions, just as are all other natural forces. If you shove a book off your desk, gravity does not take time to think the matter over and decide whether there are unusual circumstances in the case which may make it advisable for it to work at right angles or in an opposite direction to its usual course, or perhaps not to work at all. Certain conditions have been fulfilled, and gravity automatically does its part. So it is with prayer. If the conditions of prevailing prayer are fulfilled, it will do its part unfailingly, seven times out of seven. The "vilest sinner" has at times chanced to satisfy these conditions under which prayer works, and at these times he has worked "miracles"—has brought into action direct spiritual energy—just as certainly as any "saint" could have done. On the other hand, very good people often fail most miserably to find the secret of prevailing prayer, in which case they usually decide that a personal God has looked into the matter and decided to turn down their requests.

I would not willingly make prayer any less sacred or any less of a refuge to any living creature. If you prefer to look upon your prayers as personal appeals from a child to its Father, you are perfectly right, and you also have a right to decide that the matter is too sacred to be farther discussed. On the other hand, you may agree with me that prevailing prayer is too mighty and too holy a thing to be used merely as a balm to wounded feelings, or as a last resort in cases where everything else has failed.

Most of the facts of physical science have been discovered by men who have assumed that certain ideas were true, and have reduced these ideas to formulæ or direct statements which they and like-minded explorers tested in a multitude of ways. I have tried to do something of this kind with prayer force. Long ago, it seemed to me merely a something which probably existed, but which was too vague and uncertain in its results to be of use in every-day life. Then trouble came — it always comes when we need it—and this vague prayer force was the only thing which did not put up a "no thoroughfare" sign. I prayed, as the Nazarene prayed, with an agony of supplication, and gradually light formed itself in the darkness, and something delivered me from the seemingly all-potent evil that had closed down.

I am going to state some of my conclusions in regard to prevailing prayer, not because I think that I have solved the problem and have learned all that there is to be known about it, nor because I think that all I have to say is settled beyond possible correction or changing, but because, following this science of prayer which has been revealed to me, I have come into possession of a feeling of mastery and serenity which I never had before, and because one other than myself has done all that I have done. Together we have been

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through the dark valley and our prayer has routed death itself.

I believe that prayer has two poles, just as have many other forces. Receptive prayer, the negative element, is that exercise of the spiritual faculties which draws from the Infinite source currents of Wisdom, or Power, or Love. Formative prayer, the positive element, is the expression or putting into use of these currents. Any philosophy which limits prayer to certain formulæ of affirmations seem to me to fall short for this reason — it is striving to use a force which it does not always possess, and which it takes no means of obtaining; it seeks to be always positive. We must have received spiritual energy from some source before we can utilize it to control the physical world about us, and in the tension of every-day life this receptive process means a definite and regular letting go of all self-will and desire, for sufficient intervals each day, that the channels between us and the Father may be flushed out and quickened.

In considering quickening or receptive prayer, it may be well to look upon the process as divided into three steps:

First, a direct and serene appeal to the Father within, definitely formulated in the consciousness. In your inner chamber or your darkened study, or your crowded office, make your body as easy as you can. Relieve it for the time of all necessity of holding or supporting itself; you may lie down or sit in a chair, but be sure you can relax without having an uneasy feeling of being about to fall. Then turn your thoughts inward to that chapel of the consciousness where God is, although you may not see Him or hear Him. Everything is quieted within and without, and if you are sincere, if you are making no conditions, and if you sincerely and silently pray directly to your Father, He hears you as plainly as you can ever hear any spoken voice. You may say: "Dear Father, I ask that Thou wilt quicken me with Thy Spirit of Communion, so that I shall show forth Love and Wisdom and Power. Teach me to radiate life and kindliness, to be broad and tolerant and serene and fearless. And grant that at this time Thy quickening Spirit may permeate me in body and consciousness, and that I may be regenerated." Pray simply and directly for that which you especially need in the way of spiritual energy—for Love or Wisdom or Power.

This first step is easy of accomplishment, but that which follows is probably one of the most difficult things which you will ever have to learn to do. You have heard of the wonderful things accomplished by "going into the silence." Well, the silence is the second room which you must enter in receptive prayer. You have made your body comfortable and have turned your attention inward; you have called to the Father within to quicken you with that tide of spiritual energy which you need. Now, you must remain silent and passive, and you must neither suggest nor affirm to the energy which fills you, nor must you let your attention wander outward to the things of the material world. You are just to rest, to be conscious and awake, but passive and receptive. Don't even "try to feel" the energy which is working within you, for your imagination has nothing to do with the process; this is not auto-suggestion, nor is it always a process which makes an impression upon your feelings. You may feel nothing or you may be so shaken that you will be terrified. You are in the hands of the Great One who formed you out of His

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own spiritual substance, and who best knows how to perfect you in body, consciousness and estate.

There is no certain time which you must remain in the silence. At first it will perhaps be an unsatisfactory experience; but if you are faithful you will come to recognize these periods when you are conscious but without formulated thought, and when every cell and fiber of your physical body is being cleansed and re-created, as times of wonderful blessing. At the right time, each withdrawal into the silence will terminate itself. Body and mind will awake with an unmistakable demand to be allowed to go to work. You may then shake yourself, physically and mentally, and pass from the chapel of prayer by way of the third room—that of realization. Do not hurry away to your regular employment, but pause a few minutes and silently examine the thoughts that come to you. Perhaps the wisdom which you particularly need will be revealed to you at this time. If not, you may pass on, knowing that you are going forth regenerated.

If you find that your attention keeps wandering to things of the outer world, when you are in the place of silence, it will be a help to you to use a "key thought" to bring it back and hold it receptive to the Spirit of Communion. You may take, for instance, the words, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high." Hold them for a moment, realizing that you are now in the secret place of the most high. Or you can use those verses from Christ's prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done." Realize what they mean—not that you are to give up everything worth while in your life, but that you are serenely and gladly calling in the Spirit which quickens and perfects to fill all of your life, instead of merely a little corner of it. But do not fill this time of silence with affirmations or worded prayers; these are wonderfully potent in their places, but this is a time of passivity on your part; simply bring your attention back, if it proves unruly, and keep your receiving apparatus in tune with the spiritual vibrations by a brief consideration of the nature of the process that is taking place, then rest and receive.

MOTHERHOOD

Oh, cuddle down, my baby, with your head upon my breast,
For the hours of play are ended and the time has come for rest;
The camel's in the stable and the train cars in their shed;
The wooden soldier on the shelf, the dolly in her bed;
You've said your prayers beside my knee, now kiss me—that's the best—
And cuddle down, my darling, with your head upon my breast.

As o'er the Child of Nazareth the blessed Mary bent,
And softly crooned her lullaby when the long day was spent,
Could she have felt a thrill more keen, a love more deeply true,
Under the touch of baby hands, than I now feel for you?
The mystic ties of motherhood a common bond suggest,
And draw me nearer heaven when your head is on my breast.

—Walter Taylor Field.

Life's a mirror; if we go
Smiling on our way we sow
Sunshine that shall make the skies
Fair and glad to all our eyes.

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Rose M. de Vaux-Royer

Birth of the Flowers

"How far the unknown transcends the what we know!"

OUT from the depths of darkness,
Far from the fields of light,
Whither or where in this netherland air
Can I cope with my spirit's flight?

Wading in rifts of sweetness,
Drenched in the dregs of strife;
Groping together in under-world weather,
Struggling with new lure of life.

Piercing the soil in its purpose—
Drawn by the soul of the sun—
Spirit shall meet with form—here complete.
Birth is the blessing we've won!

[To Benjamin Fay Mills.]

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Subconscious Use of the Will

William Walker Atkinson

LET me call your attention to a fact well known to students of the new psychology, but generally overlooked by the average person—the fact of the wonderful subconscious use of the Will, which accomplishes such great results when once set into motion. So many persons seem to think that the use of the Will depends entirely upon its conscious direction. Many even go so far as to think of Will manifestation as a matter of frowns, compressed lips and gritting teeth. To such will come as a strange revelation the statement that the majority of the activities of the Will are generated on the subconscious planes of the mind. And yet such is the fact. Modern psychologists know that the Will, once directed firmly toward a certain object, and held firmly in the mind by persistent attention, will soon begin to generate a marvelous power in the subconscious regions of the mind of the individual, which power will strengthen him and urge him on to fresh and greater efforts. This power will also attract to him the persons, things and circumstances calculated to manifest the desire-force and will-power striving toward expression.

Persons who have cultivated the power of subconscious Will have discovered that the subconscious mentality may be charged, directed or commanded to develop within the person the characteristics and qualities calculated to bring about a successful accomplishment of the things desired or willed by the individual. Moreover, they have also discovered by experience that the subconscious mentality, charged with the awakened Will, will develop the necessary ideas, plans, and in other ways perform much of the drudgery of mental work for one. In fact, so far from it being true that the Will is absolutely bound up with the conscious activities, it is nearer the truth to say that nine-tenths of the activities of the Will have their groundwork and foundations actually laid beneath the threshold of consciousness in the human mind. Or, stating it in another form, it is a psychological truth that Will is more fundamental than conscious mentation, and that the latter is rather an evolution of the former than otherwise. In short, that conscious mentation was evolved by Will because it was needed by the latter in its urge of evolutionary manifestation.

When we are able to manifest Will Power on the subconscious planes we have at our disposal a great elemental force awaiting our intelligent direction and control. When the race of men arrive at a full realization of the possibilities of the use of the Will Power within them awaiting expression, they will become almost as gods. It is well that the Great Plan has evidently provided that before such knowledge may become common, the race must make enormous progress in intelligence, self-control, self-mastery, and, above all, in Love, so that this great natural power may be used wisely and well in the interest of the race as a whole, rather than as an instrument of personal satisfaction and gain.

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LAUDS WOMAN'S DRESS

Modern Styles Aid to Morality, Prof. Patten Holds

The strange new fashions in women's clothes and the constant rise in the price of millinery were explained on a scientific bases when Professor Simon H. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, addressed the opening session of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. The subject of his address was "The Standardization of Family Life."

In the present disturbed conditions in family life, Professor Patten sees in course of erection a new standard of the family, out of which is emerging "a new womanhood with higher morality and more beauty." What seems to be extravagance in dress he hails as "more than an economy — the essence of moral progress." He said, in part:

"In the early history of America the dress, the habits, the morality, the relations between men and women could be predicted with certainty. This uniformity has been broken up by recent industrial changes through which the working population has been transferred from the farm to shops and factories. City life makes new demands and excites new wants.

"In this earlier country life the model wife was a good cook. Men gained in reputation by saving. Town life so changed the conditions under which families thrive that these older virtues have lost their prominence. The high cost of food has made its economy of more consequence than its variety. A cleanly kitchen is now of more importance than the variety of preserves on its shelves. Women think of each other not in terms of their housekeeping virtues, but in those of dress and manners.

"A new woman is appearing who differs in many ways from her predecessor. She is stronger, more healthy, more ambitious, and with moral qualities that match the new vigor. Her predecessor was sensory in development, who thought of her clothes as an ornament and not as a tool through which the ends of womanhood are reached.

"With greater physical vigor and more ambition, women love activity and cut out the contrasts in color and design in which the primitive woman indulged. Motor tendencies also promote self-consciousness at the expense of the sex-consciousness. The man-made woman dresses to emphasize her sex; the self-conscious woman subordinates her clothing to the needs of her own personality and her activity.

"Women become less conspicuous but more impressive as ready-made clothing is substituted for custom-made or home-made garments.

"The active, healthy woman creates a spiritual impress by simplifying her dress and thus enhancing her facial beauty. Her less advanced sister clings to the older dress forms through which a lower appeal is made. Out of the struggle is coming a new womanhood with higher morality and more beauty. Dressing is thus more than an economy; it is the essence of moral progress.

"In the past the family has been held together more by its emotional negations than by its economic advantages. The new situation makes moral those acts that help in the attaining of common ends rather than those that protect from evils."

The wealth of a man is in the number of things which he loves and blesses.—*Carlyle.*

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What a Persistent Smile Did

Story of a Stub-nosed, Freckled-faced Lad Who Changed the Atmosphere of a Whole Office

Frances Shaffer

HE WAS a snub-nosed, freckled-all-over little chap, with a merry grin in every freckle; he was dressed in funny, home-made clothes that ought to have been laid aside long ago, and apparently he had nothing at all to commend him.

And the first morning he came into the office, where he had been newly engaged as office boy, he looked so comically little, so ridiculously important and so thoroughly good-natured that some of the clerks almost laughed aloud—almost, but not quite, because that was an office where they had not the habit of laughing overmuch.

But he did not see the effect of his entrance—and mighty little difference it would have made had he known all about it. For he felt too big and already too much a part of the concern to bother his head over a silly thing like that. For hadn't he been told by "the boss" himself that his pay would be $3 a week, and hadn't he been chosen out of a long line of boys, all better looking, better dressed than he?

And when he walked in that morning he felt just like whistling and shouting a little bit, too. But he didn't.

All he ventured as he skipped by the first desk, where a man sat poring over books and figures as intently as he could, was the cheeriest kind of a "good morning," with a smile that almost reached from ear to ear. He spoke up good and loud, but the man did not seem to hear him—at least, he never moved his head. But that did not dismay the boy or drive into hiding his wholesome "good morning." All along the line he went, speaking to every one there, sometimes rewarded with a surprised response, oftener with nothing at all. But it was "good morning" to him, whether they felt so or not.

The next morning the clerks filed in one at a time, just as usual, and just as usual they opened their desks without a word of "good morning." If they had anything to say, they said it, but that was the extent of their pleasantries, and that was the way they started each day.

But that morning the funny little errand boy, on duty the first of all, again started in on his round of "good morning," and again not half of them heard him, not half took any notice at all. The next day, again the next and for many days after the snub-nosed boy never let a clerk escape him—it was "good morning" for all, without fear or favor.

And at last they heard him—at least, they answered. And when the freckle-faced boy smiled in his whole-hearted way they actually smiled back at him.

And that was not all, for somehow the spirit of the snub-nosed boy, the smile of him and the heart of him passed along to the desks where those clerks were sitting, and in the morning they not only greeted and smiled at the boy, but they greeted and smiled at each other.

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For the boy had given them the habit. And he was a boy who knew not half so much as the first or the last of them about life's conventionalities. It was just the warm boy heart that prompted him.

As for the clerks, they were neither sour nor over-busy, neither subdued, nor did they want to subdue. It just hadn't been their way to start the new day with a new greeting, and nobody thought much about it until the office boy set the pace.

And as for the office boy — well, the chances are that he never will grow very big, because he is pretty ordinary in ability and not blessed with any more ambition than he needs. But as the years roll along he is certain to do his part toward easing the tension of things wherever his lot is cast. For his is one of the bright, easy natures that simply refuse to crawl into a shell when and because other folk do.

And when one stops to think about it, nature, that denied him many things, was pretty lavish after all. For there are not so many men and women in the world who act as a wholesome tonic. And sometimes it seems that the folk apparently in greatest need of a tonic are the very ones to enliven and give spirit to others.

And when nature gives to a boy or a girl, a man or a woman, the magic of a disposition that makes glum folk smile and tired folk relax, it has bestowed a spirit that beautifully lights up the world. For the world can grow pretty dark and forbidding at times, when there is no one around with a heart to brighen it.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—*Longfellow.*

"THE ARK OF GOD"

J. P. Morgan Sent His Partner on Mission for Favorite Hymn

One afternoon about three years ago J. Pierpont Morgan met his cousin and former business partner, James J. Goodwin, and eagerly buttonholed him.

"I've lost page 49! I've lost page 49!" he said in his impetuous way. "Can't you get me another copy from Mrs. Wilson in Hartford?"

Mr. Goodwin was puzzled for a moment until his cousin explained it was page 49 of the quartette book composed by the late Henry Wilson, organist of Christ Church, Hartford, that he meant; the page was his favorite hymn, "Behold the Ark of God."

"Every Sunday evening we sing from Mr. Wilson's quartette book," Mrs. Morgan once told a friend. "My husband likes that music better than anything else. It has become a family custom."

Mr. Goodwin rushed off to Hartford, and with Mrs. Wilson's aid succeeded in replacing the song book, which has long been out of print, in time for Mr. Morgan's next Sunday evening family singing.

Here are the words of the hymn of which J. Pierpont Morgan was so fond:

BEHOLD THE ARK OF GOD.

Behold the Ark of God,
  Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

There, safe thou shalt abide,
  There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
  With full salvation blest.

And when the waves of ire
  Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
  Then rest on Zion's hill.

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HOW TO SLEEP

By Edward C. Beckett, Director Physical Work, Washington Y. M. C. A.

The city man ought to sleep out of doors, but in the great majority of cases I suppose that this cannot be conveniently arranged. However, if one cannot get the benefit of all the air there is, at least he can get some of it—which means that it is perfectly practicable to ventilate the sleeping room, anyway.

Open all the windows in your room every night. By raising the bottom sash and lowering the top, you will usually insure a freer circulation of air than if you open one sash all the way. This is because the colder air out of doors, being heavier than the warmer air of the sleeping room, will enter from below, pushing up the warm air within, which is thus forced out through the top opening.

Be careful to keep your arms under the bed clothes and the blankets well up over your shoulders. If you don't you will catch cold, which will have a more serious consequence for a middle-aged man than for a younger one.

Moreover, while being careful to get a good circulation of air in the room, at the same time take pains that your bed isn't placed in a draft, for, of course, this is just as likely to give you a cold as is a misplacement of the bed clothes. In locating your bed, take the further precaution to see that the morning light does not shine directly on your face.

Your mattress should be neither too hard nor too soft; your pillow ought to be low and thin. If you sleep on a too-soft mattress, your sleep very likely will be restless and not as refreshing as it should be; whereas a too-hard bed is likely to make your slumbers lighter than they ought to be. The reason for a low, thin pillow is that you will thus provide against your neck being bent to an unnatural degree toward the chest or shoulder.

When you go to bed, go to sleep. Curl up, something like the letter S, in order to relieve your muscles of every possible strain; and then see to it that every muscle is thoroughly relaxed. At first you may have to test them all, to make sure that you haven't unconsciously left some on a tension, but after a while this general relaxation will become almost second nature, and when it does you will be surprised to note how much more refreshing your slumbers become.

DIET AND REGENERATION

Diet forms an important part in the plan of mental and physical regeneration. There is an inner intelligence which takes the food we eat and builds and grows our bodies out of that substance. Then the character and strength of the mind is formed and developed and nourished and fed by the character of the thoughts we indulge in, and these thoughts register and express themselves in the body substance which is made up of the foodstuffs we eat. So from our conscious minds we should feed our subconscious minds only pure thoughts, and those thoughts will act upon the body substance and express themselves in love, goodness, purity, health, harmony, strength, power, peace, joy and gladness. In other words, through the application of the knowledge of metaphysical laws we can "renew our youth like the eagle; we shall walk and not faint; we shall run and not be weary." But to accomplish this requires purpose, fidelity, persistence and unwavering faith. But the fruits are sweet and desirable. "By their fruits ye shall know them.—*H. T. Wiegel.*

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JUST FOR TODAY

(Reprinted by request)

LORD, for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for today;
Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for today.

Let me both diligently work,
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for today;
Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season, gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for today.

In pain and sorrow's cleansing fires,
Brief be my stay;
Oh, bid me, if today I die,
Come home today;
So, for tomorrow and its needs,
I do not pray,
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for today.

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THE COWBOY'S PRAYER

By One Who Has Learned God's Truth in the Open.

Not crouched, a-clustered, upon servile knee,
With dull, down-groping eyes,
But—no less reverently—
Standing, beneath Thy searching noonday skies,
With gaze uplifted, and with soul laid bare
To the keen cleansing of Thy sun and air,
I, Lord, with free,
Full, frank, unfaltering tongue would speak with Thee.

Worn with the world, with man-made wounds a-smart,
That I might heal my heart,
To these wide prairie solitudes I fled,
Where, with no roof save heaven o'erhead,
Green earth my house by day, by night my bed—
I might ungyve my soul, too long unfree,
And with clear eye, that did but dimly see
Through Time's trade-clogged, creed-clogged airs,
Roving fair Nature's face, not unawares,
Look upon Thine, O Lord, nor blinded be;
Or with tense ear might heed 'neath Nature's tone
The deepmost underword that is Thine own.

And I have heard and seen Thee. Earth and sky,
Close confidants of spirit-ear and eye,
Noon-clear to me,
Have voiced and visioned Thee most humanly.
Yea, e'en the least of slenderest spears that stir
Sunward finds tongue as Thine interpreter.
Blue-blossomed script that stars the page I scan
In fragrant phrase proclaims, "God loveth Man;"
And outward, lo! beyond all bounds the Infinite may span,
Sweep these vast plains, a seeming sea that rounds
And rounds, on, on in undulations dim
Towards earth's last, loneliest, utmost, edgemost rim!
Yet this wide, awful sea hath certain bounds;
Thy will hath fixed, Thy hand hath set them so;
Only Thy love, I know,
For Thy poor needy kinsman, cramped below;
Thy pity for his poignant soul-distress,
Thy largeness, shaming all his littleness,
Are what these prairies seem, unbounded, limitless.

This have Thy prairies taught; and ere I go
Back to the world to bear a braver part,
Let me en-sky them ever with my heart!
Nay, Lord, refashion me, reshape me, so
My soul, new-made, shall be
A prairie, broad and free,
With sun-warmed space for all Humanity;
Let winds of Purpose sweep it clean each morn
Of ills outworn and doubtings shadow-born;
Let Faith spring lushly after storms of pain,
As grasses after rain;
Let selfless aim and generous intent
Burst into blossom, rich and redolent;

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Let thoughts, like teeming flocks, find large increase,
Full-rounded and strong,
That from their goodly fleece
The honest weaver, Art,
May shape some rare, enduring cloth of song
To cloak keen Winter from one shrinking heart.
And, lastly, let such deep serenity,
As this rapt peace of noon-day, fold it in,
Throughout all times of tumult that may be—
Yea, make my soul a prairie, Lord.
Amen. —*From Master Mind.*

A FRIEND

A feller don't need money,
A feller don't need fame,
If skies are gray or sunny
T' him it's all the same;
He don't need level going
As on his way he wends,
The best of life he's knowing
If he's got friends.

Though poverty may vex us,
An' trouble's wind may howl,
It ain't our way in Texas
To sit around an' growl;
A feller's joy ain't reckoned
Down there by what he spends;
He's happy every second
If he's got friends.

For coin can't last forever,
An' fame ain't always bright;
The cleverest of the clever
Must sometimes lose a fight.
But when your woes come piling
An' every hope descends,
A feller can't help smiling
If he's got friends.

—*Maclyn Arbuckle.*

THE WAY TO HEAVEN

You needn't look for a sermon,
You needn't get ready to pray,
You needn't dodge from a lesson—
It's only a minstrel's lay!
And this is its ringing burden,
And this is its creed of art—
That the only way to heaven
Is the way of the human heart!

It is not by the road of riches,
And not by the road of power—
For these are the paths that lead you
Astray from the fruit and flower.
It is by the road of loving;
And, oh, how the sunny skies
Burn bright with the springtime beauty
When the ways of the heart arise!

It is simple enough to find it,
This road that will lead so fair
To the joy and the consolation,
The rest from the grief and care.
And simple enough to follow,
For straightly it leadeth on
Out of the valleys of darkness
To the purple peaks of dawn.

The way unto heaven's but one way,
The sweet and the true and the sun way—
The way unto heaven is through the heart,
Decked with the lilies that bloom apart
In love's rare gardens and life's fair glen—
And you needn't look for a sermon,
You needn't kneel for a prayer,
But only the song of a minstrel
To help you find it there—
Down in the hearts of women and up through the hearts of men!

—*The Bentztown Bard.*

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For Youthful Readers

On Chums.—Note well your chums. Neither tie yourself to this one nor tear yourself from that one, for your angel of today may be your devil of tomorrow, and your demon of the present may become your darling of the future.

Love all, bless all, serve all; cleave to all and yet restrain all. Be light to all and yet burn none with your blaze.

Be life to all and yet rob none by your living.

Be love to all and yet charm none by your loving.

Be law to all and yet crush none by your lore.

Breathe in these thoughts and you will breathe out peace and good will.

Breathe out that and you are emulating God.

✿ ✿ ✿

Knowledge is the key to the kingdom of heaven, but love is the power by which the key is applied.

✿ ✿ ✿

On Success.—"There is no royal road to success." He who conquers must fight. He who succeeds must toil. Determination and faithfulness are the weapons by which to conquer.

Honesty and cheerfulness are the stepping-stones to success.

Faith in God and yourself are the lights upon the way.

Love to God and your fellow-man is the power that wins the day.

✿ ✿ ✿

On Deception.—You never deceive but one person in this life, and that person is yourself. When you think you have some people fooled, then some have you fooled. When you think you have pulled the wool over all eyes, it is then that all know that your eyes are behind the wool.

He is deceived most who thinks most that he can deceive.—*Gibson.*

SPEAK TO ME, LORD

"Speak to me, Lord, in the calm early morning,
As fresh from my slumbers Thy presence I seek.
Teach me to walk 'mid life's cares and temptations,
And pure and unspotted my spirit to keep.

"Speak to me, Lord, in the glare of the noonday,
When weary and fainting I stumble and fall.
Oh, speak to me, then, lest in stress of temptation
The world and its baubles my soul shall enthrall.

"Speak to me, Lord, in the hush of the evening,
When the hills echo back the sweet Angelus chime;
And up from the vale in the paths homeward wending,
The sheep and the shepherd in quietness climb.

"Speak to me, Lord, when the night shades have fallen,
And far over head the stars twinkle and shine.
Speak 'Pardon' and 'Peace' ere I sink into slumber,
And light up my couch with Thy radiance divine."

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OUR MENTAL ATTITUDE TOWARDS WORK

If your work is a burden, if it is drudgery to you, you have not found your place in life. If you are in the right place, you will feel every faculty and function in you tugging away at your purpose with delight. Everything within you will give its consent, its approval, to your choice.

The mental attitude which we hold toward our work or our aim has everything to do with what we accomplish. If you go to your work like a slave lashed to his task, and see in it only drudgery; if you work without hope, see no future in what you are doing beyond getting a bare living; if you see no light ahead, nothing but poverty, deprivation and hard work all your life; if you think that you were destined to such a hard life, you cannot expect to get anything else than that for which you look.

Our success or failure, our happiness or misery depends upon the character of our mental visualizing. Picturing success tends toward our success. If our mind is filled with negative images—images of discouragement and failure—these things will tend to be objectified in our lives. Whatever our pictured projections may be, they will be reproduced in the life.

Multitudes of people who wonder why they do not get on have gotten their minds into a negative state, so that it is impossible for them to create joy or prosperity. These people, who have been permeated by the "down and out" thought, are great sufferers because of their thwarted ambition, and they are often helpless because they do not know how to get their minds into a positive condition again, and so they drift helplessly—they drift into greater lack, when, if they would only turn about and face the light, they would attract the things they need. Our concentration will either lead us into or out of wretchedness, according to whether our minds are negative or positive.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

THE GREAT GUEST COMES

While the cobbler mused, there passed his pane
A beggar drenched by the driving rain;
He called him in from the stony street
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.
The beggar went; there came a crone,
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown;
A bundle of fagots bowed her back,
And she was spent with the wrench and rack.
He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
And she took her way on the weary road.
Then to his door came a little child,
Lost and afraid in the world so wild,
In the big dark world. Catching it up,
He gave it the milk in the waiting cup,
And led it home to its mother's arms,
Out of the reach of the world's alarms.
The day went down in the crimson west,
And with it the hope of the blessed Guest;
And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray;
"Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay?
Did you forget that this was the day?"
Then, soft in the silence a voice he heard:
"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.
Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times my shadow was on your floor.
I was a beggar with bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street."

—*Edwin Markham.*

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BY THESE THINGS SHALL YE KNOW

To live the life. To be no cause of grief to any one.

To love each other very much.

To be kind to *all* people and to love them with a pure spirit.

Should opposition or injury happen to us, we must bear it and be as kind as ever we can be, and through all we must *love the people.* Should calamity exist in the greatest degree, we must rejoice, for these things are Gifts and Favors of God.

To be silent concerning the faults of others, to pray for them and help them, through kindness, to correct their faults.

To look always at the good and not at the bad. If a man has ten bad qualities and one good one, we must look at the one and forget the ten.

To never allow ourselves to speak one unkind word about another, even though that other be our enemy.

To rebuke those who speak to us of the faults of others.

All of our deeds must be done in kindness.

To be humble. To be servants of each other. To be as one soul in many bodies; for the more we love each other, the nearer we will be to God; but that our love, our unity, our obedience, must not be by confession, but of reality.

To act with cautiousness and wisdom. To be truthful. To be hospitable. To be reverent. To be a cause of healing for every sick one; a comforter for every sorrowful one; a pleasant water for every thirsty one; a heavenly table for every hungry one; a guide for every seeker; rain for cultivation; a star to every horizon; a light for every lamp; a herald to every yearning one for the kingdom of God.—*Abdul Baha.*

THE LAVENDER DRESS

Oh, many a day she wished for this,
With dreams in her heart of the golden bliss
Of some day owning a dress just like
Her dear old aunt's down the dusty pike—
A lavender dress of silk—ah, me,
Could so much happiness ever be!

And here it lies, 'neath the dust of years,
The lavender dress of her dreams and tears,
Forgotten, discarded, like some sad morn
Men wish from the calendar had been torn,
Or a day that vanished so soon it seemed
That the joy it held we had only dreamed.

P'quant and dainty I know she trod
Over the velvety, turf-sown sod,
Going to church on that Sunday she
Laid off her lilac dimity
And donned this marvel of silken sheen
Instead of the gingham or bombazine.

The lavender dress—ah, beautiful years,
How many smiles and how many tears
Have fall'n o'er these shoulders, how many beaux
Have pinned on this bosom their jacqueminots;
How many lovers about this sleeve
Have leaned in the shadows to take their leave?

Many a time had she wished for 't, dear,
And now it is faded and lieth here
Quaint and forgotten, as needs must be
The lovers that faltered on bended knee
To ask her to have them. Her heart, so true,
Lies in the shadows, my darling, too!
—*The Bentztown Bard in the Baltimore Sun.*

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NEW THOUGHT IN BUSINESS

Some Quotations Found on a Telephone Calendar Pad

From "The Master Mind"

The chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do the best we can.—*Emerson.*

There may be some substitute for good nature, but so far it has not been discovered.—*The Philistine.*

I believe in today. The past is of value only as it can make the life of today fuller and freer; there is no assurance of tomorrow—I want to make good today.—*Charles Stelzle.*

Originality and initiative are nothing more nor less than getting 100 per cent action into things before some one else comes along and does what you intended to do.—*S. M. Adams.*

Method goes far to prevent trouble in business, for it makes the task easy, hinders confusion, saves abundance of time and instructs those that have business depending what to do and what to hope.—*William Penn.*

I believe in my fellowman. He may not always agree with me; I would feel sorry for him if he did, because I myself do not believe some of the things that were absolutely sure in my mind a dozen years ago.—*Charles Stelzle.*

Honesty as a business asset is fully recognized. If you would succeed in business you can't afford to sell a man something he does not want; neither can you afford to disappoint him in quality any more than in count.

The man who is worthy of being a leader of men will never complain of the stupidity of his helpers, of the ingratitude of mankind nor of the inappreciation of the public. These things are all a part of the great game of life.

No man who continues to add something to the material, intellectual and moral well being of the place in which he lives is long left without proper reward. This is a great human law which cannot be permanently nullified.—*Booker T. Washington.*

The world reserves its big prizes for but one thing, and that is initiative. Initiative is doing the right things without being told. Next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once.—*The Philistine.*

Pessimism or "the blues" is worse than strychnine—it renders dull all the stings of life that might vibrate harmony. It is simply *too much self*—people become soured because the world doesn't come up to their selfish standards.—*Ashbaugh's.*

A manager needs an assistant to take trouble from him, not to bring it to him. It's easier for a boss to do a thing himself than to tell some one twice to do it. Satisfaction is the oil of the business machine.—*George H. Lorimer.*

To build a business, develop men. Good employes represent an investment—an asset if they stay, a charge to profit and loss if they leave. The best way to get the ones you need is to hold and develop the ones you have.

We can always criticize and correct our subordinates to better advantage when we feel sure we have given them every facility and opportunity to do their work as it should be done, and not hamper them by allowing bad conditions to exist, for which ban conditions we and not they are responsible.

Truth never lost ground by inquiry, because she is most of all reasonable.

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And if men would once consider one another reasonably, they would either reconcile their differences or maintain them more friendly.—*William Penn.*

The world does not require so much to be informed as to be reminded.—*Hannah More.*

IS SHE UNWOMANLY?

She was a woman of 80. She journeyed without stopping, three days and three nights, arriving at her destination the morning of the fourth day. On this day she lectured in the afternoon and again in the evening. And at the close of her lecture, well on toward midnight, she was as bright and "chipper," as interested and interesting as a girl of 20—far more so, in fact, for no girl of 20 would have had the fund of knowledge and ripe experience to draw upon and to make her entertaining that had this lady of fourscore.

Her hair was snowy white, drawn back quite simply in soft, pretty waves, and knotted behind. Her dress was black silk, with a dainty touch of white lace at her throat. Her address was on the effect of beauty and art in the home, and the good influence of these upon children.

Was there anything unwomanly in all this? Could she be said to be stepping out of the sphere which, some think, Providence has prescribed for woman's activities?

Surely one would think that in this day and generation no such criticism could be made.

Yet some there are who think woman loses her womanliness when she goes upon the public platform; that when she steps outside the home in her work she is stepping outside of her rightful domain.

But is not such a view extremely narrow and provincial? And, also, is not such a viewpoint selfish? Is not the woman doing a great work and a great good in inspiring to the highest type of home life? Is she not working for the cause of the home in its biggest and broadest sense when she looks beyond the one home—her own—and views all homes as worthy of her interest and of her desire to bring to them all such good as she can?

And as to womanliness, is it a matter of work? Is it not rather a matter of person? Cannot a woman be womanly if it is in her thus to be, no matter what she does? And if she lacks the characteristics of womanliness, will it matter what she does? Can she gain it through any work she may choose to do?

So it would seem as if the prejudice against woman's stepping outside of her own individual home into work for the home at large should by this time be quite dead and peaceably buried. When looked into keenly it is sure to have no substance. It is merely a pretense, an empty form. And it is time we were done with pretenses and forms. We want to think upon and live with realities—true realities—those that measure up with the eternal facts of the universe. —*Barbara Boyd in Washington Post.*

The rewards of great living are not external things, withheld until the crowning hour of success arrives; they come by the way—in the consciousness of growing power and worth, of duties nobly met and work thoroughly done. Joy and peace are by the way.—*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

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"I'M A JONAH"

The day that you began to regard yourself as a Jonah synchronizes with the day you become one.

The man who says, "I've never had a day's luck in my life," not only exaggerates, but he foolishly roots against himself and against the luck that may be only around the corner. There is hardly a man alive who has not had a good many days' luck, whether he acknowledges it or not. He was lucky on the day he made his bow and scrape in a bright world, and he was lucky on the day he said he never had any luck—for he was living.

To proclaim that you are a Jonah is to Jonah yourself.

The answer is simple. When we permit ourselves to believe that we are Jonahs, that nothing can or will work out right for us, that attitude of mind attacks our initiative, crumples our gumption, hamstrings our native and proper self-confidence and knocks our execution into a cocked hat.

Therefore, we lag in the parade. We don't think that we belong, and, therefore, we don't. The fellow who knows that he belongs is stepping out briskly with his fullest chest expansion up somewhere near the drum major.

We all belong, or we wouldn't be here. Nature would have found a way to put the extinguisher and the cancellation machine on us if we did not belong to her prearranged scheme.

The man who has the luck is the one who possesses a bland, ineradicable belief that he is entitled to it. This, too, is easy enough to explain. When we feel that we are entitled to something we are on the lookout for it. We keep the eye peeled for it. The man who believes in his luck is up in the crow's nest all the time, watching for the luck that he knows belongs to him to come his way, so that he can reach up in the air and grab it.

Imagining that we are Jonahs is one kind of self-sympathy. And when we commence to sympathize with ourselves the tide is carrying us toward a rocky shore that is only a little distance away.

Few of us are inclined to take that mean-tasting "it serves me good and right" medicine. But it is wholesome and healing stuff to take, all the same.

There is no reason for anybody to Jonah himself by calling himself a Jonah. And it is well to remember that, while Jonah went up against a hard game, he nevertheless beat it. He emerged in triumph.—*Clarence I. Cullen.*

"FOR AS MUCH"

I could not sleep tonight, if out of doors
  Some homeless wanderer faced the cruel cold;
I could not rest, if on the lonely hills
  Some poor lost sheep were searching for its fold.

I could not find a bit of comfort here,
  Amid these joys of home—my loved ones sweet—
If some lean, half-starved dog, with limp and bark,
  Were straying, wounded, through the wind-swept street.

Let us espouse the cause of those dumb friends
  That of our lives form daily such a part;
Let us assuage their wounds, with all the care
  Of Christ in clasping little children to his heart!

—*Joseph Hollister.*

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A GREAT MOTHER SONG

Story of a President's Telegram That Has Won Thousands for the Kingdom

Just before he left by special train to visit his dying mother, President McKinley wrote a telegram which probably has done more for the kingdom of God than any other single act of his life. The message read: "Tell mother I'll be there."

Rev. Charles M. Fillmore, of Indianapolis, Ind., read this message and saw the possibilities that lay in it. He caught the phrase and wrote his world-famous hymn, "Tell Mother I'll Be There."

Charles M. Alexander took this song with him on an evangelistic tour around the world, and wherever he sang it the touching message reached the hearts of men. In the Welsh revival the only Alexander song carried by the Welsh singers was this song by Fillmore.

Writing of the Welsh revival, W. T. Stead, late editor of the *Review of Reviews,* quoted the chorus of this song and told of its wonderful effects. Evan Roberts, the Welsh evangelist, remarked that the song touched more hearts and did more for Christ in the revival than any other song that was sung.

Numberless instances of conversion have followed the trail of this mother song. Strong men have heard it and have been broken. Prodigals have heard it and have come home. The song has been criticized and torn to shreds, but it does its work, and it has never yet been replaced by another that is better.

The words of the famous song that have carried Mr. Fillmore's name and influence around the world are these:

When I was a little child, how well I recollect
How I would grieve my mother with my folly and neglect!
And now that she has gone to heaven, I miss her tender care;
O angels, tell my mother I'll be there!

CHORUS.

Tell mother I'll be there, in answer to her prayer;
This message, guardian angels, to her bear:
Tell mother I'll be there, heaven's joys with her to share;
Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

Though I was often wayward, she was always kind and good;
So patient, gentle, loving, when I acted rough and rude;
My childhood's griefs and trials she would gladly with me share.
O angels, tell my mother I'll be there!

When I became a prodigal and left the old roof-tree,
She almost broke her loving heart in mourning after me.
And day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care;
O angels, tell my mother I'll be there!

One day a message came to me; it bade me quickly come
If I would see my mother ere the Savior took her home;
I promised her before she died for heaven to prepare.
O angels, tell my mother I'll be there!

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To purer air and a broader view.

—*J. G. Holland.*

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LIFE PROGRAM NECESSARY

One of the worst delusions that ever crept into a young man's head is that hard work without a strong, vigorous and well-defined program will win out. Some of the hardest workers in the world throw away a large part of their labor through the lack of a good program or definite plan. Many youths start out with the idea that if they only work hard, if they only keep at it, they must succeed. A well-defined mental plan must precede all effective achievement. The victory must first be fought in the brain before it is executed by the hands. The Brooklyn Bridge, the ocean cable, all great achievements, were mental achievements before they were material successes. First make a thorough, complete, careful life plan, and then fling your whole life into it with all your might. No wishy-washy, half-hearted, negative methods will win out. It is positive, forceful thinking and vigorous, determined action that does things.

Do not go through life regarding your occupation as a burden, as drudgery. It will cramp your efforts and color your whole life. It will lead you into pessimism. You can never be creative, inventive, resourceful with such a mental attitude.

Turn your back on the shadows. Be optimistic. Face life with a cheerful, hopeful attitude, and you will attract success instead of repel it. The mental attitude must be right.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

I am bigger than anything that can happen to me. All these things, sorrow, misfortune, suffering, are outside my door. I am in the house and I have the key.

THE GOD OF WAR

"To safeguard peace we must prepare for war"—
I know that maxim; it was forged in hell.
This wealth of ships and guns inflames the vulgar
And makes the very war it guards against.
The God of War is now a man of business,
With vested interests.
So much sunk capital, such countless callings,
The army, navy, medicine, the church—
To bless and bury—music, engineering,
Red-tape departments, commissariats,
Stores, transports, ammunition, coaling stations,
Fortifications, cannon foundries, shipyards,
Arsenals, ranges, drill halls, floating docks,
War-loan promoters, military tailors,
Camp followers, canteens, war correspondents,
Horse breeders, armorers, torpedo builders,
Pipeclay and medal vendors, big drum-makers,
Gold lace embroiderers, opticians, buglers,
Tentmakers, banner-weavers, powder-mixers,
Crutches and cork-limb manufacturers,
Balloonists, mappists, heliographers,
Inventors, flying men and diving demons,
Beelzebub and all his hosts, who, whether
In water, earth or air, among them pocket
When trade is brisk a million pounds a week! —*Israel Zangwill.*

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OLD WOMEN

Did you ever think one seldom sees any old women now like those that smile at us from the daguerreotype, with sunken lips and beruffled caps. Why?

The explanation is easy to seek. False teeth, false hair, a little rouge, and the woman of 60 looks far younger than her mother did at 25. The progress of the country is responsible for this change. The time was when our grandmothers had only a best alpaca, and one Sunday bonnet served a score of years in usefulness. But that was before the remnant days and clearance sales, when the luxury of the department store had not followed in the wake of the peddler.

Now the adage should read, "A man is as old as he looks, and a woman is as old as her artifices"—not arteries. For, rest assured, that just as soon as a woman lets go her hold on fashion, she becomes a back number.

This is not an age that spells veneration for elders. The same letter that begins "old" also starts "Osler," with his theories of terror—while the watchword of the century is onward.

The American grandmother does not wish to be considered a senile simpleton—a past issue. She is smart enough to realize if she dresses as if she came out of the attic or ark, the younger generation will not wish her in the drawing-room, but relegate her to the chimney corner, along with the cat.—*Cassie Moncure Lynn.*

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a book or a friend; or, best of all, in your own thoughts—the eternal thought speaking to your thought.—*George MacDonald.*

ECHOES

I see Him in the break of day,
I see Him in the sun,
I feel Him through the working hours
And when my labor's done;

I see Him in the face of friends
That need my frequent aid;
I see Him in the noble trees
And the flowers He has made.

I see Him in the mountain streams
As they are bounding to the sea,
I see Him in ten thousand things—
He is always good to me.

I see Him in the tender grass
As from the ground it springs,
I hear Him in the meadow lark
As she at heaven's gate sings.

I often hear His still small voice
When in His house of prayer.
Has He not pledged to meet His own,
To meet, and bless them there?

Oh, for a grateful, loving heart,
His favors to enjoy,
And in His service have my part
And never Him deny.

—*J. Salter.*

THE IMPERISHABLE

Egypt's might is tumbling down,
Down-a-down the deeps of thought;
Greece is fallen and Troy Town,
Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,
Venice's pride is naught.

But the dreams their children dreamed,
Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain,
Shadowy as the shadows seemed,
These remain.

—*Mary E. Coleridge.*

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CALL WILSON FOREBEARS IRISH

"The Duke of Wellington had kinsmen in County Down, Ireland, named Wilson. President Wilson's grandfather was a native of County Down. It would be a coincidence if the same Wilson blood that defeated Napoleon at Waterloo whipped General Greed in America," remarked Harry W. Walker, newspaper man, of New York, at the New Willard. "Perhaps most persons do not know that President Wilson's grandfather was an Irishman. He came to this country from County Down and located in Steubenville, Ohio. The President is, according to genealogists, two-thirds Irish, and that it why he is so. human. It may be disputed by some that the President is an exceedingly human man, but those who know him best will vouch for this. His manner may be austere; it is certainly dignified, and to the casual observer Mr. Wilson may seem to be cold; but he has a remarkably kind nature, a wonderfully tender heart. He is proud of his Irish blood. As proof of this it may be remarked that many of his appointments have been of men who are Irish or of Irish blood. It is because Wilson is Irish in his sympathy, doubtless, that he took to Joe Tumulty. Take a glance over the personal appointments and preferences of the President, and it will be discovered that most of the men he has favored personally, most of the men who are closest to him, are Irish."

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life that's aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.—*Anonymous.*

A LARGER PRAYER

At first I prayed for Light;
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength;
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith;
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in His peace
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love;
True Love to God and man;
A living Love that will not fail,
However deep His plan:

And Light, and Strength, and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

—*Mrs. E. D. Cheney.*

LOST CARES

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees;
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees;
The foolish fears of what may happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

WHEN TOMMY SAW SISTER

Mother was entertaining Edith's young man while Edith was making her toilet. In the midst of the waiting little Tommy came into the parlor, wild-eyed with fright.

"Come, mother," he stammered, "let us go quick."

"Why, dear," said the mother, surprised, "what is the matter?"

"Come, hurry! You know you said yesterday that an Indian always paints his face before going on the warpath, scalping and tomahawking and murdering."

"Why, yes, dear, but——"

"Hurry, mother! Edith is going on the warpath with the Indians."

"Edith?" echoed the mother. "Why, how do you know, dear?"

"Why, I saw her just now with a big box and a brush, painting her face."

NOT THE SAME ONE

An old negro, who for several years had conducted an illicit still among the mountains of Kentucky, fell a victim at last to the vigilance of the revenue officers and was brought before the court.

"What name?" inquired the judge when the frightened negro appeared before him.

"Joshua, Yo' Honah."

"Ah," returned the judge; "I suppose, then, you are the Joshua who made the sun stand still?"

"No, sa," was the prompt reply; "I's not dat Joshua at all; I's de Joshua what made de moon shine."

HIS GIFT

A young man was deeply in love with a beautiful girl. One day she told him that the next day would be her birthday, and he laughingly said that he would send her a bunch of roses, one for each year of her life.

That evening he wrote to his florist, ordering twenty-four roses to be sent the young woman on the first delivery the next day.

The proprietor of the shop, looking over the mail in the morning, saw the order and said to the foreman:

"John, here's an order from young Mr. Flint for twenty-four roses. He's a mighty good customer, so put in a dozen extra ones."

And the young man never knew what made the girl so angry with him.

THOUGHT ONLY OF ONE KIND OF WEIGHT

The young father was rejoicing visibly over the advent of his first son. Early in the morning he was proudly in evidence at the front gate when the iceman appeared.

"Twenty-five pounds?" inquired the iceman.

"No," said the excited parent; "eight and three-quarters."

EVERY MOMENT COUNTED

Elihu Root was cross-examining a young woman in court one day.

"How old are you?" he asked.

The young woman hesitated.

"Don't hesitate," said Mr. Root. "The longer you hesitate the older you are."

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WHO WANTED HIM

Senator Tillman sees more with his one eye than many men do with two; nevertheless, those who see him cannot help noticing his misfortune. Some time ago he clapped his hands for a page from the cloakroom and a new one responded.

"Tell Senator Clay," he said, "that I want to see him in the cloakroom."

The page ran on the errand, stopping to ask the head usher where Senator Clay sat. Then he asked:

"Who is it that has only one eye?"

The usher, thinking it a question in mythology, replied:

"Why, Cyclops, of course."

The page delivered his message in this astounding way:

"Senator Cyclops wants to see you in the cloakroom."

RASTUS WAS INNOCENT

Rastus was ill and the physician was visiting him.

"What you' t'ink is de mattah wif me, doctah?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing much," said the doctor. "Only a light case of chicken-pox."

Rastus grew nervous.

"I 'clare, doctah," he said, earnestly, "I ain't been nowhar whar I could ketch dat."

GOING TO AN EXPERT

When the butcher answered the telephone the shrill voice of a little girl greeted him:

"Hello! Is that Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes, Bessie," he answered kindly; "what can I do for you?"

"Oh, Mr. Wilson, please tell me where grandpa's liver is! The folks are out and I've got to put a hot flannel on it and I don't know where it is."

PRESIDENT TAFT'S TWO SEATS

When President Taft was Secretary of War he set out one afternoon for a baseball game with two tickets in his pocket. He was in the habit of buying two seats so that he would have plenty of room. When he got to the grandstand he handed out the two tickets. The usher took in at a glance what they were for and led the way to the seats. When he reached them he paused.

"What's the trouble, young man?" said Mr. Taft.

"Sorry, Mr. Secretary," said the usher, "but if you sit in these two seats you're going to have some difficulty. They're on opposite sides of the aisle."

NOT WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE

It was a very hot day and the fat drummer who wanted the 12:20 train got through the gate at just 12:21. The ensuing handicap was watched with absurd interest both from the train and the station platform. At its conclusion the breathless and perspiring man wearily took his way back and a vacant-faced porter came out to relieve him of his grip.

"Mister," he inquired, "was you tryin' to ketch that Pennsylvania train?"

"No, my son," replied the patient man. "No, I was merely chasing it out of the yard."

MAINTAINING A MICROBE

A country school teacher was cashing her monthly check at the bank. The teller apologized for the filthy condition of the bills, saying:

"I hope you're not afraid of microbes."

"Not a bit of it," the school teacher replied. "I'm sure no microbe could live on my salary."

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God's Image in Man

By Rev. Henry Victor Morgan, Tacoma, Washington

And God said: Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.—Gen.

MAN is in the image and likeness of God. Than this there can be no higher truth. If God is our Father, then all the qualities of the Father's mind must inhere in the son.

Imagine an intelligent being from another planet being told that on the earth there were men created in the image and likeness of the God of the universe. What would his thought be? What would he expect to see when he came to earth?

What would be his surprise to find these children created in the divine image and likeness, sick and poor, unhappy and warlike! Would he not say, "These men and women do not represent the divine idea"?

Surely we have not known what we are. God's image has not been expressed. Man is still in the making. We have resources on which we have not drawn.

It is only when we catch sight of our God-like origin that we can overcome the flesh and rise to dominion. The stream can rise no higher than its source. No thing can be evolved that is not involved. Man cannot become what he is not by nature. But this vision of dominion is in the soul of man.

The Master Powers can only be developed through realization. "Be still and know that I am God," forever whispers the Voice of Truth to the aspiring soul. We must not only believe that God is, but that He is working in us. We must reverently realize that as is the Father, so is the Son, and claim our inheritance as sons of God and brothers of the Christ.

This is the basis of all right thinking. He who meditates on the truth of God's image in the soul will find that he has touched a stream of power before unknown. As is his thought, so will be his expression. To think of God is to realize strength. To become an imitator of God is the Christ way of attainment.

When Jesus said, "I and my Father are One," He revealed the secret of mastery to all the sons of men. How wonderful it is to know that we become like that on which we meditate!

Paul was speaking as a scientist when he said: "We all, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from Glory to Glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

The secret of the healing power is to know and practice the presence of God's image in every man. We must know that as God is limitless in power, so is man when dwelling in the secret place of the Most High. How strengthening to man is the knowledge of the indwelling God! It is the assurance of things hoped for. To this faith nothing is impossible. It is health to all our flesh just to realize that the life of God is perfect in every cell of the body.

Live in this thought and the stream of God's omnipotence will flow through your every act and word. You will become vitalized by your own controlling idea. You will call out in men the power you know to be there. You will become

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magnetized by divinity and your word and thought will be creative.

You will be in direct touch with the Father of Light, and in that Light there will be no darkness. You will heal the sick by your very presence.

You will awaken in others the power of God, to which all things are possible. God is an available power here and now. The Father stands back of every man and woman who recognize Him in all their ways. It is not I, but the Father—forever sings the soul inspired with the divine idea.—*The Truth.*

THE SOUL

John Milton Scott in "The New Thought News"

My soul is myself. I am a soul enrobed with a body of flesh—which so, as it were, enwombed for its spirit birth. Within my body, which is but as a robe, I am embodied in a body woven in being's loom out of spiritual substance. This, my spiritual body, is full of spiritual parts of an infinite refinement and answering to a world as refined. It is less a shadow than my flesh body, and more, by infinities of grace, a substantial eternal body. My flesh body is temporal and fleeting. My soul body is of eternity and abides with never the shadow of an ending.

Within this soul body I live—myself and it, one; life and it, one. Within my very inmost, there abides God in His eternity of Love and Truth, giving unto me the grace of myself, pouring through me the streams of His life, with my every breath, creating me, a child of His being, an angel of His glory in my every heartbeat.

Soul is not something I have. It is that which I am. I have a body. I am a soul. My body lives from my soul. It images that soul, manifesting that soul in flesh. When I can no longer use my flesh body, I gentle it a farewell, and rejoice in the glory of my soul body and in the splendors of my soul world.

In this soul world I now live, but not in a full consciousness. I am illumined by the bodily senses so that I seem to live only in the flesh body, it only seeming alive. But it is I who am alive and give animation to my flesh. And the life I live is the life of the soul world, dulled by my flesh and darkened by matter.

The soul life is the only real life. Therefore, I should be living it with abounding fullness. Its truths should enlight me daily with its dawns. Its loves should glow within me as beams of the all-creative sun of the Divine Being. Its wisdom should give unto my every word and act the poise of spiritual power. Its reality should smile out every fear. Its harmony should chord out every discord. Its beauty should make me inwardly beautiful. Its holiness should give me peace.

Its life is the eternal life, living which I pass death in joy, even as the sun passes night in a dawn.

SPRING

Old dormant nature like a bee now comes from wintry hives, and at the gate she hums, as hum the swarming legions of the bees, the lilied music of the budding trees, the splash and murmur of the rousing seas and all the cannonading of the drums of the advancing bird-corps melodies. The winds of March have swept the rubbish out, the April rains will follow, then the shout of magic dancers in the fields of May, and all the world comes out to laugh and play.

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Health and Efficiency

Dr. Orison Swett Marden in Self-Culture

THERE is no doubt that a great many diseases have their origin in mental disturbances. Discord, fear, worry, jealousy and hatred generate the most vicious poisons and it is easy to see that dire results will follow such mental conditions when they are allowed to become chronic.

It is now well established among the best physicians that long continued anxiety, chronic fear and suffering from constant sense of fear and foreboding of evil, fear of coming to want, domestic worries, etc., not only develop cancer, but liver troubles, heart troubles, kidney troubles and brain as well as many other diseases.

Constant worry, fear, jealousy, hatred not only impoverish the blood, impairing the digestive processes, but they actually make chemical changes in the brain cells and in different secretions of the body, and in this way induce and facilitate the development of all sorts of abnormal conditions. We all know how unrestrained passions tear us to tatters, age us, upset us and ruin our efficiency; and how, on the other hand, love, kindness, good cheer, serenity, the contemplation of beauty, of sublimity, of grandeur, send a healing quality through our entire being.

The time will come when people will not suffer for half a lifetime or more from chronic self-poisoning from vicious thinking and wicked acting. The future man will not keep the cells of his body in a state of chronic poisoning from worry, anxiety, jealousy, hatred, false ambition or bad temper. He will learn to keep his hands off the hot stove after he has been burned a sufficient number of times.

Nothing else will pay you better than keeping up the physical standards at all hazards, so that the mind will be robust and act with vigor with its maximum efficiency.

When we remember that the integrity and efficiency of all the mental faculties depend upon health; that robust health multiplies tenfold the power of our initiative, increases our creative ability, generates enthusiasm and spontaneity, strengthens the quality of judgment, the power of discrimination and the force of decision, we should be very diligent to establish it. There is nothing else so valuable as one's physical and mental energy.

Lack of sleep, lack of exercise in the open air, lack of nourishing food and of congenial intercourse with friends, overwork, doing our work in the spirit of drudgery—all these things are leaks which sap our energy and rob us of the great reserve of life force which enables one to achieve results.

You cannot do good work if the nervous system is shattered. If you feel irritable and out of sorts on getting up in the morning and are disposed to be fractious and fretful all day, there can be no doubt that there is something seriously wrong in your system. The bad effects undoubtedly proceed from some mental disturbance. It may be worry or excessive anxiety over family or business affairs.

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Whatever the cause, you must find and remove it or allow it to wreck your life.

No defective machine can turn out good work, and the longer one tries to use it, while some serious obstacle is clogging the wheels, the greater will be the damage it suffers and the more difficult to put it in proper repair.

THE NATURE OF UNSELFISHNESS

Throughout the universe, God in His great forces is constantly working, carrying on the wonderful processes of nature. Like their Father, too, as a child with its human parent, men work, using and guiding these same forces, in whose free and rightly-directed play we see God as plainly as in spiritual revelation. The engineer with his hand on the lever, the motorman at the controller, the builder of houses, the sower and reaper of grain, all alike are workers with God. When we make use of a natural law in any form—and natural laws are simply force in harmonious action—we are working hand in hand with God. All natural laws or forces work together, when unhindered, and the highest expression of them all is Love.

Now, in mechanics, chemistry, agriculture, electricity, in anything either constructive or operative, when a man works contrary to law he comes to grief. No matter how patient or persistent, his efforts are fruitless as the dashing of a summer wave against the rock of Gibraltar. He has set himself apart, a lonely, ineffectual little unit, against the great Sum of all Power, all Force, all Law. The pouring out of the heart's blood, even, will avail him nothing. He can accomplish only failure and disappointment.

But once let him come into harmony with law, and behold the change! All things begin to work together for his good, because he has come to see good—the nature of God—and to see Him is to love Him. The elements that hitherto buffeted him are now waiting at ear and finger tips, his friends, his advisers, his willing servants.

So it was with Fulton, Morse, Edison, all successful inventors and carriers forward of magnificent projects in every age and country. So it has been with all really great musicians, sculptors, artists, writers, thinkers. They worked, consciously or unconsciously, in the law of God, thus understanding and reaching God's children. Bodily though some of them may have set themselves apart, yet in spirit and sympathy they were a hundredfold nearer to the great throbbing heart of humanity than the worldly man or woman who touches elbows with the hurrying throng every day. — *Hattie Preston Rider in Unity.*

RELIGION

Religion is not to profess it,
  But to live it where'er men meet—
At home with the family circle,
  Downtown where the thronging feet
Of the myriad toilers go onward
  From dawn to the dreamy night—
Religion is being a beacon,
  And lifting a guiding light.
Religion is sharing and shining,
  Not talking and boasting its presence,
But shedding and showering and spreading
  Its spirit and beauty and essence.
By living it out with your fellows,
  Your brothers of toil and of strife,
At home with your loved and your dear ones,
  And down through all circles of life.

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PRAYER

All rational pleasure is prayer; all sincere work and effort are prayers; all exaltation in the presence of beauty is prayer; all aspiration is prayer.

Prayer is an uplifting, a rising of the soul toward the object of its desire, an elevation of instinct.

All sincere thought is prayer. The doubts of skeptics are prayers, though they themselves would repudiate the term.

All strength that tends to elevate and glorify man is a prayer.

There are other modes of praying than with the lips. Galileo prayed with a telescope. Columbus prayed with a ship. Franklin prayed with a lightning-rod.

Knee-praying seems a puny thing when once we feel that the forests are the eternal fanes of nature, or when we stand on a mountain top, that everlasting natural altar, or when we bathe in sunlight, that incalculably aged censer.

Amid these natural objects, awe, admiration, a sense of infinite force, of infinite life, of a duration that is eternal sweep through us in waves, leaving us humiliated with the sense of our own nothingness at the same time that it brings something of intellectual pride that we are part of that hidden God.

All sublime emotion is prayer. A poem, a painting, a great essay, a beautiful face, the wreathing of a vine around a window, all exalt, generating wonder, amazement and thankfulness.

Meanness, lying, cowardice, double-dealing, these are all blasphemies; they offend the dignity of the soul and debase you in your own eyes. The blasphemies of the mouth are laughed away in the winds. They mean nothing. But the blasphemies of vile actions set in motion forces that must be combated through all time.

Man prays when he least knows it. The normal evolution of prayer is from the lip to the deed, from bare utterance to strong action.—*Benjamin de Casseres in the Spiritual Journal.*

THE DAY'S WORK

Sun's up! See the flowers
Smiling in the sun.
Sunshine streaming everywhere;
The day's work begun.
Busy, busy; keep a-moving,
All the hours along;
Every step a symphony,
Every thought a song;
Keep a-moving, keep a-singing,
All day long.
Happy, happy; work is over;
Finish with a smile.
Say a prayer, sing a hymn;
Rest a while.
Day is ended, work well done;
Rest until tomorrow's sun.

—*J. G. Mills.*

LOVE OF CHILDREN

Lord, give the mothers of the world
More love to do their part;
That love which reaches not alone
The children made by birth their own,
But every childish heart.
Wake in their souls true motherhood,
Which aims at universal good.

Lord, give the teachers of the world
More love, and let them see
How baser metals in their store
May be transformed to precious ore
By love's strange alchemy,
And let them daily seek to find
The childish heart beneath the mind.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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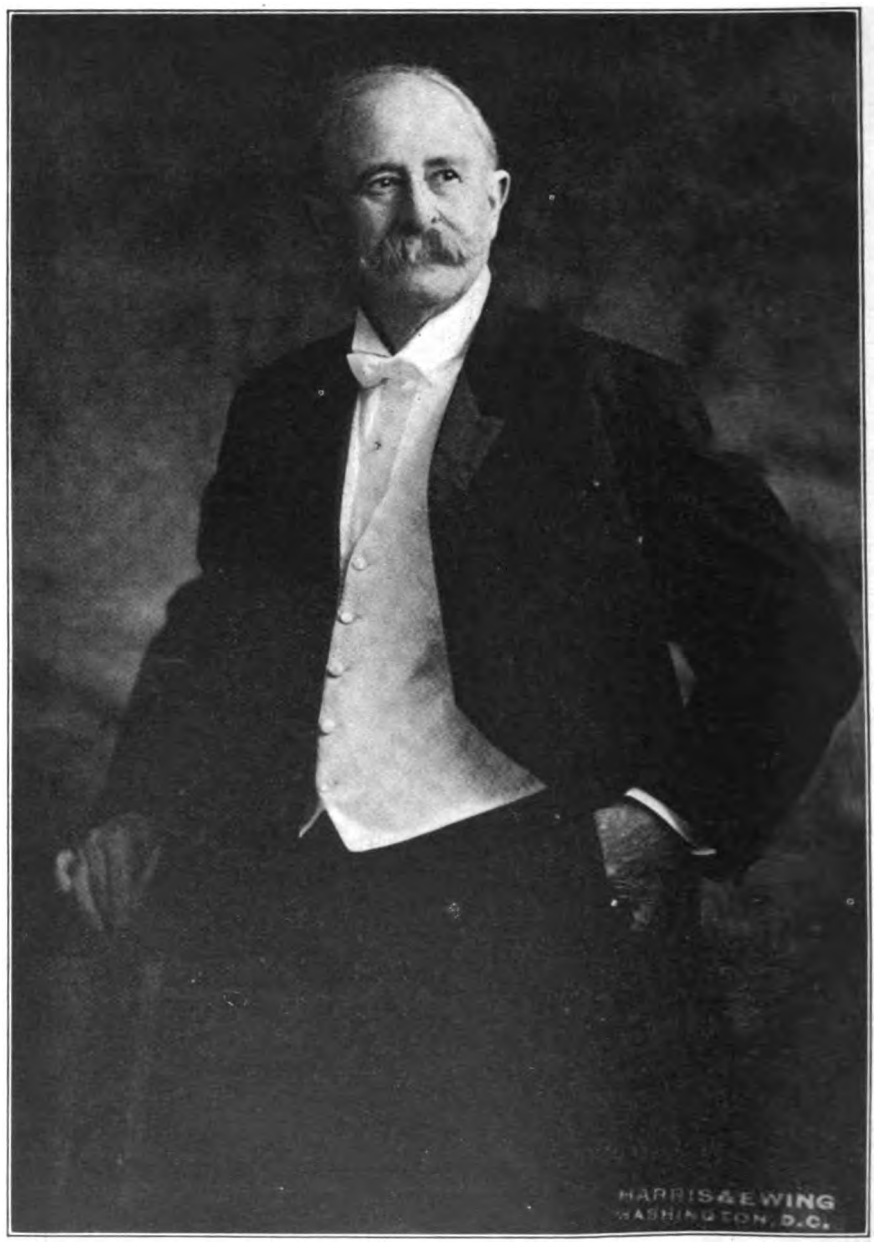

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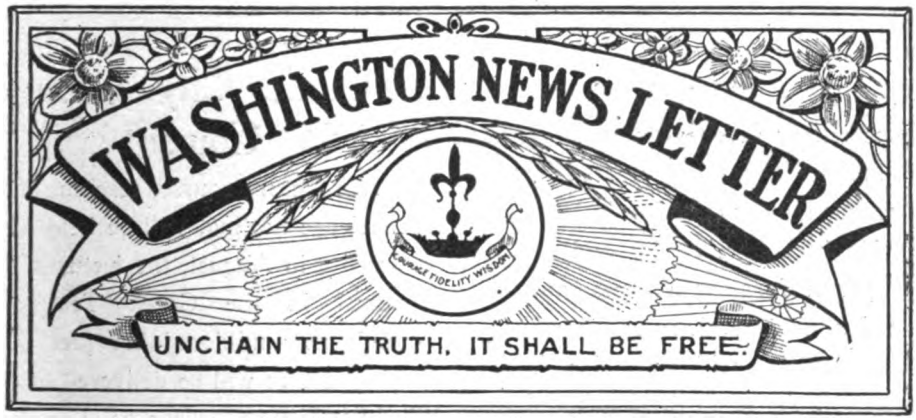

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The Power of Healing

There never has been a time that there was not some person on the face of the earth, or persons, who could heal the sick through and in the name of Jesus Christ, the same as we heal them today. Every once in a while history speaks about some bright and shining light in the church, even in the darkest ages, who healed the sick, and it is so since the Renaissance. We find that, here and there, there has been some person who healed the sick through and in the name of Jesus Christ by prayer. The same power has always existed that heals the sick today, without change, without variation. Man has always been able to use it, but only when he has brought himself in touch with God with such perfect faith that when he prays he knows he is going to receive that for which he prays. That power will heal the sick today and will forever and for aye. because it is the power of man's self-consciousness that makes the healing perfect, and there cannot be any failure if the conditions are perfect.

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Personal

Some six or seven years ago Charles F. Winbigler was the pastor of one of the leading Baptist churches in Washington. He became a reader and student of a system forming a combination of suggestion, osteopathic and psycho-therapeutic treatments, with offices in this city. He has now moved to Braddock Heights, Md., near Frederick City, and has builded a large and commodious sanitarium for the treatment of diseases in accordance with his methods. Personally, I am unable to discuss his system, but I have a great regard for him and wish him great success along all the lines of right.

As a Man Thinketh

We must rise above materiality and come into the real image and likeness of God. Then take a step further and acknowledge that we live in Him; that we have all and that all is ours; and when we come into the realization of this thought all sorrow is banished, all want is destroyed, all sickness is forgotten, and no sin can come, with its dark head of iniquity, to make our life a life of misery. Think right and you will be right, for as a man thinketh so is he. Think of the good and true and you will be all right. Study health, think health and you will have health.

Yours lovingly,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bishop.

Atlantic City Lecture Course

A free lecture course, teaching Christian Science healing, will be held at Atlantic City in August, the lectures being delivered in the Greek Temple on Young's new million-dollar pier. The opening lecture will be delivered by Mrs. Elizabeth Towne, editor of *The Nautilus,* at 3 p. m., August 23. The other six lectures of the course will be by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin at 3 o'clock p. m. each day. The course will end with the lecture of August 29.

During the week public demonstrations of healing will be given. New thought literature will be given free to all who wish it.

This lecture course offers a great opportunity to all who are interested in Christian Science.

Let us thank God Almighty for what has been performed through Christian Science and affirm that only the commencement is here, that this Truth will go on broadening and that the family of men will finally come under its wings. Then universal peace, universal harmony, universal love and universal happiness will be with the children of men, and God Almighty will reign with us forever.

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

June

PAULINA B. SABIN

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

When the world complains, do not forget to remind it of the good that is even now at hand; there is so much that is good everywhere, but the complaining mind wears colored glasses; he, therefore, fails to see it. Turn his attention upon the good at hand, and he will not only see it, but he will see clearly where to find still greater good. Think of the good, and the good will multiply. Talk of it, and all will think of it.—*Anon.*

When you feel that you have nothing to live for, remember that the greatest thing you can live for is life; and he who lives for the living of life will have everything worth living for that can be secured from life.—*Anon.*

Every event in life will become an obstacle if we take it in the wrong way; but it will become an opportunity if we take it in the right way.—*Selected.*

The good things of life come to you in proportion to the good thoughts with which you fill your mind.—*Selected.*

Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed. (Psalms xxvii:3.)

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. (James i:17.)

When you realize the Goodness of God and His perfect Love as you realize you are His image and likeness, that you live, move and have your being in God, and are perfect as He is perfect, then you can heal the sick. This is the healing thought, and you cannot heal in any other way than through this thought.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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Religion Should Make You Free

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C.

THE subject of my lecture this morning is, "Religion Should Make You Free."

Religion itself, as a word, means absolutely nothing. If you take a panoramic view of the world's history and seek its interpretation from that which has been given us under the name of religion, everything has been committed, both good and bad, that is within the range of human thought.

In one place we find it has been made the machinery and enginery of a system of servitude and slavery, which has kept down millions and hundreds of millions through thousands of years, and that they are as much enslaved today as they were three thousand years before the days of Moses.

Brahmanism — nobody knows when it was started; I do not pretend to give you its date—established a system of caste under the name and guise of religion that held the people in perfect slavery, in perfect bondage, to their fear of the results if they did not walk in the line in which that religion dictated. Religion has been made the enginery more than anything else of repression of the human mind because of the fears of what they will get if they do not behave themselves, and in what they are to behave themselves is dependent entirely on the code of morals, or ethics, or immorals, whatever you may term it, that the people give out who pretend to control that religion.

> I am not talking against any church. The whole system is wrong. Religion, if it means anything, means love. If it means anything, it means honesty; if it means anything, it means that you shall take your brother by the arm or by the neck and love him and protect him, and do unto him as you would do unto yourself under like conditions, and carry out this broad doctrine of love your brother and love God Almighty; and then you are free. That is the Truth. Fill a person with this Truth that gives Love and Life and Good, and it manumits him and frees him from all this fear; frees him from sickness. He has no more worry about the ills of life. It manumits him; it takes God into partnership with him; destroys all fear of want, all desire to cheat, steal and rob among his neighbors under the guise of business. On the contrary, it gives him a perfect life, an honest, upright life, and trust in God.

Mark you, in speaking about any particular religion, I do not speak about any particular church. I do not think there is any church in the world in our day and age that is responsible for anything past at all. I think Brahmanism is responsible for it; I think they established it for the purpose of holding the people right there. I think there are three, maybe four, hundred millions of Brahmins in perfect servitude.

But look at religion today; it is really a system of repression by fear. If you do not walk right straight, you will go into hell and be burned forever. One church gives one interpretation; another, another; and finally another comes along and says if you commit one sin you are guilty of the whole decalogue, or catalogue, whatever you may

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term it, so you are in for it any way. That is the way they taught me, and I left them. I knew I was committing sin, so I knew I was in for the whole business, if I had been properly advised, and I knew I might as well be hanged for a whole sheep as a lamb, and I left them. The teaching was a complete system of repression.

The idea of being religious, or doing anything from a principle of love, or from the belief that it is right to do right, does not occur in modern orthodoxy. The old principle that was enunciated by Confucius five or six hundred years before Jesus Christ was this: Do right because it is the right thing to do—I am giving you the substance of what it is—not for the purpose of receiving some ulterior benefit or reward, but because it is right to do right. And Confucius enunciated another trite but true saying, and that was that ignorance was the mother of all vice; and I think Gautama Buddha, away back yonder, enunciated that doctrine when he said that ignorance of Truth was the cause of all inharmony, the cause of all human suffering. The same doctrine our Savior enunciated when He said, You shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free.

Religion, if we use the word at all, should be something that gives you freedom, and the only way that you can obtain that is by ascertaining and knowing what the truth is. Now you do not learn the truth by having your mind filled with pictures of endless torment; by having your mind filled with the idea that there is an opposite creation to God Almighty in the shape of a fallen angel, called a devil, that had got the advantage, so to speak, and was corralling the whole business except one or two, or a few, that came up this straight and narrow path; but this great, broad road that led to death was governed and generalissimoed by the devil.

That religion does not give you any freedom. No Christian that is taught properly along orthodox lines knows whether he is going to wake up in hell or Heaven. He knows where he wants to go; we all know where we want him to go; we want him to go to that beautiful place, but how do we know? He may have committed sin, and there is inexorable justice, not love. A God of justice puts the sword right to him, and if he is committing sin He damns him forever. Let us look at it a moment; let us see, if we look at it in all fairness, if it is not a little overdoing this eternal justice, to punish a man forever for what few crimes he commits here on earth. We send a man to the penitentiary. If he is good we give him credit for being good, and we let him out all the sooner. But in this grand doctrine of inexorable justice, when you are in there you are in there for keeps; there is no dodging it; you will not get out.

Is not that a monstrous doctrine? It is a doctrine that can be shown by vital statistics to fill nearly one-half of the asylums in the United States and the world. In my experience in the course of every year a great many people come to me that are downed by this depression of eternal damnation. They believe that they are in for it; and, strange to say, those who are the worst are those who are the most devoted to their so-called religions.

I saw a man going along the street this morning with a Bible under his arm; his face was half as long as your arm, and he looked as though he was going to a funeral procession, instead of going where he could learn the love of God

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and make him a free man and send him out into the world free, instead of going through trying to dodge hell and damnation. From the look of his countenance it occurred to me that the old man had figured it all out against himself and thought he was about ready for the grave

Why, some of these good people are so religious and bound up with this orthodox "must," that they will take the orphans in the asylums and almost beat the life out of them trying to get the love of God into their hearts. I know a young fellow in this town today that was raised in one of these quasi-penal institutions for orphan children. They so beat religion into him during all the years he was there that you could not shoot him into a church with his own free will and accord.

I am not talking against any church. The whole system is wrong. Religion, if it means anything, means love. If it means anything, it means honesty; if it means anything, it means that you shall take your brother by the arm or by the neck and love him and protect him, and do unto him as you would do unto yourself under like conditions, and carry out this broad doctrine of love your brother and love God Almighty; and then you are free. That is the Truth. Fill a person with this Truth that gives Love and Life and Good, and it manumits him and frees him from all this fear; frees him from sickness. He has no more worry about the ills of life. It manumits him; it takes God into partnership with him; destroys all fear of want, all desire to cheat, steal and rob among his neighbors under the guise of business. On the contrary, it gives him a perfect life, an honest, upright life, and trust in God.

It is nice to realize that God and you are partners, and that you live, move and have your being in God. Our religion gives us this freedom. We live in this God Almighty Love and God Almighty Good, and we trust.

We do not have to get up in the morning and lay out plans where we can make a trade and rob this fellow out of a little and that fellow out of a little. Not at all. I do not worry about business; I do not get up and scheme for business. I just simply know that all there is is mine. It is just like the sunshine. All there is belongs to us, each one of us, and we each can absorb all we can, and that too without diminishing the supply. All these material blessings are just like the sunshine. Each one can have it all, and yet it is not diminished one particle. I do not have to go to people for sustenance and for help, or for anything of that kind. Why? Because you go to God Almighty; you have Truth and religion, you may call it that, and that makes you free; it gives you the understanding that you are God Almighty's heir, and that all that is is yours, and all you have to do is to reach out your hand and grasp. It gives you freedom; it makes you honest and makes you upright, and drives out all these fears of the hobgoblins of orthodoxy.

This religion today is so much better than it was a few centuries back that it is not to be compared with it. I suppose that about two hundred years back or a little over, they used to burn people up there in Massachusetts because they did not believe as the other fellow did; and in turn this fellow that was being burned today, if he got the advantage of the others numerically, tried him and did burn them. It reminds me of some strike that occurred when I was in the railroad business. We had a strike on our road, and we got a lot of strikers from another road

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that happened to belong to a different brotherhood, and filled our railroad out West full of these scabs, and these out-West scabs from our road went and filled the other road that these scabs came from. They were scabs, according to the place they were from. That is so with these others. Now this freedom which we have, as I was going to say, depended on the place where it was given out.

Take the period termed the Reformation, with the Catholics on one side and the Protestants on the other, which made one great division. They burned each other when they got a chance, of course. If a fellow got the advantage he would burn the other. But that was not all. These Protestants divided up into several subdivisions. For instance, the Presbyterian Church was established by John Calvin. John Calvin had a student and this student did not believe that God Almighty had from all eternity foreordained that certain infants should be born to be cast into hell and be burned forever. This man's name was Servetus, and Calvin and his coadjutors or colleagues had Servetus tried and burned at the stake because he was not "sound on the goose," as they term it.

Over in England it was the Quaker; I think he is the only one that never did burn anybody, and I would have hated to trust him, even in those days, but they all made persecutions one upon the other, and all in the name of religion.

Now we come back here to this freedom-giving religion. It gives you freedom from every kind of fear; from every kind of sorrow; from every kind of want, and places you upon the level of a master in God Almighty. In this science each one of you can be just exactly what you want to be, and the world is exactly what you make it, and your future will be just exactly what you wish it to be. This idea of going to Heaven or going to hell, as we read in your hearing this morning, is not according to the teachings of Jesus Christ. Jesus told them that the kingdom of Heaven cannot be seen here nor there; in other words, He meant to tell them that it was a condition of mind; it is within you; and as you sow the thought you reap the crop. Those of you who wish to live in perfect happiness, in perfect harmony, if you commit your ways unto Him and go right along will be happy and enjoy the sunshine.

My patients write to me, "Have you any special instructions?" I write them back, "Be happy; enjoy the sunshine; see the beauties of nature and of God, and the surroundings, if you want to enjoy yourself." This world of good and all its beauties belongs to them; it belongs to us; and do not be afraid of being too happy; do not be afraid of being too handsome.

Do not be laying up your treasures, so to speak, in the sweet by-and-by, and living like dogs, or worse than dogs. Love life and enjoy it. The sunshine is here today. Get into it. You either have it today or you never will have it until you come to the realization of this Truth.

This idea of putting off all the good things for the sweet by-and-by is impoverishing us today, and impoverishes us for the future. Enjoy nature and the beauties of God; love the sunshine brightness of the Now. Live in God Almighty Love; love your brother and love everything that surrounds us. See nothing but good. Remember that you have no business to be thinking about your brother or your sister; let them do just as they choose; love them and bless them. And the same rule applies to you. We

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have nothing to do with our brothers in the way of adverse criticism. Give them the glad hand, and when you cannot do that, do not do anything. It is error for me to say that you cannot do thaat; you can always do it, and you must do it.

EACH ONE'S IDEAL

Every person at all times is controlled by his ideal, is negative to his ideal. As long as your ideal is a material one, you will be negative to external conditions, and must bear the consequences. When your ideal becomes spiritual, you will be negative to Spirit and be led by it. We have power to make our ideal, but no power to go further. That once created, the Subconscious (the Soul) shapes Life into it as unerringly as water shapes to the vessel in which it is poured.

To be negative to Truth, to Goodness and to Beauty, to make these our ideal, is for us to be positive to ugliness, evil and falsehood. I cannot lie when I love truth. I cannot do anything evil when I love goodness. I cannot be, or make, anything ugly when I love beauty. As my love, so my ideal; as my ideal is my life. Then cultivate this Love. Affirm: *I so love Truth, Goodness and Beauty that I cannot lie, be bad or ugly.* When you are quiet, muse upon this. Affirm it at all times when you would from habit say otherwise. Thus will the Subconscious soon take the ideal, which you are thus creating, as its model, and will mold your expression as life to it; as a consequence you will be happy, healthful, beautiful and proseprous. Positive to material conditions, negative to inspiration from the over-soul, is the law of life. *I am! I can! I will* are positive constructive affirmations.—*Henry Harrison Brown in Now.*

THE PRODIGAL GIRL

We all have a heart for the prodigal boy,
Who was caught in sin's mad whirl,
And we welcome him back with songs of joy;
But what of the prodigal girl?

For the prodigal boy there's an open door
And a father's bounteous fare,
And, though he is wretched, sick and poor,
He is sure of welcome there.

But what of the girl who has gone astray,
Who has lost in the battle with sin?
Say, do we forgive in the same sweet way
We've always forgiven him?

Does the door stand ajar, as if to say,
"Come, enter, you need not fear;
I've been open thus since you went away,
Now close to the second year"?

Or do we with hand of hellish pride
Close and bolt the door,
And swear, "While heaven and earth abide
She will enter here no more"?

O Christ! it seems we have never learned
The lesson taught in the sand,
For even yet the woman is spurned
And stoned in a Christian land.

Down into the slough we hurl her back,
Then turn around with a smile
And welcome the boy from the sinful track,
Though he may have been more vile.

We all have a heart for the prodigal boy,
Who was caught in sin's mad whirl,
And we welcome him back with songs of joy;
But what of the podigal girl?

—*Exchange.*

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Kindness and Cheerfulness

Mrs. S. Q. Morris

"A LIGHT heart goes a long way. So if you would have time 'trot with you,' you should be cheerful."

We believe in a gospel of kindness and helpfulness.

Cheerful traits live longest in life, and they dwell longest afterward in our loving memory. It is well said that cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness, and if there is one virtue in the world more than another which we should cultivate it is the habit of cheerfulness.

Turn to nature, and what do we see? The busy bee, humming from flower to flower, does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers or thorny branches on his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not.

We often travel on a hard and uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit and a grateful heart ever ready to please God for His mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in perfect peace.

It is well for us to realize our royal birthright, and to know that our station is but little lower than the angels. We do well to serve God and bow to His will. It matters little what we think of God's ways; but what God thinks of us is the important point.

What does God think of you? Are you good? Are you true? Are you clean through and through? If you are not afraid to be seen through and through by the God of heaven and earth, you are safe.

Are you grateful for life? For the opportunity of living forever in the memories of those who have known you? Are you sending out a wave of love, tenderness and cheerfulness which will widen forever and ever and never die? Are you living sweetly, cheerfully and gratefully, and doing your very best?

Any belief where God is, which makes a better soul, which makes a more helpful, a more kind life and adds cheer to the sum of all human life, is a true life, and one which God thinks well of.

You are the child of the kingdom of heaven. God is the King of all the earth. He will do right, and it is not for you to dethrone Him and take the forbidden place of judge. His plan of salvation may seem mysterious to you, but after all you are only an atom in this universe, which is only one of countless millions.

So, whether Christ was a mere human man—a man of such a fearless spirit that in three years of truth-speaking He was persecuted and crucified—or whether he was possessed of such divine power that in three days after death He arose from the dead, we need not argue.

This we do know: The words He uttered open the door to happiness and blessedness here and hereafter. Words which no other religious teacher ever uttered: "A new commandment I give unto you. That ye love one another."

The more spiritual we become the less sordid and selfish we are, and the more we open our minds to great and grand truths that lead us out of the mire of suffering, poverty, drudgery, and disease.

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The God within us is the only one who can help us to overcome the animal of our nature and drive it out, and make place for the angel and give us eternal and absolute freedom. This is life and living: To do our best, moment by moment; to realize that God, the great love, is back of us, before us, beneath us, and in us, and that His power, sent into our souls as the helping presence, is Christ. "He doeth all things well."

So, dear friends, let us try to live this beautiful life which God has given us, so hopefully, so cheerfully, that tomorrow will be brighter, better, and so that we will be stronger than we are today.

And if we are stronger, better, brighter, we so influence others, for none of us liveth to himself; we are all one in God's sight; one with Him, even as God and the Christ are one. Was not this what Jesus said He came to make? "That they may be one," He said, "even as we are one." This is His beautiful atonement, is it not? We are each a part of God's great heart of life, and each dependent on all the others. I cannot injure another without injuring myself. I may gain riches, power, fame, influence, but if it is not helpful it is perishable, for only the true lives, since God is Truth, and He is all. I may gain wealth of this world, and gain more for my vehicle of the spirit—my body; my soul's dress—but that must be cast aside after it has outlived my spirit's needs, while I, the spirit, will go onward into other dwelling places, and the new home will be what I have made for my spirit here, for I am here on this earth today, and can only work here and now.

So, be careful how you wound another, for a hurt heart makes the great harp of love reaching from heaven to earth quiver with discord.

Be patient. Be kind.

This is a beautiful thought which I read recently:

"Before the voice can speak in the presence of the Master, it must have lost the power to wound."

So rest serene in His hands. Underneath are the everlasting arms to bear us up.

Fear not, fear not. Trust.

"You may tear a rosebud open,
And its inner heart disclose.
But your rash and thoughtless action
Mars the beauty of the rose.

Plans of God are fragrant blossoms.
Bide His time—His will obey.
Though the buds of promise linger,
Love is causing the delay."

DON'T WHINE

Don't whine—be brave and look toward the light!
This hour may mark the ending of your night!
Don't whine—be true, and truth and hope will bring
The lifted shadow till you feel a king.
Don't whine—be sweet, and whatso'er your loss,
Faith is a friend will help you bear your cross.
Don't whine—be strong 'mid all that life can do.
The sun shines still in some far dawn for you.
Don't whine—be men in such a world as this,
Where love cures care and life relumes with bliss
The fretted pathway till the stormy sky
Turns bright with sun and all the clouds roll by.

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Basic Thoughts

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C.

AT the outset of my discourse today, I want each and every one of you to forget that you have ever had any opinions of your own, and to make up your minds to try to learn what I can teach you. Then, after you have heard me and listened to my argument, I will ask you to believe nothing except that which appeals to your reason by logic irrefutable.

Now that, I believe, is fair. If I were a judge, and a case was being tried before me, and I had preconceived ideas as to the guilt or innocence of the person who was being tried, and the defendant's lawyer should rise and begin to talk in favor of his client, and if I should say to the lawyer, "Stop; my mind is made up, and I do not want to hear anything that you have to say," I would be something like the German justice of the peace, who, when the lawyer for the defendant started to talk about his client, said: "You shut your mouth; you are bothering me in my head; my mind is made up." That kind of a court would be very much of a jug-handle court, in which a defendant would not have much of a show. The proper kind of a court, and the proper kind of practice, is to have an unprejudiced mind; ascertain the facts, whatever they may be, and after you have heard the pros and cons, then decide on the merits; let facts control the judgment.

It would be silly for me to ask any of you to believe anything I might say to you, because you could not do so, along these metaphysical lines. They are not purporting to be questions of fact attested upon the veracity of this or that person, but they purport to be philosophical and logical reasonings, which, if you study properly, bring you out at a point where you not only can do the things that I say have been done, but you can do even greater things, as Jesus Christ said.

The trouble with the word has been—it is true to a less extent today, but it is still more or less extant—that all facts which are newly presented, and all new theories, must, in general public opinion, conform to the old ideas. The world believed for many

> Take the human body, and there is not one particle of matter of the body that was with it twelve months ago, if the latest ideas of physiologists are right. The body is constantly changing, as the Potomac River is changing. The ever ceaseless flow of God Almighty's manifestation is going on; creation is going on all the time. Your body is a manifestation of spiritual work. It is nothing more nor less than the manifestation of God's spiritual work in accordance with natural law; and when we say there is no substance in matter we mean that all is God and God's spiritual creation; and when we say that we have solved that problem. All is God and God is spirit. The body has nothing more to do with you than the clothing which goes upon your back. You have to get this thought down into the bottom of your consciousness, and find out what you are and who you are and your relations to this creative power we call God; and when you solve this problem and get this understanding, then you can command the waves to be still; you can control the elements, and you become as a god, for God is in you and you are in God. Then you are in the exercise of your God-given rights and dominion; and until you get there you are starving, you are not in the enjoyment of your rights.

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centuries that the earth was flat; but when a philosopher sought to disprove that, and commenced to argue against it, he was imprisoned, was buffeted, and abused. If you take the history of everyone who has exploited any advanced theory whatever in any natural science, you will find they have been met with a "Thus saith the Lord," which has been the cause of the death of millions of people, because people in their ignorance will make you stay constantly by a book. I do not care anything more for a book than I do for anything else. It is the Truth that controls, and only the Truth. If the Truth is to be obtained by the study of a book, study the book; but in studying the book you must not allow anything to govern or control your mind except the Truth. Nothing is the Truth but that which is susceptible of demonstration. Take the Jewish Bible; take our New Testament; take the Bible of the Mahometan; take the Bible of the East Indian, and you will find great truths in all of them; but wherever you find a statement that is not susceptible of demonstration, it is not the Truth, and until you can come out and stand properly upon the platform of God's intelligence you are not free.

Now, mind you, I am not talking against the Bible—far from that. On the contrary, I think our New Testament is the greatest book that was ever written; I think the sayings of Jesus Christ are the most profound that the world has ever heard or read, and I think that Christ is just exactly what he claimed He was. But I think that there are a great many things between the lids of that old Bible that were not put in there for the good of mankind. My object in stating this is to disabuse your minds of all prejudice and throw them open, so that the Truth of God Almighty can come down into your consciousness and enable you to measure and weigh all statements by the measure and scales of reason, of philosophy, and of logic. If they stand that test they are all right; if not, they must be false.

The doctrine of Jesus Christ was much better demonstrated than has been the doctrine of any other of the great reformers. I call Him a reformer in the sense that he gave to the world a new religion, and that He proved His religion by the healing of the sick, telling us that the works that He did we can do, and even greater works. The healing of the sick in this great metaphysical work is but the husk—simply the husk on the outside of the ear of corn. You have to remove the husk, then you have to get into the kernel, and then you have to get into the heart of the kernel. It is a work of progression; yet you must know how to heal the sick, as our Savior in His short ministry set the example and made the teaching of His doctrine of love and healing the sick the burden of His work. Wherever Christ sent His disciples forth, He told them to go forth and heal the sick and preach the gospel.

That which I want to teach primarily is the healing of the sick; but the aim and the great object of our teaching is to bring those who are taught where they are free; where as the children of God they are free; where the children of God come into possession of their power and dominion, as given them by the Creator. Whenever you stop at less than your full freedom and your full mastery, your full dominion, you stop at less than your charter rights. I used to be almost afraid to talk along these lines of advanced thought, for the reason that people would say that it could not be done;

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but everything that Jesus Christ did we can do; everything that He did He did in accordance with natural laws that are as unchangeable as God himself; and everything that He did we can do; and we can do it in the same way and by the same methods. It can all be learned in and through this doctrine and this philosophy.

Once, ages ago, a prime minister was imprisoned in a high tower by a monarch, and condemned to be starved to death. The tower was so high that if he attempted to jump it meant his destruction. Nobody was to be allowed to go to him through the tower. His faithful wife came by night, and from the ground asked him if she could do anything for him. "Yes," said he; "tomorrow I want you to bring me a silk thread, a piece of packthread, a larger cord and a rope, together with a beetle and some drops of honey." The next day she brought the beetle and the other things. He told her to fasten the silk thread to the beetle, to put some honey on the tips of his horns, put him on the wall of the tower with his head towards the top, and let him go. The beetle smelt the honey and followed that up with the silken thread until he came to where the man could reach out his hand and grasp him. Then she tied the packthread to the silken thread that was below, then tied the packthread to the twine, the twine to the cord, and then the rope. That being drawn up, liberty was very easy to be obtained, because he had the means of exit. Now in this study we, in the material mind, are in this high tower of starvation, and if we remain there it means misery, it means death; it means everything that is bad. We must take hold of the silken thread of the breath, attaching to that the packthread of the nerves, then to the cord of thought, and thereafter we will attach all these to the rope of the physical forces, and through this development and through this knowledge we can obtain freedom.

We hold to the thought and heal the sick by the realization that all is spirit; but the question is, What is spirit, and what is matter? We hold to the thought that there is neither life, Truth, intelligence, substance nor sensation in matter; that matter is nothing but a transitory dream, so to speak. Take the human body, and there is not one particle of matter of the body that was with it twelve months ago, if the latest ideas of physiologists are right. The body is constantly changing, as the Potomac River is changing. The ever ceaseless flow of God Almighty's manifestation is going on; creation is going on all the time. Your body is a manifestation of spiritual work. It is nothing more nor less than the manifestation of God's spiritual work in accordance with natural law; and when we say there is no substance in matter, we mean that all is God and God's spiritual creation; and when we say that, we have solved that problem. All is God, and God is spirit. The body has nothing more to do with you than the clothing which goes upon your back. You have to get this thought down into the bottom of your consciousness, and find out what you are and who you are, and your relations to this creative power we call God; and when you solve this problem and get this understanding, then you can command the waves to be still; you can control the elements; and you become as a god, for God is in you and you are in God. Then you are in the exercise of your God-given rights and

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dominion; and until you get there you are starving; you are not in the enjoyment of your rights.

God is life—omnipresent life. Stop a minute and think what that means. Omnipresent means present everywhere—*life*. You wonder if there is life in the stars. If God is omnipresent, is not life there? Is not God life? God cannot be measured; He cannot be limited. If you could travel for a million years in any direction with the velocity of light and then stop, you would be as far from the end of space, in any way you started, as when you commenced. This means infinity—world without end. There is no end to the road—never. God is everywhere, and *everywhere God is, is life.*

The idea that God is a personage sitting upon a throne is not in harmony with the teachings of Jesus Christ nor the Bible. God is omnipresent everywhere. David says: "If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there." Everywhere I go God is there, and *God is everywhere life.* We live, move and have our beings in God. All life is God, whether it be the life in the plant, or the bird, or the fish, or the beast, or the fowl, or man. God is life, and wherever life is manifested, that life is God. When man was created God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul. God has not life; *God is life;* and wherever life is, there is God.

I find that I cannot go farther with my lecture at this time; but I will take up the different attributes of God later on. God is love; God is good; God is wisdom; and when you understand all of these relationships of God, and know that love is as broad as life, and that all is good, omnipresent good, everywhere *life, love, good, wisdom,* then you understand something of what God is to us.

PRAYER

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within their brain;
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. —*Tennyson.*

THE ROSARY OF WORDS

I made a shining rosary of words—
health, love, success and joy—
Then of the hours I wove a golden thread and strung them beadwise there.
Through brimming days of work and starlit nights I tell my beads,
And in my calm belief and faith each is a prayer.
Within the jewel casket of my heart I keep my rosary—
Such a lonely, failure-broken heart it was before—
And now so faithfully and lovingly I've said my beads,
Health, love, success and joy are mine forevermore.

—*Catherine Parker Thore.*

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Sympathy in the New Religion

Harriet Doane Prentiss

IT frequently happens that so-called new religionists are accused of lack of sympathy for those who are less fortunate in the demonstration of living than themselves, and their motives of cheerfulness under all conditions are therefore misinterpreted.

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It is not indifference to suffering which prompts one to turn his face away from distress, but the knowledge of a law which must be obeyed, if conditions are ever to improve.

The new method of offering relief for suffering is to see that one's own mind is poised and in tune, and then invite those who are afflicted to come into that atmosphere and partake of normal vibrations. It would be no benefit to a person in trouble for another to go down to his level and add one more depressing thought; but it would be decidedly uplifting for him to come and enjoy another's mental sunshine and optimism.

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If life is eternal, as we know it to be, and man is the weaver of his own destiny, and through the power of thought can adjust his life to the angle of his vision, what is there to be depressed about?

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If like attracts like, and a glad heart is its own magnet and drawing power, why should we linger with despair?

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Since two minds vibrating on any plane of consciousness are more forceful than one, why not lend the influence to the hopeful side?

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There is no evidence anywhere that the universe does not operate according to law, or that man cannot adjust the conditions of his life. Because one man has appeared in perfection to the world is therefore proof that all may imitate His example.

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The outlook of man is too narrow, his vision too small, to comprehend his real power. We acknowledge too many limitations and cramp our progress by remaining in narrow grooves of thought. Our viewpoint is biased by tradition and what we have been taught, rather than what we intuitively know.

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God has surrounded us with His love, protection and abundance, and we are not aware of the Divine presence or God's readiness to answer the call of the human heart. We lean too much upon environment and the opinion of others for the charm and abundance of life, and not enough on our own inspirational power and God's bounty.

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God is our companion of creation, and the One with whom we finally have to reckon, and it is unfortunate that we do not learn early in our experience to walk hand in hand with Him.

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God has given us a mind to direct our course, and stands back of us with a

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bountiful supply. The connection is made through our mental attitude.

✡ ✡ ✡

We need never feel alone or unprotected when we know the governing Law of Life. Love, devotion, sympathy, and encouragement are ever at hand, and we have only to call upon these forces in order to draw them our way.

✡ ✡ ✡

When we pin our faith to the God of love, courage, opulence, optimism, wisdom, health and prosperity, and believe in our power to attract our desire, our supplications will be answered in person, for we will call to us the people who are expressing on our own plane of consciousness. This attitude of mind brings us into an atmosphere of confidence in the strength and protecting power of our Creator.

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It helps us to realize eternal life and to know the indestructible connection between those we love and ourselves.

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To feel that we are all a part of the living plan, drawn together by the power of our attraction for each other, robs death of its terror, and gives a serenity and charm to life that are inspiring.

✡ ✡ ✡

Man has no limitations that are not self-imposed. This being true, why do we not all follow the advice of the poet who suggests the "Strong Box"?

"Build for youself a strong box;
Fashion each part witth care;
When it's strong as you can make it,
Put all your troubles there.
Hide there your thoughts and failures,
And each bitter cup that you quaff;
Fasten the strong box securely,
Then sit on the lid and laugh."

BABY CLOTHES

Oh, we who are making baby clothes
For a hope which will soon come true,
Do we take the pains with the works of our heart
As with that which our fingers do?

For, as we fashion the garments small,
With seam, and hem, and fell,
Our thoughts, be they careless, sad or glad,
Are shaping a life as well.

We are helping God this gift to make,
Which a blessing or sorrow may prove;
He gives us the fabric new and clean—
We fashion it with our love.

How careful are we that our hands be clean,
When we work on the garments white;
Do we pray that the heart keeps true its trust,
And our thoughts be clean and bright?

The clothes, at most, will soon wear out,
The thoughts remain for aye;
The clothes may be washed, if stains we see,
The thoughts are there to stay.

"Is not the life more than raiment?" He said,
Who unclothed in a manger lay;
Whose life was so holy and pure a thing,
He gave it to show us the way.

Then our heart sings, as our fingers fly,
A tune so pure and bright
That the baby heart may be happy and glad,
And pure as these garments white.

And when many years have passed away,
And the work of our hands is gone,
We will gather a harvest rich and rare
From the seeds that our hearts have sown.

—*Helen Louise Featherstonhaugh.*

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Man

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C.

THE lectures from this platform are simply for teaching, with no attempt at pulpit oratory or anything of that kind; simply to present to your mind plain facts, which will enable you to become the master instead of the slave.

In the first place, we must understand God so far as we are able to understand; secondly, we must know what man is; and, thirdly, the language of communication between God and man. If you understand these fundamental principles, you understand the science of healing the sick.

When I call this a science I mean exactly what I say. It is as exact a science, with as perfect results where conditions are perfect, as any other science,—as is the science which says two and two are four.

Man is God's child, created in His image and in His likeness, and endowed with all power and all dominion, and that power and that dominion he has. He is God's image, and he is His likeness. Man does not image God in his looks, because no two men look alike. No two nations look alike. The Congo negro in the wilds of Africa does not resemble in his looks the Caucasian any more than the ordinary mule images the thoroughbred Kentucky racer. There is no harmony between the two.

Furthermore, God is not a person. He is a personality, but not a person. He is omnipresent. God is everywhere, and those who think differently are simply laboring in error. Wherever in the boundless, endless space you go, forever and forever, God is there. Wherever He is there is life. Life is everywhere.

Man can not image God in his likeness, because God has no physical likeness. God is spirit; and man is a spiritual being, created in God's image and in His likeness.

Man images God in God's perfection. We hear at once people who say, "You claim that man is perfect." Why, we have been taught all our lives that we are the most imperfect things in all the world. It is the delight of our hearts to feel that we are

> Whenever you recognize disease you give it character and standing, and then you never get rid of it, as our Savior told us, until you pay the uttermost farthing. The first thing we have to do in cases of that kind is to destroy the environments called material mind; destroy the fear surrounding the case treated either by the doctors or by the family, or whoever they may be, or the patient himself. Destroy that and let universal and all-pervading truth take hold, and when you do that your patient is well.
>
> Man should be happy if he wants to be. How are you going to be happy? Are you going to be happy by sitting down and thinking of all the sorrowful things that ever occurred during your past life, imagining every kind of combination in the future that may possibly come up to make you unhappy? Is that the way to be happy? How are you going to be happy? Horace Greeley told them after the war, "If you want to resume specie payment, just resume." If you want to be happy, think happiness. You are happy. Why? Because you are the spiritual image and likeness of God; you live in His bosom and you are happy because nothing but happiness can be there. Make the realization in your consciousness, and the result is that the beautiful light of happiness shines down over you and you are in the enjoyment of His perfect harmony.

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worms of the dust, crawling, bemeaning ourselves, upon the theory that "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Now that is all error. Created in the image and in the likeness of God, man is perfect. These surroundings, that are evinced by the five senses and that we call carnal mind manifestations, are but the seeming; they are unreal and they exist only in the seeming.

When a person afflicted with any disease realizes the truth of that person's perfection in God Almighty and the nothingness of all so-called error, the error disappears, and the child of God stands forth perfect. That is the way all healing is done. It is all done in the realization of the absolute perfection of man, man the image and likeness of God. Man images God in His love, in His life, in His power, in His goodness. That is the child that every one of God's children is.

It is true, if we judge by these five senses as they appear to us in this carnal mind, that men are very far from perfection. But we look through and beyond that, and we see the beautiful child of God dwelling in the bosom of the Father, and that realization heals the sick.

How, then, do I know that I am right? I know by the fruits of the tree. I know because my belief proves itself, and because any philosophy, or any pretended Truth that is not susceptible of self-demonstration is a fraud and a lie. All truth is susceptible of demonstration and any pretended truth that cannot be demonstrated is not a truth.

Man resembles God in his power to think, in his power to act independently. Man, in other words, is the architect of his own self, absolutely. Man in the enjoyment of his God-given rights is the son of a king. He is perfect, and he has power, and he has dominion. He is the absolute architect of his own fortune. It is only whether he has the brains to follow in the line laid out whether he succeeds. Of one hundred students sent to a blackboard and given a problem to solve in mathematics, ninety-nine may fail, and yet the hundredth one who solved the problem proves the rule just as well as if the hundred had done it. The ninety-nine who failed simply proved their ignorance or incompetency.

So with this Truth; the man who is the architect of his own fortune must follow the rule. You can not sleep upon your beat, leave your fences down and let all kinds of cattle run over your crop, let the cockleburs grow up and destroy your corn; you can not follow along this material plane of drinking whiskey and cursing and swearing and slandering your neighbor, cheating and swindling. That is not the line on which you have to go. You must purify your mind and sow proper thoughts and do proper acts. If you sow the good you must think of goodness; think of love; how you love God and how you love your neighbor, following in the footsteps of Jesus Christ. Think how you can do good; sow the seeds of goodness and love; and when you sow that crop, when the harvest time comes and the sheaves are gathered in, you will have the kind of crop that you sow. Your granary will be filled with goodness.

If you want to be healthy, you don't sit down and tell your neighbor, or think in your own mind, "I am a bundle of diseases from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet;" you don't reiterate what you have in your seeming. Not at all. You fill your mind with the thoughts of love; and, as you will be told later on, when you come to the doctrine of how

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to think, you will think of yourself and your surroundings only in such a way as you wish to see realized in truth and in fact. If you want to have health you will think that you have health; if you want to have anything you will think along the line that you have that thing.

"But," says one, "how can I, being decrepit and sick, as all the world can see, think that I am well?" You have to go above this carnal mind; you have to see through it; you have to have the New Birth, the realization of the Allness of Spirit; and when you do that you will find the so-called good upon the one hand and the so-called nothing of evil on the other. The good is the real, for God is all and God is Spirit; and the beautiful white light of God Almighty's love will glow before you, and the darkness and blackness of nothing will go beyond.

Of course, it is difficult to explain this to persons who have not this realization. I suppose you cannot understand it; I could not understand it at first; but the time will come; when you pray to God and study, the time will come that the prayer will be answered, and the scroll will be rolled aside, and you will see the Allness of Spirit, the Allness of God, the perfection of health; and when you see that, your days of sickness will be gone; you will never have any more.

When a person in the enjoyment of this gift, of this blessed Divine condition, is attacked, say, with a cold, what does he do? Does he say I have a cold? Not at all. Why? Because he knows he has not a cold; he knows that that manifestation that comes up, that they say is a cold, is simply a falsehood, and he denies it and denounces it as a lie.

Confront any lie with the Truth and the truth kills it. A lie is simply like darkness, so-called. I never knew but one person who claimed that darkness was real. I did hear a minister, who was preaching at me one time, say that darkness was real. That kind that they had in Egypt, that was so thick that they could feel it, might have been real; but any body that hasn't any religion, or anything but a little bit of common sense, would know that there is nothing in darkness; that it is not real and cannot be. Here is your earth rolling over from west to east, and the sun by and by gets behind the earth. The sun cannot hit us over here at all. Now, why is it dark here? Because the sun cannot hit us; that is why. Darkness is the absence of light. Light is all; darkness is nothing. If in the darkest room that ever was you turn the electric button the room is illuminated; the darkness is not there. It never was there, because it never was anything.

If you want perfect health, even though you have not this realization, take my word for it and declare that you have health, and stick to it. I remember when I was coming into Christian Science and was being treated. I had been subject for a great many years to a very severe gastralgia, according to the doctor's verdict, and when I would have attacks of this character I would have to take morphine in my arm; sometimes the disease, so-called, would lay me up for two or three days, and sometimes it would take as long as that to get rid of the morphine. Once my healer said: "When these pains commence to come deny them." I said: "I can't deny them. Haven't I got them?" "No." "Well," I said, "they seem very real to me." "Yes, they do seem very real to you, but still they are unreal. You take my advice and my word and deny them. Just say, 'You lie, you lie, you lie; you are noth-

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ing.'" I commenced to do that, and in a few times I just lied that pain right out of its boots; I never took any more morphine; I didn't have to take any.

Now whenever anything attacks you, deny it. Your baby falls over and bumps its head. Do you take it up and say, "Poor child; I know you are hurt?" If you do, that is the way to fix it on him. Take him up and say, "You are not hurt a bit," and the so-called pain will go, often quicker than the darkness before the sunshine. When you tell the baby that, make the realization of the Allness of Spirit and the perfection of man, living in the bosom of God Almighty's love, and nothing can hurt it; nothing can harm it. There can be nothing but universal harmony there. Let this sink into your consciousness, and the stronger and the clearer you can make these thoughts the more effective will you be as an operator in this Science.

Sometimes there are circumstances surrounding this or that case, such as were with our Savior when He went down among His own people. They recognized Him only as the son of a carpenter. "Why," they said, "His brothers and sisters are with us. He is no good;" and they made a rush for Him and were going to throw Him over the precipice; and the Book tells us that He could not do many mighty works there because of their unbelief. It is this universal avalanche of so-called material mind that holds the world down. They recognize sickness; they recognize death; they recognize evil. All that has to be overcome. For instance, we get a case with the house filled with doctors, as we do frequently. We never object to doctors, but the doctors have well-defined ideas of what disease is; they believe in disease; they believe in its reality and every bit of their education goes toward teaching how to destroy that something. In other words, they put the beggar on horseback, and the old saying is that if you do that, he will ride to the devil.

Whenever you recognize disease you give it character and standing, and then you never get rid of it, as our Savior told us, until you pay the uttermost farthing. The first thing we have to do in cases of that kind is to destroy the environments called material mind; destroy the fear surrounding the case treated either by the doctors or by the family, or whoever they may be, or the patient himself. Destroy that and let universal and all-pervading truth take hold; and when you do that your patient is well.

Take a person who has been for a long time attacked with this or that kind of disease, which the doctors and the whole world following them say is incurable, and as a rule it takes longer to heal such a case than it does something of an acute character. There was a lady in this city who I know was healed of locomotor ataxia by listening to one lecture, after the case was pronounced by the doctors to be incurable; and I have known other cases where it took months of treatment. It was because of the environment and because somewhat of the receptivity of the patient. But the Truth that heals in the one instance will heal in the other; if it were applied correctly and properly, and received with conditions as they should be, healing would be instantaneous in every instance.

Man should be happy if he wants to be. How are you going to be happy? Are you going to be happy by sitting down and thinking of all the sorrowful things that ever occurred during your past life, imagining every kind of com-

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bination in the future that may possibly come up to make you unhappy? Is that the way to be happy? How are you going to be happy? Horace Greeley told them after the war, "If you want to resume specie payment, just resume." If you want to be happy, think happiness. You are happy. Why? Because you are the spiritual image and likeness of God; you live in his bosom and you are happy because nothing but happiness can be there. Make the realization in your consciousness and the result is that the beautiful light of happiness shines down over you and you are in the enjoyment of His perfect harmony.

You must think that which you want. Let me impress that again upon your mind. If you want happiness, think it. Suppose you want prosperity. Are you going to sit down and think: "This is going to be a pretty hard winter; I don't know whether I am going to get through it all right or not; I have plenty today—plenty to eat and plenty to wear; a good house to cover me; I am not hungry now, but I am afraid I will be before spring. God is good to me today, but I am afraid He will go back on me before spring." Is that logical? I know I have enough to eat today, but He may not give me enough to eat before spring; He will go back on me. Is that the way to have plenty? Is that the way to have something to eat in the spring?

What did Jesus Christ tell you? Read the last ten verses of the 6th chapter of Matthew. Consider the birds; they don't pile up granaries full of corn, worrying about what they are going to have, but God feedeth them. Now, He tells us that we are of much more importance than the birds. If He feeds the birds, and if He clothes the lilies in all their beauty, how much more will He clothe you, if you will only do that which you ought to do, which is, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness;" seek the kingdom of Good and its righteousness; seek to do good and to do right for the sake of the good and the right; and all these things shall be given unto you. Now that is the rule; the way to have happiness; that is the way to be perfect.

"THE NEVER-FAILING SOURCE."

Our Father never faileth to give His children bread;
They only need to hunger more richly to be fed;
For Love's abundant table most graciously supplies
Each earnest aspiration that hourly doth arise.

Our Father never faileth to give His offspring strength;
They need but learn to measure
Its height and breadth and length.
"Lo, I am with you always!" This is the promise true,
That knows no shade nor turning, beloved, meant for you.

Our Father, God, the Only, is 'round and in us all,
Sustaining and embracing, that none need ever fall.
There's Light and Joy and Healing—oh, come and taste and see!
Our Father faileth never throughout eternity.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be; now put foundations under them.—*Thoreau.*

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The Healing Works of Christ

Annie Ritz Militz

THE Gospel writers did not tell about the most brilliant of Jesus' works, showing how little of the natural entered into their transcribing. Three of them overlooked that remarkable work of raising Lazarus from the dead, of healing the man born blind, of raising the widow's son from the dead, of the miraculous draught of fish, of healing ten lepers at the same time. And by these omissions we may judge of the thousands of other remarkable incidents that were forgotten or purposely unrecorded by all four of the Gospel writers.

Only about twenty-six different instances are cited, and half of them are repeated by two or three of the writers, with this striking fact, that in every repetition there are little points of difference noted that give the student new light on the *modus operandi* of the Great Healer. Compare the brief accounts of the healing of Peter's mother-in-law—Matthew vii:14, Mark i:29, Luke iv:38.

The following is a list of the thirteen cases which are repeated by two or three of the Gospel writers, and which the investigator will enjoy comparing, noting the additions, omissions and differences which the writers were moved by the Spirit within to give as a heritage to the generations of Christian healers who should rise up so many centuries later:

Healing the Syrophenician's daughter—Matt. xv:22-28, Mark vii:25-30.

Healing the Centurion's servant of palsy—Matt. viii:5-13, Luke vii:1-10.

Healing the man insane, deaf and dumb—Matt. xii:22, Luke xi:14.

Healing a demoniac in the synagogue—Mark i:23, Luke iv:33.

Healing the man possessed with a lesion — Matt. viii:28-24, Mark v:1-20, Luke viii:26-40.

Raising Jairus's daughter—Matt. ix:18-19, 23-26, Mark v:22-24, 35-43, Luke viii:41-42, 49-56.

Healing the issue of blood—Matt. ix:20-22, Mark v:25-34, Luke viii:43-48.

Healing paralysis—Matt. ix:1-8, Mark ii:1-12, Luke v:18-26.

Healing a leper—Matt. viii:2-4, Mark i:40-45, Luke v:12-15.

Healing fever—Matt. viii:14-15, Mark i:29-31, Luke iv:38-39.

Healing a withered hand—Matt. xii:10-13, Mark iii:1-5, Luke vi:6-10.

Healing epilepsy — Matt. xvii:14-21, Mark ix:14-29, Luke ix:37-42.

Healing blind Bartimeus—Matt. xx:30-34, Mark x:46-52, Luke xviii:35-43.

Those who may desire to examine into the other thirteen cases that are given in the four Gospels may find the following list helpful:

In Matthew two more cases are given of two blind men healed, chap. ix:27-31, and a dumb demoniac set free, chap. ix:32-33.

In Mark is another case, most interesting, of a blind man, chap. viii:22-26, and also of a deaf and dumb man, chap. vii:32-37, with striking peculiarities in the treatment.

In Luke are five instances not given elsewhere—raising the son of the widow of Nain from the dead, chap. vii:11-16; a woman afflicted with an infirmity for eighteen years, chap. xiii:11-17; a man

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with dropsy, chap. xiv:2-4; healing a group of ten lepers, chap. xvii:11-19, and restoring the ear of Malchus's servant, which had been cut off, chap. xxii:50-51.

In John are four marked cases, which this disciple, John, alone gives—the healing of the nobleman's son, chap. iv:46-54; the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda, chap. v:2-15; the man who was born blind, chap. ix:1-38, and the raising of Lazarus from the dead, chap. xi:1-44.

According to these faithful chronicles Jesus healed thousands of cases. "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."

"And a great multitude from Galilee followed him, and from Judea, and from Jerusalem, and from Idumea, and from beyond Jordan; and they about Tyre and Sidon, a great multitude, when they heard what great things He did, came unto Him. For He healed many, insomuch that they pressed upon Him for to touch Him, as many had plagues." "For there went virtue out of Him and healed them all."

How wonderful that of these many instances only twenty-six are recorded! Is there not a divinely subtle method in this simplicity? How confusing it would have been if volumes of these demonstrations had been written! Are not the four gospels like a primer to us, aiding until the Holy Spirit within is a reality and sufficient to guide us into all truth and its works?

Studying Jesus' experiences, we have our own revelations and discoveries confirmed, and methods are suggested to us and explanations given that broaden and deepen our practice daily.

We find several instances of absent treatment resulting in instantaneous healing.

We see how Jesus recognized that often it was a patient's own faith that healed him or her. Again, some had to increase in faith before the healing could come. That great works could only be done through co-operation. That often the patients, or friends of the patients, must be given something to do. That symbols, like the clay and spittle, may be used without giving them any special power. That the great Holy Breath must be consciously used in certain cases—when He "sighed" and "groaned within Himself." That all cases were not instantly healed, several stages being passed through. That in certain instances He could feel the power going forth through Him like a radiance of light and heat. That the healer must know how to destroy sin. That all the patients are not required to have faith, since some did not even know what was taking place. That though Jesus Himself neither baptized with water nor anointed with oil, He indorsed these forms when the disciples used them.

How grand it will be when men and women study this Master's works and words with all the fervor that they now put into things temporal!

The wisest among the physicians are learning to disagnose disease mentally. They are ceasing to trace disease to a physical cause alone, but to see such causes as only indicators and to look for the errors back of them. For physical cause is in itself but a symptom and only a secondary cause.

There have always been spiritual healers in every age and among all nations, but superstition has adulterated their practices, such as vodooism and the use of charms, and applying their knowledge

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to iniquitous practices, and fear and ignorance have limited the better exercise of their God knowledge.

In this time we can receive as a legacy all the faith and strength, zeal and fidelity of our spiritual forebears, and add the jewels of our fearless, reasoning, scientific knowledge and the intuition that recognizes Jesus Christ as the supreme Leader of the movement, the Master healer of all ages. It is He that gives the finishing touch to all our powers by preparing and baptizing us into the Holy Spirit consciousness, whereby we can ever be directed, as He was, to know the right thing to do, and to do it, until of us it shall be written, as of Him, "He doeth all things well." "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of your Lord."

JOHN, 14:20

"At That Day Ye Shall Know That I Am in My Father, and Ye in Me, and I in You."

Cecilia A. Oehme, Cleveland, Ohio

"Know'st thou where the nightingale pours forth his song o'er hill and dale,
E'en though doubt's murky shadows fall, hang o'er my senses like a pall?
Where, rose-garlanded, beams the feast, inviting all, e'en to the least?
Where Beauty opens Glory's door, welcoming all in spirit poor?

"Know'st thou where Morning's airy wing arises o'er Night, fluttering,
And gentle Zephyr's sorrows frown annihilate as thistledown?
Where tinkling lily bells unfold their dewy hearts of virgin gold?

"Know'st thou where Hope garlands her blossoms, the silvery waves of peace lap the gold strand,
The star of faith lightens earth's tired bosom with touch of love its master hand?
Where all the emblems on the breeze bespeak one word and that of peace?
"Angel of Dawn! thy diadem of glory thou placest on the poor in spirit clad,
And heal'st of every pain, e'en care and worry, of every tear that makes the senses sad.
Thy peace, O Master fond, thy peace is mine; I've touched the seamless robe, thy robe divine!

"To know where wakes the lily-bloom, to garland earth's sepulchral tomb,
The tryst of life renew of yore, and wake thee, Harp of Love, once more;
No phantom dream of sense can shock my feet, now grounded on Truth's rock;
The veil has fallen from my eyes, and I behold—e'en Paradise."

LIVE WITH RESPECT

Teach us to respect the little hours of life. If this morning I have been able to act with the animus of a Marcus Aurelius, do not overemphasize my actions, for I know, even I myself, that something has happened. But if I believe I have sacrificed my day to wretched enterprises and if you are able to prove to me that I have lived meanwhile as profoundly as a hero, and that my soul has not lost its rights, then you will have done more than if you had persuaded me to save my enemy today, for you have increased within me the amount, the greatness and the desire of life, and tomorrow in all likelihood I shall know how to live with respect.—*Maeterlinck.*

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The Prayer That Reaches God

W. L. Peters

PERSONS who do not understand the Science of Practical Christianity are often puzzled to know what is meant by denials and affirmations. Some are even shocked when told to deny all manner of sin and evil. Let me see if I can make this clear to your mind.

Suppose you have a beautiful, well-kept home, where everything is neat, tidy and clean—the joy and pride of your life. Some bright, sunshiny morning, when everything is aglow with beauty and grandeur, along comes the most dirty, ragged, filthy tramp you ever saw and demands admission to your home—to your dining-room, your parlor, your beds, to everything. Honor bright, now, what would you do? Would you say: "Yes; I have been looking for you and expecting you. Come right in and make yourself at home. Do as you please." Would you grant this dirty tramp free admission to your home, or would you deny him admission? You would deny it, of course, even if you were obliged to call the police. Your home was not prepared for dirty tramps.

Well, now, listen just a moment. This is just what you must do with all manner of sin, sickness, disease, poverty and every other inharmony that is troubling your life. Your body is the Pure and Holy Temple of the Living God, and God dwells in His Temple like you dwell in your home. This temple was not made for tramps of sin, sickness or any manner of evil, but for a perfect dwelling place of the Most High. So go to work and deny all these things out of your mind, thought and body. By denying a thing you shut the door of your mind against it—bar it out. By affirming it you open the door and invite it in—bid it welcome. This is an absolute fact, an unchangeable law of mind.

All manner of evil, sickness and even death itself are lies—wandering tramp thoughts created by the mortal or carnal mind of man, and which people unknowingly admit into their lives as the truth. Thus these things find a home in their consciousness and work themselves out in their bodies, environment and affairs. These things are not truth, but assume the force, power and appearance of truth if you grant it unto them. They cannot harm a hair of your head without your permission, either consciously or subconsciously. They have no power whatever of their own. All the power they possess is what you grant unto them by believing and accepting them to be truth. If you admit the tramp to your home, you have agreed to his demands and given him a certain amount of power and authority. If you admit these things to your mind and consciousness, you grant them power over yourself and they very soon set to work to make use of it. "Him to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are." Whose servant are you? Which law are you obeying? "The law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus" or "the law of sin and death" in carnal mind? You can't obey both. It is carnal mind that says you must be sick. It is carnal mind that says you must be poor, suffer and have trouble. "The law of the spirit of Life

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in Christ Jesus HATH MADE—not will make—you free from the law of sin and death," which includes all manner of imperfection and inharmony. Now, the all-important question is, do you denounce and deny these false claims of the carnal mind and accept and proclaim this freedom which has been given you, or just the reverse?

By denying sin, sickness and all manner of evil, we do not mean that every one is living a righteous life, or that there is no seeming evil in the world. We mean that God never created any such things; that they have no foundation in being; they are not a part of God's creation, no part of man's nature, and have no right, power or authority in His mind, body or affairs. They are the mortal creations of carnal mind and are false and untrue, like a lie or a counterfeit dollar, and can be dissolved and utterly destroyed by bringing the Truth to bear upon them. They have no more right in your life than the tramp has in your home, and not as much.

You may not understand this consciously, the intellectual mind not being able to grasp it, but the Spirit of God, deep down in your subconscious mentality, does understand it and knows it to be the Truth.

In making this prayer you do not talk to or deal with the body, or with sickness or sin, but with your Spiritual self. You are the image and likeness of God—created that way. Talk to this image, which is your real self. It knows the Truth, and when you speak the Truth to it it springs forth into action and manifests that Truth in your body.

This prayer can be applied to every department of life, whether it be health, happiness, business success, Spiritual advancement or anything and everything you need. Never ask God to heal you if it is His will. Such a prayer is filled with doubt and uncertainty and has little or no power. Be definite and positive in your requests. It is His will right here and now, this minute. Make it a point to always remember, "It is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," which means health, happiness, righteousness, prosperity and everything else. Boldly and confidently ask for anything and everything that you can make good use of, remembering the more you can use the more you honor and glorify the giver. Pray by affirmation, not by supplication. Affirm that God has given you all and He will make it manifest.

God expresses or manifests himself through unchanging Law, and the only way you can get an answer to your prayers is to get into harmony with this Law. Praying in this manner puts you in harmony with this Law, and the answer follows as a natural consequence.

I have gone into sick rooms and time and again lifted patients out of the very jaws of death with the identical words written in this prayer, or treatment, as we call it. It can be applied to another person by changing the form from the first to the second person, saying "you" instead of "I." Speak the person's name and talk to his Spiritual self in this manner. But do not, as a rule, apply this treatment to any one without their knowledge and consent. You have no more right to enter a person's mind unbidden than you have to enter his house unbidden. Never try to force God's Truth upon any one. If they ever accept it they must do so of their own free will. Of course, there are exceptions, such as a child, an insane person, a person unconscious, or in any instance

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where the person is incapable or unable to make a request, where the treatment may be given.

REMEMBER: In making this prayer do not talk to the body, to sickness or disease, nor to symptoms of disease. But talk to the soul, that perfect God-Child within—the child which God created in His own image and likeness. This child is not sick, never was sick and never can be sick. And it KNOWS these words are absolutely TRUE concerning itself. Realizing this Truth in your own consciousness complies with the law through which the healing power operates. Then TRUST it and let it go.

YAWNING

Yawning may be rude—especially in company—but it is a good thing for you to do. For one thing, it ventilates the lungs. When you take an ordinary breath the lungs are not completely filled, nor are they thoroughly emptied by an ordinary respiration. There is a certain quantity of air left in the lungs always, which physiologists call "residual air."

This air in time becomes foul and affects the blood, and, through the blood, the nervous centers. Certain nerves get tickled, as it were, and the result is a yawn, stretching the lungs to their fullest extent, then filling them with clean, fresh air and driving the foul air out.

That's one reason why it is good to yawn. For another, yawning opens and stretches and ventilates all the various passages leading to the lungs. You will, perhaps, be surprised to know that yawning is even beneficial to your hearing.

The cracking sound which you so often hear when giving an extra big yawn is due to the stretching and opening the eustachian tubes. These tubes communicate between the ear and the back of the throat. If they are congested, which happens when you have a bad cold in the head, people complain of deafness.

If you feel inclined to yawn, then do so. It is nature's way of cleaning out your lungs and air passages.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

THE DAWN OF PEACE

Put off, put off your mail, O kings,
  And beat your brands to dust;
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
  Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,
  And break the helmet bar;
A noise is in the morning wind,
  But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths
  The glittering hosts increase—
They come! They come! How fair their feet!
  They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
  Our enemies are ours!
For all the clouds are clasped in light
  And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew!
  But wait a little while,
And with the radiant deathless rose
  The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender living thing
  Shall feed by streams of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,
  Nor nestling from the nest.

—*John Ruskin.*

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Harriet Doane Prentiss

WHEN?

When shall I waken
To ideals of truth—
Meet my reflection
In glad-hearted youth?

When shall I revel
In knowing my power,
And strengthen with faith
The charm of each hour?

When shall I breathe in
Fresh life every morn,
And nourish my soul
With courage new-born?

When shall I welcome
The opening day
As if it contained
New power to display?

When life echoes back
My own happy songs,
And brightness of vision
Real pleasure prolongs.

When harmony circles
Around every thought,
And love through the fibre
Of life has been wrought.

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Through Application of the Truth

Mrs. Susan Q. Morris

ON inauguration of 1908 we had secured a room on the third floor of the Postoffice, from which to view the parade, and as we went up the steps of the building there were, I suppose, over a hundred people on the steps, and in some way I lost my muff and did not discover my loss until I had entered the elevator and landed on the third floor. I immediately told the lady who was with me that I would sit down in the hall and wait until my muff came to me. Of course, she did not know what I meant, and remarked that I would wait a long time before the muff came.

I had been sitting there about fifteen minutes when I saw a gentleman step out of the elevator with both hands in my muff. It contained my pocketbook, with all my money, my gloves, handkerchief and several other small articles, and as he passed me I stepped up to him and said to him, "You have my muff," and he said, "I took this from a person to whom I did not believe it belonged." I found he was an officer in citizen's dress. If we have a right understanding of the truth, we know that our own must come to us.

Recently my grandson was stricken with fever. His father and uncle are both practicing physicians in this city, and they immediately thought it must be typhoid fever. They called in a specialist, who took a blood test, but they could not determine what was the matter. From the day that the fever commenced he had scientific treatment, and, of course, the fever never ran its course, and now the doctors do not know what to call it. He was sick but a short time and was then fully recovered.

It has been said that broken bones can be set and healed through science. I have demonstrated that fact myself. I had a broken wrist, which was healed through science; the bones were never set; there was nothing applied to the broken wrist except the God healing. All can have the understanding of this beautiful truth. I would say to all, "Study and learn."

Christ said, speaking to His apostles: "Unto you is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, but unto them that are without (speaking of the people) all these things are done in parables." We have been asked many times, "Why has this truth lain dormant all these years?" We believe the secret of this is summed up in the following words of Christ, speaking to His apostles of the people: "That seeing, they may see and not perceive, and hearing, they may hear and not understand, lest at any time they should be converted."

The Christ promised His followers, "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Free from what? Free from sickness, sorrow, pain and death. All who believe and understand this truth can demonstrate and heal the sick, and their own will come to them.

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The Discontented Frog

ONE day a very large frog called Buster by the other frogs, because he was the very largest in the pond, sat on a log looking about and thinking how much he would like to live in a hole on the ground or in a cave.

"There is Mr. Bruin now," he said, "sunning himself in front of his cave. He has plenty to eat, because he can store food away in his cave, and then all he has to do is sleep. Oh, dear, how I wish I could live in a cave."

"You better be satisfied where you are," said an old frog, who heard Buster's complaint. "You would have a fine time walking about on land with your legs. Why, a dog would catch you without half trying, or a boy who was looking for your hind legs would pounce upon you quick enough, you will find, if you leave this pond."

"He is an old frog and does not know as much as I do," said Buster, as the old frog went to the bottom of the pond.

"The idea of wanting to stay here all your life and never seeing anything but water.

"There is the squirrel family eating nuts. I wish I could live in a tree and eat nuts, too."

Buster blinked and thought, and the more he thought the more he wished he could live on the land, and so he waited until it was past time for frogs to go to bed, and then he hopped along the log on which he had been sitting and soon he was on the bank of the pond.

He had been there often, so he felt very brave and looked about without the least fear. After a while he hopped further away from the pond. He could hear the other frogs croaking, but he did not answer them; he had determined to live on land and give up pond life.

He hopped and hopped until he was so far from the pond he could hear only a faint sound of the croaking. "This is more like living," said Buster. "I will sleep by this tree until morning, and then I can see where I should like to make my home."

But he could not go to sleep; he wanted water to make him cool; his legs were stiff from hopping so far and he was panting for water, but there was only the trees and rocks, and poor Buster was beginning to think the land

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would not be such a fine place for him to live, after all.

He tried to hop back to his pond, but his legs refused to work, and he sat down wondering what would become of him, when he felt something wet on his head. He blinked, and then felt another wet place on his back, and then the water came all over him. It was raining, and Buster began to feel better. The place where he sat was in a little hollow, and soon it was filled with water, which gave Buster plenty of water in which to stretch his legs.

"I should think they would die here on land," he said, after a while; "all these stones and trees and no water. If ever I get back to my pond I will never wish for a home on land again."

It took Buster all night to travel. He could not hop as well as he did when he left the pond, but he kept on, and just as the light was showing in the sky he reached the bank of the pond.

"Hello, Buster!" called his friends. "You are up bright and early this morning. Have you had your breakfast?"

"No; I have no appetite this morning," answered Buster, letting a big fly rest on a leaf beside him without catching it. "I thought the early sun might do me good, but I guess I will go to the bottom of the pond and keep quiet for the rest of the day."

Down he went with a splash, and no one saw him again until the next day.

"Good morning, Buster," said the old frog when he saw Buster on the log. "Are you still thinking you would like to live on land?"

"No," said Buster; "I think water will be good enough for me. I do not think I should like being dry all the time."

"That is a good, sensible fellow," said the old frog. "I am glad you took my advice and did not try it."

Buster kept on blinking. He knew the only way he ever should have been cured of his longing was to have tried it; but he was wise enough to let the old frog think he had taken his advice and not be called a foolish young frog.

I LOVE YOU

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"Today I'l help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom
And swept the floor and dusted the room,
Busy and happy all day was she—
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

Let us try to be good-humored for a single day; if we let the sunlight into our souls, it will generate in our hearts every good motive, and we shall find life strengthened and ourselves armed to fight.—*James Ellis.*

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Prayer of the Understanding

Bessie L. Davis

On the 21st of March I received a letter from a friend telling me of a terrible abscess of the right ear, which was very painful, and had been giving him much trouble. At first he was treated by a doctor, who did not help him as much as he needed help, and later by an ear specialist, who said he would be deaf and that the ear would be a long, long time healing, if it ever healed at all.

I, a metaphysical healer, began treating the case as was taught to me through the teachings and instructions of the Evangelical Christian Science Church, and on April 4 I received word that on Monday, March 31, the hearing was restored as perfect as it ever was and that the ear was perfectly healed. So the "forever deafness" and "long, long healing" were brought to pass within ten days through the prayer of faith and understanding.

The prayer of understanding is just knowing what God is and what man's relation to God is. God is all that is. Therefore God is perfect hearing, and there is not and cannot be deafness, so-called, in perfect hearing. This being true, you do have perfect hearing. God is health, perfect health, and you cannot and do not have abscess, so-called, in your right ear; abscess, so-called, and deafness, so-called, are but material beliefs of material mind, so-called, which is nothing and the truth is not in it. Therefore they have no power or effect on you. But, to the contrary, you have perfect healing and perfect hearing in your right ear, and I thank God. This is true in and through the name of Jesus Christ, my Lord.

Now I say to all who read this simple, yet great and mighty, truth: Practice it in perfect faith and sincerity, and the result is sure to follow, and you will grow healthier, wealthier and stronger through the knowledge of the power of the Christ within, around and about you.

Motto for a Home

This home is dedicated to good will. It grew out of love. The two heads of the household were called together by a power higher than they. To its decree they are obedient. Every tone of the voice, every thought of their being, is subdued to that service. They desire to be worthy of their high calling; as ministers of that grace they know their peace will go unbroken only for a little time. And often they suspect that the time will be more short even than their anxious hope. They cannot permit as much as one hour of that brief unity to be touched by scorn or malice. The world's judgment has lost its sting inside this door. Those who come seeking to continue the harmony which these two have are ever welcome. The rich are welcome, so they come simply. The poor are welcome, for they have already learned friendliness through buffeting. Youth is welcome, for it brings the joy which these two would learn. Age is welcome, for it will teach tenderness.—*Collier's Weekly.*

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Rose M. de Vaux-Royer

CRITICISM

(Read at the Cameo Club Dinner, New York, May 8, 1913)

AWAKE! The world's new age needs heart!
Combined with purpose and strong mind today
Of local justice! Puritanic sway!
"Pure food" is offered now at any mart,
Except those choicer stuffs, that play no part
In venders' deals. Embodiments that prey
As crystalized conceptions bid us stay!
And tear to tattered bits life's earlier art.

Cold critic! E'en the muse must feel your rod
Of iron will, and measurements that fit
Your mitred age; obedient to a nod
From high opinion! Shafts which hurled must hit
The just and the unjust. To fathom it
Behold! Man prays to man in place of God!

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Remember the Flag

American Flag Association Sends Out Annual Appeal to Citizens

THE American Flag Association, through its officers, Ralph E. Prime as president and Theodore Fitch as secretary, has sent out its annual appeal for the observance of Flag Day by the American people. In part the invitation reads as follows:

All American citizens are again earnestly invited to join in the public recognition of the birthday of the emblem of our nationality. In many of the States, pursuant to law, the public schools, and also voluntarily in private schools, exercises will be conducted in celebration of Flag Day. Let us extend this practice. Teach the story of the flag, what it represents, and have the young people pledge their fealty and loyalty to it.

On the 14th day of June, 1777, Congress enacted: "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." The number of the stripes having been increased by the admission of new States, the possibilities of the Nation's future development dawned upon our fathers, and the original thirteen stripes were unchangeably restored by act of Congress on April 4, 1818, when it was enacted: "That from and after the 4th day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be twenty stars, white in a blue field, and that on the admission of a new State into the Union one star be added to the union of the flag, and such addition take effect on the fourth day of July next, succeeding such admission."

Since the struggle of 1861-1865, the flag has become the symbol of a mighty Nation. It has been carried to the utmost parts of the earth, carrying liberty wherever it has been thrown to the breeze.

The stars and stripes, within the recent past, have come to possess new beauty for friendly eyes and new terror for the foes of liberty.

At a given hour in the morning the pupils of the schools are assembled and in their places. A signal is given by the principal of the school. Every pupil rises in his place. The flag is brought forward to the principal or teacher. While it is being brought forward from the door to the stand of the principal or teacher, every pupil gives the flag the military salute, which is as follows:

The right hand uplifted, palm upward, to a line with the forehead, close to it. While thus standing with palm upward and in the attitude of salute, all the pupils repeat together slowly and distinctly the following pledge:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands:

"One Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

At the words, as pronounced in this pledge, "To my flag," each one extends the right hand gracefully, palm upward, toward the flag until the end of the pledge affirmation. Then all hands drop to the side. The pupils, still standing, all sing together in unison the song, "America"—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

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In the primary departments, where the children are very small, they are taught to repeat this instead of the pledge given for older children:

"I give my head and my heart to God and my country.

"One country, one language, one flag."

In some schools the salute is given in silence, as an act of reverence, unaccompanied by any pledge. At a signal, as the flag reaches its station, the right hand raised, palm downward, to a horizontal position against the forehead, and held there until the flag is dipped and returned to a vertical position. Then, at the second signal, the hand is dropped to the side and the pupil takes his seat.

The silent salute conforms very closely to the military and naval salute to the flag.

Principals may adopt the "silent salute" for a daily exercise and the "pledge salute" for special occasions.

LIFE A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

Life is largely a voyage of self-discovery. Our natures are full of time-clocks, which are unlocked in different stages of our lives when we come across the right key—which may be an inspiring book, a lecture, some good advice, the grasp of a friend's hand who really believes in us and sees something in us when others misunderstand us. Some great crisis or turning point in our career furnishes the key and unlocks another time-clock and sets going forces within us which we never before dreamed we possessed. Sometimes love furnishes the key which unlocks, opens up our natures and leads to the greatest self-discovery.—*Marden.*

THOSE WHO WOULD HAVE MUST GIVE

What would you think of a rose that would say to itself, "I cannot afford to give away to strangers all my beauty and sweetness; I must keep it for myself; it is wasteful extravagance to give these things away"? But behold, the moment it tries to store up, to withhold them from others, they vanish. The fragrance, the beauty do not exist in the unopened bud. It is only when the rose begins to open itself, to exhibit its petals, to give its secret, its life to others, that its beauty and fragrance are developed.

So selfishness defeats its own ends. He who refuses to give himself for others, who closes the petals of his helpfulness and withholds the fragrance of his sympathy and love, finds that he loses the very thing he hoped to gain. The very springs of his manhood dry up. His finer nature becomes petrified. He grows deaf to the cries of help from his fellowmen. His tears are dried up and he stares at misfortune without wincing.

Refuse to open your purse, and soon you cannot open your sympathy. Refuse to love, and you soon lose the power to love. Your affections are paralyzed, your sympathy atrophied from disuse, and you become a moral cripple. But the moment you open wide the door of your narrow life, and, like the rose, send out without stint your fragrance and beauty upon every passer-by, whether peasant or millionaire, you begin to develop a marvelous power.—*Marden.*

The greatest part of what we say and do is really unnecessary. If a man takes this to heart he will have more leisure and less uneasiness.—*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.*

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The Effectual Prayer

IF God ever did answer prayer, He always does, being the same God. Therefore, if there seems to be any lack of principle it is in the one who prays. Misunderstanding of the will and nature of God — our Father—prevents our prayers from being answered. Prayer does not change God, the unchangeable, but it changes mortals and makes them receptive to the good which is being given without limit. "God is Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Translate material desires into their spiritual correspondence, and then declare that in truth and in spirit you receive that which you desire, and then you will have it materially as well as spiritually. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." We should expect to see the open result of our prayer. There must be realization of God as the one and only Power and Presence in the universe. The universal Power and Presence is Life, Love, Intelligence, Truth, Spirit. Man, the divine idea created in the image and likeness of God, is perfect, even as his Father in heaven is perfect. If we expect to regulate our environments, we must regulate ourselves by finding that we are the very substance of the thing we want.

"The kingdom of heaven is within you," declared the Master. Upon becoming self-conscious of our oneness with the Universal Good, beliefs in evil—sin, sickness, sorrow and death—pass away, and we are not deceived by appearances. We realize that the kingdom of heaven is within us, and according to faith and understanding it will be manifested on earth, showing forth in peace, joy, health, satisfaction, abundance, and all that constitutes our highest conception of heaven as a state of mind. All this may sound abstract, but citing one little practical demonstration of the principle may take away all the abstractness and make it a living reality to you. A mother had an only son who was apparently given over to dissipation and drink. For months and months this mother had prayed in agony of soul: "O, God, save my boy from destruction, sin and death!" But how could God hear that prayer any more than the sun could hear and understand the prayer of a man with his eyes shut, "O, Sun, stop shedding rays of darkness, and send me one ray of light," when all the while the sun was shedding rays of light, and the trouble lay not in the sun, but in the man who would not open his eyes. Finally the mother, earnestly seeking light and wisdom, came into the understanding of man's sonship and oneness with God, and ceased to petition and beseech God to save her son, but said: "I will now give thanks instead." And so she prayed: "O, God, I thank Thee that the boy Thou gavest me is Thy child—spiritual, perfect, pure, with no real desire to sin, but with love for Thee only, whose image and likeness he really is." Mentally she said to her son: "Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give you life. You are spirit. Carnal and sensual appetites have no influence upon you—the child of God. Your desires are pure. You do not desire sensual satisfaction, but spiritual satisfaction. The one who thinks that his happiness

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depends upon drinking, swearing and licentiousness is not you, for you are God's child, and you know it. Wake up! Realize your true nature, and let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Another praying likewise might choose other language, as indeed this mother might have done, to convey the same truth. She did not say one word to her son, either in expostulation, rebuke, entreaty, nor even that she was praying for him. Still he drank; still she continued steadfast in the truth, faithfully declaring that God, the Good, is all that really is, and refused to worship aught save God, though the eyes, ears and feelings of material sense would loudly assert themselves, saying: "Your boy is going to the devil. He is a drunken sot, a licentious beast." The temptation to distrust God and cry to Him to save her boy would arise, but none of these things moved her. She acted out her faith, determined to believe in and trust the good in spite of appearances. After a few weeks with no seeming change, the faithful mother continuing instant in prayer, her boy came home one evening and said: "Mother, I am tired of being a beast. I purpose to be a man. It is a pity if one cannot assert himself and refuse to be a slave to passion and drink. I have been among the husks and swine long enough." The mother, with a perfect calm springing from the assurance of her son's identity with God, was proof against even joyful perturbation on account of her son having ceased personating the false one, and commenced to manifest his true nature. She quietly said: "You were only dreaming, Edward. Now you have awakened, and can laugh to think you imagined that you were bound by the chains of sense. The truth has made you free. You are not a slave. You are God's child—free with the freedom of the Spirit."

Do you suppose that if this mother had continued to pray, "O, God, save my boy," instead of realizing that God had already saved him, and continuing to affirm and acknowledge it until the boy himself became conscious of it, this result would have been achieved?—*Exchange.*

DO NOT ANTICIPATE HOSTILITY

Don't suppose that people are hostile to you. You will rarely find any one designedly doing you ill. You may feel often as if the whole world is obstructing you, more or less; but you will find that to be because the world is traveling in a different way from you and rushing on in its own path. Each man has only an extremely good will to himself—which he has a right to have—and is moving on toward his object. If you find many people who are hard and indifferent to you in a world that you consider to be inhospitable and cruel — as often, indeed, happens to a tender-hearted, stirring young creature—you will also find there are noble hearts who will look kindly on you, and their help will be precious to you beyond price. You will get good and evil as you go on, and have the success that has been appointed to you.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Thought and existence are identical. I exist because I think, and think because I exist. As thou thinkest, so thou art. "Be ye transformed," says Paul, "by the renewing of your mind." From this established principle it surely follows that a change of thought changes and modifies our very existence.—*Street.*

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The Rule of Prayer

NOW remember this rule, never to be forgotten: Trust God in everything and for everything. Now, that does not mean to sit down and say, "I will trust God, and I will not do anything," but it means that you have to trust God intelligently. If you want anything you have to ask for it, seek for it, and knock for it. Pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks. I remember I used to think that it was a wonderful thing that you should have to pray all the time; but when you get thoroughly imbued in this work you will find that your life is nothing but a perpetual prayer; everything is a prayer; you pray all the time, and you realize that you live in God and have everything.

We do not pray as we have been taught—as we always used to pray. We are told to pray without ceasing; ask, seek, and knock, but we have to do so intelligently. For instance, the realization of the Truth which heals is that God Almighty's child is always perfect, and when you realize the spiritual perfection of man, that is as far as you can go with your praying. What you have to do in this praying is to make this realization.

There was a lady the other day gave me a description of her idea of what God is. I thought it was very beautiful, and I am going to repeat it, and I am not going to claim it as my realization, but it was very beautiful. For instance, her thought was this: Suppose this room was the universe—the illimitable, infinite universe—and in this room was nothing but a flame of fire, the bright light of God Almighty's love; and in this universe of fire we live, move and have our beings. God is omnipresent life in every part of this universe. That is true, and God would be omnipresent life and light in this room, and we live in that. Now, with that realization, you can take this figure if you wish to. We realize that we live in God. God knows no lack; everything is abundance. Then we do not have to pray to God to give us everything that we have, do we? You live in it, you have all of it, and all you have to do is to reach out your hand and take it, and thank God for it.

Can you be sick in eternal health? No. Then you realize that you live in eternal life, and you have eternal life, and could not have anything else than eternal health. You do not have to ask for health, because you have it; you live in it, and you must realize the truth that you live in it; and when you make that realization in your spiritual comprehension, this physical body responds to that thought, and you have eternal health.

Therefore, trust God for everything, but trust Him intelligently, and realize that you have that for which you ask before you ask.

The next rule which I want to impress upon your mind is this: To affirm that all good is yours. You will hear people occasionally say: "How do I know how to pray? How do I know how to ask God? I might pray amiss." Well, the rule is as plain as A, B, C. There is no more reason for being afraid that you will pray amiss than to be afraid to open your mouth and let the breath of God into your lungs.

What is the rule? Let me impress it

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upon you. You are created in the image and likeness of God. God gave us at creation all dominion; therefore we have what? We have God's dominion; we have God's all; we are heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus Christ. God has all, and we are his heirs; we are His heirs today, and we are in possession of our inheritance, and all that we have to do is to realize that we have it. For what do you pray? You pray for everything that is good. God made all that was made, and everything He made was good. Therefore, you have a right to pray for everything that is good. Now, is not that simple? But you cannot pray for that which is not good; you would not get it if you did. That would be wickedness, and wickedness is nothing but evil, and evil is nothing but material mind. Therefore, in your praying always pray for that which is good, and everything which is good is yours; and in making your prayers always realize that you have that for which you ask before you ask. That is the prayer that heals; that is the prayer that supplies; that is the prayer that gives you perfect and eternal harmony.—*Sabin.*

MIND THE MASTER POWER

"Mind is the master power
That molds and makes;
And man is mind,
Who evermore takes
The tool of thought and,
Shaping what he wills,
Brings forth a thousand
Joys, a thousand ills;
He thinks in secret
And it comes to pass;
Environment is but
His looking-glass."

THOUGHTS BY ANNIE RITZ MILITZ

The kingdom of heaven is within our hearts and minds and does not depend upon externals.

Love is the Truth that saves to the uttermost.

Our Individuality is our Soul—original, beautiful and noble — and we are here to express it in fullness.

The body is constantly transformed by the renewal of the mind. New thoughts make new bodies.

Activity which blesses others is ever divine.

Life is—it neither ebbs nor flows, but abides in fullness everywhere.

The gracious man or woman knows neither saint nor sinner, high nor low, but only: this is a human being.

True faith is a firm, persistent, determined belief in Almighty Good.

TRUTH WILL PREVAIL

Truth is mighty and will prevail. No matter what the world may say, "One with God is a majority." Therefore, whatever you have to do, whatever you believe to be right, do it with all your might, and you will not be left alone in weakness to establish the truth. To be one with Spirit and united with soul is to be a co-worker with the angels. Therefore, let the world say of you what it will—you may defy it and all its rulers for Truth's sake. You have to establish the kingdom of God and the spiritual light in this fair land.—*Street.*

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HEALING BY THE SPOKEN WORD

We heal with the spoken word. In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God. You take the Word, and it is more than the spoken word. It is God; and yet you speak the word. You see a person bordering on instant death; you speak the Word and God's Word will save him. You speak the Word when any person is overcome by a calamity, an instantaneous calamity, and the healing, so to speak, is accomplished. When Peter and John were going into the temple a lame man craved alms of them. Peter looked at him and says: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." That was the spoken word. He took him by the right hand and lifted him up; the man got up and walked.

I have no doubt that the time is coming rapidly when we will all heal by the spoken word. I think it is timidity that prevents us from doing it now. I have never in my life spoken the word in an emergency but that there was an instantaneous and perfect answer; and I never in my life have been able to speak the word except in an emergency; and I believe that that is because of an inherent timidity that we all have, and it is difficult to get rid of. The spoken word is applying God Almighty's truth to error, which causes its destruction.—*Bishop Sabin.*

A circumstance matters not at all to a person who recognizes the sovereignty of thought. Any place is a sanctuary where one's mental state is holy.—*Colville.*

THE OLD TEACHING

The old theology was only half equipped with power to conquer error, since, while affirming God to be omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence, in practice it denied this supremacy by fighting sin and warring and warning against evil.

This belief in two powers and two presences in the world, good and evil, and the consequent struggle between them, has caused untold suffering and discord to humanity, making imperative strife, opposition and wrangling, resulting in crowded jails, hospitals, insane asylums, feeble-minded homes, etc.

Deceived by its own false creations, mortal man points to these as monuments of intelligence and civilization, while others exclaim, "Is life worth living?" If such would begin to deny evil from the standpoint of their God-selves, these blots on our fair earth would soon disappear and life would become wholesome and sweet.—*Annie Ritz Militz.*

SO-CALLED MIRACLES

Always remember that there never was a miracle on the face of the earth. Jesus Christ never performed a miracle, in the sense that a miracle is something that is beyond nature. Everything which Jesus did and everything which all the world can do is to follow the beaten paths of God Almighty's unchangeable law. God does not change and cannot change His laws, but everything that Jesus did can be done and demonstrated along the lines of natural science. Therefore he walked upon the sea by virtue of natural science; He overcame death by virtue of natural science; and everything He ever did was done by virtue of natural science.

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Keeping the Home Sweet

"Ferris" in Progression

IT REQUIRES the sincere co-operation of all of the inmates of a home to keep that home sweet. It takes but one person to sour an entire household and keep a whole family in hot water.

Love alone will not keep a home sweet. A husband and wife may be ardent enough in their devotion for each other and slushily "lovey-dovey" much of the time, and yet on occasions, when their dispositions clash, proceed to jangle in a manner to invite the envy or contempt of cats and dogs. Love among brothers and sisters is not a dependable preventive of scrap doings when the testing time comes.

It requires a blending of three ingredients—love, unselfishness and self-control—to produce a really sweet home, and it is essential for every member of the family to embrace this trio of traits.

And I want to name another fundamental requisite to the anti-friction recipe, and that is "courtesy."

It is a grand thing for all of the members of a family to be courteous to each other, and it is probably as rare as it is grand.

To be specific and intelligible, it is not courteous for parents to call their children brats or blockheads, nor for the children to refer to a parent as "the old man" or "the old lady." It is courteous to be temperate in parental reproof, to always pay apologies when apologies are due—from child to parent, parent to child or brother to sister—and to sacrifice for others.

Too many homes are a dumping-ground for much of the spite and snarl and selfishness and irritability and scold and fight of some or all of the members of the family.

A father, perhaps, works in a store where he is paid for being agreeable and spreading salve on the public for about ten hours a day, and when he gets home he removes his coat and restraint and commences the process of getting his pent-up disposition poison out of his system at the expense of the mother and children.

It may be that certain adult sons and daughters spend much of their time in the public eye, and they, too, are forced by self-respect to spend certain hours a day on the courtesy shift. It may be, too, that they, too, are inclined to unload their accumulated ugliness when alone with loved ones and unrestrained.

And perhaps the mother, whose "place is in the home," is suffering for want of outdoor air and exercise, has been tried to the limit of endurance by the 57 or more varieties of ordinary domestic perplexities, and she also finds it difficult to keep her face frownless and decorated with smiles.

Under these circumstances it is time for all concerned to apply the remedy—a mixture of love, unselfishness, self-control and courtesy—and the resultant generated sunshine will readily dispel all of the clouds of threatening family friction.

This suggested remedy is not only a cure for sourness and bitterness and strife in the home, but it will prove excellent for the physical health of parents and children.

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AS TO YOU

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of man,
And bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue,
And the smile would have helped him to battle it through.
Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill,
And the world, so I fancied, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road,
Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Did you help him along? He's a sinner like you,
But the grasp of your hand might have carried him through.
Did you bid him good cheer? Just a word and a smile
Were what he most needed that last weary mile.
Do you know what he bore in that burden of cares
That is every man's load and that sympathy shares?
Did you try to find out what he needed from you,
Or did you just leave him to battle it through?

Do you know what it means to be losing the fight,
When a lift just in time might set everything right?
Do you know what it means—just the clasp of a hand,
When a man's borne about all a man ought to stand?
Did you ask what it was—why the quivering lip
And the glistening tears down the pale cheek that slip?
Were you brother of his when the time came to be?
Did you offer to help him, or didn't you see?

Don't you know it's the part of a brother of man
To find what the grief is and help when you can?
Did you stop when he asked you to give him a lift,
Or were you so busy you left him to shift?
Oh, I know what you meant—what you say may be true—
But the test of your manhood is, What did you do?
Did you reach out a hand? Did you find him the road,
Or did you just let him go by with his load?

—*J. W. Foley.*

DO YOUR BEST

Just do your best and then the rest must follow right along,
So never say it doesn't pay to sing the world a song.
A hand to raise, a word of praise, are things that you can give;
They're very small, but after all they help a man to live.

The world is slow the good to know, but quick enough to blame,
So never frown on him who's down; it is the coward's game.
Don't sit and wait and say it's fate your troubles to unearth;
But push along with mirth and song, and smile for all you're worth.

—*Katherine Murray.*

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EVENTIDE

We love to muse at eventide,
When balmy breezes blow,
And Luna pours her mellow beams
O'er all the earth below.

No grating sound the ear disturbs;
The busy day is done;
In azure skies with silvery light
Stars come out one by one.

The drowsy beetle lifts its head,
And, finding daylight gone,
Ascends a leafy greenwood tree
And winds its tiny horn.

We hear the plaint of katydid
Among the trembling leaves,
And while we listen, wond'ringly,
A tale the nightbird weaves

Of "whippoorwill, O whippoorwill,"
Down in the forest hid,
Which leads us to believe that this
Is just what Katy did.

Half slumbering, the mock'bird sings;
And in the dismal vale
The gray owl tells to solitude
A melancholy tale.

The brilliant stars, high up above,
Look down from heaven's blue,
And seem the loving angel's eyes,
Observing all we do.

Glorious hour of eventide!
Calm, holy thoughts arise
Of angel bands—eternity—
A home beyond the skies.

—*Julia Bacon, Beaumont, Tex.*

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in the shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun shining.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember, it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Whatever of truth men in thought are pursuing,
The proof of its worth must be found in the doing.
We must put into practice the texts we are preaching,
For heaven itself may be had for the reaching.

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Denials in Religion

From The Master Mind

ALL religions have incorporated the denial of evil and matter into their practices, recognizing it to be a constitutional part of faith. Athanasius, who was called the Father of Orthodoxy, and who died in the year 373, said: "For evils must be called non-existent, but good is really existent, as having God for its true author."

In an address delivered before the senior class of Divinity College, Cambridge, July 15, 1838, Emerson said: "Good is positive. Evil is merely privitive, not absolute; it is like cold, which is the privation of heat. All evil, then, is so much death or non-reality."

Where denial has been interpreted by the religionists in outer forms and ceremonies mainly—such as the regulation of dress, eating, fasting, outer deportment—it has not been of the highest practical value to humanity, many of these practices springing from a belief in the reality of evil, rather than from its denial. True denial is from the heart, the soul of pure understanding, and to the illumined is related to thinking, and is practiced interiorly as Jesus Christ instructs: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." (Luke ix:23.) The cross is the Christian sign of denial. In the crucifixion Jesus crossed out the human that the divine might be all in all. Following Him, then, *"By this sign we conquer!"*

Speak the word of denial positively, firmly, taking true aim as the archer concentrates with his eye, his hand and his will, to strike the bullseye.

Mortality cries out and says, "Cannot I believe my senses? Are sin, sickness, death, not realities, when I see them all around me?" No; the knowledge of truth often demands a decided turning away from appearances, as when the sun seems to rise and set, yet is almost, if not absolutely, stationary.

Upon the eternal verity of good, Jesus Christ establishes His heaven-born message and says, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment." (John vii:24.) This He practiced. Did He judge according to appearances when He affirmed of men who were still weak and suffering, "The kingdom of God is within you"? (Luke xvii:21.) Or when He raised Lazarus from the dead? Or said to the man paralyzed, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk"? (John v:8.) Or these men, had they continued to believe in appearances, rather than in the healing word of truth, would they have been healed? All the improved conditions in the world, with every movement advanced to establish harmony, have been obliged to deny appearances somewhere along the way of achievement.

"When the reason and the senses disagree, always choose what reason says." Reason affirms that God the Good is all there is. You cannot cognize life, love, faith, truth with the senses, yet you know they are the substantial realities of omnipresence, themselves denying hate, doubt, ignorance, evil, at all times."

Therefore, gladly take up your word of denial and thus free yourself from

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the delusions of mortal consciousness into "the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

PRACTICE.

I deny as realities evil, matter, sin, sickness, sorrow, death, poverty.

Because

God the good is spirit, truth, health, joy, life, abundance.

I deny that my life is subject to death.

I deny that my health is subject to disease.

I deny that my peace is subject to discord.

Sin, sickness, sorrow, death, are not realities, because God the good fills all space, to the exclusion of all that is unlike Himself.

There is no sin.
There is no evil.
There is no matter.
There is no fear.
There is no sickness.
There is no death.

I, the child of God, am governed by the law of God the good, and cannot sin, nor fear suffering, nor can I die.

GOD'S CHILDREN

Whether "God is better than even His best children" or not depends upon where *you think* God ends and the children begin. For my part, I aim to live always in the remembrance that the only part of God's children that is worth caring two cents about is the God part, and that is just as big in the smallest as it is in the biggest of His children. The divine spirit at the center of every man is God. God is man's life.—*Elizabeth Towne.*

WHAT IS EXPECTED OF US

Negative-minded people go around in a circle, repeating over and over again the things of the past, their whole lives a round of monotony. Being in such a condition is a sin against one's self, because it is expected of us that every power we are endowed with shall be used to its full capacity, and through such use the real strength and happiness of life be developed. We get to no place in life where progress ceases. Progress is eternal.

If we are living our lives as they should be lived, something new is constantly unfolding to our vision. It comes to us as a mental picture, an ideal of the mind. But that is only the beginning. Ideals enter the mind in order to be expressed, to take on material form, and thereby become symbols of power in the world in which we live. As fast as we are able to give outer expression to an inner ideal, a new ideal comes to take the place of the old one. We never reach a permanent camping ground. We may camp for the night; in the morning we must renew our labors again. One sins against himself when he is a laggard or when he does anything in a slovenly way.

Righteousness means the doing of everything in the best possible way and doing it with our might. When man is engaged in any kind of creative work he is living his life as the Creator designed he should live it, and because of such work he enters into a greater degree of happiness.—*Charles Brodie Patterson.*

Do not let the idea enter your mind that you are opposed in your work. There is no opposition to those who are working in the name of Jesus Christ.

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"STAND UPRIGHT ON THY FEET"

When God was going to give a message to Ezekiel, He said to him, "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee." Not on his face, but on his feet; not in the attitude of humiliation, but in the attitude of self-respect; not stripped of all strength and lying like a dead man waiting for life to be given to him, but strong in the intelligent consciousness of privilege, and standing alive, ready to co-operate with the living God who spoke to him; so the man now is to receive the word of God. Was this not a declaration of the truth that man might lose the words of God because of a low and groveling estimate of himself, as well as because of a conceited one? The best understanding of God could come to man only when man is upright and self-reverent in his privilege as the child of God.

The other truth is often urged upon us that if we are proud we shall be ignorant; if we do not listen humbly we shall listen in vain to hear the divine voice of which the world is full. We are pointed continually to men on every side who have evidently no wisdom but their own, because they have never deeply felt that they needed any other, and who, therefore, are filling the land with their foolishness. But this other truth is not so generally felt; unless you honor your life you cannot get God's best and fullest wisdom; unless you stand upon your feet you will not hear God speak to you.—*Phillips Brooks.*

No nobler feeling than this of admiration for One higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour and at all hours the vivifying influence in man's life.

START THE DAY RIGHT

Start the day right. Free yourself from limitations in regard to lack of time by saying, "I have all the time there is. I have only to live one day at a time. Today I will every minute practice the presence of God. If for one moment I forget, I will return and be the stronger for the experience."

God is the universal solvent. He will solve every problem if you will allow Him to manifest Himself.

You can, by the power of God in you, be master of your body. It is a collection of cells created and arranged by God and having in them part of their Creator, the life and intelligence of God. Speak to the cells that seem to manifest inharmony. Relax perfectly. Declare peace to every nerve and every cell. Open every avenue of the body to the inflow of peace to the nerves.

Declare abundance and count your blessings. Christ first blessed the loaves and fishes. That is the only way to manifest the law of perpetual increase. It is a part of "using your blessings."

Resolve, "I will manifest God in every relationship today, so that no soul can come into the slightest contact with me and not be blessed thereby."

Often during the day, be still for a moment and say, "I open every avenue of my being to the influence of Power, poised power, ready to use in time of need."—*The Truth.*

Do not think of your own faults, still less of others. In every person that comes near you, look for what is good and beautiful, honor it, rejoice in it, and, as you can, try and imitate it. Your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.—*Ruskin.*

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The Great Peace

The Race Must Be Healed Before It Can Enjoy It

Wm. E. Gibson, Washington, D. C.

ALL down through the ages man has hoped for a state of peace; for a time when a harmonious state of mind would pervade the race; when wars and carnage and rapine would cease. Most races and nations have legends of such a promised state. Prophets and seers have declared its reality. All religions are replete with descriptions of this promised felicity.

While it is true that most of such descriptions are erroneous, it is also true that such a state is possible to man, for it is within the grasp of his conceptive powers. That which is conceivable is producible. In other words, that which is conceived will, under proper conditions, be born into realization.

Such a state is still the ideal of the race. Most men are content to wait for the dissolution of this physical existence, firm in the belief of a better state in the unknown beyond; some have a hazy idea of the possibility of such a state while yet in the physical body; and still a few others are firm in the conviction that a state of harmony while yet in this body is the natural heritage of man.

Some of the more optimistic, becoming thus enchanted with the thought of a Eutopian state—a millennium—a great world peace—have lost sight of the natural law in operation, and have gone on predicting a speedy advent of such a state. Many have hoped for and expected to see it realized in a single lifetime or generation, but when such limits expired the world had scarcely changed from what it was when such thinkers began to meditate on the subject. And yet, in spite of the many seemingly blasted hopes, optimists are on the increase. All classes of thinkers, from ditch-diggers to lawmakers and judges, are voicing conviction in the near approach of a great world peace. Why such optimism in the face of such seemingly glaring contradictions? The reason is obvious. More individuals are feeling the need of such a state, and the sense of the need is becoming more and more acute. Real, conscious need is the most direct road to realization.

When Jesus began to teach He found very much the same state of mind as now prevails. The great nations were contending for supremacy. The best educated and most active brains were absorbed in commercialism, yet there were a few of all classes, but more especially among the downtrodden, who were longing for and expecting a change for the better—a great World Savior or something that would fill this peculiar aching void in the human mind.

After much deep thought upon man's condition, Jesus saw that the race was simply groping in the misty darkness of its own ignorance, flaying anew the wounds of its own misdirected powers. It had erred in bowing to materiality, and, ignorant of its power to forgive its own sin, had become the permanent slave of its error. Here was man before

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Him, diseased in every fiber of his being by the morbid state of his thoughts. Realizing that man had become so much involved in the laws that underlie his erroneous creation that to extricate himself by natural law must require great ages and much education, He brushed aside, as it were, the record of the past and set himself to the task of unfolding to man the knowledge that would bring freedom to the mind and health to the body. His work is not to relieve man from the consequences of his conduct, but rather to give him light and peace and to show him how to live in harmony while the law takes its natural course. "I came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill it," He declared, and augmented this declaration by teaching that "whatsoever a man sow, that shall he also reap," or he that squandereth an inheritance, as in the case of the prodigal son, must suffer the consequences. Now, while He thus recognized that every cause must have an effect, every action a resulting reaction, He also realized that the curse might be taken out of the law, the pain out of the wound, as a thorn from the flesh. So He taught and demonstrated that there is inherent in each individual the power to live in perfect harmony, however adverse may seem the environment.

"The kingdom of heaven (harmony) is within you," was the major thought of His teaching and demonstrations. But then, as now, this was *new thought* to the world. It was so new that Jesus realized the unpreparedness of the race to receive it. The race was so overshadowed with the belief of a great impending curse, and so conscious of inherited sin, that it could not conceive of such a state as harmony within. It was looking for a redeemer from without, with no dream that the Holy Grail lay at the gateway to the inner self. Realizing this, He throws out another great thought—equally new—as a sort of stepping-stone or key to this heaven within. "Love God with all your heart and your fellowman as yourself," is the all-embracing thought; and then added: "Upon these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." All the law of conduct and consequences will work out harmoniously when Love and the Square Deal control men's minds.

He saw, further, that the race had become so thoroughly plied with philosophies, theories and speculations that it could no longer be stimulated to any permanent action by such. He met this condition by demonstrating His doctrines "with signs following." He demonstrated the power which consciousness of this kingdom within gave to man by healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind, causing the lame to walk, the deaf to hear; by reversing death's mandate and requiring obedience of the waves and the storms. This was all beautiful and lovely, but would have meant very little to an error-cursed world had He sealed it by saying, "By my demonstration you are saved." So far from such a thought, He taught all who were ready to be taught how to do the same works that He did, and also declared to the world, "The works that I do shall you do also, and even greater works shall ye do."

That declaration has never been recalled, and its underlying truth cannot be recalled, for it is as unchangeable as God. It is the power of this Kingdom Within that underlies and actuates all healing of whatever kind, whether it be of the so-called physical diseases or mental derangements. All cures and healings of the medical world are but dem-

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onstrations of this truth. The doctor's presence, his suggestions and the semblance of an antidote serve to create a state of harmony in the patient's subconscious mind. During this period of harmony the cure, if ever accomplished, is begun.

The same principle is operative in metaphysical healing, the difference being in the fact that the physician believes in the reality of disease and the efficacy of external and material agencies, while the metaphysician realizes the nothingness of disease and the total impotency of external or material agencies apart from the power with which the mind arms them. The former ascribes all power to material phenomena, while the latter places all stress upon the underlying Spirit Power — the Kingdom of Heaven Within. There is also a difference in the final results. In case of healing by medical physicians, the patient's mind is held in control long enough to permit the higher or spiritual self to dominate the lower or physical sufficiently to allay fear and restore harmony, but further than this the patient is left in the same mental state as before. He is in the dark as to the real truth of his restoration, for his higher consciousness has not been awakened. In metaphysical or divine healing it is quite otherwise. The healer, knowing that all is Spirit and that mind is but the servant of Spirit, and that matter, so-called, is but the manifestation of mind, begins his work by teaching the patient subconsciously this truth. He shows him that back of and underlying these phenomena of mind and body is Soul, the essence of which is Infinite Spirit; and, further, that Spirit is the All-Embracing Good—is God. In other words, he teaches, as Jesus did, that "the kingdom of heaven is within," and that God is ever present in that kingdom; that all power and wisdom are resident in that kingdom, for God is there. He shows the patient that the belief of sickness, distress, sorrow, or whatever the inharmony, is but a misappropriation of man's creative powers by improper thinking. So the healer's work is to change the patient's mind from improper to correct thinking. When this is done the patient is healed. The recipient is not always conscious of such a change in his own mind, though in many cases a consciousness thereof is very clear.

It is safe to say, however, that when the truth has once taken hold sufficiently to effect a cure, the patient is never again satisfied with time-worn dogmas and theories. A new fire has been kindled and new life infused. Dim may be the blaze and weak the life at first, but the fire will increase and the life will grow, and by the knowledge of truth thus gained conscious freedom will bloom out. In this sense metaphysical or divine healing is simply teaching.

In all cases of perfect and permanent healing the patient must be brought to a sense of oneness with and respect for all fellow-creatures. This is done by the power of Love. Love to God and to all mankind is the key to the kingdom of harmony; hence to all metaphysical healing.

Before the race can hope to enjoy the peace for which many are longing it must be healed of its discordant vibrations, selfishness and jealousies. It must learn to give the square deal to all men. This lesson is being learned. The nations, recognizing this fact, are gradually shifting legislation to this end. Social orders, learning it, are reforming their attitudes, customs and relations. The

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number of individuals who are grasping an intelligent conception of this thought are multiplying rapidly; hence the numerous expressions of the advent of peace.

The greater the number of individuals who can grasp the thought, and the more nearly perfect the conception, the more nearly the ideal approaches the real.

Know ye that "the *kingdom* of *heaven* is within you," and that God is in His holy temple. When the whole earth—material ambitions, desires and beliefs—is silent, harmony reigns. When this state of harmony comes to the whole race, each individual will be his own lawyer, his own physician, his own priest, for the knowledge of God (good) will cover the whole earth.

WHO IS A BELIEVER?

Jesus Christ gave the only rule by which we can know what a believer is. He tells us in numerous places what shall be the reward of a believer. In the first place He tells us that a believer shall do this. He commanded the disciples to go into all the world and preach the gospel, and these signs shall follow those who believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; and among other things they can lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. Now these are the signs that shall follow those that believe. So it is an easy matter to ascertain who the believers are. If they can do what Jesus said they could do, then they are believers; and if they can not, they are not believers. This is the test that Jesus taught. He is our pattern, and those who believe on me (Christ) have passed from death unto life and never shall see death. That is the reward, among other things, of a believer. There are those who heal the sick; there are those who, if they drink any deadly thing, it does not hurt them; snakes may bite them, but they cannot hurt them. They do believe. They fit the scriptural definition of a believer; all they have to do is to claim the reward. Of course we do not believe anything of this eternal damnation business, because there is no such place. A man has his hell in him, or he has his heaven in him. Heaven and hell, so-called, are simply conditions of mind. The kingdom of heaven is within you, and you have the power to fill your mind through holy, upright thoughts and concentration. Remember these holy thoughts fill up your minds with the perfect love. This love, which, if you have it, you will never have occasion to doubt its possession.

YOU MUST GET IN THE SUNSHINE

God's laws work only on fixed rules. The sun shines for us all the time, but if you want the sun to shine on you you have to get into the sunshine. You can't go into a cellar and ask the sun to come in there and shine on you. You have to get in the sunshine. That is so with this healing. You have to place yourself in line, in the sunshine; you have to be in tune with this infinite love of God, and in order to do that—to get this God-love down through your consciousness—you have to be pure and upright and have the understanding. You may be pure and you may be upright, and not know how to heal the sick. You must recognize the allness of God and man as His image and likeness, and in that degree you are enabled to heal the sick.

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Affluence.

John W. Eighmy

FOR what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? (St. Mark viii:36-37.

God is the giver of ALL. He is the great producer. We as His children are provided with every good that man has need of. We cannot want for any of the necessaries of life if we abide in our Father's house and trust Him.

God is omnipotent. He is rich, possessing all, and is the creator of All Good. We are told in the first chapter of Genesis that God created the heavens and the earth, and "all that in them is." There is no other creator in the animate or inanimate world. Who can imagine any other or greater creator? Whatever we may eat, or whatever we clothe this body with, or whatever we may possess, is created by God, and by Him bestowed upon us as His children.

Jesus Christ told us in the last ten verses of the sixth chapter of St. Matthew: "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? Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? 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. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, should He not much more clothe you? O, ye of little faith, therefore take no thought, saying, 'What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed?' (for after all these things do the Gentile seek). For your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you. Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

There is no such thing as Poverty among God's people. Any one who believes in poverty entertains a false belief. There can be no such thing as want. We live in God's universe, in His kingdom, which is filled with all the bounties of life. God provides All. He has made all things perfect. He is Supreme. He is our only source and supply. Why has He created and supplied us so abundantly? It is because He loves us better than earthly parents love their children. His love is boundless; it has no limit. It cannot be weighed or measured, and is always present with us. Can any material power supersede God in bestowing good gifts on mankind? Can man surpass the Deity? Can man change the works or outdo his Creator? Can man plan and devise schemes and

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ways to gain wealth, affluence and riches that are preferable to God's ways?

All wealth, whether of a divine or material character, comes from God. He supplies it, and it should be distributed and utilized for the advancement of His kingdom and the betterment of mankind.

It should not be permitted to be amassed in great fortunes, so-called, among a few men. Law should prevent the accumulation of more than one million dollars to be controlled by any one individual. All accumulation of money by any one man above this sum should revert to the great body of people, whence it was drawn. What did it profit Morgan, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Harriman, the Astors and Rothschilds to amass such great volumes of money? In time, by the course of natural law, all these immense fortunes will revert to the channels from which they were drawn. Man cannot change the edict of divine law. Its decrees will reign forever and forever. They are so plain that a wayfaring man, although he be a fool, cannot misunderstand.

It is recorded in Holy Scriptures:

"But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God; for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth, that He may establish his covenant, which He swear unto thy fathers as it is this day." (Deut. viii: 18.)

"An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning, but the end therefore shall not be blessed." (Prov. xx:21.)

"Labor not to be rich; cease from thine own wisdom." (Prov. xxiii:4.)

"He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him." (Prov. xxviii: 22.)

"He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase; this is also vanity." (Eccl. v:10.)

"He that trusteth in his riches shall fall; but the righteous shall flourish as a branch." (Prov. xi:28.)

"Jesus answered again and said unto them: 'Children, how hard it is for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.'" (St. Mark x:24-25.)

"Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt nor thieves steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." (St. Matt. vi:19-21.)

The Bible is replete with decrees to cease acquiring riches for the gratification of man. If they are sought for and accumulated for other purposes than the advancement of God's kingdom they are like vanity and are soon swept away.

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE

Beauty is everywhere. It is not she that is lacking to our eyes, but our eyes which fail to perceive her. Beauty is character and expression. Well, there is nothing in nature which has more character than the human body. In its strength and its grace it evokes the most varied images. One moment it resembles a flower; the bending torso is the stalk; the breasts, the head, and the splendor of the hair answer to the blossoming of the corolla. The next moment it recalls the pliant creeper, or the proud and upright sapling.

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KEEP SUNSHINE IN THE HEART

It is very much worth our while to keep cheery, however dark things may seem for the moment, because our lives come pretty near to being a mental statement. If we could be assured of that, if we could accept as a verity the saying, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," how hard we would try to change our habits of thought. Instead of giving way to depression we would make it a point, always, to keep sunshine in the heart and the home, however the clouds might lower without. If something unpleasant came up, perhaps a little stroke of unexpected ill-fortune, or any sort of disappointment, we would strive all the harder to weed our mental garden of fear and doubt, and sow the seeds of joy and trustfulness "for our reaping by-and-by." Never would we hold in mind the thing we do not want to see realized in the external or material world. We would think of others as we want them to become, seeing the good in them, and never for a moment judging by appearances. It is in this way we can best help our near and dear ones, our friends, neighbors, acquaintances, or even the stranger who may dwell within our gates, to overcome wrong tendencies and manifest the real self—the God within. No matter what seems to be in them, in our circumstances and ourselves, if it is not in accordance with good, if it is not good, it is transitory, really a false condition; and it is to be overcome truly and permanently by holding fast to the truth that good is the reality, inherent in all created things, and that evil is in seeming.

The test of your Christian character should be that you are a joy-bearing agent to the world.—*Beecher.*

THE QUIET HOUR

If there were more men and women who began and ended the day with the quiet hour, or the quiet moment, there would be less moral weakness, less crime, less misery. Mr. Spurgeon was right when he declared that "one might as well rush into the street unclothed because he had no time to dress, or into battle because he had no time to secure his weapons, as to go forth to the experiences of any day without taking time to pray." Prayer is communion, and communion is bringing God and God's spirit and wisdom into the daily life. Let those who now find life too much for them try to reinforce themselves from the limitless stores of the divine strength. Alexander McLaren says: "As the diver in his bell sits dry at the bottom of the sea and draws a pure air from the free heavens above him, and is parted from the murderous waste of green death that clings so closely 'round the translucent walls which keep him safe, so we, inclosed in God, shall repel from ourselves all that would overflow to destroy us and our work, and may by His grace lay deeper than the waters some courses in the great building that shall one day rise, stately and many-mansioned, from out of the conquered waves."—*H. H. Porter in Unity.*

We mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner-time; keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquiries say, "Oh, nothing!" Pride helps us, and pride is not a bad thing when it urges us to hide our hurts, not hurt others.—*Middlemarch.*

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

WHY NO FENCE WAS NEEDED

Mark Twain was spending a summer in a small town while a subscription was being raised by the citizens for the building of a new fence around a very old and dilapidated cemetery. Mark Twain was asked several times for a contribution, but each request was refused.

Upon being asked for an explanation of his disinterestedness he replied:

"I see no reason for it. Those who are *in* the cemetery can't get out, and those that are *out* don't want to get in."

THE SCRUB LADY'S FAMILY

Mrs. O'Flaherty is a scrub lady, and she had been absent from her duties for several days. Upon her return her employer asked her the reason for her absence:

"Sure, I've been carin' for wan of me sick children," she replied.

"And how many children have you, Mrs. O'Flaherty?" he asked.

"Siven in all," she replied. "Four by the third wife of me second husband, three by the second wife of me furst."

SAFE

George—"What kind of sugar do you use?"

Harry—"I always insist on having cane sugar, because then I know it is so good it can't be beet."

WHY HE KNEW

George—"That tree is dogwood."

Harry—"How do you know?"

George—"I can tell by the bark."

HIS BUST

Daniel C. French, the sculptor, who was commissioned to make the bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson, which is now in Memorial Hall, Harvard University, tells this story:

At one of the sittings Mr. Emerson rose suddenly and walked over to where the sculptor was working. He looked long and earnestly at the bust, and then, with an inimitably droll expression, he said:

"The trouble is, the more it resembles me the worse it looks."

HER HUSBAND IN HEAVEN TOO

When Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday a young lady, an admirer of his books, called and brought him a bouquet of roses. Coloring, Higginson asked her name, and then he said:

"You live, I suppose, with your parents?"

"No, sir," the lady replied; "my parents are in heaven. I live with my husband."

"Your husband, too, is in heaven," answered Colonel Higginson.

EVIDENTLY

Teacher—"What is a vacuum?"

Boy—"I know, teacher. I have it in my head, but I can't just think of it."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Not all who auto ought to," said he.

"Humph," said she; "not all who ought to auto."

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THE IMPORTANT PARTS DONE

A reporter was sent around to make some inquiries concerning a new play that David Belasco was engaged in writing.

"Yes," said Mr. Belasco, "I am writing a play. What do you want to know about it?"

"Anything you can tell me will be interesting," was the reply.

"Well," was Belasco's response, "it is to have four acts and three intermissions —and I've just finished the intermissions."

A HINT

Mr. Spriggins (gently) — "My dear, a Boston man was shot at by a burglar, and his life was saved by a button which the bullet struck."

Mrs. Spriggins—"Well, what of it?"

Mr. Spriggins — "Nothing, only the button must have been on." — *Sacred Heart Review.*

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION

"Didn't I see you holding my daughter's hand in the parlor last night?" exclaimed the irate father.

"Y-y-yes, s-sir," stammered the youth. "I read in the paper the other day that the wrist contains eight bones, the palm five and the fingers fourteen, and I was only trying to confirm the statement, sir."

PERILOUS PLACE

"Did youse git anyt'ing?" whispered the burglar on guard as his pal emerged from the window.

"Naw, de bloke what lives here is a lawyer," replied the other in disgust.

"Dat's hard luck," said the first; "did youse lost anyt'ing?"—*Ohio State Journal.*

SOMETIMES LESS

"Twice did Smith refuse to take a drink on conscientious grounds."

"Then the third time he should have felt justified in taking one."

"Why so?"

"Because three scruples make one drachm."—*Baltimore American.*

THE BEST THING SHE COULD DO

A young lady called one day on Rubinstein, the great pianist, who had consented to listen to her playing.

"What do you think I should do now?" she asked, when she had finished.

"Get married," was Rubinstein's answer.

THE SINS OF OMISSION

"Now," said the clergyman to the Sunday school class, "can any of you tell me what are sins of omission?"

"Yes, sir," said the small boy. "They are the sins we ought to have done and haven't."

THE BRUTE

George—"You'd be taller if you would stand on your head."

Harry—"Why?"

George—"Because you'd have a block to stand on."

George—"I'll bet our milkman has a gold mine in his business.

Harry—"Why?"

George — "Because he has paying 'quarts.'"

George—"I understand that Mrs. G. Ossip has not been able to shut her right hand since she broke her right arm."

Harry—"She must have broken her neck at some time, too."

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Divine Healing: Upon What It Is Based

Alice Hickes

MY attention was arrested, attracted and directed to the study of this great Truth that heals the sick about eighteen months ago by the healing (by Evangelical Christian Science healers) of a little boy in Walla Walla, Wash., where I was then living. This boy, Lester Gilbert, about seven years old, was in St. Mary's Hospital for more than eight months, pronounced incurable by the best skilled doctors of the city. He suffered from a dislocated hip joint, caused by kicking a football. A twenty-pound weight had been holding the child's limb in position, besides braces and bandages and pads. Tuberculosis of the bone was said to be taking the child. He screamed almost day and night with pain. In answer to a telegram to Colonel Sabin for help the boy was practically cured in one day. The child told his father without questioning (his mother was dead) that he was cured all in one night. The pain was alleviated almost instantly. Neither the doctors, the nurses nor any one else excepting two visiting ladies knew that Science was being applied. After the first day's treatment the child was like a little bird, flying up against the wires trying to get out of the cage. In one month he was taken from the hospital, restored to health.

The healing of this little boy made an impression on my mind and is one of the reasons why I am a student of the Truth today.

In coming into Divine Science, as taught by this church, we make a complete change in our thought force—we turn right face about, as it were. The change is more noticeable, perhaps, to those coming from the orthodox churches than to those who never belonged to any church.

I have been a member of one of the organizations for more than twenty-five years, and in all that time I do not know of one instance wherein my prayers were answered directly. In less than six weeks after taking up Christian Science and its practice as taught by this school my prayers were answered not only for myself, but for others, by the signs following.

Divine Science teaches that there is a Supreme Power back of all and underlying all things. Law—God, unchangeable, is and always has been.

A Supreme Ruler, that is everywhere present, possessing all power; that is, Spirit—Mind everywhere present at the same time.

Mind and Spirit are words of almost the same meaning, perhaps, and because the intellect cannot grasp where the mind leaves off and the Spirit begins, therefore we claim that all is Infinite Mind and infinite manifestation, and make no division whatever. We not only claim this, but we take our stand here and work out, in our thought, from this the Perfect Ideal—God all in all.

God is the name that the Scriptures have given to the all-pervading life of the universe, and the fullness thereof. This great science further teaches that all is one, all emanating from God; therefore part and parcel of a mighty mind. This implies that every being is in touch

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with every other, all individuals emanating from one mind and alike responsible for the out-picturing, the Perfect Idea and plan of God.

The Divine healer takes his stand with God, the one Power, affirming and claiming His image and likeness, and by the practice of Love to God and man adjusts himself to the life that now is.

Note the change in our mind as we advance in this study. Hitherto we have been operating two minds (functioning on two planes of thought), what is known in the Scriptures as the evil, carnal mind, and the Spiritual mind. In order to understand Divine mind we set aside the evil, carnal mind, which accords with the Savior's own words, viz, "Get thee hence, Satan; I serve only the true and living God." By denying away the evil, carnal mind, and holding to the One Perfect, affirming the all-Good for ourselves, for our friends and for all humanity, declaring the unity of all good, we begin to recognize our spiritual consciousness, and by going along with it, and diligently training the mentality to think scientifically and constructively.

The Great Within is awakened. This discovery, doubtless, is the Kingdom of Heaven within, to which the Christ referred. In training our mentality and bringing our intellect into the understanding that we are responsible as individuals for the perpetual giving out of the Good to all mankind and the Light of Wisdom, the Love of God in all its perfection, we gradually come into a better understanding of ourselves, our relation to God and the understanding of the meaning of the Life of Christ, and we are freed from the law of the evil, carnal mind.

The first step in Divine Science is to get rid of the dual in mind and function only in the One Perfect. Our great Emerson speaks of the unstable mind in man: "The consciousness in each man is a sliding scale, which identifies him now with the First Cause and now with the flesh of his body."

The dual mind that has been so prone to know both good and evil, so prone to think both good and evil, must be brought under subjection and under the sway of Spirit. This is done by the process of teaching the individual to always put the perfect thought in the hopper of the human mill.

Emerson also recognizes the fact that man is able to make the perfect union with God in the words: "As soon as a man is at one with God, he will not beg, he will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers, heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends."

When we know more of God we begin to assimilate the good in others—we simply see nothing but perfection. This principle of metaphysical healing, given us by fixed rules, by the method of affirming the all-good and denying negation, when practiced but a few months puts one on a high plane of thinking, where you are enabled involuntarily to give out the beautiful, the good and the true thoughts.

It requires no little effort in the beginning to rid one's mind of all the old threadbare thoughts of fear and wrong and dread and suspense, and sin and sickness and death, and all the back-track thoughts, but after one has this accomplished even in part there is the great awakening within, and a much clearer

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understanding of the words and works of Jesus and the word of God.

When we are able to see every one in the image and likeness of God we exclaim, "Wonderful!" Then again, "Wonderful!"

Surely this is a great incentive to go forward in pursuit of the highest and best that there is for us, which is doubtless the examplification of the life of the Christ of God. After being able to do away with the dual mind and taking our stand in the God Mind, we can believe ourselves—yes, know ourselves—to be in the proper attitudes to ultimately come into the omniscient.

John Ruskin enjoins upon us to "make yourselves nests of pleasant, pure thoughts."

None of us yet know what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, houses built without hands for our souls to live in. Jesus was all-knowing and all-seeing, because He was the atonement, modernly called the at-one-ment—at one with the Father—therefore He could see at a glance the need of the races.

Yes; we are beginning to see and understand that the carnal mind can be set aside, absolutely, without reserve, and that we can function on a higher and better plane—even the mind of Christ.

It has been predicted that there are people living today who will see the cremation of carnal mind. Be that as it may, the Christian Science world and the many New Thoughters that are trying to manipulate this simple rule of living, Love to God and Man, are making rapid strides toward bettering the conditions of mankind, healing the sick and keeping themselves healthy. One has so aptly said that the old clothes of carnal mind are not missed, and I so say, except as a wife misses a drunken husband when he sobers up and reforms. The presence of the real man is not only preferable and enjoyable, but desirable and sublimely satisfactory.

'Tis true, the "old round-the-stump ways" of thinking drop away like dead leaves from the rose. They have served their purpose. In the happy bliss of the sweet transformation we live in perfect tranquility, free from mental exhaustion and the load of materiality. We can think and think and ponder on the things that are lovely and the things that are of good report, and not become weary. We can sit in our rooms all day long and give out love thoughts, success and health thoughts to our friends and absent treatment to the sick and sorrowing, and feel more refreshed in the evening than on getting up in the morning.

Jesus healed all manner of diseases, and it is a great blessing to realize that we, through His name, are able to do the same works, and we rejoice that we are endeavoring to observe all things whatsoever He has commanded us.

Christ came, born of the Spirit, into the material. He was Spirit clothed in flesh, even as you and I are clothed in flesh. He came teaching not a material God, but that God is Spirit. He came proclaiming the kingdom in man. He came using not a material power, but a Spiritual power which was master of all carnality. The works which Jesus did were results obtained by applying the natural law of the mind, whereby spiritual power controls material atoms. This law was ordered when man was created, but it is, like all other laws, subject to the Father. All the teachings of Jesus have to do with the mind.

To heal the sick, we acknowledge the

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Invisible Power that orders and ordains all things in the universe. What is this power? It is the Invisible. This same power is manifest in the individual and is termed by the Savior The Kingdom Within. Man has received it, because he is the highest of the order of created things, and he is in the image and likeness of the Creator.

THINK RIGHT

In your thinking, remember you can think yourself into health and happiness, or you can think yourself down into misery and sickness. It is with you. You are the architects absolutely of your own condition. The rule is this: Never think anything of yourself, about yourself, or about your affairs, or your surroundings, except that which you wish to see realized in truth. If you want happiness, think happiness; if you want health, think health; if you want influence, think influence. *Think that which you want and everlastingly deny that which you do not want.* If you will follow this rule absolutely, the last pang of suffering has passed. It is only in the degree that you have the power to comply with this rule that you have the power to be happy, and the power to escape miseries.

DARE TO STAND ALONE

I honor any man who, in the conscious discharge of his duty, dares to stand alone; the world, with ignorant, intolerant judgment, may condemn; the countenances of relatives may be averted and the hearts of friends grow cold, but the sense of duty done shall be sweeter than the applause of the world, the countenances of reatives or the hearts of friends.—*Charles Sumner.*

GET ON THE JOB

We have lots of good people—women and men. It is to them that we must look to make this a better country than it is. It needs improvement; needs it enormously. Take the much-discussed white slave traffic, and the dreadful mix-up of the police force of New York, Chicago, and most other cities, with prostitution. Somehow that has got to stop. We observe that women are much stirred up about it. It is today the leading argument for woman suffrage. We call the attention of all men and of all our anti-suffrage friends to the fact that the suffragists throw it in their faces that there is particularly infamous and intolerable traffic in women going on that thousands of vile men live by, and that hundreds of salaried public officers are enriched by, and that the men, in whose hands political power is supposed to rest, can't stop it. There is enough powder in this issue to blow up Tammany Hall, and elect as the next mayor of New York a man who can be relied on to clean up the police and chase the last man out of association with the business of prostitution.

The great power in getting it done is the power of the social workers whose hands are on the job, and who have the power, like Helen Todd, to turn light on to situations.—*Harper's Weekly.*

I sleep, I eat, I drink, I read and I meditate; I walk in my neighbors' delightful fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

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CANCER HEALED

A woman came to me in distress of mind and body to have a cancer of the breast healed.

She knew little or nothing of the power of Divine Mind, so had to be taught as well as treated.

The first day I met her she had come directly from consulting her family physician, who had, after a thorough physical examination, told her that she must have the lump removed within two weeks, otherwise no good result from an operation could be hoped for. She gave me the impression of halting between two opinions, and I knew that a very decided stand must be taken by her before the word of truth could begin to do its work.

After encouraging her without attempting any personal influence, I advised her to go home and in the quietness of her soul to find out just where the strength of her faith lay.

I heard nothing from her for three days, when she again appeared and said that she had decided to renounce all outward methods of help and to trust fully to the truth. She added that she had again visited the physician to announce her decision, and that he had dismissed her with a blessing and a wish that mental treatment would do the work, exacting of her a promise that when she considered herself healed she would allow him to give her another examination for his own satisfaction, for he believed that many Christian Scientists and truth students claimed to be healed when they were not really so from the physician's standpoint.

I as her healer agreed to this proposition and the treatments began that day. The patient was most faithful and open to instruction, and the physical improvement steady but slow.

At the end of about three months I consented to the second examination. When it was completed she looked up and said:

"Well, doctor, how do you find me?"

"Perfectly healed," he replied.

"What did it?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered. "All I do know is that you are well and that I didn't do it."

That was nine years ago and the condition has never reappeared. She is well today.—*From the Master Mind.*

WORTHY TO GRASP ALL THINGS

Since the ark-born laughed on the face of the limitless waters,
Since Aldebaran splendidly reddened out of the star-drift,
Since new-cast was chaos and set into orderly motion,
Since the fingers of God carved the first of the ultimate atoms
And with impulse supernal caused Being to undulate onward,
Thought of thee, even thee, poured into the awful alembic,
That by man yclept Time; thence it streamed through the tides of the ages.
Is it well, then, to deem thyself useless or little?
Nay, thou art worthy to grasp all things the aeons have brought thee,
And worthy to give, if thou wilt, to the heaven-wrought fusion
Of the mind of the God with the minds of all mortals that follow.

—*Emma Kenyon Parrish.*

Every kind word you say to an animal or bird will make you happier.

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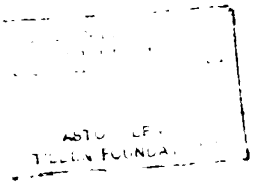

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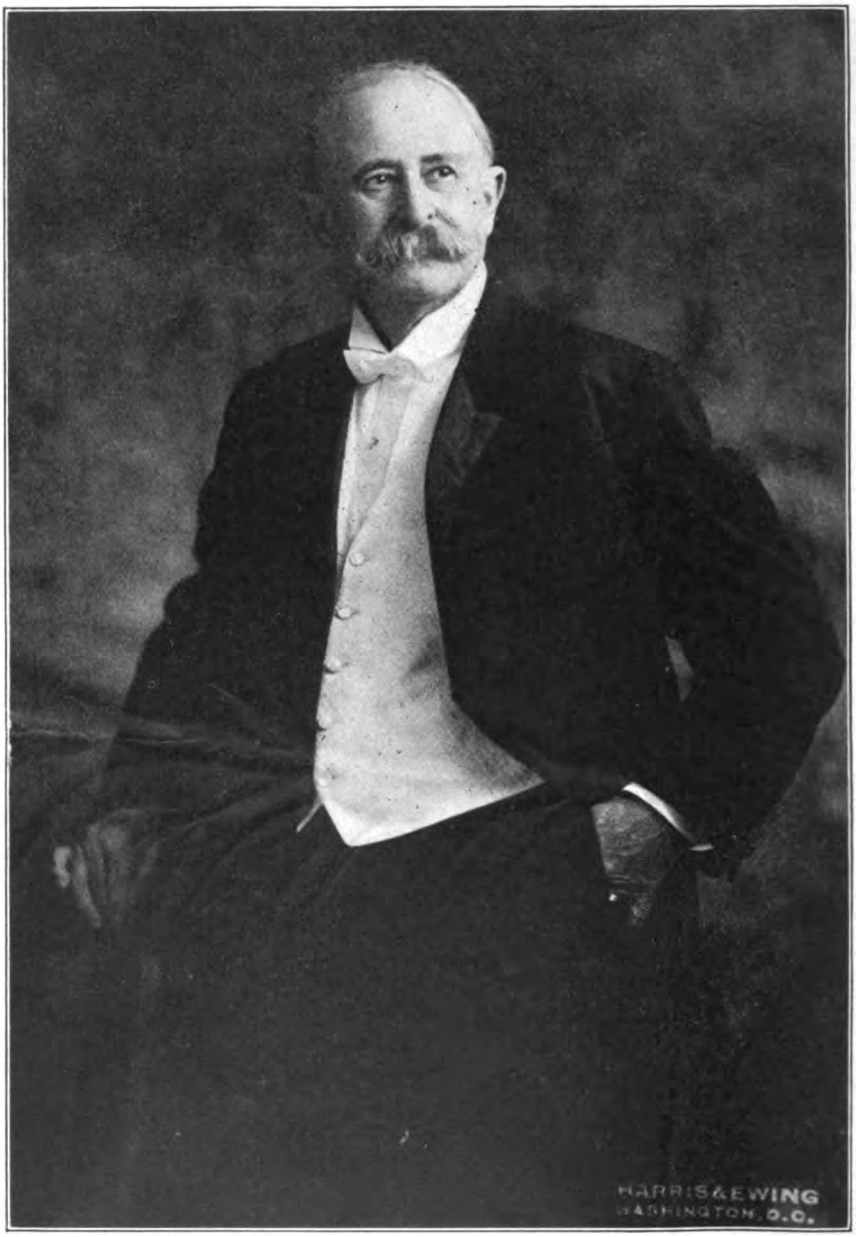

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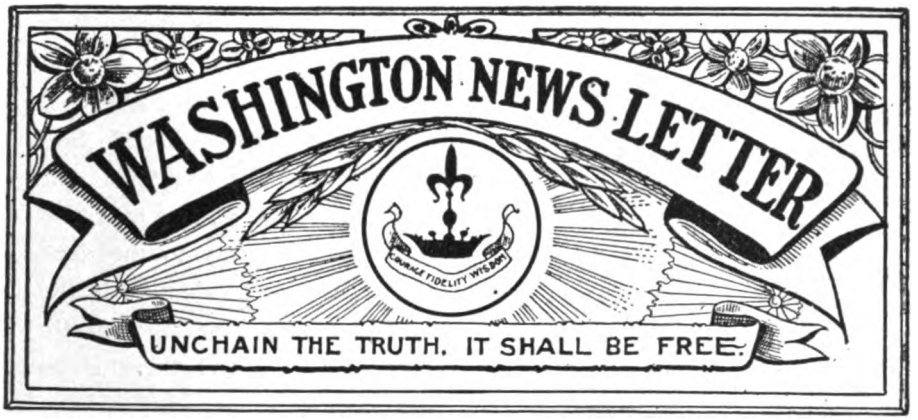

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TAKE YOUR RELIGION WITH YOU

Take your religion with you, wear it in your countenance, and keep it with you as you travel among your brothers and sisters, having an open hand of love for every one you meet and carrying into effect the Golden Rule. Let joy be unconfined in your heart. Then you will have a religion that is worth something, and you will have the only religion there is. I despise the long-faced religion, where you have to be sanctimonious; I despise it. I despise any religion that makes a person long-faced; I despise any religion that always makes a person have dyspepsia. I want a religion that gives me perfect love for my fellow everywhere, and every bit of hate eliminated from it. This kind of a religion which says I will take this one for my brother, but that one there is not my brother; I am going to pick out my brothers that I have to love as myself—that religion is no good. The universal Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is the universal religion which you must have, and that is this religion.

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THINK RIGHT AND BE WELL

We must rise above materiality and come into the real image and likeness of God. Then we take a step further and acknowledge that we live in Him; that we have all, and that all is ours; and when we come into the realization of this thought, all sorrow is banished, all want is destroyed, all sickness is forgotten, and no sin can come to make our life a life of misery. Think right, and we will be right, for as a man thinketh in his heart so is he. Health is a teachable, as easily taught, as anything else. A person can teach sickness in just the same way as by thinking of it, and he will have it. Think of the good and the true, and we will be all right on those lines. Study health, think health, and health will prevail.

THE FOUR HUNDRED

Marie Evans, of Atlanta, Ga., has begun the publication of a weekly paper, entitled *The Four Hundred,* whose initial number gives promise of a career of usefulness for the publication. In her salutation to the world the publisher says:

"I propose absolutely to publish only 'the good.' Knowing, as I do, the unreality of evil, and the ever-presence of good, these pages shall be devoted to only that which is real, lasting and eternal, the Omnipotent Good! So, avaunt, thee, dark shadows of evil, that for so long a time have hung over the human family! Hie away to the darkness of non-reality; and shine forth, thou ever-present Good, for 'Love taketh no account of evil,' and there is only one power and presence in the Universe, the Good Omnipotent—for Good (God) is All in All!"

ATLANTIC CITY LECTURE COURSE

A free lecture course, teaching Christian Science healing, will be held at Atlantic City in August, the lectures being delivered in the Greek Temple on Young's new million-dollar pier. The opening lecture will be delivered by Mrs. Elizabeth Towne, editor of *The Nautilus,* at 3 p. m., August 23. The other six lectures of the course will be by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin, delivered at 3 o'clock p. m. each day. The course will end with the lecture of August 29.

During the week public demonstrations of healing will be given. New Thought literature will be given free to all who wish it.

This lecture course offers a great opportunity to all who are interested in Christian Science.

Yours lovingly,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bishop.

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

July

PAULINA B. SABIN

Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned. (Matt. 12: 36,37.)

When your associates take delight in relating minutely everything about every ill in the community, purify the muddy waters of their conversation by talking health. Insist on talking health; prove that there is more health than sickness, and that, therefore, health is the most important subject. The majority rules. Health is in the majority. Increase the majority by talking health.—*J. D. P.*

When you cease to talk failure and begin to talk success, you invariably come to the turn in the lane; a new world is before you and a better future is in store. Therefore, if we wish to meet the turn in the lane, we ourselves must make the turn, though our desires to turn will almost invariably be produced by the words of someone who knows more than we or who knows enough to act upon what he does know.

When in the midst of discord, trouble and confusion, talk happiness; harmony will soon be restored. It is easy for minds to change for the better when someone takes the lead. You can take the lead by talking happiness.

Solomon says as a man thinketh so is he; words are the vehicles, the messengers of thought, and through them are carried into execution the thoughts created by our mental action. Solomon might well have said as a man talketh, or as he sendeth out his written speech, so is he. And a man is exactly as he thinks and as he gives expression in words to his thoughts. Through his speech he is building himself up or building himself down; and, incidentally, he is building up or building down those with whom he comes in contact.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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The Judgment Day

It is All the Time; It is Now—The Hell-and-Devil Doctrine—The True Heaven of the Christian's Life—What is Freedom?—Ignorance the Cause of All Misery—Absurdity of Eternal Hell.

BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

THERE is a Day of Judgment, and that day is NOW; it is all the time; NOW. For every sin that is committed there is a judgment, and the only way to escape punishment is to repent, turn around, go the other way. There never has been a sin committed, and there never will be a sin committed in all eternity, but that that sin was punished until the person who committed it repented.

Ignorance is at the bottom of all this trouble. Five hundred years before Jesus Christ, a Hindoo philosopher named Gautama Buddha made this statement: "Ignorance of the truth is the cause of all human misery." Jesus Christ enunciated a similar doctrine when He said: "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Therefore if you are to escape this Day of Judgment you must understand the principles which underlie and control God Almighty's universe.

The basic fact, as I have told you, time and time again, is Love. Jesus Christ said to His disciples, "A new commandment give I unto you, Love one another." The only escape from this Day of Judgment is through this avenue of Love.

> No person on the face of the earth whose heart is surcharged with the belief that God created a devil and a hell to punish His children can heal the sick. It is a monstrous doctrine, which none but a monster would use. It is so foreign from God, so foreign from His whole doctrine of Love, that we cannot believe it and be happy. God is our happiness, our joy; He covers us and protects us and takes care of us; He gives us all Love, all happiness, and as we go along the pathway of life He blesses us with every good and keeps every evil from us. That is God, and the idea that such a loving Father would do that which no person in this age would do is a monstrous libel upon our blessed Heavenly Father. No rational, loving parent would send his child to a seething, hissing hell, to be burned for all eternity for the few little sins that the child could commit in its brief years on earth, which, when compared to eternity, are as nothing. It is absurd, and such belief cannot be entertained for a moment.

Let us look into this subject for a moment. You read that all which was created was created by God through His Son, the Word, and by the Word all was created, and without Him nothing that was created was created; and when God had finished His creation He looked it over and pronounced it very good. God is All and God is Supreme, and there is no opposite. There is nothing opposite to God, for GOD IS ALL; and until the Christian people can be educated, until they can be disenthralled from error along these lines, until this hell and devil doctrine is taken out of their minds, they will suffer, and they are but blind leaders of the blind and are falling into the ditch called Death. But when they shall have

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come to realize the basic fact that God Almighty is All, and God is good and God is Love, where, I ask you, will be the hook on which to hang the thought that there is evil in existence? When the Bible tells you that GOD IS ALL, do you believe it? When the Bible tells you that God is good, do you believe it? If you do you cannot believe in evil, you cannot believe in the so-called devil, you cannot believe in the Day of Judgment that is to come some time in the future.

I ask those who believe in future judgment: "Before whom are you to be judged, and where are you to be judged?" I am now viewing the question from the orthodox standpoint. We are told that God is Omnipresent Love, Life, Wisdom and Power. If one should travel to the four points of the compass for a thousand years at the rate of a million miles a second, everywhere he would go God would be with him—Omnipresent Love, Wisdom, Power and Life—and when the traveler should stop there would be endless space beyond, and in all of this space God would be present. He is Omnipresent Love, Life, Wisdom and Power. God is not measured by metes and bounds. He cannot be measured. God is Spirit, and Spirit is Principle. He is that principle of Love, Life, Wisdom and Power, and yet so incomprehensible is He to us in this material surrounding, or in this material body, that we cannot understand further than this, that God is Love, Life, Wisdom and Power. Notwithstanding, He is everywhere, He knows our innermost thoughts and our every act, and the very hairs of our heads are numbered, and there falls not a sparrow to the ground without His notice.

Heaven, so-called from an orthodox point of view—where is it? Jesus tells us, in His Sermon on the Mount, to "Seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you," and He tells us in another place that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us, clearly showing that Mind is All, and that Heaven, so-called, and hell, so-called, are but conditions of the mind, and that the Day of Judgment which sends you down to hell or lifts you up into Heaven in every minute and every second of your life coming to you, for as you sow so shall you reap. If you go through this world sowing seeds of kindness and of Love, God Almighty's judgment is given back into your consciousness, and you are filled with health, happiness, joy and peace; but, on the contrary, if you sow evil, if you hate your brother, if you have malice against your neighbor, if you are dishonest, or if your character is other than upright and pure, as you sow you shall reap, you are in hell as you go along.

Now, this thing called death does not change these conditions in the slightest degree. The one who dies has no more surcease from sorrow and hell, if he deserves them, than he had here on earth, but, on the contrary, if in his life here he sowed the seeds of righteousness his heaven goes on through all eternity. If the Bible teaches anything it teaches this, that beyond the veil called death the work of regeneration goes on until, ultimately, the perfect child of God shines out with all the effulgence of righteousness and holiness, and his sins are forgiven and he is washed whiter than snow.

That is the Heaven of a Christian's life. It goes on for all eternity until, as Jesus tells us, "Every knee shall bow and every tongue confess," and know that He is God's beautiful, eternal Son. I will here quote from Scripture a few

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verses on this subject, the Day of Judgment, showing what judges us. I quote from the twelfth chapter of John, commencing with the 44th verse:

"Jesus cried and said, He that believeth on Me believeth not on Me, but on Him that sent Me. I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on Me should not abide in darkness. And if any man hear my words and believe not, I judge him not, for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world. He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My words, hath one that judgeth him; THE WORD THAT I HAVE SPOKEN, THE SAME SHALL JUDGE HIM IN THE LAST DAY. For I have not spoken of myself, but the Father which sent Me, He gave Me a commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak."

These words show perfectly that you are to be judged by the Word which Jesus spake. In other words, you are to be judged by the Truth, and when you understand and know the Truth you shall be free, for that is our promise; and that is all there is to this Judgment Day.

Taking up this thought and going on further as to what gives us freedom, I ask: What is Freedom?

A devout lady wrote to me from a Western State, saying she felt that it would be wrong for her to heal the sick, notwithstanding that she has been, to my knowledge, an orthodox Christian all of her life, and has prayed that God would heal the sick hundreds of times. Often, when you bring people right down to the fact, right down to the test, they have no faith in God's healing the sick. Their prayer is but mockery, notwithstanding the fact that Jesus said, that almost His very last words were: "These signs shall follow those who believe: IN MY NAME shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues, and if they eat any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

Now, this is such an important subject that I will endeavor to impress upon the reader the thought that God Almighty's promise is "that all who believe can heal the sick," and I say it here, and I say it to all the world, that in no place in the Bible is that promise taken back in the slightest degree, or modified, or in any way weakened. On the contrary, said Jesus: "I go to the Father as an advocate for you, and you shall do greater works than I have done." Everywhere the promise is that God will heal the sick, and nowhere in the Bible is that taken back, and yet you find people all over the world hiding behind a judgment seat, hiding behind a devil and a hell, scared to death, keeping God's love out of their hearts and dragging themselves down to a miserable death.

You must understand the Truth, and the Truth will make you free. It will not only free you from this fear of hell, from this fear of destruction, but from all evil as well. We have news every day from different parts of the world where people are being destroyed by their fear of hell; religious people, who are afraid that they will commit or have committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, and are almost insane. Visit any of the insane asylums in the country—you will find that fifty per cent of the inmates are there because of their fear of the wrath of God Almighty.

Now, the importance of this subject cannot be overdrawn. If you know this Truth that God is LOVE, that God is

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GOOD, it gives you freedom over this fear of death, freedom from this fear of sickness and this fear of want, and it gives you freedom over every inharmony. Truly, as the Hindoo philosopher said, ignorance is the cause of all this misery. Our Savior says that we shall know the Truth and it shall make us free. How are you to have this freedom-giving Truth if you have to wait until you pass through this hell called death and then come up before a judgment seat, and cannot know where you are until after they have cast up the account against you?

What a religion is that! There is not one word of Truth in such a thought, for it would give the lie to the doctrine that God is Love and God is Good.

Furthermore, we prove our position in the same way that our Savior proved His—by the signs that follow. When He told His disciples to go out and preach the gospel, He said, "These signs shall follow those who believe." They can heal the sick, and, in accordance with the promises of Jesus Christ, any person who cannot heal the sick does not believe. Readers may ask, Am I going to dechristianize all these people? I do not do any such thing. The only place in all the Bible where a believer is defined is in the sixteenth chapter of Mark, and in that chapter we are told that those who believe shall have these signs following. Where have you ever been promised that any believer cannot do this work? In proof of our position we heal the sick, and we believe that God's love can heal the sick, but those who believe in the devil and hell cannot heal.

No person on the face of the earth whose heart is surcharged with the belief that God created a devil and a hell to punish His children can heal the sick. It is a monstrous doctrine which none but a monster would use; it is so foreign from God, so foreign from His whole doctrine of Love, that we cannot believe it and be happy. God is our happiness, our joy; He covers us and protects us and takes care of us; He gives us all Love, all happiness, and as we go along the pathway of life He blesses us with every good and keeps every evil from us. That is God, and the idea that such a loving Father would do that which no person in this age would do is a monstrous libel upon our blessed Heavenly Father. No rational, loving parent would send his child to a seething, hissing hell, to be burned for all eternity, for the few little sins that the child could commit in its brief years on earth, which, when compared to eternity, are as nothing. It is absurd, and such belief cannot be entertained for a moment.

FAITH

Faith takes mind and soul into the greater realms of life. It goes out upon the boundless and awakens those interior spiritual forces that have the power to do anything. This is why all things become possible when we have faith.

It is the nature of faith to break bounds, to transcend limitations and take life, thought and action into the universal. It is the nature of faith to unite the lesser with the greater, to unite the mind of man with the mind of God. Therefore, we shall always require faith; however far we may go into the greater, the superior and the boundless today, faith will take us farther still tomorrow. And that is our purpose—to realize our largest and dearest desires in the present and then press on to the realization of other and far greater desires in the future.—*Selected.*

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Our Father's House

John W. Eighmy

A HOUSE and a home are synonymous terms, and mean the same. When we speak of a house, we mean a place of abode—a home where the weary may find solace and rest. The home should be our most sacred place, where peace and tranquillity abide. The highest aspiration of man is for an ideal home. More thought is given to its establishment, perhaps, than to any other subject. Its acquirement is the ardent desire of the human heart. Without a home—a haven of rest, or a place of abode—man is tossed to and fro like a rudderless ship on a turbulent sea. Man craves peace and rest. Where shall it be found? Not in the turmoil and strife of worldly vocations, but under the roof and within the precincts of the Christian's house. What greater inspiration is there to buoy up the soul and attune it for a higher sphere than the strains produced by the skilled musician from that priceless "Home, Sweet Home"?

Every woman of taste and refinement craves a home, a domicile, where she can reign as governess and queen. It is her highest ambition. For it she will plan and work with an enthusiasm that astonishes mankind. Give her half a chance and she will rear a home which for beauty, comfort and perfection will honor her sex to the highest degree. Such was a life ambition possessed by my beloved wife, who recently passed from these earthly scenes to dwell in Our Father's House, an abiding place not made with human hands, but which is eternal in the heavens, the *idcal* Home! What a sublime thought to dwell upon, even when erected by human hands; but how much greater and grander is the contemplation of a home with its restful and hallowed possessions prepared by our Heavenly Father! Who can aspire to a greater inheritance than a dwelling-place where all is perfection, peace and rest, forever and forever, in Our Father's House?

Our Savior says: "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

The Prodigal Son—and we can all be denominated such—wandered away from his father's house. He journeyed into a far country, and there wasted in riotous living the good gifts that had been bestowed upon him by his father. When he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in the land, and he began to be in want. He went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, who sent him into the field to feed swine, and he would fain have filled his belly with husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him anything, and he came near perishing with hunger. He awoke; he came to a realizing sense of what he had done. He said, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants.'" And he arose and came to his father; and yet, when he was

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a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him, and the son said unto him: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." The father said to his servants: "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry." This parable of our beloved Savior, as recorded in the 15th Chapter of St. Luke, is the greatest, perhaps, illustrative of man's proneness to leave his father's house and revel in sensuality and lust, imbued with the belief he is enjoying profit and pleasure.

Mortal man is a wanderer. He has left his Father's house; he prefers to follow in the pathway of his predecessor—Adam. He is journeying in a far country; he wastes in riotous living the good gifts so generously provided by his Heavenly Father, and is sure to meet with famine and want. He will eventually face hunger, starvation and death. But if he awakens and comes into a full realization of who he is and what he is—that he is a child of God; that he has left and wandered away from his Father's house, and with repentance is willing to forsake mortality's ways, return, and become as a hired servant, then there will be joy and gladness. He will be forgiven; he will be adorned with the best robe, provided with food and raiment; the fatted calf will be killed. He will fare sumptuously, and all will be merry.

St. Paul gives a comprehensive description of an abiding-place for man. He says: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God—an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."—(2 Corinthians, 5-1.)

How false and deceiving are the so-called worldly pleasures that allure mankind. The indulgence in the use of tobacco, liquor, cocaine, opium, morphine and all seductive attractions that tempt us are myths—visionary. They are unreal, fleeting and transitory; they exist for only a short time; they spring from mortal mind, which is always at enmity with God; they lead to want, starvation, imbecility, insanity, loss of manhood, heart disease, paralysis and a thousand other so-called diseases, and down to degradation and death.

It is recorded in Holy Scripture, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." This body we inhabit is God's temple. It should not be polluted, defiled, or suffered to become unclean by indulgence in riotous living, or by gratifying sensual and lustful appetites. Each one of us is a temple of God. The temple of God is holy. The spirit of God dwelleth in this temple, and the admonition is, that if any man defile this temple by sensuality, lust or any violations of Divine law, him shall God destroy. I say unto, my brother, awake; realize who you are, that you are a child of God. You have wandered into a far country, like the prodigal son. Cast off this life of sensuality and riotous living; forsake mortality's way—return and dwell in your Father's House.

Look within. There is the fountain of good welling up perpetually, if you always dig.

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Pictures

The Family Whose Members Go Astray—The Family Who Trust in God—The Vile Work of Commerce and Competition—The Coming of the Redeemer. The New Religion Supplanting the Law of Hate—The Master Instead of the Slave.

BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

THE world is full of pictures. There is in my mind a picture of a strong, brainy young man and his beautiful wife, surrounded in their magnificent home by all of the comforts and luxuries that wealth can buy. By the side of the mother is a little prattling boy of two, and in the crib is his little sister, all pictures of health. They grow to manhood and womanhood. The father's table is supplied with what are termed "drinks" as well as food. In the parlor the cards are on display on the center table. The children are reared in that atmosphere. I see the boy when he goes to college. He is bright, but he has learned to drink, he has learned to play cards, he has learned the revelry of society which leads down to death. The professors have trouble with him. He won't get his lessons, and he is finally "plucked," returned home, after the parents are written to that they are sending him home and that he can no longer attend that university. While he was there, through the friendly societies that are now in all of our large university cities, the theaters were opened on credit; he could have anything he wanted on credit as long as he was in that society, and when he was driven away from that college he was driven away in debt, and the father, to save the name of the family, paid the debt and almost impoverished himself.

I see further. He meets an innocent but foolish girl, who thinks that she can reform him, and they are married, and it grows from bad to worse. His morals are debauched and his home destroyed, and by and by his eyes are red and his feet take hold on hell and he is gone. There are only two ways to escape — one through God's love and the other through death.

I see the picture of the little girl reared in the same atmosphere. She is but human and falls, and, after she has

> Now, my brothers and sisters, Christ's teaching is the thought and His truth is the picture that we are giving to the world. It is a new religion. It is a religion that supplants the law of hate. It is a religion that gives us a God of Love. It is a religion that teaches us to love our brother, teaching us to do unto him as we would have him do unto us, following in the path that our Savior taught, and in this knowledge of the truth it makes us free. We look up to God Almighty and recognize who we are and what we are. In this truth, in this knowledge of freedom, in this knowledge of truth we rejoice over the cohorts of evil. We rejoice over death, want, sickness and sorrow. We hold up to the world this brazen serpent, we might term it, of love, which is the cure and panacea for evil in all the conditions of life.
>
> This religion makes us the master instead of the slave. It is the only key that will manumit the world. It is the only thought that will unchain the prisons. It is the only thought that will restore those that are lost in the madhouses. It is the only thought that gives redemption to man, and its only weapon is love.

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grown to womanhood, we meet her in the gutter and our eyes are turned away in very pity to think that God's image and likeness could sink so low.

I see the reverse of this picture—another family. They have two beautiful children, a son and a daughter. They are raised under the influence of love. Every day that love is taught. They are taught that God is love and that in Him they live, move and have their being. They are taught to trust the beautiful Father for everything. They grow strong in body, perfect in morals, mighty in intellect. They go through schools and master everything, and by and by the boy goes home. He is surrounded by books, he is surrounded by all that makes a man great, and the world is better for his life. He is a blessing; he is a benediction to his fellows. The daughter is manumitted. She has been taught that God Almighty made man and woman, male and female made He them, and that she is the equal of her brother. She stands before the world a perfect woman—perfect in physique and perfect in intelligence—and the poor and the sick flock to her to receive aid.

I see another picture. It is the whole world, you might call it, running with a mad rush toward the factories. The streets are congested, the mother and the father and the little ones, who are scarcely able to toddle, are forced into the factory, where it takes the labor of all to earn sustenance for the family. Those who are too little to work are left at home locked in a room. Go through that factory and you will see those little ones. These mothers and fathers look at you with their big, lack-luster eyes, with little more intelligence than the beasts of the field, ignorant. But the commerce and competition of the business world demand it. They have to be sacrificed. They have to be sacrificed that our nation may be the greatest nation on the earth in exportation of its goods. They have to be sacrificed in their growth, and in their destruction Liberty lies weeping in the dust.

Then I see another picture. The man is at the head of a railroad company. It runs out its feeders, and for every million dollars invested, by watering of the stock and monopoly of bonds he reaps a clear profit of a quarter of a million. In a few years he is mightily rich. He holds the grasp on the financial tiller and he guides his ship along in the ways of Mammon, and all that comes in the way of that mighty ship or car is crushed. Commerce, the world's trade, demands it, and he has to have it.

Yet I see another picture that makes me weep. I see the laboring men combining against their very fellows. Here is a picture—a man and his children who want work, who must have work in order to live. The man does not belong to the union. He is driven away and I see him fleeing with a mob after him with stones, and at the door of his house he falls, stricken dead from a stone that hits him in the temple. His weeping wife goes up and takes his body in her arms, and there, with her children, she weeps over him because he wanted to labor and earn them bread and couldn't because he was not in the union.

The world is filled with these horrid pictures. I look abroad in the land of history and I see men and women all over the earth bowing down and worshiping stocks and stones; men and women all over the earth bowing down to animals and images and everything except the one and only true and living God. I see them in ignorance and with

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caste and with cruelty. I see them murdered by the millions in every way that human ingenuity can create and wicked thought knows how to destroy.

It was that way for thousands and thousands of years, but lo! and behold the cry went forth for a Redeemer. The necessity was there, and under the inexorable law that all necessities will be supplied the answer came. The shepherds were herding their flocks near the little town of Bethlehem. They looked up and saw in the sky the angels singing, "Peace on earth, good will to men." That was the burden of their song. Further we see wise men following a star. They came and saw, and they worshipped, and that blessed annunciation that was given was but a forerunner of the truth of Jesus Christ, born in a manger. It was a religion of love, a religion to redeem man from himself, a religion to redeem man from his sins.

Christ grew into manhood. He taught His disciples thoughts of love God and love your fellows over the whole of Palestine by day and by night as they followed Him. He was also followed by thousands and thousands of others, and was healing the sick and preaching the gospel everywhere He went. He sent His loving benediction everywhere, but error nailed Him to a tree. He was crucified that you and I might live. He was crucified that you and I, who followed after, should be redeemed of this thing called death and should be enabled to live and live forever.

Now, my brothers and sisters, Christ's teaching is the thought and His truth is the picture that we are giving to the world. It is a new religion. It is a religion that supplants the law of hate. It is a religion that gives us a God of Love. It is a religion that teaches us to love our brother, teaching us to do unto him as we would have him do unto us, following in the path that our Savior taught, and in this knowledge of the truth it makes us free. We look up to God Almighty and recognize who we are and what we are. In this truth, in this knowledge of freedom, in this knowledge of truth, we rejoice over the cohorts of evil. We rejoice over death, want, sickness and sorrow. We hold up to the world this brazen serpent, we might term it, of love, which is the cure and panacea for evil in all the conditions of life.

This religion makes us the master instead of the slave. It is the only key that will manumit the world. It is the only thought that will unchain the prisons. It is the only thought that will restore those that are lost in the madhouses. It is the only thought that gives redemption to man, and its only weapon is love.

Here is the last picture, and it is one of us here on earth, trying to teach our followers. We are combated here and there by unbelief, but we only say, "Study and try." We do not ask you to believe us if we do not tell you the truth. We do not ask you to believe us unless the truth proves itself. We simply ask you, in the name of love, to study. If you do you will be redeemed, because, as sure as the beautiful sun of God shines on earth, he who seeks shall know, and to him who knocks shall be opened. There is no mistake, there can be no mistake; the answer will be perfect.

Now, is it worth the trial? I ask you? I ask my readers through the broad world, is this picture worth striving for? If it is, the reality is yours for the taking. May God in Heaven lead you right.

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Right

RIGHT may be smothered by the private or the national conscience, but it has it 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 a willful 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 cannot 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.

NEW THOUGHT LECTURES AT ATLANTIC CITY

Mrs. Elizabeth Towne, editor of *The Nautilus*, will open the course of seven free lectures on New Thought in August in the Greek Temple on Young's new million-dollar pier at Atlantic City, speaking at 3 p. m., August 23. The other six lectures of the course will be delivered by Bishop Sabin, who will speak each day at 3 p. m., the course ending August 29. New Thought literature will be given free to all who ask for it.

Wisdom is knowing what to do next. Skill is knowing how to do it, and virtue is doing it—*David Starr Jordan.*

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The Righteous Man

James Allen in Magazine of Mysteries

THERE are times in the life of every man who takes his stand on high moral principles when his faith in, and knowledge of, those principles is tested to the uttermost, and the way in which he comes out of the fiery trial decides as to whether he has sufficient strength to live as a man of truth, and join the company of the free, or shall remain a slave and a hireling to the cruel taskmaker, Self.

Such times of trial generally assume the form of a temptation to do a wrong thing and continue in comfort and prosperity, or to stand by what is right and accept poverty and failure, and so powerful is the trial that, to the tempted one, it plainly appears on the face of things as though if he chooses the wrong his material success will be assured for the remainder of his life; but if he does what is right he will be ruined forever.

Frequently the man at once quails and gives way before this appalling prospect which the path of righteousness seems to hold out for him, but should he prove sufficiently strong to withstand this first onslaught of temptation, then the inward seducer, the spirit of self, assumes the garb of an angel of light, and whispers, "Think of your wife and children; think of those who are dependent upon you; you will bring them down to disgrace and starvation?"

Strong indeed and pure must be the man who can come triumphant out of such a trial; but he who does so enters at once a higher realm of life, where his spiritual eyes are opened to see beautiful things; and the poverty and ruin which seemed inevitable do not come, but a more abiding success comes, and a peaceful heart and a quiet conscience. But he who fails does not obtain the promised prosperity, and his heart is restless and his conscience troubled.

The right-doer cannot ultimately fail, the wrong doer cannot ultimately succeed, for

"Such is the Law which moves to Righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay,"—

and it is because justice is at the heart of things—because the Great Law is good—that the man of integrity is superior to fear, and failure, and poverty, and shame, and disgrace. As the poet further says of this Law—

"The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is peace and consummation sweet—obey."

The man who, fearing the loss of present pleasures or material comforts, denies the truth within him, can be injured, and robbed, and degraded, and trampled upon, because he had first injured, and robbed, and degraded, and trampled upon his own nobler self; but the man of steadfast virtue, of unblemished integrity, cannot be subject to such conditions, because he had denied the craven self within him and has taken refuge in the truth. It is not the scourge and the chains which make a man a slave, but the fact that he is a slave.

Slander, accusation, and malice cannot affect the righteous man, nor call from

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him any bitter response, nor does he need to go about to defend himself and prove his innocence. His innocence and integrity alone are a sufficient answer to all that hatred may attempt against him. No one can ever be subdued by the force of darkness, having subdued all those forces within himself; but he turns all evil things to good account—out of darkness be brings light, out of hatred love, out of dishonor, honor; and slanders, envies and misrepresentations only serve to make more bright the jewel of truth within him, and to glorify his high and holy destiny.

Let the man of truth rejoice and be glad when he is severely tried; let him be thankful that he has been given an opportunity of proving his loyalty to the noble principles which he has espoused; and let him think—"Now is the hour of holy opportunity! Now is the day of triumph for truth! Though I lose the whole world I will not desert the right!" So thinking, he will return good for evil, and will think compassionately of the wrong-doer.

The slanderer, the back-biter, and the wrong-doer may seem to succeed for a time, but the law of justice prevails; the man of integrity may seem to fail for a time, but he is invincible, and in none of the worlds, visibble or invisible, can there be forged a weapon that shall prevail against him.

The desires of our hearts are God-implanted, and God works in us to will and to do according to these desires. Hence desire is the prophecy of its own fulfillment. As to when it will be fulfilled depends upon how well we nurture the desire with faith and good works.—*Elizabeth Towne.*

AFFIRM SUCCESS

A persistent affirmation that do possess the qualities which necessary for your higher success you will develop them to their u strength, aids wonderfully in acq the desired possession. If you lack age, if you are a coward in some of your nature, gradually brace up weak point by daily exercise. Li actor, assume the part you would with all the strength of your being. you actually live his life and are rounded by his atmosphere. Experi actors tell us that they feel the cl ters which they impersonate; that, i are playing noble, heroic characters actually feel the noble impulses strong tonic of heroism assumed; o other hand, when they are playing contemptible parts they feel mean debased. There is everything in a ing firmly and persistently the par wish to play in life. Resolve and b that you are manly, or womanly, vigorous and strong. Never for a stant allow yourself to think tha are weak and mean and contem After a while you will retain p nently the character which you as —*Success.*

FAITH

It is this faith that hallows the of the worthy Christian Metap Healer and makes his presence a diction to the afflicted. His is r prayer of complaints, but of thank realizes with the prophet Elijah th Lord is not in the "great and stron that rends the mountains, nor earthquakes that rock the world, the flaming fire, but in the still voice, the voice of gratitude."

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Mind and Man

A Question Discussed by Rose de Vaux-Royer

A CORRESPONDENT has asked for "one minute scrap of information relating to man and the real reason why we are here on earth in our present phase."

This, as a present experience, is, perhaps, the only phase of being we may speak positively about, except by conjecture; yet the president of one of our New England Universities once said from the pulpit: "The fact that *I am* makes all else seem possible."

To say that we are here in response to a mighty law does not answer the question, or that we are an intermediary product between two forces, or two given allotments of time called the beginning and the end. Man's appearance and disintegration explain nothing, any more than does the vast interim in suspended judgment. There is a Divine order that regulates all, and that man is an actor in a drama which he does not control, with the curtain partially drawn at both his entrance and exit from this limited stage called life, provokes his growing tendency to know and, if possible, to control the unknown. The aspiration bespeaks a realization, and not one rational, thinking mind today that is not interested in the outcome. Those entering this field of inquiry probably realize, or are willing to do so, that "There is no death. What seems such is transition!" We have allowed the material issues to play too important a part in the space of time apportioned as "life," and by focussing our thought there only have denied the development of other issues which might have responded to an equal amount of intelligent encouragement. Instead of annexing the next chapter or experience of life, we have separated it by a definite line of demarkation and labeled it death, and qualified it as "the unknown"—the "end," *"finis,"* etc. Since man has come into a more comprehensive understanding of mind—limitless—he is dealing with a new factor, or rather a new revelation and relatedness of what has always existed, though closed to his materialistic view. Immersed in the creation of the senses, man has placed a limit in accordance with his own self-created boundaries. Larkin tells us that "mind is the only entity in existence having power to create, and that the salvation of the individual and the race is based upon the newly-discovered semi-latent laws of mind."

Mind is a cause, and existed long before the so-called matter; and through out all the turbulence, upheaval and unrest mind is working unceasingly to perfect the Infinite Plan.

To return to our subject, the thinking mind may conceive of life as symbolized by the circle, and that the centrifugal and centripetal forces are sending out and recalling this active entity known to us as life, in its divisions and forms of expression; and so man "comes and goes and comes again" in the progressive scale of being. We call this living. Action is necessary to being—to become. Maeterlinck has told us in his *"Tresors des Humbles"* that "the dead do not die: they live in the houses and habits of us all;" and, further, that "the first kiss of

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the betrothed is a demand of myriads for reembodiment." Perhaps, then, one of the missions of our present phase of life is that we are the growing mouthpiece or organs of expression for the myriads of disembodied entities or mental activities — thought-forces — to operate through; i. e., man may be regarded as a mechanism for certain spiritual entities to manifest through, or as sensitive plates registering these delicate vibrations in the mind-maze, corresponding to the "wireless" principle.

We are the "receivers" for the vibrations of the etheric currents to which we are "attuned." When we receive what we do not wish, it is remedied by raising our magnetic condition or law of attraction to a higher stratum to reenforce ourselves, whereby we are vested with the power of selection. We have touched a new key, and by affirming the "good" we charge thought atmospheres and induct emotions as well as mental pictures.

I will touch upon mental correspondence and telepathy in another article.

LEARN TO RELY ON SELF

Nothing better can happen to a young man who has the right kind of grit, than to be thrown on the world and his own resources. A well-to-do judge once gave his son one thousand dollars, and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the Freshman year, his money all gone and with several extravagent habits. At the close of the vacation, the judge said to his son: "Well, William, are you going to college this year?" "Have no money, father." But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate on." "It is all gone, father." "Very well, my son; it was all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must nov your own way in the world." A light broke in upon the vision o young man. He accommodated hi to the situation—again left home; his way through college, graduated head of his class, studied law, b Governor of the State of New entered the Cabinet of the Preside the United States, and has made ord that will not soon die, for h none other than William H. Seward

The men who have become succ are seldom those who had money a fluence to back them, but those wh nothing to begin with but their arms and active brains. Developing er rythmically through their use, a ing always, increasing in strength, a with definite purpose ahead, and a this purpose becoming clearer.

"We shape ourselves the joy o
Of which the coming life is
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

"The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our ow
And in the field of Destiny,
We reap as we have sown."

—*Whit*

TO BE WISE

We must first learn to be happ those who can finally issue forth self by the portal of happiness, infinitely wider freedom than thos pass through the gate of sadness.

Avoidance of each thought that
Will keep the household sunn
And there should be no "family
Unless they're filled with hon

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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 bring into manifestation the harmonious whole.

PRAYER

Prayer may be appropriately denominated the working tools of the Christian healer. In fervent prayer there exists a deep mystery which human reason has never solved, just as it has never solved many of the occult problems of nature. Even men most learned in physical science are obliged to confess that they daily observe most powerful effects, which they are unable to trace to any adequate cause; and that their actual knowledge of the operation of natural laws is confined to very narrow limits. The mystery of prayer cannot be solved by human reason, because, being of the Spirit, it can only be discerned spiritually.

True worship consists not so much in asking God for more blessings as in thanking Him with a full heart for those he has already given.—*Street.*

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"THE HOLY CITY"

Cecilia A. Oehme

"And the Gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there." Rev. 21:25.

At the pearly Gates of Purity I linger long, amidst the lily-bloom—the thoughts of love;
List' to the rapturous candences of song, throughout the universe our house of Love.
And child-like, reverently, join in the praise of Nature's all so pure and undefiled,
And like a harp attuned to words of grace, love doth embrace e'en me, a wandering child.
The portals ope—the heralds of life's reign bow low in reverence as I enter in;
The Holy of the Holiest, always the refrain reverberating o'er all death and sin.
The mists dissolve, the veil is rent in twain—all power bestowed on me, child of his love,
In earth and heaven—ebbing the refrain —to hover o'er my senses like a dove.
The now and here—the great eternal now, the love that limitless bestowed upon,
The child-like, trusting heart whose senses bow, who learn to walk this shadowy vale—and DAWN
Lights on the hills of everlasting love.

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 strategem
Escape the remuneration. —*Emerson.*

KNOW THYSELF

Know thyself. Know that you are divine. You are not "poor, weak mortals," as you have often called yourselves. You are not bodies that can be preyed upon by disease and destroyed by other forces of Nature; minds with wills not sufficiently strong to withstand certain forms of temptation; hearts that must suffer and break. You are souls. Souls that are one with the great Universal, Eternal, Omnipotent Soul of Life. Know that the resources of Infinity are your resources. Know that your body and your mind are but instruments for your use; nay, more, that they are but Expressions of Your Spirit—your real life that you may control and adapt them, and further on may create them at your will. Why should they ever be weak? Why should they ever be ill unless you choose? You must learn the meaning of the words of the Great Master when he said, "I have power to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again."—*The Message of Life.*

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL

The destiny and the progress of the soul is always higher and higher. There is no place to stop and say we have it all. That would be stagnation, which is the final end of a conservative attitude persisted in, from which, good Lord, deliver us.

What we need to do and what we desire to accomplish is to let go of every idea and every sentiment that conflicts with true Godliness, and foster and encourage every thought and idea that makes for harmony and freedom; thus helping on the work to establish the Kingdom of Heaven on the earth.

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Marriage Failed to Reform

Maude Radford Warren in Woman's World

ONCE I went to stay in a place in the South where there lived a woman whom all the neighborhood called "Miss Sallie." She was dark, beautiful, proud and worn. Once she had been the belle of that part of her native State, unusually well liked and much courted. One of her suitors was the best-looking man in the county, wild and lawless beyond belief, rich and extravagant. Everyone warned her against him; but one night some people heard the clatter of the hoofs of two horses along the State road. The next morning it was told that the two had run away to be married. They came back from their honeymoon radiant, and Miss Sallie said to her friends that she had married her lover to reform him and had succeeded.

Her happiness lasted three months, perhaps six, but no longer. Her husband drank and gambled, spent his money like water, and filled their home with wild companions. She thought their child would win him back to decency, and for three weeks he did behave with some consideration for her, but the night the baby was baptized he drank to excess. He sank into his old habits. One night when he came home and she was asleep, in maudlin affection he lifted the baby from its cradle and fell with it. The child was a cripple for the remaining seven years of its poor little life.

Before many years her husband had lost all his property, and Miss Sallie moved with him to her own house. Despite all wheedling and threats she kept her property in her own name; it was just enough to support the two comfortably. She had withdrawn from society before the baby's birth; her high spirits had departed, her outgoing manner had changed to reserve, her charm had become hardness. Her only aim seemed to be to do what she could for the wreck she had married. No one dared offer her sympathy, though every one felt sorry for her, and for her sake showed some consideration for her husband.

There could scarcely be a more poignant spectacle than the sight of that proud, beautiful woman coaxing her husband home when he was intoxicated. Sometimes he was reeling on a saddle: sometimes he was in a carriage, insisting on leaning over the dashboard; sometimes he was staggering, singing or dancing by the ditches. Those of us who saw them on the road always turned aside into some neighbor's grounds so as to lessen Miss Sallie's humiliation. If any one did meet her, she went on with her head high and no sign of recognition on her face. When her husband pawned articles from the household for drink, the shop people always sent them back to her with the pawn check appended. The next day she would drive to the shops and silently pay the debts.

The only occasion upon which she broke her reserve was when some young girl of the neighborhood, some child of a friend, came to the age when she was regarded as grown up. Her Miss Sallie sent for and in a hard, tearless way, told her life story. She told it fully, sparing nothing and not the least affecting part

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of her recital was when she brought out her dead child's pictures, stating how it had been crippled, and giving a long account of the sufferings of that short life. Such a girl always left Miss Sallie crying as if her heart would break, but with the lesson learned. There were no girls in that neighborhood who married men to reform them.

Not every woman who marries a man to reform him may pay the price of a crippled child, but every such woman or girl is liable to pay a dreadful enough price in shame and sorrow. For the sake of herself, her relatives and the next generation, a girl is morally bound to be sure of the worthiness of the man she marries.

HOW TO CONTROL THE BODY

All bodily functions are controlled by thought. I repeat this here to emphasize it. You must become familiar with this fundamental principle in Mental Healing. Thought heals. Thought is your individual perception of Truth. Therefore Truth heals. Truth, Love, Goodness and Beauty are all one, are all manifestations of the One. Error, hate and fear are conditions of absence; they are names only, for the want of Truth, Love and Faith, just as the absence of light is darkness and the absence of heat is cold. Absence has no foundation, no being, is nothing. Those who indulge in these mental conditions of fear, hate, anger, grief are shutting out Life and Love; are trying to manifest Being upon nothing. Like the boy who walks off the end of the plank they step upon nothing, and fall. Health is a positive mental state. These negative unhappy mental states are disease. Self-assertion is the universal panacea for unhappiness. Remove unhappiness, health must come. Resignation, passivity, quietness induced by will power under necessity, are too often thought to be happiness when they are but mental paralysis. Happiness finds its place only when there is a loss of self-consciousness in pleasant thoughts. How then do I control my body? By THOUGHT. I think "walk" and the body walks. I think sew, or play upon the piano, or drive a team, or measure land, or make a dress, or write a letter, and the body obeys my thought. When I say to my body "sit," it assumes that position. When I say "sleep" it sleeps. The body obeys my Suggestion. I control my body through the power of Suggestion. These suggestions are born in the Affirmation, "I CAN." This affirmation had its birth in some suggestion from without that caused me to think, to desire and to decide.—*From "Self-Healing through Suggestion."*

TEACHINGS OF CHRISTOLOGY

Christology in its teachings elucidates how Jesus removed the veil of sense, making all things clear, so that all who will see may view the workings of Infinity as pertaining to man's welfare. We learn that there is but one universal cause; and that is God. Upon the Mount of Transfiguration Jesus showed that law and prophecy were merged into one central thought, the glorified Christ. When His disciples looked up they saw no man, save Jesus only. In His school of Divine science we cannot find that He ever taught man to bow down to the laws of matter. All He taught relative to healing was upon the plane of pure spirituality; and we, as apt and sincere pupils, must, of necessity, follow in His footsteps and profit through His precepts.

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The Deadly Fly

Astonishing and Alarming Facts Regarding the Dangers Arising From the Insect

RECENTLY the Agricultural Experiment Station at Storrs, Conn., examined 414 flies. The creatures had been crawling around in a cesspool and were washed off and the germs counted under a microscope. The prize fly had 6,600,000 germs on it. It's a pretty common sort of a fly that isn't an omnibus for at least a million germs. Dip a fly into a cesspool and make it walk across a gelatin plate and you'll find that it leaves a trail of at least 30,000 germs. A startling thing about a fly is that it is just half way in size between the biggest animal in the world and the smallest living thing. In other words, an elephant is just as much bigger than a fly as a fly is bigger than a germ. The germ catches on the hairs on a fly's body, for a fly is completely covered with the littlest, tiniest hairs imaginable. When a fly stops to wash its hands it is merely trying to dig some of these germs out because it is itching.

You remember the old joke about rabbits being such great mathematicians—because they multiplied so rapidly. Well, the rabbit has to take a back seat in comparison to the fly. A single female fly is capable of depositing from 100 to 150 eggs at one time, and can deliver five or six batches of eggs during its short lifetime. This means that two flies starting out in spring, with luck on their side, and considering that not one of the offspring died or was killed, this Adam and Eve would be the proud parents of 195,000,000 bushels of flies. Accidents happen to the flies; they get killed, starve to death, and a thousand and one things happen to them. They have a lot of natural enemies. One kind is called hypopi—or one kind of mite. Another enemy is the household myriapod, or centipede. They dine on flies. Spiders, too, know what they are about when they spin their webs.

The common housefly that makes itself at home in the kitchen is one of the deepest-dyed criminals on record. Its hands are stained with innocent blood. It can carry the following diseases: Asiatic cholera, typhoid, dysentery, tuberculosis, ophthalmia, anthrax and even smallpox.

More people are stricken by typhoid than by any other disease it carries. When the epidemic of typhoid broke out during our late set-to with Spain, its source could not be discovered. The whole medical staff went searching for it, but for a long time the cause of typhoid in the army camps could not be discovered. The soldiers went on dying. At last the medical men began to suspect the innocent-looking housefly, and its character was looked into. It was found that the fly went to cesspools, dirtied its feet, then hastened to the mess tents without wiping its pedal extremities. It was thus carrying the germs of typhoid from the cesspools direct to the soldiers' food. The flies were filling our hospitals with our men faster than the Spaniards were. Flies killed four American soldiers during the Spanish-American War to every one killed by Spanish bullets.

When the Japs went to war they profited by our experience and fought the flies before marching against the Russians, with the result that the figures

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were turned squarely around—they lost four men by wounds to one by typhoid.

Flies are responsible for one death a day in New York City, day in and day out, the year round.

The easiest way to get rid of flies is not to have them. It doesn't do a great deal of good to kill a fly after it is born. Keep it from being born. That's the way out of it—keep it from hatching. This is a lot simpler than it sounds. Get rid of the refuse heaps and your flies will turn up missing.

Every wife that has flies in her house should be ashamed of herself. Only one good thing can be said about flies, and that is they don't come around unless they are invited. You invite them by having refuse around. A fly in the kitchen reflects on a housekeeper lots more than a hole in the lace curtains. Flies come from dark, damp corners—from swill-buckets. A fly is a child of filth. Flies just can't develop where everyhing is clean. Flies hate suds. When suds come, flies go

Every housewife should appoint herself a fly-fighting committee of one. She needn't take the fly-killer the way grandpa did—slip up behind one of the creatures and swat him across the back—all she has to do is to get rid of the kitchen swill and sprinkle some lime around. Now, supposing she is already bothered with flies; how will she get rid of them? Here is how:

Pyrethrum powder burned in a room stupefies flies until they can be swept up and put where flies properly belong. Burn a little of this in your house in the morning, and you won't find many flies hanging around during the day.

Drop some carbolic acid on a hot shovel or on a hot lid. The vapor puts an end to them. If you wish to use a poison, dissolve a dram of bichromate of potash in sweetened water and place in a shallow dish, where the flies can easily get to it. Then all you will have to do will be to sweep them out. The common mignonette plant grown in jars is very distasteful to flies. It gives off an odor that makes flies feel happier somewhere else. Another simple and effective remedy close at hand is the common white clover. Flies hate its fragrance, too. The clover should be renewed every few days, however, for when it becomes dry it irritates one's nostrils.

A good all-around remedy is a solution of formalin or formaldehyde in water. A spoonful of this in a saucer of water left exposed will wipe out most of the flies in a room. Of course, flies may be got rid of by darkening all the windows but one, and as flies are sensitive to light they will swarm over to the lighted area.

Suds, sunshine and swatting — that's what gets them.

LITTLE THINGS

Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of the ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of large buildings together; a word, a look, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil.

Cast from thee all other things and hold fast to a few precepts such as this: Forget not that every man's real life is but the present moment—an indivisible point of time—and that all the rest of his life hath either passed away or is uncertain.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

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Benefits of the New Religion

Lecture by Wm. E. Gibson

THE New Religion, or the sweeping wave of "new thought," so-called, is not really new. It is indeed very old. All that is in it essential to the vitality, the growth and development of the race is as old as man.

There are a great number of cults, each claiming for itself the discovery of something new, while in truth the feature that seems to distinguish it as new is but the garb in which an old idea has been clothed. The old Hebrew proverb, "There is no new thing under the sun," is true, and we are realizing its truth more and more.

While thinking of the great number of new cults passing more or less under the name of religion, and considering that they are all doing some good, giving some avenue for the expansion and expression of the unfolding flower, the human soul, we must be struck with the "holier than thou" attitude, an attitude which we deplore very much, for it mars the beauty and hampers the work of many cults.

There is a danger that, becoming satisfied with the results of our investigations, we may shut ourselves off from further discovery by egotistically denying the claims of others. I am reminded here of an old story. It runs thus: Several blind Chinese went to see an elephant. One felt of his trunk and exclaimed, "The elephant is very like a snake." Another, grasping a tusk, concluded that the elephant was like a spear. Another, chancing to feel the ear, decalred that the elephant was like a fan. And still another concluded that the elephant was like a tree, for he had encountered his huge leg, and the last one, falling against his broad side, was convinced that the elephant was surely like a wall.

Now, the trouble with the blind Chinese was that they didn't go far enough. If the one who felt the proboscis and found it like a snake had explored his finding to the limit he would have discovered that the snake was only an appendage of the head; that the spear was a tusk and the fan was an ear. Completing the discovery, he would have found a huge, serviceable animal, and if each had done the same there would have been an agreeable and fairly correct description of the elephant.

So long as these Chinese made no further discovery they were each limited in their knowledge of the elephant exactly to the extent of their discovery.

The same thing is true now and has always been true with the world's thinking. Men don't go far enough with their investigation; but, stopping to contend and fight over what they have found, they lose valuable time, which might be used in discovering the illimitable field beyond.

In course of investigation men make certain discoveries, reach certain conclusions, then cease their investigations and spend their best efforts in forcing these convictions upon others. This human weakness has led to most of the wars of which the past ages have left record. It has often torn to tatters the fabric of beautiful, peaceable society, arraying sect

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against sect, clan against clan, family against family.

You think and believe as we think and believe, or we stop you from thinking and believing, has been the attitude of the ages, and especially has this been true of the world's religious thought.

This attitude has wrung from the heart of the race its best blood, robbed man of his greatest vitality and sapped his affections of their truest instinct and purest love.

When Jesus began to teach He found very much of this attitude. He found the world enslaved by its self-imposed limitations, and the end of His work and teaching was to bring men freedom through knowledge of truth. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," was the central text of His ministry.

Thus far I have spoken in a general way of this wave of new thought, or new religion, of which so much is being said nowadays. I will now speak of the new religion from my standpoint as an Evangelical Christian Scientist. Now, when I say "my standpoint" I do not mean that I differ on any essential truths from any other Christian Scientist or Christian, but I do mean to infer that my present expression of the truth is only so broad as is my knowledge thereof. I also realize that the limits of knowledge are movable. If we ask we receive; if we seek we find; if we knock, the door must open. The Infinite Mind is open to the seeker for Infinite Truth.

I wish now to call your attention to the benefits of the new religion as it is known to Evangelical Scientists, and will consider some benefits briefly under three heads. I want to speak, in the first place, of the material benefits, then of the moral and then of the spiritual—the material, the moral and the spiritual.

Under the first head, material benefits, I will speak of three things which the religion teaches how to do. It teaches, first of all, how to keep a healthy body. The question of health is the pivot upon which turns the wheel of human fortune. If this pivot is sound and perfect, the revolutions of endeavor may be successful and harmonious. Now, physical health is dependent upon mental health. On the mental plane we may become co-workers with God. We are not only entertainers of thoughts, but may become creators of thoughts. And an often-demonstrated fact is that we are the first to reap the result of our own creation.

Our thoughts affect our health directly. They also determine our conduct, which affects our health indirectly. If we entertain thoughts of anger, jealousy, narrowness and misgivings towards our fellow-beings, such thoughts affect our physical constitution and bring an immediate manifestation of physical discord. The bilious headaches after a fit of anger, the flagging mentality following a spell of jealousy are common examples. These erroneous thoughts affect others and attract to us the adverse thoughts of those affected, and thus indirectly we are affected by the rebound, so to speak, of our own created error.

This religion teaches how to think, how to keep the mind filled with pure, loving thoughts, such as can bring you no harm and, therefore, can bring no harm to your fellow-beings. It teaches, then, how to keep the body strong and healthy through proper thinking.

It teaches also how to restore and rebuild the body that ignorance and error have pulled down.

It teaches how to help others, who

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are diseased or distressed in any way, by sending them strong, loving thoughts of health and harmony, also by the touch and the spoken word.

It teaches that all healing is in conformity to known law, and that successful healing depends upon the knowledge of the healer and his conformity to the law, together with his confidence in the truth and his ability to establish that confidence in the patient.

Another material benefit is that this religion teaches one how to enjoy life, how to live happy. We realize the truth that the Kingdom of Heaven (harmony) is within; that joy and happiness depend upon the mental states rather than upon physical conditions or environing influences.

This religion teaches, and we realize the truth from experience, that our moods, desires and passions are warped, twisted and colored by the thoughts and beliefs we entertain and create. It teaches that to realize happiness we must think happiness, and to think it to the exclusion of all wretched thoughts.

It teaches that social position and station in life, prestige and wealth are not sources of happiness, but are incidental alike to happiness and unhappiness. A king on a prancing charger followed by his royal retinue may not be nearly so happy as an humble peasant with a bag of meal on his back followed by a watch-dog. The happiness or misery in either case depends upon the attitude of the individual towards the conditions that surround him.

The poor man of the backwoods may get infinitely more pleasure out of a hundred-mile trip on a local train than a railroad magnate gets out of all of his years of palace and private-car service. A crippled child in an alley shack may get infinitely more pleasure out of a single rosebud than the city florist would get out of the thousands he handles during his business career. All depends upon the will of the individual to hold his mind in an attitude to appropriate to himself and to enjoy the good of each passing moment. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

The new religion teaches also how to live in plenty. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," said Jesus. Seek the highest good in yourself first, and then in all this beautiful world and the universe.

In serving, do your best, finding no fault nor raising any complaint against conditions. It teaches that our service shall not be prompted by the reward that our fellows shall return, but that we shall look to the source of supply, to God, realizing confidently that the "workman is worthy of his hire." This attitude will surround us day by day with plenty, and yet not overburden us with the care of our possessions.

My second thought deals with the moral benefits of the new religion.

There are certain moral obligations that we, each of us, owe to ourselves, to those with whom we come in contact and to the world at large.

If we conform to the tenets of our religion, we must learn, first of all, that highest human virtue—self-control. We must learn to control our desires, passions and ambitions with an iron will, ever guarding lest some overt act bring pain and discord. As Jesus said, "Watch and pray," lest the tempter overcome.

Our religion teaches that we are morally obligated to the whole human race. It matters not how low in the scale of

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social development, nor what the race, type or complexion, we are all brothers, all members of one great family, whose father is God, whose mother is the earth, whose home is the universe and whose end is perfection.

The third and last thought that I wish to discuss is the spiritual benefits of the New Religion.

It teaches that we are each and all spiritual beings, a part of a spirit world, that we are atoms, so to speak, of the whole body of spirit life—drops in the great ocean of spirit law. For God is All and God is Spirit. We realize our oneness with God and inseparability from our fellow-beings.

It teaches that spiritual consciousness is not a spontaneous outburst, the result of some stimulated emotion, but that it is the result of growth and development.

We must first sense it, then desire it. When we really desire it we must ask for it (pray, if you please) and continue to ask until its light appears. We must seek it, and when we find it we will be surprised that it is so near, even within our very selves. We must knock, and the door of spiritual understanding will swing wide when we learn the master knock. And when it opens we realize that we are surrounded by indescribable beauty and glory, and that that which has hitherto shut us off from it was our gross ignorance and material worship.

It is to this end, a consciousness of spiritual knowledge and power, that every life tends. But the world is slow to understand and believe because of its gross materiality. The hum of the machine of commercialism and the excitement of the social whirl intoxicate and rob men and women of sober thoughts and sane reason.

Jesus gave the world a lesson to meet this condition and to enable all who desire to overcome. "Love God with all your heart and your fellow-man as yourself." This command of the Master is the banner under which we go forward and without which we can do nothing. Harmony is essential to growth. Love restores harmony. Love and the Square Deal bring harmony to the home, peace and prosperity to the nations.

LOOK UPWARD

Learn to look upward, never look down;
Keep cheerful and smiling, with never a frown.
What is the use to grumble and fret
If there seem to be clouds
And the weather looks wet?

Aim to look upward, see the blue sky;
Press onward, push forward—the clouds will pass by;
Don't worry and hurry and get into a stew,
For back of the clouds
The sky is all blue.

Be joyous, be happy; keep at your work;
Do your best always—don't be a shirk.
Those who keep cheerful, strength will attain.
Pleasure is sweeter
After the pain.

—*Matey E. Stephenson, Portland, Me.*

Send out your earnest desires for whatsoever you will; and whatsoever you will, if continually watered by expectation, will sooner or later come to you.

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Harriet Doane Prentiss

KEYS TO HAPPINESS

You ask for some real evidence
Of God and His great power;
You wish to see the beacon lights
He flashes from His tower?

You daily read His messages
In flowers, brooks and stones,
But do not fully understand
The feeling in your bones.

There must be an intelligence,
Supplying every hour
The sustenance for growing life
That gives to man his power.

One cannot store up energy;
The brain is much too small
To carry all that is required
From Winter until Fall.

God, then, is the custodian
Of life and earth's supply;
He is the real sustaining power
On which we may rely.

Desire is left to choice of man;
Supply is all God has.
We meet the forms of our own thoughts
As through the world we pass.

We tap the bell of memory;
'Tis God who makes reply.
Each passing thought He registers,
To give back by-and-by.

Man's heart and soul are safe with God;
The compact He will keep—
To furnish every living thing
With what it wills to reap.

Man asks for what he most desires;
God ne'er a wish denies.
Faith is the key to happiness;
Love unlocks Paradise.

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OUR WORK MAKES US

"Almost everywhere men have become the particular things which their particular work has made them."—*J. G. Holland.*

And over against this saying, and inseparable from it, is the proverb, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Do these actually apply to the round after round of plowing the field through the livelong day and many days; to the endless care and chores with the live stock; to meeting all the delays and disappointments of changing weather, and changing front with plans and work, and to all our ups and downs with hired men? What has it to do with the sweat and hurry of harvest, and the long waiting of winter? And do these sayings apply to the unending work of the housewife, with all its nerve-racking, patience-trying, courage-calling strain, unknown to man?

What we do habitually, and how we think about it and through it and under it and beyond it and outside of it—all this is wearing us into the kind of persons or things we are. The rounds of every day—the body and the mind, the two together, not the one or the other alone or the two separately, but the two together — are making us ourselves. Here is good ground of thinking for many an hour of the bright and glowing May days. We look around and see that farming and keeping a farmer's house has made widely different people; some are very attractive to us, and some are—"that's enough. I don't want to think of them for a minute." So it's not all the work, but the way we work. The thinking side is a big part of the work.

But one's particular work is not all, or need not be all, the work of one's life. If one's particular work is molding him into something undesirable, he can change his work entirely, or put new elements into it, or take up a hobby or side issue to balance and relieve his regular work. And this has been found a very good thing to do.

But a new spirit, a new attitude, the thinking part, is often—is always—more important than the work itself. A work, any work, may be wholly transformed by the amount and kind of thinking that goes into it.

You needn't deny or doubt it — too many have proved it's true — we can modify our work, whatever and wherever it is, a great deal, and we can improve our thinking every day of our lives, working miracle after miracle in making and remaking the man or the woman. This is a good furrow to follow, a thread worth while to unravel.—*Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph.*

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

Life is what we make it; that is, individualized life. If we use lawful ways and means, then life is strong, courageous and effective, but if we rely upon negative thinking and indulge in thoughts of failure, weakness or incompetency, then we are going to express just what we think—we are going to become just what we feel. Each person is the architect and the builder of his own life and fortunes, and the building takes form after the plan. Spasmodic or intermittent right thinking is not going to accomplish much in character building or in true physical expression. It is the persevering thought, the concentrated thought, the clear, concise thought, that is going to prove effective in everything we do in life. There is no blind fate or chance or luck. We make our own fate, we rule our own destinies.—*Thoughts.*

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The Enchanted Ring

ONCE upon a time there lived a shepherd boy named Avel, whose whole life was passed in the cliffs of his native mountains. Here he would tend his flock of goats as they browsed about the rocks and on Saturday take the milk and butter down to the village below.

One morning his mother told him to start early, as the sun would soon be hot. So he set out on his way by dawn and at noon rested in the woods. As he was resting he heard a queer moaning near at hand, and on looking around he saw a tub which was standing bottom up. Underneath was something bumping and crying.

"Help me out, help me out!" cried the voice. Avel gently lifted up the tub. In a moment there floated out a column of purple smoke that had the dim outlines of a genii's form. Now a genii is an odd kind of fairy or spirit that live in all sorts of places, but most of them are of a very wicked disposition.

"Now you have set me free." said the genii, "I am going to take you off with me to India and keep you for my cook—you are a husky lad and will do good work."

"And is that your reward for my kindness in helping you," returned Avel indignantly. "I have no wish to go to India or be your cook. But how did you get under the tub?"

"The North Wind blew me under it while I was asleep," replied the genii. "You know I have great power at all times except when there is anything over my head."

"I don't think you, as big as you are, ever got under that tub," said Avel, for he was thinking of playing a trick on the genii and saving himself.

"Oh, yes, I was," chattered the genii. "If you don't believe it I can show you."

"All right," laughed the boy. "I don't believe all of you was under that tub unless you get under it again and show me." So the genii shivered and dwindled and shivered and dwindled till at last the whole of him was under the tub again. Then Avel jumped on it and stood up so that it could not move at all.

"Let me out! Let me out!" cried the genii again.

"Oh, no," laughed Avel, kicking his heels against the sides. "You were going to carry me off to India when I was

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kind to you—now I am going to pile stones over the tub till no one will ever see it and you will remain here forever."

The bad genii began to weep and moan.

"If you will only let me out again," he cried, "I will not hurt you, and I will give you an enchanted ring that I left on a rock near where you sit."

Now, a genii may be bad, but they always keep their word, so the boy knew it would do as it promised and he lifted the tub. Out of it rose again the purple cloud in the form of a man.

"Here is the ring," cried the genii, pointing at a tiny golden circle that lay on a stone. "If you wish anything, turn the ring twice and your desire will be granted," and the genii floated away till he looked like a speck in the sky.

Avel put the ring on his finger, but it did not occur to him to try what it would do. He was in a hurry to deliver the butter, so he kept on through the woods. Presently he heard the sound of bugles and saw a gay procession approaching, and at the head rode a beautiful princess on a milk-white steed. But she was weeping bitterly. Avel thought she was the loveliest person he had ever seen.

"What makes the princess sad?" he asked of a page passing by.

"She is leaving the country because King Bolan is nearing the castle with an army and there is no one to protect her," said the page. "Her father is blind and her army small."

"Ask the princess if she will marry me if I defeat her enemy." said Avel.

The page told the princess, and she had Avel brought before her. He was a fine-looking lad, and his kind nature showed in his face and simple manners. So the princess was very glad to make the promise.

Walking by the princess' side Avel went on for a mile till they stood on a hill just above the plain. Below were thousands of men in camps with hundreds of horses and camels, and from the plain arose a great noise and dust. There was the clashing of arms and the sun glinting on numberless swords and banners.

Avel could see that this army had torn down the castle and was preparing to follow the blind king and the princess. Standing far above all he decided just what to do, then gave the enchanted ring two turns. A sound like a clap of thunder shook the hill.

"What is your wish?" said a strong voice from out of a cloud of flame. "I am the genii of the ring—command me."

"Chase that army below out of the country and rebuild the castle at once," returned Avel.

Another moment there appeared on the plain below a long line of tongues of fire. The army, men, horses and camels, fled at top speed and at their back the flames roared. On they went till at last the whole band vanished behind the mountains. Avel looked again, and there on the plain was the castle, beautiful as ever.

"I have kept my promise," said Avel, "Will you keep yours?"

The princess blushed and laid her hand in his. So hand in hand they went down the mountain, only stopping to get the boy's mother from her tiny cottage. And when they arrived at the castle there was great rejoicing. The blind king was placed upon his throne again, a great wedding feast was held that night, and in happiness the couple lived ever after.

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Lost in a Cornfield

LEW and Fred were visiting some friends in the Scioto valley in Ohio. Rambling from the house one afternoon, they came to some growing corn. They knew corn well enough, as it grew at their own home in Maine. It was never much higher than their heads.

When they reached this cornfield in the Scioto valley, they looked in amazement. It is not suprising that they did so. The writer once did the same some years before. He even measured a stalk, and put the height down in his note-book, —fourteen feet, eight inches! It was corn of such height that the boys now saw.

"Let us go into it," proposed Lew; and in they rushed. Did the go north or south? Was the sun in their faces or at their backs? They didn't know; they didn't think to notice.

They chased butterflies that now and then dropped from the yellow tassels above. They played that they were hunters, and shot bears; Indians, and gave warwhoops; emigrants, and journeyed westward.

Meanwhile the sun had ceased to shine among the leaves above. The darkness startled them. It was high time to go home. Off they went in a straight line. The darker it grew, the faster they walked. What made the cornfield so very long, so very wide? Why were the grass fields so far away? They began to be alarmed.

"Lew, let's follow our footsteps," said Fred. But their footsteps were criss-cross, zigzag, round and round; there was no order about them; only a tangle of tracks, upon which the darkness soon shut down.

Then the boys cried aloud for help. "Hal-lo-o!" they shouted, sounding the *lo* until their breath failed them. Only the sharp cry of the nighthawk was heard in reply. Had a moonbeam fallen into Fred's eyes, it would have revealed great tear-drops glistening there.

"Don't be afraid, Fred! It's only a cornfield," said Lew as boldly as his fear would let him. "It comes to an end somewhere.

"O, I have it now," said Lew with a jubilant voice. "We'll follow a furrow. We can keep in the same hollow, and walk under the same arch, even if we can't see much."

Off they started. But the furrow was long,—so long that Lew's courage had all oozed away like water through sand, before they were near the end.

"I guess, Fred, we ought to have gone the other way. So they turned about. Their tired legs grew more weary, their tired feet more sore.

Clearly the boys were lost, and lost, too, not in a forest where there were ravines and underbrush and winding paths, and where any one might easily get lost, but only in a cornfield.

"I'm so tired," said Fred.

"We'll have a bed, then," said Lew, trying hard to be brave.

A place was soon cleared, and plenty of corn-leaves strewn upon it, with an extra bunch for a pillow.

"Now lie down, Fred, and I'll be sentinel," said Lew; and the boy straightened himself up to perform the task that he had undertaken. Fatigue,

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however, at length overcame Lew, and he sank to sleep by the side of Fred.

Had a painter now portrayed their dreams, he would have pictured cornfields with stalks shooting into the air like California pines, and with furrows almost encircling the globe.

When it grew dark and the boys did not return, their parents became alarmed. Their alarm led to a search on the part of the neighbors with leaders and lanterns. At last, after many hours, the foot-prints of the little fellows on their way to the cornfield, and then their tracks in the field itself, gave the searchers a clue.

"We've found them!" was the glad shout that at length rang out. "This way, everybody!" And soon the whole company with lights, bells, and horns rushed to the spot where the sleepers lay. It was a strange mingling of tears, exclamations of surprise, outbursts of laughter, as the serious, happy and ludicrous phases of the scene presented themselves.

"Well," said Lew, shaking his head, as they bantered him the next day about hunting him up, in case he should get lost among the bean-poles in the garden, "well, perhaps you'd get lost too, if you tried to walk through a cornfield as big as a county, and where the corn was more than twice as high as your head."

WHERE'S MOTHER?

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say,
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won,
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say,
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands,
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?" —*Selected.*

MY KITTIES

My kitties know it's milking time;
They saw the man go to the barn;
Soon he will bring two shining pails
Of foamy milk so white and warm.

They know that if they sit and wait,
And do not play, or chase a mouse,
They'll get a pan of fresh, warm milk
Before the man goes to the house.

One time they didn't stay and wait,
But scampered off to romp and play;
And John forgot their pan of milk
Till he had put it all away.

My pets came back and mewed in vain,
For no one filled their little pan.
Now they sit near the stable door
Where they can watch the hired man.

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Annals of a Back Yard

Walter A. Dyer in Our Dumb Animals

THERE are two little graves in our back yard, just beyond the ash-bin, beneath a young ailantus tree. Side by side sleep two whom we loved, albeit they loved not one another.

Nutty, the cat, we brought from our former domicile in an old cloth satchel with slits cut in it for air, and he came not willingly. He was a handsome cat, affectionate and extremely talkative. Also, he was of the night-prowling variety, but this is not the place to speak of his sins. He was a part of our family and we loved him.

There are good folks who detest cats, and it must be admitted that cats are selfish creatures. They are chiefly physical; their joys are those of the flesh; their spiritual nature has not been developed to the canine standard. I for one find it hard to resist the charm of the cat's soft, sleek grace. There is something flattering in the way pussy selects your lap from a roomful, curls up and snuggles with an excess of comfort, and, purring, falls asleep.

With all his selfishness, Nutty was faithful to his home. He was grateful for bed and board. He delighted our eyes with his playful antics in the yard. He made us feel that our company was acceptable. He was part and parcel of our household. He never hurt our feelings nor spoke evil of us behind our backs. There are humans in our town of whom I could not say as much.

In the late fall came Dusty Rhodes in a crate—an Airedale terrier puppy with a quizzical face and awkward legs. Nutty took to the kitchen, where dogs were not allowed, and thenceforth showed plainly that his nose was out of joint.

Dusty, I regret to say, was a wayward child. Strict obedience he never learned, though not because of stupidity. He took to shaking hands and begging quite readily.

But Dusty was a dog—a real dog. We had never owned a dog before, because we had never owned a back yard before. One needs a back yard for a dog; a farm is better still.

Dusty was indeed a real dog—with all a dog's attachmnet to mankind. It is wonderful, when you come to think of it, that one of the lower animals should have so developed as to love man better than his own kind.

Transcendental philosophy attributes man's higher virtues to a soul apart from his brain, and rests content. But how about a dog's higher virtues, many of which he possesses in a degree to make his master ashamed? Love, forgiveness, moral courage, loyalty, faithfulness—are these not of the soul? Wiser men than I have been unable to answer. As for myself, I am able only to marvel.

Dusty Rhodes was often a sore trial to us, both in sickness and in health, but in the few short months he was with us he surely found his way to our hearts. And when the distemper seized him, and we saw him suffer and waste away, with that look of pleading inquiry in his eyes, all was forgiven. In pain he died one night, and we buried him out in the yard next day. It was not easy to drop the damp gravel on that poor, shaggy

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little head, and we knew that we had lost something worth while. I wonder where the love and devotion went to when he breathed his last. It is a mystery.

Every hour thereafter we came upon reminders. Here was his little ball, here his collar, here his old shoe; here, alas, the little white whip. His place by the easy-chair knew him no more, neither the rug by the dining-room door, where he was wont to lie more or less patiently just out of bounds till his turn should come.

Then came Nutty, the heartless wretch, back to his own, cheerfully making himself at home in his old haunts. But the Reaper gathered him, too. One night he crawled off in evident bodily distress, and in the morning we found his stiffened form under the blackberry vines.

There lie their bones, side by side, in two little graves in our back yard. No marble shaft bears their names. No elegy was composed on the deceased. The world of men passes by our house and knows not of our humble tragedy. But we remember; we shall not forget. Always while we live here those bones shall lie undisturbed. Always there will be green and flowering, growing things all about. And when evening comes and the street is still, I can linger there and fancy I feel against my leg the soft, repeated rubbing of a little cat, and within my hand the moist muzzle of a little dog. Better loves and memories like these in a quiet back yard than all the world beside and hatred therewith.

If I were you I would not worry. Just make up your mind to do better when you get another chance—as you surely will—and be content with that.

WANTED: A DOG

Oh, pa, the boy next door to us—
  The one that's jest moved in—
Has got a bully St. Bernard
  That comes 'most to my chin.
He's got a collar—'nd his name
  Is all wrote on it, too.
Bill takes him out to play with him
  Whenever school is through.

'Nd pa, you'd ought to've seen him oncet
  When we went to the store—
'Twas almost time fer school to start;
  We didn't know it 'fore;
We heerd the bell, 'nd then Bill says,
  "You take it home, old boy."
Bob took the bundle in his mouth
  'Nd jest yelped out fer joy.

'Nd pa, Bill says that Bob's more fun
  Than any feller'd be—
He runs 'nd barks 'nd jumps 'nd plays
  'Nd fetches things, you see.
'Nd Bill, he's got a brandnew sled,
  With reins, fer Bob to draw;
'Nd then he "shakes" 'nd sits and begs;
  Sech tricks you never saw!

'Nd pa, I think that if I had
  A playmate dog like that
I wouldn't want so many things;
  I wouldn't need that bat—
Nor play so much with other boys,
  Nor tease at Uncle Will's;
I'd be a better boy, I'm sure,
  If I'd a dog like Bill's!

—*Margaret Lindsay Fisher.*

Sloth is the most laborious state of existence. Woe to the man who wishes to be a parasite, for he will be a vermin. To become a rogue is inconvenient, and it is not nearly as hard to be an honest man.—*World's Advance Thought.*

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The Practice of the Presence of God

THAT the whole substance of religion was faith, hope and charity, by the practice of which we become united to the will of God; that all besides is indifferent, and to be used as a means that we may arrive at our end and be swallowed up therein by faith and charity.

That all things are possible to him who believes—that they are less difficult to him who hopes—that they are more easy to him who loves, and still more easy to him who perseveres in the practice of these three virtues.

That the greater perfection a soul aspires after, the more dependent it is upon Divine grace.

Having found in many books different methods of going to God, and divers practices of the spiritual life, I thought this would serve rather to puzzle me than facilitate what I sought after, which was nothing but how to become wholly God's. This made me resolve to give the all for the all; so, after having given myself wholly to God, that He might take away my sin, I renounced, for the love of Him, everything that was not He, and I began to live as if there was none but He and I in the world.

I have quitted all forms of devotion and set prayers but those to which my state obliges me. And I make it my business only to persevere in His holy presence, wherein I keep myself by a simple attention and a general fond regard to God, which I may call an actual presence of God; or, to speak better, an habitual, silent and secret conversation of the soul with God, which often causes me joys and raptures inwardly, and sometimes, also, outwardly, so great that I am forced to use means to moderate them and prevent their appearance to others.

The King, full of mercy and goodness, very far from chastising me, embraces me with love, makes me eat at His table, serves me with His own hands, gives me the key of His treasures; He converses and delights Himself with me incessantly, in a thousand ways, and treats me in all respects as His favorite. It is thus I consider myself from time to time in His holy presence.

My most useful method is this simple attention, and such a general passionate regard to God, to whom I find myself often attached with greater sweetness and delight than that of an infant at the mother's breast; so that, if I dare use the expression, I should choose to call this state the bosom of God, for the inexpressible sweetness which I taste and experience there.

As for my set hours of prayer, they are only a continuation of the same exercise. Sometimes I consider myself there as a stone before a carver, whereof he is to make a statue; presenting myself thus before God, I desire Him to form His perfect image in my soul and make me entirely like Himself.

God has infinite treasure to bestow, and we take up with a little sensible devotion, which passes in a moment. Blind as we are, we hinder God and stop the current of His graces. But when He finds a soul penetrated with a lively faith He pours into it his graces and favors plentifully; there they flow like a torrent, which, after being forcibly stopped against its ordinary course, when it has found a passage spreads itself with impetuosity and abundance.—*The Truth.*

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I AM SPIRIT

It makes no difference what the lack may be, I am Spirit, spoken with conviction, makes the lack good.

Let the fault or failing be what it may, I am Spirit, declared with certainty, will cause it to depart.

Let the mental, moral or physical condition be the poorest that can be imagined, I am Spirit is enough to change all into the image and likeness of itself.

I am Spirit is the only foundation needed upon which to build the most glorious moral, mental or physical structure desired.

I am Spirit will bring forth the noblest manifestation of manhood ever conceived.

I am Spirit will dispel the greatest darkness soul can know, and cause to shine there the light which is its Life.

I am Spirit, and the heaviness which seems greater than soul can bear, falls away before the Love which knows no other Power.

I am Spirit, and as the dawn of a beautiful day, the light of Life pours its blessings into soul, gradually making clear all the dark places there, until the sun of Love is Lord of all.

Spirit is all that is, and is manifested, therefore I am Spirit, affirmed with understanding, will cause all conditions which have not their rise in Spirit to fall away.

To say with conviction, I am Spirit, is exercising an invincible and irresistible power, and before it all opposing forces must flee.

The declaration, I am Spirit, is employing a wisdom before which all so-called knowledge is as naught, a wisdom which is absolute for every moment's need.

I am Spirit, and old habits are broken, old loves dead. I am Spirit, and inner doors so closely locked are opened, letting forth their treasures of courage and patience.

I am Spirit, and the storm is stilled, the strife ended, the struggle over.

I am Spirit, and what is hard becomes easy, what is difficult is overcome, and the impossible is a thing accomplished.—*Alma Gillen.*

LIVE IN THE NOW

My beloved, *live in the now.* Fill it with good service. Take from it every bit of joy and happiness that your soul can contain today.

Trouble neither the past nor the future. The atmosphere of each is poisonous to the present state. Its tendency is to disturb the mind and disease the body.

The past is the graveyard of your dead selves, wherein the corpses of the years through which you have lived are entombed. Its ghosts are varied and many, and all are more or less deformed and hideous. Do not arouse them by your returning tread, but let them rest and they will let you rest.

The future is veiled in mystery, and to project yourself untimely into it is to disturb the harmony of the passing moment. You must graduate from the ever present before matriculating in the unknown future.

Yesterday is of value only as a stepping-stone to today.

Tomorrow is of value only as it inspires a direction for the activities of the present.

Live in the *now.* Fill it and let it fill you with its reality.—*Gibson.*

The deepest of all human longings is simply to be wanted.—*W. C. Gannett.*

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A Prayer

Bishop Oliver C. Sabin

GOD, our Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast given us the knowledge of the Truth which makes us free; we thank Thee for this unfoldment of Thy holy word, and that we know that Thou are our Father, and that we are Thy children. We bless Thee, our Father, and we thank Thee for absolute and perfect health; we thank Thee for the realization of this Truth; we thank Thee that we can look beyond and through this evil called materiality, and see the perfect child, created in Thy image and in Thy likeness, and realize the wholeness and perfection of Thy image.

We thank Thee that Thou hast given us the power to destroy this so-called evil; drive it out of our presence; annihilate it, and let it go as the darkness when stricken with the light. And, oh. God! Thou dost continue Thy blessings; Thou givest us more and more of Thy strength, and of Thy wisdom and spiritual understanding; and we thank Thee for it. Thou dost go with each one here today to our homes. These truths which Thou hast given do sink deep into our hearts. Let us all go into the realization of our divinity, so that we may know we are the perfect children of God, dwelling in the Father. When we know this, the scales will fall from our eyes, and we then can look up to Thee in Heaven, for Thou art there.

Destroy and annihilate every improper thought here, today. Only love supreme can rule and guide us, and every heart in Thy presence is a spiritual heart; and every heart in Thy presence is filled with happiness, with love, with righteousness and with holiness. Every heart in this presence is now filled with the realization of its perfectness, and the nothingness of any so-called evil or so-called disease that may present itself through this so-called material thought.

Each one of us goes from this house today realizing our perfect freedom, our perfect at-one-ness with the God of our creation, and we thank Thee and we bless Thee, our Father in Heaven, for all these things, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Savior. Amen.

LIFE IN THE UPPER STORY

Why not live our lives in the upper story of the mind, where the windows are open, where the vision is clear, where sunshine floods every part and atom of our domain, where the pages are clean and sweet with the breath of God and the records are written in type of gold—where no thought to defile can enter, and the keeper of the sacred temple of the body guards the priceless key?

A clean, pure heart need not be troubled. A life worthy of the Father's greatest reward need not be afraid.

When man realizes that he is created in the "image and likeness of God," that every good thing is his heritage by right of birth, that living true to the precepts of a divine soul is his earthly mission, then shall there be no lower rooms in his life, no bulkheads to be closed, no heartbreaks to be repaired, no regrets.—*Mabel E. Alderman, Westfield, Mass.*

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CONCENTRATION MANIFESTS CONDITION

The concentration on a specific condition causes that condition to manifest according to the thought force expended. Fear of disease or calamity culminates in the experience of that condition.

If thought forces are directed aright our hopes will be realized to the full extent of the ideal. We can tread the foam with the bravery of a master—with no fear of obstacles, breakers, clouds or environment; we can tread the pathway of righteousness strewn with the flowers of fragrant loveliness; we can walk along the banks of the rivers of life.

Characterized by the absence of weeping willows, we can drink of the water of life as it sparkles with invigoration and refreshment. We can pluck from the tree of life the ambrosial fruit of harmony and sympathy. We all know the warmth of love, the sweetness of charity, the brightness of virtue and the steadfastness of self-realization and power. We will see the good and not the evil, the virtue and not the vice. We will close the mind to all things that do not possess the attributes of love and purity; we will esteem worth alone.

Every flower will have odor; all fruit will have flavor; every star will be veiled in brightness; every tree will blush beneath a mantle of beauty. The world will be brought into harmony with self; love will be the supreme ruler; friendship will be exercised, not as an accompaniment to wealth and fame, but for its own sake; thoughts will be directed in the way of purity, fidelity, courage, confidence, determination and assurance. We will attain to the best, the grandest, the most noble traits of character—will have a knowing realization of our own power, divinity and allness with the universe of our perfection, importance and capability to do what the highest desires of the soul may suggest.—*Alfred Thornburgh in The Balance.*

FAITH

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—*Paul.*

Faith is the substance.
The visible is not permanent.
Matter was never intended to be static.
Things are thoughts materialized.
Matter is mind in motion.
Faith is force in action.

"Thou, Lord, in the beginning
Hast laid the foundation of the earth;
And the heavens are the works
Of Thine hands;
They shall perish; but Thou remainest;
And they all shall wax old
As doth a garment;
And as a vesture shalt thou fold them up,
And they shall be changed:
But Thou art the same,
And Thy years shall not fail."

Faith and force are the same in substance. —*The Christian.*

THE KINGDOM FOR THE SOUL

There is a kingdom on the earth, though it is not of it—a kingdom wider than the bounds of the earth, though they were rolled together as finest gold and spread by the beating of hammers. Its existence is a fact, as our hearts are facts, and we journey through it without seeing it; nor shall any man see it until he hath first shown his own soul; for this kingdom is not for him, but for his soul.—*From Ben Hur.*

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THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE

The voice of the Silence is heard in stillness. That voice may be heard by us if we but quiet our own voice. If we but close our eyes and ears to the outer world, enter the closet—retreat to the inner chamber of the soul—and close the door upon the confusion of the world, then may we hold sweet communion with our God, and we may learn to live in the consciousness of that heavenly Presence.

Our great poets caught their inspiration when they put themselves in the right attitude—when they silenced the outer. Longfellow realized that we must get still to hear the voice of God, and in appreciation of the Silence he wrote:

"Let us labor then for an inward stillness,
An inward stillness and an inward healing—
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain our
Own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,
But God alone speaks to us, and we wait
In singleness of heart, that we may know,
His will, and in the silence of our spirits
That we may do His will, and do that only."

Whittier, too, knew of the "Secret Place," and he has said:

"And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest in this still room:
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control,
And from the silence, multiplied
By these still forms on every side,
The world that time and sense has known
Falls off, and leaves us God alone."

Jesus, we read, often withdrew from the crowd and retired to a lonely place. If the Master found it well to be alone in order to more clearly hear His God's voice, how much more do we need this silent communion, that we may learn to know the real and eternal? "The kingdom of God is within you." The light is within. Be still and follow this light, and step by step the kingdom will be revealed to you; for now the kingdom of heaven is at hand—is attainable here and now.

We do not gain heaven by dying, but by right thinking, which leads to right living. Heaven is a state or condition of mind, and all, from the least to the greatest, may drink of the Water of Life freely. It is not necessary that we go off to colleges and seminaries to learn about God. Some of the most spiritual people today are plowing corn or taking a servant's place in a kitchen. They found the way by retreating within, and how gladly would some of the worldly-renowned people give all their worldly honor and wealth to realize the great peace that these true followers of Christ have gained!—*Charity S. Way in Unity.*

LOVE

Love is the world's forever,
Not to be taken away
With the flower of the fading summers,
The dust of the dreams of May.
Love is the living purpose
That outlasts all man knows—
The soul of the violet valleys,
The heart of the rose.
The one thing never to perish,
To trust and keep and cherish;
Beyond every dream and endeavor,
Love is the world's forever!

—*Folger McKinsey.*

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THE HORSE'S VACATION

I'm going to have a vacation;
I don't know where it will be;
I know it's away from the city,
And that is enough for me.

They say I shall roam in pastures,
And roll in the fresh green grass;
Where neither street cars nor autos
Can terrify me as they pass.

I'm going to leave off my harness;
I'm going to caper and run;
Perhaps I shall have companions
To join with me in my fun.

I shall dip my nose in the water
Of a brook that sings its way
Through this wonderful, sweet green pasture
Where I for a time shall stay.

There are trees with wide-spreading branches
To shelter me from the sun;
Bushes that I can nibble
When weary of frolic and fun.

I shall sleep at night in the open,
With stars shining over my head;
The air blowing fresh in my nostrils
And the soft grass for my bed.

Good-by to the hard city pavements,
Where the scorching sun beats down;
To feedbags and stuffy stable—
I'm going away from town.

I'm going to have a vacation,
The first one I've ever had;
Out in the country I'm going;
Do you wonder that I am glad?

—*Helen M. Richardson.*

LIBERTY

Liberty should be carefully guarded and an improper construction to the term be avoided. Grave dangers may attend the possession of liberty, especially a superficial apprehension of the term.

Liberty, as defined by our Constitution and courts of law, is freedom from interference from others. But it also means to guard, and guard well, against the interference in the rights of others.

Liberty is a priceless boon we must prize and teach others to prize, for it comes to us from the God-spirit. It has a moral and spiritual element and calls for the highest expression of intelligence.

Failing in its true conception, men become bestial, selfish and overbearing. Liberty is license to them to do as they please, take what they please, say what they please. Is such "liberty" a gift from Spirit? God forbid! It is ignorant selfishness running riot.

Liberty is responsibility. We must maintain the good we have attained. We must conserve our high ideals of manhood. We must grant every one else the privilege of thinking and acting for themselves. As we do for others, and love others, so will others love us and gladly do for us. We will find our happiness in working for the uplift of mankind.—*Mrs. T. J. Shelton.*

"These are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen."

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THE HIDDEN SPRING

Hidden from view, and clogged by earth and grass,
There lay a living spring, unseen,
Its worth unrecognized, because unknown.
A man to thought much given, quick to see,
Wandering o'er the marshy ground,
Discovered it, and stopped and mused.
Forthwith he set to work and digged about
To find its source, and, having found,
He digged yet more, and cleaned away the trash,
Revealing thus a living spring,
And soon a bubbling, gushing stream
Rewarded all his efforts hard.

Nearby the spring a highway ran,
Upon whose dusty surface, oft,
O'erburdened beasts with lagging steps
And parched lips, thirsting for water,
But finding none, strode wearily.
And tired masters, too, would droop
With weariness and heat severe,
Wiping their perspiring brows,
Vainly wishing for the cooling draught
Which lay so near and yet unknown.

These, passing in review before
The mind of him who found the spring,
As in a panorama clear,
Inspired with desire to place
Within their reach the boon so craved.
Lo, hollowing out the spring and clearing it,
He walled it up with stone and made
A channel for the water, as it
Overflowed, placing a trough
A-near the dusty highway side,
For thirsty horse and panting dog,
Who gratefully would drink, although
Unable save in acts to speak their thanks.
And for the use of man he placed
A gourd, old-fashioned, homely, yet
To many sweeter far than silver cup
Or golden flagon, or priceless china bowl,
Bringing to them sweet memories dear
Of childhood's happy days and times,
When all the world around was bright.

The tired pedestrian on his way,
The wealthy magnate in his car,
And dainty women as they passed,
Gladly partook the sparkling drink,
Blessing the man who thus had done
All this for their refreshing, free.
And why did he this thing? His motive, what?
For greed of gold, for lust of power,
For lure of fame? No, surely not.
He reaped no revenue from sales;
Free as the air the water was
To all who wished to quench their thirst;
No power the deed did bring, save that
Of power to bless his fellow-man;
Nor wished he that his name be carved
On marble shaft, or towering stone.
But, like Ben Adhem of the tale,
He "loved his fellow-men," and in
That love "his name led all the rest."
He felt his love, a love that asks
No higher recompense than that
Which flows from duty well performed.

Oh, love that "vaunteth not itself,"
That "seeketh not its own," "no evil thinks,"
That "envieth not," long-suffering is and kind,
When thy pure, peaceful reign is felt,
No need for "some vast wilderness"
In which to hide one's self,
When tales of "unsuccessful or
Successful war" might never come,
For "with the wolf shall dwell the lamb."
And "in the holy mountain of

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The Lord shall no one hurt and none
destroy."
Then "nation shall not lift up sword
'Gainst sister nations," neither shall they
Learn the art of war.

This is the love he felt who cleansed
The spring to give the thirsty traveler
drink.
He gave "a cup of water in His name,"
Who said that such should have their
just reward.
—*Elizabeth H. Coale, Holder, Ill., in Bloomington Pantagraph.*

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND WORTH LOVING

If you have a friend worth loving,
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?

If you hear an air that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one that thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in
prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own your kinship in the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
Health and goodness are in mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.
—*Alice Cary.*

GIVE WAY

Shall we not open the human heart,
Swing the doors till the hinges start,
Stop our worrying, doubt and din,
Hunting heaven and dodging sin?
There is no need to search so wide;
Open the door and stand aside.
Let God in!

Shall we not open the human heart,
In loving labor, in field and mart,
Working together for all about—
The glad, large labor that knows no
doubt?
Can He be held in our narrow rim,
Do the work that is work for Him?
Let God out!

Shall we not open the human heart,
Never to close and stand apart?
God is a Force to give way to.
God is a thing you have to do.
God can never be caught by prayer
Hid in your heart and fastened there.
Let God through!

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In Sober Vein

Reading is a dissuasion from immorality. Reading stands in the place of company.—*Beecher.*

I am inclined to believe that for a woman love is the supreme authority—that which judges the rest and decides what is good or evil. For a man love is subordinate to right. It is a great passion, but it is not the source of order, the synonym of reason, the criterion of excellence. It would seem, then, that a woman placed her ideal in the perfection of love and a man in the perfection of justice.—*Henri Frederic Amiel.*

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded, and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality? Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some; the sorrowful traveler wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

The preservation of health is a duty. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality.—*Spencer.*

Do you know what fairy palaces you may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against adversity? Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb nor pain make gloomy; houses built without hands for our souls to live in.—*John Ruskin.*

Culture is knowledge gained not for its own sake, but for the sake of the refining of the mind and the sweetening of the world. To know by head rote and not by heart rote, all the rules of politeness would never make a man polite. Knowledge is for loving use.—*Rev. L. Maclean Watt.*

The mole would live beneath the ground and Nature closed his eyes.—*Henry Drummond.*

What an inferior man seeks is in others; what a superior man seeks is in himself.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

Wouldst thou my godlike power preserve? Be godlike in the will to serve.—*Gilder.*

Give a man a consciousness of what he is, and he will soon be what he ought to be.—*Schilling.*

The fault is not in the stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings.—*Shakespeare.*

God enters by a private door to every individual.—*Emerson.*

I have seen gleams in the faces of man that let me look into a higher country.—*Carlyle.*

Life enlarges and deepens mostly through experience—not through the lore of books, but by the discipline of life. God writes His name upon the hearts of men with His own tools.—*J. L. Jones.*

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THE WASTING OF WEALTH

"Mexico," says a Northern contemporary, "which a little over two years ago was a prosperous and progressive country, now seems to be possessed by the very demon of destructiveness. The waste of wealth down there must be prodigious. It will require many years of patient labor, aided by foreign capital, to make good the great losses."

The worst of it is that the statement quoted above is true, and that the destruction of property is going on with a free hand. It all reminds the student of Mexican history of the great devastation wrought during the war of Mexican independence, when, in extensive districts, haciendas and ranches were ruthlessly pillaged and long remainded uncultivated. A loss was inflicted on the country which required years to repair.

At the present time not only is rural property greatly suffering, but railway communication is interrupted and internal trade checked to the great detriment of all interests. Banking, manufacturing and commerce are badly injured, and the government sustains a large loss of revenue.

It is no exaggeration to say that the wealth so patiently accumulated in the ten years preceding the Madero revolution has been sweep away. And all this in the name of patriotism!

Looking abroad, one sees that Mexico has rivals in the dismal task of wasting wealth; for the so-called civilized nations are now spending upward of $3,000,000,000 annually in preparations for war by land and sea, and also in the air. And in doing this, great national debts are being piled up, which economic experts declare will never be paid. Recent mobilization operations in Europe were almost as costly as actual warfare. The waste of money and of human energy is increasing all the time; and meanwhile the crowded nations of the old world find that their boasted civilization knows not how to provide sufficient food for their numerous poor. The money spent on military operations would suffice to place hundreds of thousands of colonists in the now unpeopled regions of South America and Africa, thereby relieving the pressure of population in the older countries. The money spent in a single year in getting ready for war would easily build eight Panama canals. —*Mexican Herald.*

JACK

Dog Jack has gone on the silent trail,
  Wherever that may be;
But well I know, when I whistle the call,
  He will joyfully answer me.

That call will be when I, myself,
  Have passed through the Gates of Gold;
He will come with a rush, and his soft brown eyes
  Will glisten with love as of old.

Oh, Warder of Gates, in the far-away land,
  This little black dog should you see,
Throw wide your doors that this faithful friend
  May enter, and wait for me.

—*H. P. W.*

For a cap and bells our lives we pay;
  Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
  'Tis only God may be had for the asking. —*Lowell.*

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A WORD WORTH WHILE

Among the congratulatory letters received by the mayor of a great city, nominated for the fifth time, was one from a young man, who, overtaken by hard luck and under arrest for vagrancy, had been released by the mayor with a word of kindness and encouragement. The young man wrote that he had been a useful member of society ever since; that he was doing well, and that he owed his opportunity and success to the leniency and encouragement then given him.

This is a practical, moving tribute to the dynamic power wrapped up in a kind word.

The power may not always assert itself, but it is always there, just as there is always warmth and life in the sunshine, which, though clouds obscure it from our sight, never ceases to glow and never glows in vain. The sunbeam may fall on desert sands and produce no flower, no blade of grass, nor even shrub, and yet it is not wasted; it creates vivifying winds that waft over far-off fertile lands, shielding them from the frosts of night and thrilling them into new life by day.

No sunshine is ever lost, nor is any kind word.

The sunbeam buries itself deep in the tough fiber of the oak, but it dances forth again in the glow and heat of the genial fire.

The sunbeam hides itself in the roots of the vine, but only to laugh again upon us in the purple bloom of the grape. Just so, the kind word that has gladdened a soul shines on through the world as a gladness forever. The sun is warmed only by the heat it gives out. And the human soul can benefit only by the kindness it is capable of giving. Every kind impulse, word or act creates a gracious warmth first in the heart where it has blossomed.

To the young man who was clear down this mayor extended more than official leniency. He contributed a part of himself. To afford the man a real chance, he had to impart to him courage, for without courage no man has a chance. The good that may be in one must lie dead until courage quickens it to life, as sunshine quickens seeds.

Not all of us can be mayors and set good men free from the charge of vagrancy; but all of us can, if we will, give to the despairing the word of hope that lights the way.—*The People's Home Journal.*

IN ULTIMA THULE

Martin Green, of the New York Evening World, went as a correspondent for his paper to the National Democratic Convention of 1908 at Denver. He traveled on the Tammany special, which carried the New York City delegation.

On the second morning out, Green, on going into the diner for breakfast, found every table occupied by at least one person. He took a chair opposite a stout gentleman who had all the earmarks of an East Side district leader.

The train was flying through a fertile and populous section of Illinois. Pretty towns, fine farms and clustering hamlets flitted by them. There were farmers and hired men at work in the fields, and women stood in the doorways.

The politician gazed out of the window at the picture. Then he turned to Green with the air of one who had made a notable discovery.

"No matter how far you go," he said, "there's human life."

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"THE ROSE OF SHARON"

"The Rose of Sharon" has come to be a proverbial expression concerning Jesus. Sharon was a rich valley, characterized by great beauty. The rose attracts the innocent and prattling child. The maid gathers the buds to decorate the home. The poet signs, "Rose, thou art the sweetest flower that ever drank the amber shower; Rose, thou art the fondest child of dimpled spring, the wood-nymph wild." When beauty fires the blood, love exalts the mind.

The rose is the symbol of the ideal loveliness of virtue and Christian purity. It is the emblem of the Christ and is a suggestion of His loveliness. The bright color of the rose would enforce the lesson that the religion of Jesus casts no gloom or blackness over the soul.

As the gardens are bathed with the fragrance of the rose, so the world is enriched by the gracious character of the rose of Sharon. His name is the sweetest name ever spoken and stands in grand contrast to the world's greatest. The name of Cæsar means power; Herod, cruelty; Alexander, conquest. The name of Demosthenes represents eloquence; the name of Milton spells epic poetry; the name of Benjamin West means painting; Phydias is synonymous with sculpture; Beethoven with music; John Howard with reform; Washington with independence; Lincoln with union and the civil war; but the name of Jesus stands preeminently for love, of which the rose is but a symbol; the sweetness of pardon for a condemned sinner; the sweetness of comfort in the divine promises which are yea and amen to them that believe. The sweetness of the face of Christ is turned upon them who through aspiration desire to live in His fellowship, and all this is represented in the figure of the Rose of Sharon. He is the beloved of the ages. The noblest expressions of genius have crowned His brow with garlands of roses. He is the fairest of ten thousand and the one altogether lovely. —*Rev. Walter Aitkin.*

ENOUGH TO MAKE A CHRISTIAN SWEAR

The doctor from Bonanza says we are running our paper for revenue only. What do doctors run for? Do they run for glory? One good, healthy doctor's bill would run this office for six months. An editor works half a day for $3, with an investment of $3,000; a doctor looks wise and works ten minutes for $2, with an investment of three cents and a pill-bag that cost $1.97. A doctor goes to college for two years, gets a diploma and a string of words the devil himself cannot pronounce, cultivates a look of gravity that he palms off for wisdom, runs his face for a cayuse and a meat-saw, and sticks out his shingle. He will then doctor you until you die, at a stipulated price per visit, and put visits in as thick as your pocket will permit. An editor never gets his education finished; he learns as long as he lives, and studies all his life. He eats bran mash and liver, and takes his pay in hay and turnips. If an editor makes a mistake he has to apologize for it, but if a doctor makes a mistake he buries it. If we make one, there is a lawsuit, tall swearing and a smell of sulphur, but if the doctor makes one, there is a funeral, cut flowers, and a smell of varnish. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife, he will charge the man for the visit. If the editor calls on another man's wife, he gets a charge of buckshot.—*Ex.*

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BUILD WELL YOUR FOUNDATION

Thousands of young men and women well qualified by education and early training to fill important places in the world, are wavering and hesitating over the first step. Begin today! You have been building "air castles" quite long enough. Now start putting foundations under them. One of the chief causes of failure is in the fact that men and women do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut.

Canon Farrar thus forcibly illustrates this thought: "One of the great English writers when he went to college threw away the first two years of his time in gossip, extravagance and noise. One morning one of the idle set whom he had joined, came into his room before he had risen and said: 'Paley, you are a fool. You are wasting your time and wasting your chances. Your present way of going on is silly and senseless. Do not throw away your life and your time.' That man did what a friend ought to do, and saved for England, and for the church, the genius and services of a great man. 'I was so struck with what he said,' said Paley, 'that I lay in bed till I had formed my plan. I ordered my fire to be always laid overnight. I rose at five, read steadily all day, attached to each portion of time its proper branch of study, and thus on taking my bachelor's degree, I became senior wrangler.'"

It was something to make this intellectual resolve, and so redeem a life from meaningless frivolity, and possibly destruction. Young man, young woman, you must arouse yourself before it is too late. The means are open to all of us.

GET OFF THE SIDETRACK

You cannot do anything until you think you can. You will remain on the sidetrack until you have the confidence that you can get back on the maintrack.

Most people sidetrack themselves. They leave switch open and run off the track from carelessness and never have courage or gumption enough to get back again. Many people cannot get up because they think that luck or fate is against them; that it is no use to try. The man who says there is no use trying will never rise and never get on; in fact, he will never get anywhere but further down.

All of the creative forces of the mind fall into line with expectation. There is no law by which we can attract one thing while expecting something else.

Most people torture themselves a large part of the time with their own bad thinking, with their own discouraging thoughts.

"Man is not the creature of circumstances. Circumstances are the creatures of men," said Disraeli.

Never allow yourself even to think of the possibility of being a failure. 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 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. — *Orison Swett Marden in the Nautilus.*

Regulate the mind and the body will spontaneously go right.—*Buddha.*

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TOIL AND POWER

Nothing of value was ever gained without effort. Nature has hidden her hoarded treasures; she guards them fiercely and jealously as a miser guards his gold. To unlock her frenzied grip, force and violence must be used. A cold sneer is her only answer to the weakling. and it is right that it should be so. Shall man, lord of the earth, child of the I Will, that master lord of the utter universe, kith and kin to infinite intelligence—shall lordly man attain by pleading and beggary? Not so! Only by demand and violence shall mankind attain, by effort and toiling labor. That which is worth having is worth working for—without work thou shalt not have. But, behold, the weakling cries aloud: "Why is this? Oh, woe is me! Why has this hard fate been decreed upon me?

Why? Because it must be so. The fuel of life must be replenished. The sinews of the universe must be tensed. Of all the beings in the universe, all tread the smooth and easy path of least resistance, all the kingdom of forces, all the kingdoms of matter, all the vegetable kingdoms, all the animal kingdoms—all, all use up energy and flow smoothly toward stillness. All, did I say? There is one exception. The children of I Will, if they choose, may toil up the hard and stormy path of effort, the path of great resistance. The children of I Will, if they choose, may replenish the fuel of life, may invigorate the dying sinews of the universe, may create energy instead of consuming it. And they who create power possess power.—*George D. Lewis in Bloomington Pantagraph.*

Pleasure is a temporary thrill of the senses; happiness a great and lasting uplifting of the soul.—*Sarah Grand.*

CONCENTRATION

Health and power are largely dependent upon concentration. A fainting person can often be restored by a slap in the face, which establishes concentration. By concentration man becomes master of his physical being and by concentration he overcomes obstacles from without. Ninety per cent of thought energy is wasted in the ordinary human being through lack of concentration. Power is not focussed. It is allowed to dribble away in useless thoughts and idle dreamings. Without concentration one is led into all kinds of mistakes. The alert, concentrated mind sees the path ahead. Without concentration a man goes through life like a sleepwalker, never more than one-fourth alive to what is going on about him. Concentration is the essence of all knowledge. Without concentration man is controlled by outward things. He drifts, a prey to every wind of suggestion that blows. By concentration be becomes, in great degree, master of his fate, captain of his soul. There is only one way to acquire concentration, and that is by practicing it in connection with your work each day. Practice it in all the common acts of your daily life. Put your mind into the acts of your hands.—*Health.*

Get the whine out of your voice or it will stop the growth and development of your body. It will narrow and shrink your mind. It will drive away your friends. It will make you unpopular. Quit your whining. Brace up. Go to work. Be something. Stand for something. Fill your place in the universe. Face about and make something of yourself. There is nothing the matter with you. Just quit whining and go to work. —*Medical Talk.*

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Jesus' Use of Nature

"WHEN ye see a cloud rise out of the west, straightway ye say, 'There cometh a shower;' and so it is.

"And when ye see the south wind blow, ye say, 'There will be heat;' and it cometh to pass.

"When it is evening, ye say, 'It will be fair weather, for the sky is red.' And in the morning, 'It will be foul weather today, for the sky is red and lowering.' * * * Ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?

"He that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth.

"If a man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world.

"Ye are the light of the world.

"I am the light of the world.

"For as the lightning that lighteneth out of the one part under Heaven shineth unto the other part under Heaven, so shall also the Son of Man be in His day.

"Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

"Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear ye not, therefore. Ye are of more value than many sparrows.

"Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves; be ye, therefore, wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

"If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine and goeth into the mountains and seeketh that which is astray? Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish.

"I am the Good Shepherd and know my sheep.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.

"Behold, there went out a sower to sow his seed; and it came to pass, as he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and it was trodden down, and the fowls of the air came and devoured them up.

"When any one heareth the word of the Kingdom and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart. This is he which received seed by the wayside.

"Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth, and forthwith sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth; and when the sun was up they were scorched and because they had no

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root they withered away, because it lacked moisture.

"The same is he that heareth the word and anon with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended.

"And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up and choked it, and it yielded no fruit.

"The care of this world and the deceitfulness of riches choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful.

"And others fell upon good ground and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased.

"He that receiveth seed into the good ground is he that heareth the word and understandeth it, which also beareth fruit.

"Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness and are dead. * * * I am the living bread which came down from Heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever.

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.

"I am the true vine and my father is the husbandman. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can yet, except ye abide in me.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed * * * which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth; but when it is sown it groweth up and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.

"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. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe ye?

"Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit. * * * By their fruits ye shall know them.

"Behold the fig tree and all the trees; when his branch is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, ye see and know of your own selves that Summer is now nigh at hand. So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the Kingdom of God is nigh at hand."—*The Truth.*

EACH FOR MIMSELF

Human life as a whole moves, and cannot help moving, toward the eternal ideal of perfection, only by each separate individual advancing towards his own personal and equally unlimited perfection.

What a dreadfully pernicious superstition is that under the influence of which men—neglecting the inward work upon themselves, which is the only thing really needed for their own and society's welfare, and also the one thing in which man has full power—direct all their strength towards arranging the life of others, which is beyond their power, and (for the attainment of this impossible aim) employ violent means, certainly evil and injurious to themselves and to others, and which more surely than anything else remove them both from their personal and from the general perfection!—*Leo Tolstoy.*

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Forgiveness and Healing

M. E. Cramer in Expression

IT IS argued by some, who do not perceive the truth of revelation, that there is no forgiveness of the violation of natural law. Let us consider this in the matter of healing. Healing is taking place all the time, and we know that it is the presence of wholeness that is doing the work. It is argued that if you violate the law you must suffer the penalty; that there is no forgiveness of natural law, and no forgiveness of mental and moral states that are a violation of law. Men and women have gone to insane asylums through supposing these false statements to be true.

Forgiveness of sin is proven in Divine Science not to be an exceptional manifestation of supreme power; it is the revelation and effect of the supreme nature of omnipresence. The law of forgiveness is the practice of the Almighty Good—the one God.

Freely you have forgiven, now freely forgive yourselves—give up former habits freely and you will demonstrate fully.

It is said that if you put your finger in the flame of fire it will burn, pray as you will; and ye Divine Scientists have demonstrated instantaneously over severe burns through denying so-called natural law and affirming the Truth. It is further argued that if you fall any distance you will break a bone, however pious you may be.

Is it indeed true that there is no forgiveness in natural law? What a strange-looking audience this would be if there were none! The boy cuts his finger, and the Spirit, present within and around him, begins to heal it at once. He breaks his arm; the same Spirit, the only power, begins to knit the bone. He burns his finger; the same Holy One provides a new skin. Some say that it is nature that does this, but Spirit is everywhere present and is manifest in nature; hence it is the source and cause of nature who gives to all life and breath and all things, and it is the same source and cause which does the healing; it is the Spirit expressed in man which, to know, gives a realization of freedom.

No explanation but a scientific one can enable us to see that the work of each one, personally, is to drop all claims of sin in connection with the world.

Shall we think that the Holy Spirit that heals the finger and helps the man to a new skin, and knits the bone, cares nothing for the moral and mental state and will not illumine those who in calculation have fallen short of Truth? No; the law is beneficent in all things. Forgiveness, in the Greek, means sending away of sin, doing away with the habit of falling short of Truth, ceasing to miss the mark of Oneness.

It has been proven time and again by scientists that if we cut a finger, burn the hand or break a bone, we need not suffer what is generally called the penalty. When we work in concert with the power which begins the healing at once, there is immediate redemption from the whole thing; the healing is instantaneous, the bone has been knit strongly together without pain or soreness. Neither healing nor redemption is barring the doors in one place and opening them in an-

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other. Literally speaking, it is bearing away the conditions not at one with ease; it is doing away with the claims and theories formulated in a supposed separation from God; it is ceasing to identify ourselves with the claim that there is anything but the absolute Good —the Eternal Substance.

WHENCE COMES SUFFICIENCY

The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure.—Deut. 28:12.

Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defence, and thou shalt have plenty of silver.—Job 22:25.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.—Psa. 23:1.

Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed.—Psa. 27:3.

The Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.—Psa. 84:11.

I cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures. —Pro. 3:21.

If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land.—Is. 1:19.

And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.—II Cor. 9:8.

My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.—Phil. 4:19.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning—Jas. 1:17.

If you want to be gloomy, there's gloom enough to keep you glum; if you want to be glad, there's gleam enough to keep you glad. The choice is your own.

A THOUGHT CHANGE

This world is infinitely rich and boundlessly beautiful, yet its people starve with hunger of body, heart, and soul, and a thought can change it all.

A thought change, and all is changed.

A change of thought and the world's riches are revealed.

The beauty and power of man comes forth when man's thought is changed.

What a miracle that thought can do all this!

Thought—the one thing of which man takes no heed. His money and his position he guards, but his thought, which formed it all, he cares for not at all.

Yet, with a change of thought, he can have all that he desires.

And then, the greater wonder still, the greatest of all—that, in spite of thought having all this power to change earth into heaven or hell, it cannot change man.

Man is divine, and must ever remain divine.

He is glorious life, and cannot be changed.

He is creator, and creator he must ever be.—*Alma Gillen.*

WHEN WE WOULD ALL BE MISSIONARIES

A well-known agnostic was present at one of Henry Ward Beecher's lectures, and after the address the man presented one of his daughters—a beautiful girl—to Mr. Beecher, saying:

"Mr. Beecher, here is a girl who, according to your ideas, is a heathen."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Beecher, "if all heathens were as pretty as you are we would all become missionaries."

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

THE BELLS

An American tourist was contemplating — from the outside — a quaint old chapel in one of the cathedral towns of England. In a nearby spire the chimes began to ring. A venerable clergyman issued from the ivy-covered pile and, observing the look of rapt attention upon the stranger's face, was moved, out of the goodness of his heart, to approach and engage him in conversation appropriate to the time and the place.

"My friend," he began, "does not the sound of those sweet bells fall like a benediction upon the soul?"

The American gazed at him blankly and cupped one hand behind his ear in order to hear better.

"Which?" he inquired.

The old rector raised his voice and shouted louder.

"I say that those lovely chimes seem to float down to us like a message of love and peace from on high. Do you not agree with me that theirs is a message from Heaven?"

"I'm sorry," said the visitor, "but still I don't seem to get you."

The clergyman made a funnel of his hand in front of his mouth.

"I merely wished to ask you if you, too, did not feel that the music coming from that tower yonder was truly celestial music, freighted with hope and beauty and glorious tidings."

"Mister," explained the American, "the truth of the matter is that those durned bells make so much racket I can't hear a word you say."

A FALSE ALARM

"You ought to have seen Mr. Marchall when he called upon Dolly the other night," remarked Johnny to his sister's young man, who was taking tea with the family. "I tell you he looked fine a-sitting there alongside of her with his arm——"

"Johnny!" gasped his sister, her face the color of a boiled lobster.

"Well, so he did," persisted Johnny. "He had his arm——"

"John!" screamed his mother, frantically.

"Why," whined the boy, "I was——"

"John," said his father, sternly, "leave the room!"

And Johnny left, crying as he went:

"I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on!"

TRUTH FOR THE TEACHER

A story of Scotch honesty comes from Dundee. A small boy had taken the prize for an exceptionally well-drawn map. After the examination the teacher, a little doubtful, asked the lad:

"Who helped you with this map, James?"

"Nobody, sir."

"Come, now; tell me the truth. Didn't your brother help you?"

"No, sir; he did it all."—*Los Angeles Herald.*

THE MODERN ABBREVIATOR

The Lady Friend—"What do you use the blue pencil for?"

The Editor—"Well, to make a long story short."

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SHOES AND FEET

In a shoe store a stout man appeared to be having considerable difficulty in finding just what he wanted. After showing him a dozen or more pairs the salesman blandly observed:

"Now, here is a pair that I think will suit you to perfection."

After examining the shoes the stout man exclaimed:

"I don't like them. They are too narrow and too pointed."

"Ah," returned the clerk, "but they are wearing narrow, pointed shoes this season."

"Possibly," returned the stout man; "but I am still wearing my last season's feet."

ABOUT OWNERSHIP

An elderly man approached a young fellow who stood smoking a cigar.

"How many cigars do you smoke a day?" asked the meddler.

"Three," answered the youth, as patiently as he could.

"How much do you pay for them?"

"Ten cents," confessed the young man.

"Don't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that, if you would save that money, by the time you are as old as I am you could own that big building over the way?"

"Do you own it?" inquired the smoker.

"No."

"Well, I do," said the young man.

FRENZIED FINANCE

Biggs—"What was the worst money panic you ever saw?"

Riggs—"The worst money panic I ever saw," mused Riggs, pensively, "was when a nickel rolled under the seat of a trolley and fifteen different women claimed it."

HE NEEDED IT

The proprietor of the second-hand store was not so tidy as he might have been. One day while standing in front of the store an Irishman approached and asked:

"Hav' yez anny clean shirts in yet store?"

"Sure I have," answered the clothing man, anxious for a sale. "Lots of them, so clean as anything."

"Well," said the Irishman, moving away, "go in and put on wan of them."

NO HARM IF HE'S HEALTHY

Two old cronies met after many years.

"'Tis a long time since I seen ye last, isn't it?"

"Indade, yes. I am married since."

"You don't mane it!"

"I do, indade; and I've got a fine, healthy boy that the neighbors say is the very picture of me."

"Man alive, niver mind what they say! What's the harm so long as the child is healthy?"

A SWAT INDIRECT

Mandy—"What foh yo been goin' to de postoffice so reg'lar? Are you correspondin' wif some other female?"

Rastus—"Nope; but since Ah been a-readin' in de papers 'bout dese 'conscience funds' Ah kind of thought Ah might possibly git a lettah from dat ministah what married us."—*Life.*

EASY ENOUGH

Bank Clerk—"You must get some one to identify you—some one who knows that you are Michael Clancy."

Clancy—"Fwat's th' matter wid yez? Don't yez suppose Oi know who Oi am?"—*Judge.*

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"Thy Will Be Done"

Moina S. Rossignol in The Nautilus

FOR years I had been troubled with one, to me, unsurmountable difficulty in the matter of praying with faith for the things I craved. I discussed the matter with those further along, higher in spiritual things, than myself. I read everything I could find upon the subject, yet never could I come to any satisfactory conclusion. Then about a month ago the solution flashed into my mind, perfect, entire, at a time when I was not even considering the subject. It has given me so much satisfaction that I simply must share it with others.

Of course, it may be there are many to whom it is no news at all, but these, I know, will just be glad that some one else has come into possession of the happy truth.

The thing that puzzled me was how to reconcile an absolute and unwavering faith that prayer would be answered with the fact that if it were not God's will He would withhold the thing desired.

I had always been taught that in order to have my prayers answered, absolute belief that they *would be* answered was essential, yet that I must always say (and feel), "Thy will be done." Now, if I had to make my petitions with the thought that if what I asked was not in accordance with His will, I should not receive it, how could I believe beyond any doubt that I *should* receive? The fact of the matter was that all my prayers were made conditionally. I believed implicitly that God would answer them—*if He saw fit.*

Then one day came the thought, why should doing God's will necessarily imply resigning our own? Christ bade us pray, "Thy will be done on earth *as it is in Heaven.*" In Heaven, or the Place of Perfection, how is God's will done? Are the blessed inhabitants denied their heart's desires? Do they bow beneath crosses and burdens of sorrow and want? Are they given longings and yearnings only to have them left unfulfilled? Surely *no!*

Therefore, if God's will were done on earth as it is in Heaven, every wish of our hearts, every good and perfect gift, would be ours. To ask that God's will be done is simply to ask more emphatically that our petitions should be granted, our natural longings fulfilled, because He *wants* us to be happy, to have what we want, if we only ask believingly.

Let us, then, ask the Spirit to teach us *how* to pray, and when we, being taught, ask for things which will make us happier and better, make our lives fuller, richer and stronger, we may be *sure* that it is His will to grant us our prayers and there will be no condition imposed upon our perfect faith.

The worlds in which we live are two—
The world I AM and the world I DO.
The worlds we live at heart are one—
The world I AM, the fruit I HAVE DONE.
And underneath these worlds of flower and fruit,
The world I LOVE, the only living root.

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WHY WE BELIEVE IN HEALING

1. Healing the sick was an important part of the work of Jesus:

"And Jesus went about * * * healing all manner of sickness among the people."—Matthew iv:23.

"Great multitudes followed Him; and He healed them."—Matthew xix:2, xii:15, Luke v:15.

"And there came unto Him great multitudes, having with them the lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and they cast them down at His feet, and He healed them; insomuch that the multitude wondered, when they saw the dumb speaking, the maimed whole and the lame walking and the blind seeing."—Matthew xv:30-31.

2. Jesus told the apostles to heal the sick:

"He sent them forth to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick."—Luke ix:2.

"He gave them power * * * to heal all manner of disease and all manner of sickness."—Matthew x:1-8.

3. The apostles obeyed His instructions and healed the sick:

"And they went throughout the villages, preaching the gospel and healing everywhere."—Luke ix:6.

"And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people."—Acts v:12.

"And there also came together the multitude from the cities 'round about Jerusalem, bringing sick folk and them that were vexed with unclean spirits, and they were healed, every one."—Acts v:16.

4. The instructions to the apostles were intended as general instructions to all the world:

"Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, * * * teaching them to obey all things whatsoever I manded you."—Matthew xxviii:19-

5. Jesus told the seventy to hea sick:

"Into whatsoever city ye enter they receive you, * * * heal th that are therein."—Luke x:8-9.

6. Others also had the power to the sick:

"And God wrought special mirac the hands of Paul."—Acts xix:11.

"Stephen, full of grace and p wrought great wonders and signs a the people."—Acts vi:8.

"John said unto Him, Master, w one casting out devils in Thy name we forbade him, because he followe us. But Jesus said, Forbid him no there is no man which shall do a m work in My name and be able quick speak evil of Me."—Mark ix:38-39

7. The works the apostles did ar examples for us:

"Those things which ye both le and received and heard and saw in these things do."—Phillippians iv

Good News.

CONTINUAL CONVERSE WITH

And if the presence of a good through the respect and reverence he inspires, always improves him whom he associates, with much reason does not he who always uninterrupted converse with Go knowledge, life and thanksgiving, at every step superior to himself respects—in conduct, in words, in position? Such an one is persuaded God is ever beside him, and does no pose that He is confined in certain ed places; so that under the idea th times he is without Him, he may in in excessess night and day.—*Clemo Alexandria.*

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FEAR NOT

Fear is a false prophet, a liar; but when yielded to it has this power: It can help to bring to pass what it prophesies. "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me," said Job.

When Peter, walking on the water, began to be afraid, he began to sink. The woman who looked under her bed each night for twenty-five years, expecting to find a burglar, at last found him. Her fear invited him.

The power of good is so strong that if you have faith in it nothing can prevail against it. Mountains can easily be moved by it. It is so strong that even your fears cannot bring misfortunes upon you once in a hundred times trying, but if you continue to entertain fear as a welcome and honored guest, by and by the thing you fear will come upon you because you fear it. Why be dominated by this tyrant? Cast him out. Front him and he will flee from you.

When Grant, at the head of his first regiment, went to meet a Southern colonel at the head of his regiment, he was afraid; but when he found the Southern camp deserted he realized that the other man was more afraid of him, and he never knew fear again.

When Christian faced the lions in his path he found them chained.

Do the thing you fear to do. Think the thought you fear to think. Be what you fear to be. All the lions you will ever meet are chained. There is no devil, no hell, no evil, except as you create them by your fears.

There is but one power, and it is on your side—for you, near you, about you, within you. Trust it. Trust yourself. Trust the universe. Trust God. All is good, everywhere, all the time. Have faith. And again I say unto you, have faith! And after that, have faith!—*The Optimist.*

PRINCIPLE

The world needs men of principle. Continuous and insistent is the cry for them. It has been so from the beginning; it will be so unto the end. Men who have the courage of their convictions and maintain them, cost what it may, realizing that "wrong living toward man cannot be accepted as right living toward God."

The great ruling principle is love. Give to mankind the best that is in you. All mankind are your neighbors. Therefore give to your world-wide neighbors sympathy, kindness, gentleness, charity, usefulness, justice and truth, and in your heart "mercy and truth will have met together, righteousness and peace will have kissed each other."

Some one has said: "A healthy soul stands united with the just and the true as the magnet arranges itself with the pole, so that he stands to all beholders like a transparent object between them and the sun." So strive to be the perfect man, remembering that the end of the perfect man is peace, and that "God will pay you; pay you now, pay you hereafter and forever.—*Marie Agnes Fury in the Household Guest.*

ONE'S REAL SELF

No, no, I am but shadow of myself;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity;
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such spacious, lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it. —*Shakespeare.*

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BETTER THAN THE ANGELS

For Man to Act as if his Soul did see
The very brightness of Eternity;
For Man to Act as if his Love did burn
Above the Spheres, even while it's in its Urne;
For Man to Act even in the Wilderness,
As if he did those Sovereign Joys possess,
Which do at once confirm, stir up, enflame,
And perfect Angels. Having not the same,
It doth increase the value of his Deeds!
In this, a Man a Seraphim exceeds.
To Act an Obligation yet unknown;
To Act upon Rewards as yet unshewn;
To keep Commands whose Beauty's yet unseen;
To Cherish and retain a Zeal between
Sleeping and waking; shews a constant care,
And that a deeper Love, a Love so rare
That no Eye Service may with it compare.
The Angels, who are faithful while they view
His Glory, know not what themselves would do
Were they in our Estate! A Dimmer Light
Perhaps would make them erre as well as We,
And in the Coldness of a darker Night
Forgetful and Lukewarm Themselves might be.
Our Very Rust shall cover us with Gold,
Our Dust shall sparkle while their Eyes behold
The Glory Springing from a feeble State,
Where meer Belief doth, if not conquer Fate,
Surmount and pass what it shall Antedate.

—*Thomas Traherne* (1636-1674).

WHEN A MAN FAILS

When he has no confidence in himself nor his fellow men.

When he values success more than character and self-respect.

When he does not try to make his work a little better each day.

When he becomes so absorbed in his work that he cannot say that life is greater than work.

When he lets a day go by without making someone happier and more comfortable.

When he values wealth above health, self-respect and the good opinion of others.

When he is so burdened by his business that he finds no time for rest or recreation.

When he loves his own plans and interests more than humanity.

When his friends like him for what he has more than for what he is.

When he knows that he is in the wrong, but is afraid to admit it.

When he envies others because they have more ability, talent or wealth than he has.

When he does not care what happens to his neighbor or to his friend so long as he is prosperous.

When he is so busy doing that he has no time for smiles and cheering words.—*Ideal Power*

I have resolved, for many years, to live in the present, never to mourn over the blunders of the past, as the page is turned, and there is no remedy for what is done, except the wisdom experience may give.

Neither do I indulge in fears of the future, as it is impossible to tell what one day may bring forth.—*Elizabeth Cady Stanton.*

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THE MAGIC APPLE

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
Though years becloud it, never may they sever
Its lovely essence utterly from earth;
Never a joy was born but hath rebirth.
There was a sunset lost, long, long ago,
An autumn sunset seen through orchard boughs.
A boy's eyes brightening in the amber glow
Gave to his mind no more of it to house
For the delight of manhood's pensive days
Than the bare memory of time and place;
So nigh forgot it seemed
As something he had dreamed.
Yet now the man, before whose boyish ken
The glory melted on the evening breeze,
Knows it lived on, for he hath found again
His long-lost sunset of the orchard trees.

A penny tribute to a swarthy vendor
Hath filled for me this city street with splendor.
A meager apple! yet its crushed pulp drips
A long-forgotten savor on my lips,
A rare, faint essence tasted once before,
But only once; and suddenly I find
The honeyed gush hath loosed a long-locked door,
And all the olden splendor floods my mind,
A care-free lad I stand,
An apple in my hand,
And watch the amber glory grow and wane.
I feel upon my cheek the evening breeze.
Joy lives forever!. I have found again
My long-lost sunset of the orchard trees!

—*Thomas Augustine Daly.*

A PURPOSE IN LIFE

One of the most important factors that go to make up a good and successful life is the purpose back of actions, be it work or play. Act is the blossom of thought and purpose—joy or suffering its fruits. Every one should conceive of a legitimate purpose in his heart and set out to accomplish it. He should make this purpose the centralizing point of his thoughts. We should make this purpose our supreme duty, not allowing foolish fears or doubts to defeat it.

Have a fixed purpose, not only for your entire life, but also for every day, and renew it every morning. If today has been a failure, or partially one, forget it. Let your failure be a pathway to higher attainment, and start the new day with as much vim as the inspiration of a firm purpose should give in accomplishing good. The strength of character gained will be the measure of your true success and this will form a new starting point for future triumph.

No matter how insignficant your task may appear to you, the feeling of having a great purpose in doing the duties of your life will add a certain glory to it. The cost of clinging to a high ideal is sacrifice, hard work and persistence, but it is worth its price in knowing we have done our best.

By the faithful plying of the shuttle of daily duty we weave a white raiment for the soul.—*Mary A. Stafford.*

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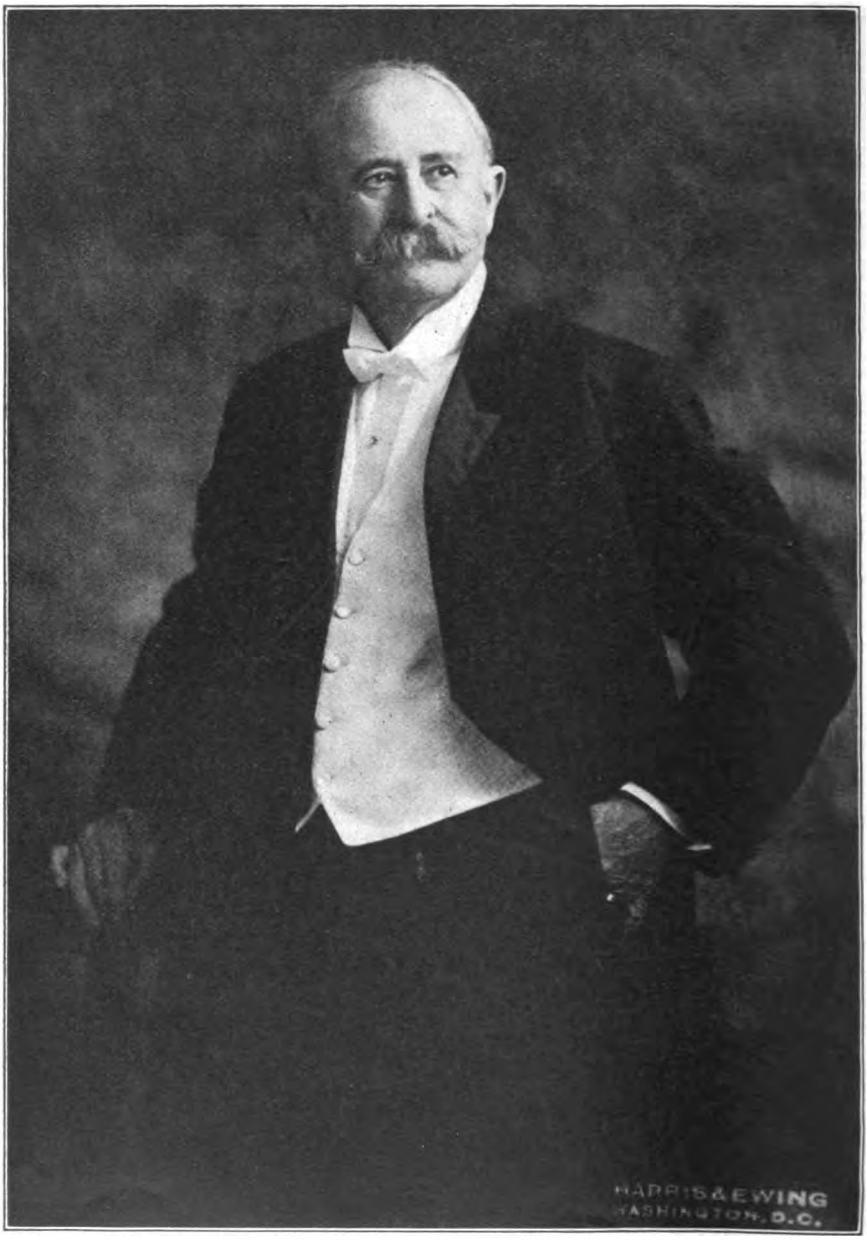

Oliver C. Sabin.

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PROSPERITY

If a person wishes to have pro in his business affairs, what is th tain rule to adopt to have that? Th think it. Never allow a doubt to into your mind; know that God controls, and that He will giv prosperity. Suppose a person health. Think health. Think of t possibility of having anything but and cease to think of evil. Supp person wants happiness, let him th pleasant surroundings, and how pl his must be. Think it. Remembe the thought of a thing is the pro of its fulfillment. As a man th so is he.

In treating for prosperity, you claim prosperity, the same as you health. You must affirm that you it, because you have. You have Why? Because, living, moving having your being in God—perfec there can be no such thing as d and every affirmation and realizat the Truth of this perfection we

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miracle, so-called. You have health. Deny poverty and want. Declare that there is no lack; declare that you have all; declare that all belongs to you; declare that God gave you all. It is yours by virtue of your inheritance, as a child of God, a joint heir with Jesus Christ, by virtue of your original rights given you when God created you. Declare that you have all these; realize in your heart that it is true; and the wonderful results that will flow in upon you will be something that the material mind cannot grasp.

THE SCIENCE AS OLD AS GOD

The subject of Christian Science is one which is not new, for as far back as the morning stars sang together was this same principle. It has been arbitrarily named Christian Science. The principle which we call Christian Science, as before remarked, is as old as God. It never had a beginning and never will know an ending. It is one of the attributes of God, the same as good, light, life and love; the same as the principle of gravitation. No one can say why a stone when thrown into the air does not go on for all eternity through endless space, except you say it is gravitation which controls. You ask the further question, "What is gravitation?" and we are lost in the infinity of God's Divinity; of His attributes we know not and none can tell. Christian Science, so-called, is Divine knowledge by which we destroy error by the application of Truth, evil by the application of Good, and inharmony by the restoration of the principles of Harmony.

Yours lovingly,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bishop.

PRAYER

Prayer transports the soul to the audience chamber of God, to the foot of the great white throne, and fills it with the assured glory of His presence. It fixes the eye of the soul on the light of the Eternal Truth, whose express image it is, as the eagle soaring heavenward fixes his gaze upon the sun.

ATLANTIC CITY LECTURES

During the week beginning August 23. a series of lectures upon Christian Science, or New Thought, will be delivered in the Greek Temple on Young's New Million Dollar pier at Atlantic City. The course will be opened by Mrs. Elizabeth Towne, the noted editress of The Nautilus, one of the foremost of leaders and exponents of the New Thought. The rest of the lectures of the series will be delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin. The lectures will be entirely free, and a cordial invitation is extended to all. During the lecture course New Thought literature, including copies of The News Letter, will be given to all who desire it.

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

August

PAULINA B. SABIN

For the Kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness and peace and joy.—*Romans* 14-17.

We search for happiness far and wide, and all the time the thing is sitting at our own hearths clad in a russet suit, and not worth twopence to look at.—*S. MacNaughton.*

It is impossible to describe the abundance of peace and heavenly joy that has often flowed into my soul by means of the fresh answers which I obtained from God after waiting upon Him for help and blessing; and the longer I have had to wait upon Him, or the greater my need was, the greater the enjoyment when at last the answer came. Stand still and see the salvation of God; take Him at His word and be satisfied.—*A. C. Grier.*

Only the good can come to thee,
Only the good is thine;
Only the purest pleasure,
Only the bread and wine;
For the Father holds thy treasure,
The Good that is to be—
Watch for it—seek and find it,
The Good shall come to thee.
—*Ella E. Morrell.*

The sweet spirit of love and of Faith is our Light which points out the way to the freedom of the Truth. The soul radiates this vision of Truth—the mind apprehends it, the will fulfills it.—*Truth.*

Truly did our Savior say that a tree is known by its fruit; 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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The Realization

—SABIN

Nothing Supernatural About It—Natural Result of Knowledge of the Truth—Ask, Seek and Knock—How to Get Rid of Sin—No Permanency to Pain.

WHAT we mean by the realization is the understanding of the thought which accomplishes the demonstration which we seek along the lines of this science. A very widespread mistake exists in the minds of many. It occurred in my own case. They expect something supernatural. That thought held me back for months. I was expecting something supernatural and of course I never got it.

Nothing supernatural exists in the phenomena of life; nothing. All that occurs and all that exists is along the lines of natural law. I am talking now about the real occurrences of life. These so-called carnal mind occurrences would emanate from the evil spirit if we could consent that there was one great dominating evil spirit, but we will agree that they do exist and come from what we term evil spirits because there are a great many evil spirits. The world is filled with them.

Evil spirits are evil thoughts, and evil thoughts are destructive, but this understanding, or the realization that heals, is a perfectly natural, logical result of the knowledge of the Truth. Jesus Christ said, you shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free. No human mind gives you this freedom, or gives you the power. It is the power of the Truth, it is the knowledge of the Truth. Jesus Christ said you shall know and that knowledge makes you free.

It is very important, that being so, that we understand what it is that makes us free and what is necessary that we may understand this Truth. That knowledge in short is as follows:

You understand and realize that God is life, God is love, God is good; that God is all wisdom and all mind, and that God is all powerful, and that He is Omnipresent; that He gives you all power, all knowledge, all love, all good, all life, right with you all the time, and that you live, move and have your being in it because it is omnipresent in infinite space as well as immediately here.

> Churches save nobody and have nothing to save. They are simply business propositions, through which men get together and work together to push a certain idea. That is all, and this Realization goes on and shows you, furthermore, that this infinite God within you can never go to hell—this God that fills you with life and love and good; it never can go to hell. The part of man that goes to hell is what we term this carnal mind; it is following after so-called evil and after the instincts of so-called material things that drag them down, and every time they sin, every time they step aside or every time they cheat or tell a lie or do any of those vicious things they are punished, and, unless they repent, the sins continue to punish them during all their lives, during all eternity. Every thought we have and every act we do is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, we might term it, and is thrown into the universal vibration, and it goes on and on like the waves from the pebble thrown into the sea. It is an open book that Infinite Mind always is reading, always knows; and until the person who does the sinning throws out the evil thought, repents and goes back in love, that sin stands there against him and will have to be paid for to the uttermost farthing.

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and it is impossible for you to get out of it. By your own so-called carnal mind you may lead yourself astray through your evil thoughts and get outside of this beneficent effect of this perfect realization. Then you have no part or parcel in it; you are thrown over the battlement, and you belong in the darkness of fathomless oblivion until you are rescued by the knowledge of this Truth given to us by Jesus Christ.

When I came to realize in my consciousness that all of this so-called realization that we hear so much about, and so many people know so little of,—when I learned that it was as smiple as a, b, c, my heart was filled with rejoicing and I actually laughed in my mind at its perfect simplicity and the fact that instead of being something that was 'way beyond and could be received only after years and days and hours of trial and trouble, looking for some supernatural influence to send it down from somewhere I knew not where, that all such was nothing and that the Realization, so-called, was simply the knowledge and the understanding of what God is.

In this Realization, making it perfect, you have to understand what man is, and his relations to God. Man is the image and likeness of God Almighty; man is the image and likeness of love, of wisdom, of mind, of power, of goodness and all of the characteristics of Deity, and he had given to him at his creation power and dominion over the world, over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air and all that is, and this power and this dominion were given to man by virtue of his birthright at creation. God said "Let us make man, let us make him after our image and after our likeness," and after he was made, he had given to him power and dominion.

Now that is the Realization what man is and is it the Realization of what you must understand in order to enable you to heal the sick. Take up that other story and believe simply in the story of the Garden of Eden, and it limits you. It limits man, it limits his power to believe that story; and especially does it limit the power of woman. Wherever that story of the Garden of Eden has been taught woman has been made the football of conditions and circumstances and environments. She has been made the slave of man wherever that exists. Woman is in every respect the equal of man, and in many respects his superior. There is no reason in the world why a woman should be dominated by a man, controlled as a beast of burden and her rights ignored any more than there is that the woman should ignore the rights of the man. Most of the unhappiness that exists in our family relationship comes from that belief that the woman was the guilty one who had eaten the apple and given it to this saint of a man.

Then, in order to make this Realization effective and this thought of God and the knowledge of God as I have told you and the circumstances and surrounding conditions of man and his relationship to God, we have to know how to ask, how to seek, how to knock. You often hear the expression, "Ask, seek, and knock." You ask through the objective sense, or the five senses; you seek through the subconscious mind, the mind that is below and under this conscious mind, and that through which really all of our healing is done, except that which is done by the laying on of hands and the spoken word. We knock by virtue of that power and that dominion that are in us, the God within. Here is a certain

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thing given us by Divine law at our birth. We demand it, it is ours, and we command it and we have the right to command and to be obeyed. Jesus Christ told the winds to be still and they were still, and the same power that He exercised He said we could exercise, and the same power that He did exercise is being exercised by thousands of people today in the world.

You have the perfect right to demand certain things; they belong to you. You have a right to health and to harmony, and to allow yourself to be taken care of and not be abused by anybody. You have the right of self-defence, you might term it. Take all nature in the broadest phenomena of life, and you will find some system of defense to every kind of living creature. Our defense is the defense of love. Our heart is filled with love for all the world and when we are filled with love and throw love into the vibration it makes us as impervious to all evil and evil thoughts and evil acts and evil deeds as is the skin of the rhinoceros to the arrow of the African hunter. We are perfectly impervious. Love is our defense. Always remember that. If you have an enemy love him and you conquer. Instead of throwing out hateful thoughts and hate in return for hate throw the vibrations of love and you are the conqueror.

Our Savior, when Peter took out his sword and struck off the ear of the soldier that was arresting Him, took the ear and put it back and said to Peter, "Put up your sword, for he that taketh the sword shall perish by it." In other words, if you are attempting to get even with your neighbor by hating him or doing him an injustice, you will perish by the very weapons that you are attempting to wield.

In this Realization you must know all of these things, you must know who you are, you must know your power and you must exercise it, and this brings me to perhaps the most important injunction that I can impress upon you, and that is you must use that which you know. You can listen to me or to anybody else for a year, or for time indefinite, but if you fail to use that which you learn, that which you know, you are utterly impotent and can be nothing, and the science, instead of being a blessing to you, is a curse, in this that you are judged by a law that is higher than that which you use. It is a great deal better for the heathen who has never even heard of the science of God than a person who knows of these things and refuses to accept of them and refuses to practice them. In the latter case the person is judged by this higher law while the other is judged by the law he knows.

It used to be a source of considerable anxiety to me in my youthful days how the poor heathen who had never known of this Christian religion were to be saved, because I knew perfectly well from my teaching that nobody could ever be saved unless he joined our church and was baptized. I used to have a great deal of sympathy for the poor Methodists and Presbyterians, but especially the Methodists, because they had a mourners' bench. I knew but little of the Catholics then, but after I grew up to older boyhood I read the statement that they were going to take possession of the country and that the Pope was going to come over and smite us fellows hip and thigh and slaughter us, and was to reign over our country. That was to be the unchaining of the devil as spoken of in Revelations, and I used to have great sorrow in my mind, as I thought of what

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this world was coming to. I didn't know what I was going to do when the time came, and it was coming very soon, they said—whether to climb a tree or take to an ark.

This is a day of reason, a day of common sense and God law, and this old-fashioned fearful religion, this long-faced religion has to pass away and it is passing away. We can look in our own communities and see what a difference there is between the ideas of the days when we were children and those of today. I remember listening to Alexander Campbell in one of his very learned and powerful addresses saying that the time coming would be filled with infidelity. The signs of the times showed that all of these doctrines that the fathers had taught were to pass away. If Campbell had only known, he would have said a reign of love would be instituted instead of a reign of hate, a reign of forgiveness, a reign of Christly love, that takes God into partnership with your brother, making you love all and deal on the square. The old thought that man might deal on the square all his life by being an upright, good, righteous man in his transactions before the world and before people and with himself and his family, and if he didn't belong to the church he was gone to the devil sure, and there was no hope for him—that has all passed away.

We have been taught that churches are simply combinations of people who look at certain things from the same standpoint and for the purpose of forwarding the propaganda of that thought get together and become as a unit, work as a unit. That is all of the office of the church that is worth anything. Churches save nobody and have nothing to save. They are simply business propositions through which men get together and work together to push a certain idea. That is all and this Realization goes on and shows you furthermore that this infinite God within you can never go to hell—this God that fills you with life, and love and good; it never can go to hell. The part of man that goes to hell is what we term this carnal mind; it is following after so-called evil and after the instincts of so-called material things that drags them down, and every time they sin, every time they step aside or every time they cheat or tell a lie or do any of those vicious things they are punished and, unless they repent, the sins continue to punish them during all their lives, during all eternity. Every thought we have and every act we do is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, we might term it, and is thrown into the universal vibration and it goes on and on like the waves from the pebble thrown into the sea. It is an open book that Infinite Mind always is reading, always knows; and until the person who does the sinning throws out the evil thought, repents, and goes back in love that sin stands there against him and will have to be paid for to the uttermost farthing.

There is only one way to get rid of sin, and that is to quit sinning, go to God Almighty with a heart filled with love and affirm that in the name of Jesus Christ your sins are forgiven and God Almighty's love has washed you whiter than wool, and then live that life and hold the thought that you are free. Then you are indeed free. It is the knowledge of the Truth which makes you free.

There is another thought which comes up often and is very much misunderstood by average persons until they become thoroughly versed in this know-

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ledge, and that is universal belief in pain, and in sickness and inharmonious conditions.

Now what we mean when we say there is no such thing as pain, is that there is no reality in it, no permanency in it. A person who has a pain knows he has a pain, and I think we all would, wouldn't we. If I took a redhot iron and run it up the back of any person when he was asleep, it wouldn't take him long to know that he had been burnt. You get beyond this so-called carnal mind, you get into the spirit world beyond the so-called pain. You get into the Realization, into the bright light of God Almighty's truth and there make the declaration in accordance with the reality that there is no such thing as pain and all belief in it was error, because it is unreal and therefore untrue. The pain leaves. It is the Realization and the Understanding that destroy this belief in so-called pain, and what is true in regard to pain is true in regard to other things.

Now, mark you, every realization along every line of metaphysical demonstrations is made upon the same broad principle, all the same Realization and same understanding. You don't have to have an understanding to heal disease and control circumstances and environments and to make yourself prosperous, but every demonstration comes along from the same understanding and the same Realization, except you have to vary it in accordance with the subject matter. If you want to realize money, you have to realize who you are. You know that you are God Almighty's heir, and all that is belongs to you; you affirm it does and then you have it. Some of you, after you affirm that you have all, may lay your hand on your pocketbook and think it very strange if you haven't a dollar in it. That is carnal mind: you are getting on God's side and trying to answer and do His work. All you have to do it to make your own realization and throw it out of your thought, and then commit your ways unto the Lord and trust and let God Almighty attend to the rest; and the promise is that He will bring it to pass. Nearly every demonstration that fails of perfect realization fails either through the fear of the patient or the anxiety or desire of the patient to help God in the answering of the prayer. Now understand, you have your work to do. "Hew to the line and let the chips fall where they will"; go on and do your work and by and by you will find that the demonstrations will come fast enough.

Now I want you to live this life. Let your hearts be filled with love; let the world when they see one of you walking forth amid your brothers and sisters be able to say there goes a righteous, honest, upright man or woman. Understand that if you maliciously cheat a person out of one cent it is just as bad as if you had cheated him out of one hundred thousand dollars. Understand furthermore that if you are dishonest God Almighty's love does not supply you, you are up against the barriers and rocks and rugged shores of adversity; but on the contrary, that if you give a square deal and commit your ways unto the Lord you will be prosperous.

The secret of success is concentration: wherever there has been a great life, or a great work, that has gone before. Taste everything a little, look at everything a little, but live for one thing. Anything is possible to a man who knows his end and moves straight for it, and for it alone.—*Olive Schreiner.*

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Faith in Mental Healing

"BECAUSE the works of Christ were apparently a deviation from the known laws of nature," said the late Dr. Hudson, "is no evidence whatever that they were beyond the pale of the law. Christ understood every impulse of the human soul. There was no phase of character that he did not read at a glance."

In the case of the man born blind I do not, for a moment, believe that any learned theologian would contend there was any efficacy in the ointment made of the clay and the spittle, nor in the water of the pool of Siloam in which he was told to wash. These were powerful conductors of suggestive force and psychological power. Certain conditions are essential.

Jesus of Nazareth was the first to define this necessary condition. "His whole career," said the late Dr. Hudson, "was demonstrative of the truth of His declaration. All the experimental researches of nineteen supervenient centuries has served to confirm and illustrate its truth. In that declaration He summed up the whole law of mental healing in that one word 'Faith.' That was the one mental condition on the part of the patient, which he constantly insisted upon as essential to the exercise of His power. That it was essential was clearly evidenced by the fact that He could not succeed in healing the sick in His native city, "because of their unbelief."

Note the faith of the woman who "pressed through the throng and but touched the hem of His garment and was instantly cured after having suffered many things of many physicians for twelve years, and had spent all she had, and was nothing better, but rather grew worse." (This is the record given by Mark; but Luke, being a physician, gives a different account and thereby avoids the reflections on the medical profession.) Just read that again—"spent all she had, was nothing better, but rather grew worse." It seems to me I have heard something like that in this our day.

I believe in giving due credit to the medical profession for all that it truly merits, but I feel assured that ere long drug medication will be a thing of the past and that its place will be filled largely by psycotherapy; for it must be admitted that no doctor knows with any degree of certainty the action of the drug or poison he administers. He simply prescribes as he was taught or as subsequent observation and experience dictate, and then awaits the effect. In the meantime the patient can thank his strong constitution for having survived the treatment.

Leading men in the medical profession are rapidly coming to the front and acknowledging the power of suggestion. Dr. Frederick Van Eeden of Holland, the Dutch author, poet and physican, widely known in this country, declares that he has given up the practice of medicine because the so-called science is rapidly becoming obsolete. To a large audience in New York City he said: "I gave up the practice of medicine years ago for the more effective treatment of suggestion. Many doctors who are practicing medicine today rely more on suggestion than they do on

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drugs, but they do not like to admit it. When doctors of medicine cannot diagnose a case or not know what to do for a patient they give him a placebo—with careful instructions as to the manner of taking. Usually they tell him it is a most powerful drug. This is an admission that even in extreme cases physicians advocate suggestive therapeutics. A famous London physician told me that when he felt ill he used to take two rhubarb pills and put them on the table by the side of the bed when he retired. He declared that the effect was just the same as if he had taken them. This is but an example of what suggestion will do for the body."

It is usually claimed by orthodox medical men that inasmuch as psychotherapy does not avail in other than functional disorder, it is not to be commended in organic diseases. This is what handicaps the workers in the Emmanuel Church Movement.

On this subject Dr. Hugo Munsterberg, the psychologist and neuropathist of Harvard says: "We recognize that every so-called functional disease has its organic basis also." On the same strain speaks Dr. Sheldon Leavitt of Chicago: "After a medical and surgical practice of more than twenty-five year, I affirm that ordinary methods cannot cure as many cases of organic disease as can psychotherapy, and that they are wholly unable to cope with nervous disorders by the strict use of customary remedies. Approved psychotherapy makes a free and intelligent use of ordinary hygienic measures as does medicine; they are common property."

The doctor's knowledge of the human system is not to be underrated; it is, in fact, of inestimable value, but psychotherapy, the healing ministry of Christ, can be restored without injury to either the medical profession or intelligent Christianity.

"Out of the thirty-six co-called miracles," says Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, "twenty-four of them were those of healing." It may truly be said of Jesus of Nazareth that He was too human to be all divine; too divine to be all human. We may call Him man, or call Him God, or call Him God-in-Man, or Man-from-God,—the title is less important than the fact.—*The Nautilus.*

SELF-DEVELOPMENT

If self-development means anything, it means self-control, not cultivating impulses or yielding to them; it means the abolishment of illusion, not the deliberate cultivation of hallucinations; it means being master of your thoughts, not sitting with open door, waiting for every absurd influence which may come to you from without, or which may originate in the brain left to its own devices. When your muscles are exhausted, they twitch; when your brain is exhausted, you see sparks and hear voices, but to think that you are getting anywhere because of the sparks and the voices is as rational as to perceive in the twitching muscle the sign that you are becoming an athlete. There is no quicker way of getting a diseased body than by constantly concentrating your attention on your trivial sensations, and quite the same may be said of a diseased mind. All of these things lead away from physical and mental health, and if those who practice them do not more often end in the madhouse it is because they develop a relatively harmless monomania.—*O. E. L. Critic.*

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The Influence of Thought

—SABIN

You Can Be What You Want to Be—The Day of the Marvelous Has Arrived. There Never Was a Miracle—Confidence in Your Own Ability—Money and Health—The Doctrine of Love.

AT THE outset I will present to you 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. This grand truth is this: 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, 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 results yourself without the help of anybody. It is just so with this Science. If you learn the rules as taught by this church you can demonstrate and prove them true the same as I do.

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 the truth is what I say it is, you can prove it through yourself by application and study.

> **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 tower of strength; 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.**

The world is filled with thought. The world of thought is advancing as much as the world of physics. The man who desired to fly studied that proposition for a great number of years. We saw birds heavier than air flying, and when the spark of life was taken from them, they tumbled to the ground. There is no miracle about the power of a bird, but the miracle 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

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bird is poised. How to fly has benn demonstrated.

Along the entire field of science there are most marvelous advances. 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 that, has arrived. We send the thought of healing with the same accuracy as a telegram and with the same effect, and have done it time and again; have sent it to China, Japan, Australia, South Africa, England, and other 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 in 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 nor 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 yet is more or less mystery to us, 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 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 the attraction of gravitation—certain bodies held here by the attraction of gravitation, and certain other bodies hold there. The bodies forming the entire universe are held in an inexorable, vice-like position that 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 number of times in a given period that any celestal body has been in eclipse. All of this world of phenomena of life is susceptible of perfect understanding and perfect elucidation according to natural law and natural rules.

The theory of miracles is a farce and a humbug. There never was a miracle if you mean by the term miracle something outside of and beyond the law of nature. There can be nothing of the kind. All truths run in parallel lines; there is never a cross of truths, there never can be a cross. Each truth stands by itself and lies parallel with all other

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truths and cannot cross them. 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 it becomes us to wake up. You are the creator of your own condition in life.

I have in one of my notes this expression, "Thought either makes or breaks you," and it is literally true. 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, fails every time, just as inevitably as water seeks its level. 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 tower of strength; 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. He always fails. Nature may fight, the circumstances may be on your side for a while, but if you keep giving out that medicine of failure and prophecy of evil, you will be as you say, you are sure to fail.

In almost all cases the great money kings that fill all the world of finance, in their boyhood were poor, 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 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 how you are going to cheat and swindle your brother. On the contrary, that is one of the ways to prevent success. If you are to suceed 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 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. The man who understands this Science could not be dishonest if he wanted to be, 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

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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 law; 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 line of thinking that I want to impress upon the minds of all, as it is most 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.

It is wrong to throw out any thought against anybody, or about anybody, except 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 ever think of trying to control anybody else, except by your good thoughts. Let you 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. 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, 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 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.

I trust these remarks may be the means

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of causing many thousands to take up this Science and study it and learn it and become masters. It belongs to all the children or 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 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.

THE BIRDS ARE GOD'S ANGELS

In writing to his senator, to ask him to labor to defeat a bad bird bill and save the birds, a Holyoke Irishman, Michael Francis Shea, gave the grandest and best reason of all; it was "because the birds are God's angels."

This is not merely a happy form of words; it is a golden truth! Could we realize that they really are his messengers how we should cherish them and how few would be destroyed. Let us open our eyes to their worth and their beauty. Pass on the Irishman's love-prompted reason around the earth. It contains rich food for thought. I can see the recording angel's face as it was wreathed in smiles, passing to the faces of the host around him, as they sought the message. Pass the words on and keep them smiling.—*J. W. Waite.*

MEDAL FOR THE HOOSIER POET

The National Institute of Arts and Letters, at a recent meeting in Philadelphia, awarded its gold medal for distinguished work to James Whitcomb Riley, this being the first time the medal has gone to a poet. The medal is of gold, about two inches in diameter and one-quarter of an inch in thickness. James Whitcomb Riley's golden honor is deserved, and we are glad so famous a body of representative men in his own country presented it to him. But let us not forget that it came to Mr. Riley, not because he has scaled dazzling peaks of song, not because his imagination has soared far beyond the clouds, but because "Little Annie" with her Bogy Man"—our neighbor across the street, the bashful sweetheart, the child who loves a fairy tale, have all found a home in the gracious fancy of a tender hearted, sympathetic *man*—our friend, the Hoosier Poet.

RESOLVE AND DO

Don't hesitate to make a good resolution merely because you think you are not able to live up to it. It is by resolving and strenuously endeavoring, that one gets the ability. A man in a gymnasium who knows that he now cannot lift half that weight resolves that he will lift a thousand pounds; and in time he does it. Just so it is in the spiritual life; one gets strength by putting forth strength. Then, too, it should be remembered that in the spiritual life he can have Divine help. We are told to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, "for it is God who worketh in you both to will and to work, for his good pleasure."—*Wellspring.*

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Because He Believes in Men

Arthur H. Kudner in The American Magazine

IF YOU should ever visit Lapeer, Michigan, probably the first place you would be shown would be the home of Reverend Father Dunigan, located on a hill overlooking the city and nestling beside the church. This for two reasons. First, because the occupant is one of the most hospitable men that ever drove the skeleton from a feast; and, second, because he is Lapeer's foremost citizen, her Big Man.

Father Patrick R. Dunigan is the only Catholic priest mayor in America, perhaps in the world. He is the executive of a city that is overwhelmingly Protestant, whose Catholic population is but three per cent. of the town's four thousand inhabitants. He was elected over the most efficient official the city had ever had in its history. Of the 721 votes cast at the election, only 31 were Catholic. His election was due solely to the personality and character of the man; to his labors as a citizen for the common good of the community.

Father Dunigan stands six feet tall, weighs around two hundred pounds, and has the appearance and activity of an athlete. He has clear, blue, Irish eyes; a broad, generous, kindly mouth; and a substantial jaw. He reads, exercises, and thinks much. He is an ardent lover of the out-of-doors. The walls of his study reflect his attitude, and big, virile canvases, Remingtons and seascapes that show stress and action, adorn the room. He spends much of his time on the open road, walking, riding and motoring. His parish embraces a country about forty miles square, and among the towns in it are Davison, Imlay City, Metamora, Oxford, Otter Lake, Columbiaville, Hadley, Elba, Attica and Lapeer. He alternates between his churrches in these places, attending as many on a Sunday as the weather and the roads will permit. Through mud and snow and rain he shuttles back and forth across his kingdom, visiting the sick and burying the dead. There are marriages and christenings; disputes to settle; advice to give—admonition, and praise, sometimes.

The position Father Dunigan occupies in the regard of the people of Lapeer is best illustrated in the reply of a local character to a stranger who inquired who the mayor of the city was. "Why," he responded gravely to the inquiry, "he's the best guy in the world." His popularity is substantial, and is not confined to any class of men. During the campaign for the mayoralty, Father Dunigan took no interest in the fight. He was vitally interested in the good roads movement, whose fate was to be decided in the same election as his own, and spent the entire time of the campaign among the farmers, working in behalf of the good roads proposition.

His people have given him the title "Believer in Men," and it is an apt one. He is often heard to say, "Treat the other fellow as if he had a soul; he has, you know." He is as often seen in a quiet business suit as in Roman collar. "The collar sometimes scares 'em off," he explains. You are as apt to see him in a foundry as in his home; in the railroad yards as on the street; in the fac-

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tories or on the country roads as in his church; meeting men, talking to them, and understanding them; encouraging, advising and helping them in their ambitions or troubles. The winter last year was a very severe one in this locality. Yet Father Dunigan was on the lonely, frozen roads, visiting the sick, assisting the needy, for twenty-six of the thirty-one long nights during the month of January. He takes no thought of his own personal comfort; his concern is only for his people, and every soul that resides within the boundaries of his parish is one of his people. Protestant or Catholic, Christian or atheist, all are human, and this man loves humanity in the true sense of the word.

He approaches the problems of life from an original angle. He believes that all men are good, though a few may be mistaken. He does not regard humanity as a mass, but as a struggling, sinning collection of aspiring, weak human beings. He tackles each of life's puzzles individually and straightforwardly. I met him one night after he had driven sixteen miles in a roaring blizzard. He had stopped in the lobby of a local hotel to warm himself when a man under the influence of liquor began to curse heavily, in an effort to shock the Father, I thought. Finally he walked up to the inebriate and, looking him straight in the eye, remarked calmly, "My friend, you are a piker at profanity. I have heard you repeat several times." The fellow's jaw dropped, and his face flushed a deep red. "I beg your pardon, Father," he said, "I am a piker." I asked Father Dunigan why he did not reprimand him for drinking, and he answered, "He would not realize what I said to him to-night. To-morrow he won't need any advice."

Father Dunigan is the founder of the present Commercial Club of the city; is chairman of its executive committee, and perhaps its most active worker. No man in the history of Lapeer has been more interested in its advancement, commercially, socially and religiously, or has expended more time, labor, energy and money to accomplish this endeavor, than he. His unflagging interest in his town and his people has endeared him to all. He is the first citizen of his city.

He is the type of man you meet but seldom in a lifetime, and the meeting leaves you with a cherished memory, with a better, cleaner view toward life and the world, and with a vivid conception of the worth of fighting a clean battle and of doing your best. A talk with Father Dunigan reminds you that romance and chivalry are not dead, that to have faith in yourself you must first have faith in your fellow-men. He believes in the right; he lives cleanly and courageously; he has the right perspective. Daily he is performing a great work, that of reconstructing the shattered ideals of men, destroyed by circumstances or misfortune. His people have given him the title, "Believer in Men." It is an apt one.

"Finish every day and be done with it. For manners and for wise living its a vice to remember. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day for all that is good and fair! It is too dear with its hopes and invitations to waste a moment on the rotten yesterdays."—*Emerson.*

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How to Mould Your Environment

Wm. Walker Atkinson

HERE is the whole thing in a few words: You wish to accomplish something in the direction of bringing your environment more in accord with your nature, desires, soul, temperament, or whatever name you may have for the "feeling" part of yourself. You wish to mould your world of persons, things and circumstances nearer to your heart's desire, do you not? Well, begin by making the proper psychic channels over which the great Energy within yourself may travel on its way to accomplishing these things for you—on its journey of drawing and moulding. Before undertaking any activity in the direction named, let your mind—your imagination, if you will—play upon the thing and create the proper psychic channels. Think of the thing as already accomplished—see it in your mind'seye as a finished picture—act out the scene in many carefully conducted rehearsals. By so doing you will erect, build and dig the proper mental channels over which the Energy may flow so as to make real the ideals you have pictured.

Now, do not put all this aside as childish nonsense, or vain imaginings. Remember that the great subconscious faculties or planes of mentality are endowed with powers and capabilities of which science today is merely beginning to suspect. You have read many books and magazine articles describing the mighty power of the subconscious planes of mentality—there is no need for me to recount here the many-sided phases of subconscious activity. All I wish to do here is to point out to you the fact that the way to train and develop the power of manifestation of your subconscious mind, is simply that of beginning to use it—to exercise it—to the end that you erect the proper psychic channels. Visualize, practice the exercise of the imagining faculty, rehearse mentally the play which you wish to be produced on the boards of the Stage of Life. That is the way to do it.

You know how you would proceed to develop a muscle—by use. You know, many of you, how traits of character and mental qualities may likewise be developed in the same way—by use. Then, simply apply the same principle to the matter of training the subconscious powers of the mind to do your work for you—to work even while you sleep—by use; by careful, continuous, repeated, persistent rehearsals; by visualization. I cannot go into this matter at length here—it would require a book to describe its possibilities—but I hope that I have planted a seed thought in your mind—have given many of you a strong hint—which you will be able to develop and perfect by practice and use. Read this article over once or tiwce—read between its lines—and let the meaning gradually sink into your subconscious mind. Then bid that part of your mentality to act upon it, and get to work in earnest. Why, bless your hearts, you can even make your subconsciousness build its own psychic channels, if you once get the "hang of it."

Getting rich quick means getting poor quicker.

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"ALONE WITH GOD"

To be "Alone with God" gives us at first an almost overwhelming sense of separateness or loneliness; for it means to the neophyte that he has reached a point in his development where every earthly hope and tie of every name and nature must be relinquished and severed.

His mind travels from one thought of support to another, possibly to some person or persons hitherto looked up to, or leaned upon; possibly to ideas gained or lessons learned from this or that teacher, all of which have been helpful and comforting in the past; but he realizes now that to none of these stays, supports, or guiding posts can he longer cling; and he is forced in the very nakedness of his soul to realize that he has come to the point where he is "Alone with God." This is to him usually a most terrifying thought when its full significance is even dimly grasped.

Yet it is a solemn and most unalterable fact, and every one must sooner or late face it. The terrible part in it is of one's own making only. God is Love itself—a very loving Father, guiding us through our many earth-experiences with a hand of absolute wisdom.

God does not expect perfection to grow suddenly from imperfection, therefore we can with perfect confidence trust ourselves to that Divine Love and Wisdom. He knows us far better than we know ourselves, and all that we have to do is to put ourselves in the attitude of a little child with its father—do the best we know from day to day, and trust Him wholly and absolutely, with the conviction and assurance inseparable from such faith, that no matter what may happen, it will be for our good and is a necessary experience.

To realize that we are "Alone with God" is a definite point in our experience, and one that brings with it faith in God, for it is not until a certain amount of faith has been developed or grasped that we can wholly let go of all props of an earthly nature. So this state is in direct line of progression from the old order, and those of us who are striving for the ultimate, should rejoice when this part of our experience is reached.

It means a great deal esoterically, and the student, no matter how far advanced, can always look back to this point in his experience as a bright shining land-mark, as it marks for all time the last point of departure from the old order of things to the new.

This faith brings a restful confidence, then, that nothing else has ever brought, and tho trials may come, and they surely will come, it is ever a veritable sheet-anchor to the earnest soul. He feels in his inner consciousness his acceptance by the Father. He feels the influence of the divine love, and finally when faith is firmly established, a loving confidence that can never be shaken by any circumstances whatever.

So it is indeed a blessed thing to be "Alone with God."—*Simon in The Bible Review.*

WHEN WE GLANCE BACK

When you get out of heart and think you are going to give up the whole thing, just sit down and be still for a few minutes, and see how far you have travelled already. If we keep looking at the top of the mountain it seems as if we would never get there. But when we glance back over the ground we have travelled we see what great progress we have been making.—*From Christian.*

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Love the Transmuter

AN INSECT may be very small, but in the aggregate, with all that is done to destroy them and hold them in check, the actual money loss from destructive insects to the farmers of this country, in grain, fruit, and timber, is estimated to be about four hundred millions of dollars a year. Entomologists are studying the matter diligently, are setting one kind of bug to prey on another, are urging the preservation and encouragement of the song birds, are discovering and advertising the kind of spraying to be done, and are using all efforts to mitigate the great curse of the destructive insect.

A drop of water is small, yet when the clouds burst and the floods break forth and the rivers overflow, and the valleys are submerged, and death and destruction are visited upon the habitations of men, it is seen that no one drop is small since many drops may combine and form an irresistible flood. The great levees are made to hold the rivers within bounds, and the mighty dykes to hold back the seas, but the seas and the rivers are made up of single drops. Men cross the oceans in the gigantic steamers, and throw their colossal bridges across the rivers, and all these mighty structures are needed because of the drops of water which, in their aggregations, make the rivers and oceans.

A word is very small, but distributed through the pages of literature they make up the hundreds of millions of volumes that fill the vast libraries, and the papers that are carried into hundreds of millions of homes all over the earth. Words are combined into sentences containing information, counsel, comfort and encouragement, and books are produced that are worthy to live forever. Holy men spoke words as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and the Scriptures of Truth came into being, to survive all the centuries and to be illumination and inspiration from God in all the continents. Call not small these words which have been the vehicles for the transmission of so many messages from God to man, and which have poured out like showers from heaven on every land on earth.

A smile is a little thing. It is only a lightening up of the face while a loving heart looks out through the windows, but a smile goes a long way in making glad the one to whom it is given. What the earth would be without sunshine would our lives and homes be without smiles and the kindness that lies behind them. It is a little thing to let the soul's love and light shine through the eyes, but those who refuse to do so fail in one of the greatest ways in which men can fail. How many homes have been made bright, and how many lives have been made glad because of the sunlight of love that has shone out by night and day from faces that spoke of tenderness and love.

Count nothing as small. The little things are the things that count. The imponderables are the things that weigh the most after all. Light, heat, electricity and love can not well be measured or weighed, but this would be a dreary world without them. Some one says somewhere that the earth is made up of sunshine, the hills, the trees, the oceans and love. Without the last, however, the sun simply becomes something so many miles away, the hills something steep, the trees something to make timber of, and

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the ocean something wet, and that is all Love is the great artist, the great poet, the great transmuter. To him who loves God and his fellowmen life is infinitely grand and tender and beautiful, with immeasurable possibilities of gladness and usefulness, and with outlooks into heaven and eternity.

Oh the little things, good and bad, in word, in thought, in action, that make up life and character and eternal destiny! The words that sting and blast, or that heal and bring to life; the thoughts that darken and blight, or that fill the whole inner life with hope and holiness; the acts that curse and destroy the lives they touch, or that beautify the world and make it like a very palace of God! Life is made up of little things, but life is not a little thing. Made up as it is of things that in themselves are little, it is itself great with its outcome of glory or despair.—*Exchange.*

MENTAL POSITIVITY

Find what you really want of life—discover your highest ideal, your most advanced aspiration. Then stimulate it with the fire of desire and the steam of will. Furnish it with mental pictures. Make mental paths for it. Warm it with faith, hope, and confident expectation. Then move straight ahead, bewaring of sidetracking or wandering into bypaths. Choose the positive thing every time, discarding the negative on every hand. See what you want, and where you are going—and then move straight to the mark, climbing over, or tunneling under, or moving around, the obstacles in your path—keeping your eye ever on the goal until you and the goal blend into each other. Be satisfied with nothing but all of that you seek for—disdain compromises except as a step from which to attain the balance of the whole. Take the half-loaf merely to sustain you until you can get the other half. Demand, demand, demand, and reach out for that which is yours ideally, so that it may become yours in reality. Grasp it firmly when you get the chance—and then never let go. Sing the song of the positive—the glad major note of progress and achievement, leaving to the weaklings the minor wail of the negative. Say to yourself: I can be positive; I will be positive—yea, by the "I" within me, I am positive, right now and here!"—*Nautilus.*

I WILL

I will start anew this morning
With a higher, fairer creed,
I will cease to stand complaining
Of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining
While my duty's call is clear;
I will waste no more time whining,
And my heart shall know no fear.
I will look sometimes about me
For the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties
That elude the grumbler's gaze.
I will try to find contentment
In the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment
When another moves ahead.
I'll not be swayed by envy
When my rival's strength is shown:
I'll not deny his merit,
But I'll strive to prove my own.
I will try to see the beauty
Spread before me, rain or shine;
I will cease to preach your duty,
And be concerned with mine.

—*Locomotive Engineer's Monthly Magazine.*

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The Healing Prayer of Faith

THE prayer of faith that shall heal the sick is the prayer represented by both Peter and Andrew, or boldness and firmness in belief. Such a prayer is in accordance with Jesus' teaching: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye *receive* them, and ye shall have them." (Mark xi:24.) Such a prayer would be framed more after this pattern, so far as the mere words are concerned, accompanied, of course, by a spirit of sincerity, faith and earnestness:

"O Lord, thou hast made everything perfect. We are told in the Scriptures that everything that God made was Good. This sickness is decidedly bad, therefore we know that thou hast not sent it; therefore it cannot have any real existence, permanence or reality; therefore it must be removed into the sea of oblivion by thy very presence, and our *Word*, the word of undoubting faith, must be performed according to the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ. We refuse to believe that this sickness can remain any longer. We, therefore, (whilst showing every compassion towards him,) refuse to believe that he is sick in reality, although the world's belief in sickness has brought this sickness into evidence. According to this man's belief in sickness, so it is unto him; but we have faith that his Perfect Self will shine through and destroy even the very appearance of sickness."

This is the new prayer of "knock and it shall be opened unto you," which Jesus referred to and practiced, and which is healing its millions all over the world according to the Divine Law taught by Jesus. If (as some of the old-style Christians assert) it is the will of God that they should be ill—although the Bible clearly states that he healeth all our diseases—why do they take medicines and go to doctors to get well? Surely if they were consistent they would thank God that he in his wonderful, infinite goodness had made them ill, and pray that he would keep them ill so long as it seemed good to him! The very fact that they do all they can to get rid of their sickness is proof that in their inmost being they do not believe that God sent the sickness at all, and as God has not sent the sickness at all, the sooner they get rid of all sickness the better. One of the most important branches of the work which Jesus did was that of healing the people, body and soul. Surely we are better able to glorify God in a perfect body than in one that is diseased or deformed.

The first step in the prayer of faith that heals the sick is, "Believe that ye receive and ye shall have." Therefore the first thing is to get all our beliefs right; i. e., Peter, the Rock on which Christ is building his church. The second step is Andrew, which means "strength"; that is, firmness in believing, believing so steadfastly in the perfection of man that we cannot believe it possible for an imperfection to exist.

When those Christians who have already been "born again" reach the point of understanding-faith, we shall be very near the millennium of Christ. In fact, the very work of such Christians is even now ushering in the millennium, preceded, as it was foretold by Jesus it should be, by world-wide disturbed conditions.

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THE WORK ITSELF THE THING

All advancement comes first through the mind. There is first the ideal of what you want, which must be clearly formed, then there must be the desire to realize your ideal; there must be faith, hope, which inspires you to go forward. Worry, whenever you indulge in it, will check your progress. It will cloud your ideal; it will weaken your desire and purpose; it will kill your faith and hope.

How can one avoid worry? By letting go mentally and by getting interested in the work without continually thinking about the end, about the results. The results are far less important to you than the work itself and the way you do it. How far do you think a man like Edison would get in the way of inventions if he sat down to work with the idea: "Now, I need money and I must invent something quick that will bring me in $5,000."

If you really needed $5,000 or $10,000 or any other sum the first thing to do is to forget it and find the nearest thing at hand to do and then put your interest into the work. This attitude of mind will soon expand your ability. Your mind will become a channel for creating in exact ratio to the good will and interest and concentration you put into your work, and as your mind becomes more and more adjusted to this creativeness success flows to you in increasing measure just as surely and naturally as the river flows to the sea.—*William E. Towne.*

Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good.—*Emerson.*

WATCH CAREFULLY YOUR THOUGHTS

Every thought that passes through the conscious mind becomes subconscious. That is, it is not lost but is stored up within as memory. The subconscious mind is therefore the inner storehouse of all our past thoughts. We might say it is the reservoir of all experience. But it is more than memory, because the thoughts there stored are living; active, powerful, so much so that they do the body-building, and the kind of a body they make is according to the character of our past thinking. Whether we wake or whether we sleep, the subconscious is busy carrying on our breathing and digestion and assimilation, and building and rebuilding our bodies after the pattern we have furnished by our thinking. Every evil thought is destructive and tends to tear down and disintegrate the organism. Every true thought is constructive and helps to build the body into an enduring temple of God. Since this is true, and since it is also true that we take thoughts into the subconscious through the conscious mind, it is very important that we watch carefully our conscious thinking and allow ourselves to dwell only on the things which are true and make for righteousness.—*Unity.*

LIVE ON THE SUNNY SIDE

If we would be happy and useful, let us live on the sunny side of life, on Thanksgiving street, where there is sparkle in the eye, glow in the cheek, elasticity in the step, geniality in the speech, warmth in the hand clasp, and brotherly love in the heart; where life is all aglow with hope and rich with kindly deeds of helpfulness. Come, live on the sunny side and forget to shiver.

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The Qualities You Radiate

Orison Swett Marden in The Nautilus

MOODS and qualities are contagious, and sometimes an entire household becomes infected by the presence of one sour, morose, discontented member. He is never satisfied with the weather, or with the plans of the rest of the family. He never wants to go out when the others do; when they want to drive in one direction he is sure to want to go in some other. In fact, his desires and plans are always opposed to those of the rest of the family. He is out of harmony with his environment; he has no pleasure in common with any one about him. He is not only not happy himself, but he prevents others from enjoying themselves.

I sometimes visit a friend to whom I am very much attached, but I always go away with a feeling of depression, because he is so despondent, sad and gloomy. Like a piece of timber that has been buckled so many times under strain that it has lost all its stiffness, its power of resistance, and bends to the least pressure, so this man has so much trouble that his mind has lost its resisting power, and he has become discouraged and no longer looks on the bright side of things. Everything seems to go wrong with him.

The whole philosophy of character-building rests upon this simple principle that we are like our thoughts. We are brave or cowardly, courageous or timid, honest or dishonest, noble or ignoble, happy or wretched, just according to our habitual mental attitude. Whatever permeates our mind has a powerful influence upon our feeling, and we are all depressed or elevated, discouraged or cheered, just according to the character, the quality of the dispositions of those about us.

We know physicians who give very little medicine, and yet they are singularly successful because they have sunny souls. They always radiate brightness and good cheer. They know that it is hope, more than drugs, the patient needs; that it is encouragement and not disheartening diagnosis that helps him to recover. They give him every bit of hope and encouragement and good cheer possible, for they know that these are more effective remedies than are to be found in the Pharmacopœia.

We have all experienced a feeling of well-being, a cheerful uplift, a sense of joy and gladness at the approach of some dear friend whose very coming lifts us out of the blues. On the other hand, we have all felt the terrible, indescribable sense of suffocation, shrinking, suppression, the sudden drying up of all the life juices within us, when approached by a person who radiates an unnamable depressing antagonism, who arouses an instant aversion and prejudice, in spite of all our efforts to be charitable and kind.

In such a person's presence, try how we will, we cannot be natural; all the springs of self-expression, our conversation, are dried up; we stammer, do our best to be agreeable and polite, but it is all mechanical. We feel the subtle poison of that unwelcome presence filtering through our whole being, nor do we feel right until such a person is gone; then we draw a full breath and enjoy great relief.

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GOD'S PROVIDENCE

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.—Psalms 1:1-3.

Through wisdom is an house builded; and by understanding it is established: And by knowledge shall the chambers be filled with all precious and pleasant riches.— Prov. 24:3,4.

The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure.—Deut. 28:12.

Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defence, and thou shalt have plenty of silver.— Job 22:25.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.—Psa. 23:1.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; and verily thou shalt be fed.—Psa. 37:3.

The Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.—Psa. 84:11.

I cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures. —Prov. 8:21.

If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land.—Isa. 1:19.

And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.—II Cor. 9:8.

My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.— Phil. 4:19.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. —Jas. 1:17.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.— Matt. 6:33.— *Unity.*

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

"That indefinable something is a useful phrase, and has helped many a would-be critic out of a scrape. It often happens that the "something" is nothing at all. As in the present instance, quoted from the Chicago Post, imagination played a large and important part in the matter. Mr. Harvey, the famous chef, was once visiting New York, where some men arranged a contest between him and several other chefs, with a view to determining who could make the best salad dressing.

The jolly, fat judges watched the preparation carefully, and observed that Mr. Harvey, as a finishing touch, took from his pocket a tiny vial, carefully uncorked it, poured a few drops into the finishing, set it before the arbiters.

They tasted the dressing in turn, smacked their lips and puckered their brows. Then they declared that all the dressings were fine, the most delectable that they had ever put to palate, but that about Mr. Harvey's dressing there was "an—ah—indefinable something which caused them to award it the prize."

"George, what was it you put into that dressing?" asked one of his friends later.

"Only water," he replied.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Good habits are mentors and servants that regulate your sleep, your work, your thought.

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Did Not Work for Gain

The Men Whose Accomplishments Live Behind Them Forever

The man most man, with tenderest human hands
Works best for men, as God in Nazareth.

CHRIST worked—to what end? To establish a political kingdom, to make himself rich, to gain power? He worked to do good, to make lives happy. He worked for men. So, too, have the greatest men of all ages. And by so doing they have been blessed with that which has been denied those who worked for gain. Not a school child but can tell you of some great man or woman who did great, whole-hearted, burning-souled work, yet they are remembered not by what they got from their work, but because of the quality of their work.

How much did Columbus get for discovering America? The price Shakespeare received for his running the gamut of human experience and dropping the plummet in every depth of the human soul would be rejected by a day laborer today. Michael Angelo didn't receive the compensation for painting the Sistine chapel a member of the painters' union would receive today for painting a house, yet when men look upon that great work they fall upon their knees and worship God, so full of inspiration it is.

What did Harvey get for discovering that the blood circulates? Or Lister for giving the world the theory of antiseptics? Or Gorgas and his band of medical students who lived in a hell of yellow fever to prove that it was not contagious, but was carried by a certain family of mosquitoes? Have we not just banished from this country a man who tried to make money out of an alleged cure for the white plague?

What did Eads get for building the first great jetties into the very maw of the ocean? And what is Goethals getting for constructing the Panama canal—in comparison with the work? Cassatt received a large salary as head of the Pennsylvania Railroad, but what was it in comparison with the magnificent system he conceived and planned and which is still being reconstructed according to the plans he set forth? Had he been working for money or place or preferment would he have done so much?

How many rich men of the past ages can you now recall? Men who did what they did because of the money there was in it?

Who were the rich men of two generations ago? Time has washed their names from the memories of man as a rude scrawl from a slate, but the men who toiled with human hands for men, the men who worked at their task for the love of it have their memories carved on tablets of stone and indelibly written in the human hearts. Those who starved in garrets while they wrote of human love, who fought the wolf from the door while they wrote of human wrongs, who mixed their paints with tears while they limned the beauties of God and nature—these men's names are today all that is left out of yesterday's multitude.

Who was the richest man contemporary with "Bobbie" Burns or Thomas

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Hood? What did he do? You cannot tell, yet you are familiar with the "Song of the Shirt" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night," written not for money or fame, but because the men who wrote loved their work for work's sake, because they had a message in their hearts they wanted to give to the world.

Yet these men who worked at their work for the love of the work endeared themselves to the human race and their memories have been rendered enduring and luminous because they did not work for money or gain. The very reason their work lives behind them and glorifies them is because they glorified their work and did not debase it for lust of gold or the bauble of reputation.

SOCIETY AND THE LAWBREAKER

We must always remember that if we are going to protect society in the best way, that the whole of society must pay the price for such protection, that the burden of protection should not fall either on the masses or the classes, but on all alike. And an effort put forth either by class or mass to escape the burden is not going to prove fruitful to either one or the other. Even if prison labor to some degree interferes with the free worker, he must be prepared to accept his share in the responsibility with all others. The situation is one that must be met, otherwise it will prove a festering sore to the nation who keeps its prisoners in idleness, for months or for years, and then turns them loose, giving them new opportunities to prey on society. There is no problem ever given to mankind which cannot by facing it in a true way be worked out, but if man makes all kinds of temporary makeshifts his problem instead of growing less is ever becoming a larger one.

If all knew that labor is one of the necessities of life, that if a man is going to grow into a larger physical or mental life, he must be engaged in some kind of work. If this is true of people who are not under imprisonment, how much more must it be true for those who have little liberty left them of any kind. We can see then the necessity for work for the prisoner, so one part of the problem is solved, and any failure to live up to that will work disaster not only to the prisoners but to the community at large. —*Charles Brodie Patterson.*

A LIST OF MAXIMS

1. Someone ought to do this or that. You are that one.

2. He who criticises, be he ever so honest, must suggest a practical remedy, or he soon descends from the height of a critic to the level of a common growler.

3. If you lend a willing ear to any man's troubles you make them your own and do not lessen his.

4. Don't scold, boast, parade or "belly-ache," but live, love, laugh and do things worth while.

5. A popular man with his employes is liked by everybody.

6. Converse, of course, but eliminate the gabfest.

7. No man can be considered great who does not move until he is pushed.

8. The man who is always proclaiming that he is right is intolerable; the man who admits he has been wrong is charming.

9. Reversing your treatment of the man you have wronged is better than asking his forgiveness.—*Exchange.*

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Harriet Doane Prentiss

THE TEST

You say each one must stand a test;
  Ycu try me through and through;
You take away all human props,
  To see what I can do.

You give me struggles, problems, pain,
  And disappointments sore;
And when my bleeding heart cries out,
  You add a little more.

The test is penetrating now;
  It is just what I need
To sweeten life and character
  And free my soul from greed.

The truth is dawning bright and clear;
  It brings an answer new—
The trials come to let me know
  What God and I can do.

That God and I are quite enough
  To make a life complete;
And, as I comprehend him more,
  His face I often meet.

I see Him in the stars above,
  In flowers, leaf and tree;
He breathes through every living thing
  That manifests for me.

I look about for human aid,
  While God is waiting near;
I scarcely have to speak aloud,
  So low He bends His ear.

His presence ever guards my soul;
  He listens for my call.
I know if problems are my lot,
  God's wisdom plans it all.

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Work

WORK is nature's first law, because nature is always creative and work is creative.

Work is the first law of civilization.

The man who loafs is an aftermath, an abuse of civilization. So is the man who lives off the toil of others without exerting himself. Not until civilization was well on its way and had become perverted was there such a thing as the "unearned increment."

It was the rule in the early Virginia colony that the man who did not work should not eat, and that rule holds good wherever the pioneer is conquering the wilderness and taming the soil.

It is the rule because God did say "Sweat" for human foreheads. What man gets by the sweat is of supreme indifference. Hence the Master advised His followers to take no thought of the morrow, to sell all they had and follow Him, to lay up their treasures in heaven where thieves cannot break in nor moth corrupt—nor Special Privilege plunder, nor crooked finance steal, nor labor demagogues destroy.

It is the rule because the minute the worker begins to think of the reward rather than the work he loses interest in the work and the work deteriorates. The masterpieces of fiction have been written, the masterpieces of art have been painted and the most exquisite compositions of harmony have been composed amid surroundings of poverty and at a time when the worker—the creator—was unknown to fame and before he ever dreamed of receiving recognition.

Hence it is that the man who watches the clock is a poor workman, because he is working through necessity rather than because he has his heart in the task. He regards his work a punishment rather than a privilege, as something to be endured rather than something to be glorified. He lets his work get him down, make a slave of him, fashion him, mold him, rule him, curse him, destroy him. What he should do is to conquer his work, rule it, mold it, shape it, create it, make it stand out above the work of his associates and competitors—for all workmen are competitors.

Hence it is that the employer who sees nothing in his plant but dividends, profits, accumulation of wealth and multiplication of bank accounts has missed the whole scheme of existence and is dissatisfied with his life and conditions. That's why so many such men become calloused hard-hearted, cruel task masters and industrial slave drivers. To them work is measured by the bank account rather than by the good it does, the men it gives employment, the homes it makes possible, the joy it brings, the opportunity it affords for creative genius on a great scale.—*Washington Times.*

COMPENSATION

He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe, to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefits we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much staying in your hand.

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Who Did It?

Florence Jones Hadley in Our Dumb Animals

IT WAS such a dreary day, with its chilly wind and driving rain, that, I am ashamed to say, I felt rather cross and discouraged. Every thing seemed to be going wrong and nobody seemed to care. As I walked slowly down the long, dull street, I was sure that all the days to come would be like this, cold and dreary, making one feel cross and out of sorts with himself and every one else.

But just as I was grumbling to myself about the weather, feeling that everything was all wrong, and always would be, I saw something that made me almost sure the sun had suddenly danced out from behind the clouds and I was certain I caught the odor of roses, although it was early in April.

And what do you think I saw? A bird's nest, or, rather, the place for a nest, in the trunk of a tall tree, so tall that I had to look way up to see the topmost branches, and even the lowest branches were so high above the nest that they did not protect it from the storms.

Now, it is not strange to see a nest in a hole in a tree-trunk, for birds are often glad to find a place for a little home all ready. But listen, while I tell you what it was that made me so happy as I stopped to look.

The little nest was built not far from the edge of the opening, and some one had nailed a piece of tin above it, so as to make a nice, slanting roof that would keep out the rain and the driving winds that would chill the baby birds, when mamma bird was away looking for food to fill those big, wide-open bills.

And as I looked, I could not help wondering who had done this kind deed —whether some big man, with a great tender heart, or some little boy who had been taught to be kind to all of God's helpless little ones, our brothers of the air.

Do you wonder that I was glad when I went on my way, and that I thanked somebody for the kind deed done for a helpless little family—somebody who, perhaps, never told any one that he did it, getting his reward for the kind action in a happy heart and clear conscience?

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IF MEN WOULD JUST BE KIND

My home is in the locust tree
Here in my master's yard,
And he holds me, and I hold him
In strictest kind regard;
He will not let the cats come near
My lovely nesting limb,
And I—why, morning, noon and night
I gladly sing to him.

He loves to whistle notes to me
And have me whistle back,
You ought to see his smiling face,
He always calls me "Jack;"
And says, "Now, Jack, let's try again,
So Polly girl can hear,"
And, to the woman at his side,
He'll say, "Now listen, dear!"

And then we whistle, he and I,
Some simple sweet refrain,
First soft and low, then loud and free
Again and yet again;
I try my best to imitate
Each quaver and each note;
Sometimes to follow where he leads
It fairly splits my throat.

But he is such a lovely man
I always do my best,
And I would whistle all day long
If it were his request;
We mocking-birds love kindly men
And I am ready quite,
Because that man is kind to me,
To whistle day and night.

All men are not so kind, alas,
Some of them like to kill,
Not that they are in need of food,
But just to show their skill;
They think it is the proper thing
To take a cruel gun,
And slip around and kill a bird
And call such murder fun.

If all the men were nice and kind
The birds would all be tame,
And each would whistle all day long,
And answer to his name;
We all love people who are good,
And all the world would find
That birds would love all men alike,
If men would just be kind.

—*Jake T. Harrison, Dallas, Texas.*

THE KNOWING SQUIRRELS

Miss Mary Owens, of St. Joseph, Missouri, has fed and petted the squirrels that live in the trees of her yard, until they are quite tame. One of them will eat from her hand and come when she calls. She feeds the squirrels nuts cracked and placed in a small box, and the box in a tree.

She noticed that the blue jays were eating the nuts before the squirrels could get to them. She had no objection to feeding these birds, but she placed food for them in another place and did not want the squirrels to be defrauded of theirs. So she tried this novel plan with success:

She brought the box of nuts as usual and, taking the tame squirrel on her lap, showed him the nuts inside of the box, then closed the lid. She did this twice, the squirrel watching, keen and alert. Then she opened the box, fed him one nut, and closed it again. She did this three times. The next day she took the tame squirrel again and showed him the closed box with the nuts inside. He waited, looked at her half questioningly, half appealingly, then with nose and slender paws he opened the box and seized a nut. Miss Owens closed the lid, and this time the squirrel opened it without hesitation.

The next day the closed box was placed in the tree, the lid arranged so

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that it could easily be opened but would fall shut again. The tamest squirrel came first and opened it, the others looked on; then, one after another, they followed his example. So now they are fed and their food protected from those for whom it is not intended—*H. H. Jacobs.*

TODAY MAY BE THE ONLY DAY

William Johnston, writing some very sound advice in the June American Magazine, says:

"Good days and bad days exist only in your own head. The weather has nothing to do with it. Each day is what you make it for yourself. Bad weather is only an unfortunate opinion.

"Suppose is it raining pitchforks. You get word that your salary has been doubled or that a forgotten uncle has left you a million dollars. What do you care about the weather then? Or suppose the person you love is dying. Unexpectedly a turn for the better comes. The doctor says your dear one will live. What if it is hotter than Tophet? It is a good day, a great day, a happy day.

"It's what you think and feel about it that makes each day what it is. You, within yourself, can make each day, every day, a good day. Put down in the note book of your soul the poet Runeberg's thought:

" 'Each Day is a life.'

"When you get up in the morning throw back your shoulders, take a deep breath. Meet the new day like a man. Say to yourself: 'Another day—another life!'

"For all we know it may be the only day we'll ever have. Let's make it the best day we can. Let's strive to see that it is a day worth while. Let's move a step forward in our work. Let's do all the good we can. Let's get all the happiness we can—today.

"Right now is the only time you can control. Yesterday is a record. Tomorrow is a secret. Today is yours, is mine."

SUNFLOWER SEEDS FOR BIRDS

This is the time of the year to plant sunflower seeds for the birds. A row of sunflowers started in the late spring or early summer will provide feed for the little feathered friends when the storms come next winter and the weed-seed pods are covered with snow.

The Russian sunflower is considered the best for this purpose, as the heads are larger and heavier, which causes them to bend over in the autumn, and they are thus protected from the storms. The seeds from this variety do not shatter as badly as the smaller heads and so they can be secured by the birds whenever the supply of feed is cut off. Half a dozen birds have been seen feasting from one sunflower head when snow was on the ground.

A row of sunflowers planted along the alleys of city homes, and along the barnyards of the country homes will not only add to the attractiveness of the places during the summer season, but will be an act of mercy which will bless a thousand hungry birds when food is scarce.—*Edna A. Andrews.*

No man is so poor as to have nothing worth giving; as well might the mountain streamlets say they have nothing to give to the sea, because they are not rivers Give what you have; to someone it may be better than you dare think.—*Longfellow.*

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THE DREAM OF THE INFINITE

This dream of the Infinite, how uplifting to the imagination! This key of higher evolution unlocking the enigma of life! That out of the image made of earth the image of God should slowly appear; that up the "world's great altar stairs" man climbs into conscious sonship with God. His animal lust transformed into love, his proneness to sin into a "passion for righteousness," his selfishness and greed into an enthusiasm of humanity. Man is the meaning of the whole universe. And the end is not yet. God is in no haste. He takes months to grow and ripen an apple, ten thousand years to make a ton of coal, uncounted eons to create a man with a brain like Plato's and a heart like the Lord Christ's. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things God hath prepared for them that love him."—*George Alexander Smith.*

THE WHY OF AFFIRMATION

Some people are born with faith in themselves. The many, however, have it not. The many need to succeed as well as the few. The many have children to support and educate. The many want necessities and comforts as well as the few. But they lack faith in themselves or in their power to succeed. To fill this lack of faith affirmation was born.

Every true affirmation helps to produce the state of mind called faith. Say this over and over until the mighty import of it is fixed in the mind, never to be forgotten.

Every true affirmation links us to all the powerful forces in the universe and in ourselves.

Every true affirmation helps to produce the state of mind called Faith. Because every true affirmation is the death-blow to the state of mind called condemnation.—*Alma Gillen in Expression.*

WHEN HEAVEN BEGINS

The joys of heaven will begin as soon as we attain the character of heaven and do its duties. That may begin today. It is everlasting life to know God, to have His spirit dwelling in you, yourself at one with Him. Try that, and prove its worth. Justice, usefulness, wisdom, religion, love, are the best things we hope for in heaven. Try them on: they will fit you here not less becomingly. They are the best thing of earth. Think no outlay of goodness and piety too great. You will find your reward begins here. As much goodness and piety, so much heaven. Men will not pay you, God will, —pay you now, pay you hereafter and forever.—*Theodore Parker.*

STUDY HEALTH, THINK HEALTH

We must rise above materiality and come into the real image and likeness of God. Then we take a step further and acknowledge that we live in Him; that we have all, and that all is ours; and when we come into the realization of this thought, all sorrow is banished, all want is destroyed, all sickness is forgotten, and no sin can come to make our life a life of misery. Think right, and we will be right, for as a man thinketh in his heart so is he. Health is as teachable, as easily taught, as anything else.

Think of the good and the true, and we will be all right on those lines. Study health, think health, and health will prevail.

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Worry

Concentrated thought is virtually irresistible. All the vast edifice of modern science and industry is obviously the product of thought, much of it of our own time and observation. The birth of an idea in the human mind is clearly the one and only dawn of empires and revolutions, of engines, philosophies, trade routes, civilizations. To class worry under the head of thinking, therefore, seems a glaring sacrilege. Yet worry is thought, for all that—diseased, impure, adulterated thought. It means an admixture of emotion, of the worst of all the emotions—fear—into one's thinking. Instead of concentrated, clear, serene thinking on the problem in hand, worry is thinking muddled black with fear. It is about as helpful as clapping the brakes upon wheels toiling uphill.

Yet all the world is laboring under that Egyptian heaviness of the wheels, and almost every spirit is a spirit in the dark prison of fear. But once we grasp this truth clearly, once we convince ourselves that we can rid our thought of emotionalism, of fear, the day of our deliverance is at hand. And the substitution of encouraging healthy thought, of new channels among the worn ruts, is a powerful aid. There may be failures and backslidings, as is customary in all moral effort and human endeavor. But fear is weakened like a choking thing, and more and more clear and unimpeded becomes our thinking. For we realize at last, once for all, that where thinking cannot help us, fear certainly will not. And then we have worry by the throat.—*Collier's Weekly.*

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

The advance in the education of woman was one of the crowning glories of that last quarter of the nineteenth century.

The doubts that surrounded the movement have been dispelled by the splendid demonstration of woman's ability to successfully compete with her brothers in any and every field of intellectual study and research. It is now urged that, when returning home, she is so much better educated than the village swain, she either rejects him and fails in her mission, or, as his wife, despises him.

Ignorance is no excuse for keeping others ignorant. The alumnae of our women's colleges will see to it that their boys are educated, and they are becoming the most active and effective workers for greater facilities and freer opportunities for study. Their co-education with the young men has cultivated the best traits and most chivalric characteristics of American manhood. Their ambition and success have stimulated to more earnest effort and higher ideals every department of the universities to which they have been admitted on an equal footing with men.

The emancipation of woman from the crushing slavery of a few overcrowded and wretchedly remunerated industries has increased incalculably both the sum of human happiness and the wellbeing of our communities. Education has fitted her for the field which needed her labor, and the world is enriched by her skill and fidelity, and is the better for her independence.

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SPREAD HAPPINESS

We pass this way but once. We cannot retrace our steps to any preceding milestone. Every time the clock strikes, it is both the announcement of the hour upon which we are entering and the knell of the one that is gone. Each night memory balances the books and we know before we sleep whether the result is on the right or on the wrong side of our account.

There is no cant in this sentiment. A noble action does not mean necessarily anything in the realms of romance or heroism. It may be the merest commonplace in business or association, a word of sympathy, kindness or encouragement, a little help sorely needed and not felt by the giver, but if it has shed one beam of brightness into the life of another the dividend is earned. The older we grow the more we realize that life is worth living. We think too little of the fun there is in it. We are too parsimonious of laughter. We do not appreciate as we ought the man or the woman who can make us forget while we are amused. We cannot help the past and that man is a fool who lives in it! To-day is a better day than yesterday!

GATHERED SPOIL

Punishment inevitably follows crime.

The right way to live is to live rightly.

When grace does not work through us corruption will.

God will not tolerate sin.

God raises up men to confound the wise.

Faith dissolves Fear.

You are living in God's presence and depending on His power to help you through every incident of every day.

God's faithfulness will not fail.

SEEK THE KINGDOM OF GOD

Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteouness, and all these things shall be added unto you." I especially call attention to the last ten verses of the sixth chapter of Matthew. I desire more especially to lay stress upon that one verse which says: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." What does that mean? What is the kingdom of God? What is righteousness? How are we to seek and where are we to go? Seek ye first the kingdom of God and its righteousness. Seek it where? The kingdom of heaven is within you. Where do we seek? We seek the kingdom of God and its righteousness within ourselves. Concentrate your actions along lines of righteousness and goodness; let everything else go; do right, do good, and God Almighty will take care of you as He does of the birds."

INTEREST IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS PROMOTES LONGEVITY

Pythagoras said, "Beware of ballots if you wish to live long." In other words, the old philosopher advised keeping out of politics. In his time the defeated party ran the risk of death, or imprisonment, or exile, and so the advice was good, "Beware of ballots." But, in our country, where the citizen is a sovereign and responsible for the government of his country, his State, his city, his village or his town, an active interest in public affairs and party management gives healthy circulation to the blood, healthy exercise and activity to the muscles, and inspiration and enlargement to the mind, and satisfaction in results, which all tend to length of years and usefulness.

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Rose M. de Vaux-Royer, New York

AN INSPIRATION

Years ago there came One—lowly—
An example for the Ages;
Preached the power of non-resistance
For the winning of earth-warrings;
Taught the tides of heart-emotion,
Succored by the Spirit; showed us
Love to be the mighty leaven!
This He gave, and counseled us to
Live the life attuned to nature.
Bared His head, and sandal-footed,
Meek His attitude and gentle,
With a worth that reached beyond the
Boundaries of creed or station.
And this glorious God-Born Soul came
To this planet with a message.

* * * * * *

As the Son came from the First Cause,
We may each become a bearer
Of that incense shrined within us,
To uplift and help our human
Brothers on their road to freedom.
Object lessons live in matter
Which the Spirit interfuses,
Bringing here and there a blessing.
Breath is Life! Shun its abuses;
Listen to the immanent call,
Near as breathing to the body—
Known His presence by the beating
Of the heart-pulse. The Creator
Evermore abides within us
Pedestals where He—expressed—lives.
Thus am I unto the Father
One—contained within His promise.

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THE TRUTH OF ALL LIFE

Omnipresence means All-presence, Only Presence.

All that is, and this includes the body, must spring from this Presence. Paul, seeing this, said, "Of him and through him and to him are all things."

All that is must live in this Presence: "In him we live, move and have our being."

All that is must be actuated, sustained, impelled by this Presence: "There is one God and Father of all, who is above all and through all, and in us all."

This consecration of all the Universal is vital because thereby we are entering into the Truth of all Life. We are looking upon the Universe—visible as well as invisible—from the standpoint of the Father; we are seeing it as He saw it: I am and beside me is none else; my Substance is Living Substance, eternal and changeless; your body is born of my Substance and is as unchangeably perfect as my Substance is perfect; forget your conceptions of inharmony and limitations, and know nothing else but Consciousness of Perfection; thereby shall good come unto thee, thy health (consciousness of wholeness) shall spring forth speedily, thou shalt dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed.

In order, then, to realize perfect health, we do not need to change the body, but we need to change our conception of the body.

The one who realizes that his body is born of Spirit, and is therefore Spirit-Substance, has found the Truth of Life that means perfect harmony of body—unchanging health.—*Nona L. Brooks.*

Compassion will cure more sins than condemnation.—*Beecher.*

ANOTHER WORLD

It is pleasant for me to believe in a resurrection. I have no more doubt that I shall live again than I have I live today. I have no more doubt that I shall in another world meet those whom I have loved than I have that I have known them here. I do not know just what kind of a body I am going to have—and I do not care. I have had seven already, according to the scientists. The scientists say that the body changes every seven years. If that is true, I now have my eighth. I had a baby's body, and then a boy's; then I had a young man's body; and then I changed again and again and again. I do not know what kind of a body God is going to give me in the next world, but I can trust Him, and I waste no time speculating. He can give me any of the bodies I have had if He wants to, and I will do the best I can to use it; but I know that He will give me the kind of body I need. There is an invisible something in a grain of wheat that can discard the body that we see, and from earth and air build a new body, so much like the old one that we cannot tell the one from the other, and I know that, if that invisible something in that grain of wheat can pass unimpaired through thousands of resurrections my spirit can clothe itself with a body suited to its new existence when this frame of mine shall crumble into dust.—*William Jennings Bryan.*

"What had the life of Jesus been to us, if we had only the records of His sermons without the record of His going about doing good? I think the every-day life of Jesus touches the human heart more than the great truths which He uttered."—*Bishop Simpson.*

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UNSELFISH LOVE

Unselfish love is divine. God is not merely lovely. He is love. As gravitation inheres in universal matter, so love permeates universal spirit. It is a vast atmosphere in which we live, even though unconsciously. It inspires life and infuses vigor. It "casts out fear." "Fear hath torment," and kills. Love heals. Thought-messages of love sent in any direction come back in sweet echoes. They are like light reflected and re-reflected in a series of mirrors. As love comes in, its opposites vanish from the consciousness. It sees only the good. Its lower form are only kindergartens for the training of its broader spiritual manifestations. Thoughts are things, and love is thought-ministration. As we love everything, everything will love us. Directed towards our trials and pains it transforms them and renders them educational. "Love never faileth." Under its divine inspiration, duty becomes privilege, and weakness, strength. It thrills both mind and body, and is good news to every nerve and muscle.

It glows in the cheek, shines in the eye, promotes the digestion, quickens the assimilation, sharpens the senses, toughens the sinews, and sends the divine electricity through every vein and tissue. It cools the fevered temperature, rouses the vitality, dissipates restlessness, and brings order out of chaos. Divine love cures.

Be a gift and a benediction. Shine with real light, and not with the borrowed reflections of gifts.—*Emerson.*

O Lord, save us from secret sins and personal revenge. Help us to know the sacredness of others' rights. Amen.

THE HABIT OF HAPPINESS

Have you ever thought that hapiness is a habit which may be acquired and cultivated, just as one may cultivate politeness, or good manners, or a sweet smile? We are all creatures of habit, it has been said, and since happiness is a habit, let us hasten to make it our own.

It may not be easy at first. Constant happiness may seem as elusive as a butterfly, but a habit is not formed in an hour, you know. Try starting each day with the thought: "I shall be happy today, come what will." Very likely in an hour's time something will go wrong and you will have forgotten the promise hade so cheerfully to yourself.

Never mind, try again to-morrow and the next day. Before long you will actually have forgotten how to be unhappy. The trouble is that most of us take our selves too seriously and magnify the little trials and annoyances that come to us each day. But he is a coward who demands a pathway through life strewn with roses. What we call our troubles and disappointments are the initiations which give us an opportunity to show our worth and our right to enter God's kingdom.

YOUR DESTINY IS IN YOUR OWN HANDS

You are never conquered until you think you are. 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?—*Freedom.*

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ALL HAVE FAITH

Demonstrations always require faith, and all are fully supplied with it. Only let an individual recognize that this is so, and he will begin to do larger works; but if he complains of the lack of faith, or ignorantly looks upon it as a special gift of God to a few chosen people, he will seem to keep himself in limitation. The truth is that every act of our life is an act of faith—lifting the arm, winking the eye lid, speaking, seeing and the hundred of ordinary, every day activities are really expressions of faith, and have sprung from conscious exercise of this power. How would we dare to go to sleep at night, or board a boat, or railway train, or street-cars, thus placing our lives in the care of an unknown man, were it not for faith? The fact is we have no active agent but faith, so that even our mistakes and sins use up this vital power and scatter our forces, which can only be recalled and used for good as we place all our faith where it belongs—on God, the Indwelling Spirit.

If the belief that is today put in evil were turned to the good for one hour it would be sufficient to revolutionize the world.—*The Master Mind.*

In every man, however frivolous, or even worthless, love calls up to the surface the real heroism, the real depth of character — all the more deep because common to poet and philosopher, guardsman and country clod.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Every hour in a man's life has its own special work possible for it, and for no other hour within the alloted span of years, and once gone it will not return. —*Spiritual Journal.*

PSALM OF NATURE

"The heavens declare that glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy work."

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

"There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard."

"Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

"'Praise ye the Lord from the heavens."

"Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light."

"Praise the Lord from the earth."

"Fire and hail; snow, and vapor; stormy wind fullfilling his word;"

"Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars;"

"Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl;"

"Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all Judges of the earth;"

"Both young men, and maidens; old men and children;"

"Let them praise the name of the Lord; His glory is above the earth and the heaven.

"Praise ye the Lord."

PERSONALITY

Personality is just one's centralized experience of the world, and there is no way of making it greater except by making that experience greater and more centralized; in other words, being a bigger, broader and better man or woman. Every intellectual achievement, every moral victory, every bit of solid work, will leave personality richer, profounder, more delicate. In fact, to cultivate it, the plan is don't cultivate it. Let it alone and do your duty and it will grow. —*Noel Paton.*

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THE WASTE OF WAR

War is a wilful waste of the people's substance. For every day that a great war lasts, tens of thousands of men must contribute a day's labor. Think of the vast amount of wealth consumed in supporting the great standing armies of Europe. Most great wars, in the present age, are supposed to be based upon an attempt to secure justice, to right a wrong. Is it not possible for the wonderful inventive, creative mind of man to devise a better method of insuring justice? Can not international courts be established which will administer justice between nation and nation as well as between man and man? The war method of settling disputes is a relic of barbarism. An agreement, a compact, among half a dozen of the leading nations could even now make a great war an impossibility. Who is it that inspires and foments war? Is it the artisan, the farmer, the laborer? Is it the man from whom the actual support of war must come who shouts the loudest in favor of war?—*Health.*

RENEWAL

I am thankful for the season of renewal,
For the golden land of promise close at hand—
For life and song for mornings, white and shining,
For fragrance of the soil and growing things;
For brooks and sunshine, song birds, love and laughter,
For grass-grown, sunlit paths that do not end,
For rain and evening winds and moonlit gardens,
And all the winsome joys that summer brings.

—*Anne Abbott.*

EXTRACT FROM EMERSON'S JOURNAL

"Practical faith we have not. Let us believe in unity until our actions are united. Let us not believe, as we do now, in means and medicines, but in our actions recognize that the world flows ever from the Soul, and instead of attacking the toothache or the dyspepsia, or any other sympton, raise the aim of the man—and toothache and indigestion, cramp and croup, pain and poverty, will disappear in troops, as now in troops these calamities come.

"It makes no difference what a saintly soul eats or drinks; let him eat venison or roots; let him drink champagne or water; nothing will harm him or intoxicate or improverish him; he eats as though he eats not, drinks as though he drank not. But we are skeptics over our dinner-table and therefore our food is noxious and our bodies fat or lean. Looking at means and not at grand ends, being in our action dis-united, our bodies have come to be detached from our souls, and we speak of our health."

GO FORTH, YE THAT ARE WEARY

Where spirit leads there is no weariness, for God is Spirit and God is all, perfect and harmonious action. When the road seems long and the mental clouds hang heavy, just realize, dear friend, that you are a Spiritual being, and that harmful, material conditions can not reach you.

Out of the bondage of fear into the light of Truth we each can go, but only as our mentality reaches out and up for the spiritual guidance, and a firm faith in the knowledge that God never fails his children.—*Jessie E. Wellman, La Grange Mo.*

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WEALTHY HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR USE OF FORTUNES

Forty years ago a very rich man was looked upon as a demigod. There were very few, they were followed everywhere with admiration, their movements were heralded and they were greeted by admiring crowds. Notwithstanding this cry about money, the time has passed when a man receives public consideration or applause simply because he has money, no matter how much. There are hundreds now who have more than the richest possessed forty years ago. They are judged wholly by the use which they make of their wealth. They are expected to so manage it as to promote and enlarge the enterprises which develop the country, distribute and disseminate money and give employment. They are held to be trustees, and are measured according to their administration of the trust. The Church and charity, education and art, have claims upon them which they must meet. Hoarded money has not a tithe of the power nor a particle of the respect which it had forty years ago.

MENTAL HOUSECLEANING

Throw out cracked ideals and old rags of superstition, that match nothing in the new thought. Cast behind old memories that never will fit you again. Scrub up new conceptions. Polish your latest recognition. Root out silliness and deceit. Cart out indecision, which is junk. Sweep the cobwebs out of your brain. Take down the unnatural pictures hanging over the walls of your mind. Have for frescoes no hieroglyphics of the past. Open the windows of your soul and let the sweet, fresh air of understanding sweep through your being.

THANKFULNESS FOR LIFE

At seventy-six the world ought to seem no different on its spiritual, its ethical, and its human side than it did at forty-six. A statesman and politician who had won many distinctions and been blessed with a multitude of devoted followers closed his career and this life with the pathetic inquiry, "What does it all amount to?" If I should attempt to sum up what the world had all amounted to for me from the day I entered Peekskill Academy at ten years of age until this hour, volumes would not suffice, and, therefore, I sum it all up in this, "For a long life, abounding in good things, in a capacity for enjoying everything, in reciprocal attachments and contributions with multitudes of men and of women, in more than my share of health and of happiness, I reverently thank God that I am alive and that I have lived."—*Chauncy M. Depew.*

GOOD HUMOR, MIRTH, CHEERFULNESS

Good humor is a bright color in the web of life; this clear, blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounters no vapors in its passage.

It is like the green in a landscape, harmonizing in every color, mellowing the light, and softening the hue of the dark; or like a flute in a full concert of instruments, a sound not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody.

Mirth is like the flash of lightning, which breaks through the gloom of the clouds and glitters for a moment.

Cheerfulness means looking on the bright side of everything.

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THE CHILDREN

When the lessons and tasks all are ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Oh! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace
Oh! the smiles that are halos of heaven
Shedding sunshine of joy on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart well remembers
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A portion of sorrow and sin—
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow
When I think of the path, steep and stony.
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God, in disguise;
His sunlight still seeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
They make me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus can liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done;
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil—
But my prayer would bound back to myself—
Ah! a seraph can pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness
When I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction—
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their songs in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says "The school is dismissed,"
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed.

—*Charles Dickens.*

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IN THE MOUNTAINS

Oh, the power and the strength of the mountains!
Oh, the calm and the peace of the mountains!
Oh, the rapturous joy of the mountains
That thrills me as hither I come!

The grandeur of Nature unaltered—
Untouched by the hand of convention!
The beauty of crudeness and rudeness,
Transcending all efforts of man!

The snow-covered peaks in the background,
The rugged brown rocks of the foothills,
The stretch to the Eastern horizon,
Of low-lying mesa and plain!

The peaceful, enveloping silence
That comes like a sweet benediction
To ears that are hurt by the clamor
And discordant din of the town!

The scent of the pines and the cedars,
And the odorous balm of the fir tree,
And the quivering leaves of the aspens
As they whisper in groups by the brook!

The sough of the wind in the hemlocks,
The brook rippling by past the boulders,
The call of the jay and the magpie
And the hum of the wandering bee!

Afar, the smoke rising from chimneys
Announces the presence of workshops,
And the slow creeping speck on the landscape
Betrays the approach of the train!

But here is the sweet isolation,
The sense of aloofness and freedom
That tempts and invites and allures me
To dwell thus apart and alone.

How calm lies the plain in the sunlight,
Awaiting the fast-gath'ring twilight!
How easy to think that the darkness
Brings naught but contentment and rest.

How mad and how useless and cruel
Seem striving and greed and contention;
In contrast how peaceful is Nature
How far from the strife of the world!

As the eyes see the grandeur and beauty,
As the mind senses order and purpose,
May the soul overlook all the discord
And see but the oneness of life.

—*Jessie Anderson Stockton in Power.*

THE CREED

Whoever was begotten by pure love,
And came desired and welcomed into life,
Is of immaculate conception. He
Whose heart is full of tenderness and truth,
Who loves mankind more than he loves himself,
And cannot find room in his heart for hate,
May be another Christ. We all may be
The saviors of the world, if we believe
In the Divinity which dwells in us
And worship it, and nail our grosser selves,
Our tempers, greeds, and our unworthy aims
Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all,
Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns,
And lends new courage to each fainting heart,
And strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad,
He, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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The Horse's Point of View in Summer

IF a horse could talk he would have many things to say when Summer comes.

He would tell his driver that he feels the heat on a very warm day quite as much as if he could read a thermometer.

He would say,—"Give me a little water many times a day, when the heat is intense, but not much at a time if I am warm; if you want me to keep well don't give me any grain when you bring me warm into the stable, just a half dozen swallows of water, and some hay to eat until I am cool.

"Don't water me too soon after I have eaten my grain; wait an hour. Especially do I need watering between nine and ten at night. I am thirstier then than at almost any other time of day."

He would say,—"When the sun is hot and I am working let me breathe once in a while in the shade of some house or tree; if you have to leave me on the street leave me in the shade if possible. Anything upon my head, between my ears, to keep off the sun, is bad for me if the air cannot circulate freely underneath it, unless it is a sponge kept cool and wet. If you do not clip off my foretop and treat me as you would yourself, you need not have much fear of losing me by a sunstroke.

"If on an extremely warm day I give evidence by panting and signs of exhaustion that I am being overcome with the heat, unharness me, take me into the shade and apply cold water or even broken ice, wrapped up in a cloth or put in a bag, to my head, sponge out my mouth and go over my legs with a cool wet sponge."

He would talk of slippery streets, and the sensations of falling on cruel city cobblestones—the pressure of the load pushing him to fall, the bruised knees and wrenched joints, and the feel of the driver's lash.

He would tell of the luxury of a fly net when at work and of a fly blanket when standing still in fly season, and of the boon to him of screens in the stable to keep out the insects that bite and sting.

He would plead for as cool and comfortable a stable as possible in which to rest at night after a day's work under the hot sun.

He would suggest that living through a warm night in a narrow stall neither properly cleaned nor bedded is suffering for him and poor economy for the owner.

He would say that turning the hose on him is altogether too risky a thing to do unless you are looking for a sick horse. Spraying the legs and feet when he is not too warm on a hot day, he would find agreeable.

He would say,—"Please sponge out my eyes and nose and dock when I come in tired and dusty at night, and also sponge me with clean cool water under the collar and saddle of the harness."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

We cannot always be doing a great work, but we can always be doing something; to be silent, to suffer, to pray, when we cannot act, is acceptable to God.—*Fenelon.*

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"WHO ENTERETH HERE"

Whoe'er thou art that entereth here,
Forget the struggling world
And ev'ry trembling fear.

Take from thy heart each evil thought
And all that selfishness
Within thy life hath wrought.

For once inside this place thou'lt find
No barter, servant's fear,
Nor master's voice unkind.

Here all are kin of God above—
Thou, too, dear heart; and here
The rule of life is love.

—*Max Ehrmann.*

GOD'S MEDICINE

Mirth is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety—all this rust of life, ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Every man ought to rub himself with it. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.—*Beecher.*

Law is not the abstract name of an order of facts or an order of thought. It is the manifestation of the power of God through forms. By the throwing forth of germs of His nature, as seeds or souls containing the Creative power individualized, the foundation of every world, kingdom and order has been laid.—*Waite.*

Man should dare all things that he knows are right,
And fear to do nothing save what is wrong.—*Phebe Cary.*

YEAR AFTER YEAR

Year after year I see the wild flowers springing
Like smiles to Nature's rugged face,
Year after year I hear robins singing,
Sure that each bird and bud shall find its place.

Oh, steadfast law of God, that never alters.
Be Thou our staff along the doubtful way;
Oh, steadfast law of God, that never falters,
Be Thou the sun that lights our little day.

REMEMBER THE PERFECT WORD

Oh, yes, I do lots of things and think lots of thoughts that do not express my divine freedom and power and wisdom. But I spend no time trying to reason myself into thinking that they are correct thoughts or deeds! I forget them and remember the Perfect Word just as soon as I can. That is why my limitations do not limit me, as yours do you.—*Towne.*

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.*

There is no "age limit." Many people do not learn how to live until they have passed fifty. Gladstone at eighty-six was brilliant. Goethe at eighty-four found life full of interest. You are never old until you think you are.

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THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH REVEALING

The Spirit of Truth is revealing the hidden wisdom to thousands on every hand. There are more prophets of God now speaking than ever before in the history of the world. A man does not have to proclaim himself a prophet—his wisdom speaks for itself. The poets, the writers of Truth, both profane and sacred, are inspired of the Most High. Quiet citizens in every walk of life are the recipients of the Divine Word. Every man and woman who has earnestly asked for divine guidance, or who has earnestly desired to do right in the sight of God and man, has been the guest of the Holy Spirit. They may not have recognized the strong conviction which has suddenly come upon them to say or do certain things—they may not have discerned the source of the passage of Scripture or line of poetry, or some other form of a great truth, which was forced into their minds at an unexpected moment; they may not have properly interpreted the vivid dream; yet these are all methods of the Holy Spirit for reaching the consciousness.

As Jacob, Job, Solomon, Peter, and the many prophets of old were instructed by God in dreams, so today this is one of the commonest methods by which the Spirit of Truth reaches the mind of man. All people who pray are communicated with by the Lord in the silence of the night. The prayer before falling asleep opens the "upper room" in the consciousness, and when the turbid thoughts of the day become calm, the Spirit reflects its images into the mind as the moon and stars are reflected into the waters of the placid lake. The language of the Spirit is not made up of words, but images. It is picture writing, and when one knows what forms of life in earth and air represent, he can readily interpret the messages of the Lord. Direct revelation from God is the privilege of all, and all who will seek it can have the daily guidance of the Spirit. Those that seek me shall find me, is the message to everyone.—*Unity.*

HERE IS THE MAN

All the world cries: Where is the man who will save us? We want a man! Don't look so far for this man. You have him at hand. This man—it is you, it is I, it is each one of us! . . . How to constitute one's self a man? Nothing harder, if one knows not how to will it, nothing easier if one wills it.—*Alexander Dumas.*

MEDITATION

The infinite always is silent;
It is only the finite speaks.
Our words are idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks.
We may question with wand of science,
Explain, decide and discuss:
But only in meditation
The mystery speaks to us.
—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

To be popular and receive applause at an occasional public banquet is unworthy of special attention. But that man may well boast whose home life is such that he is popular at his own breakfast table.—*Thomas Dreier.*

Amidst all my doubts and speculations, there are two things which always strike me with awe—the starry firmament above me, and the moral law within me. —*Kant.*

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Here

Winfield S. Whitman

WE believe that as children of God we have all the good things that God created, and we include in that list health, happiness, harmony, wealth, wisdom, understanding, spiritual knowledge, and, most of all, life everlasting, Life and everlasting Life here. We believe that this is the glad tidings that Jesus came to bring us. We do not believe that death is a good thing, and we further believe that death is not necessary.

Does the Bible teach this? It does, and it is about all it does teach. We accept the Bible, and claim all for it that could be expected; we take it as the guide for man, His guide here. But we believe the Bible. For instance, if the Bible says that it is not necessary to die, we believe it; we don't argue the point by saying that we must die but we won't be dead after we die.

Jesus said, according to Matthew, 23-13: "But woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye shut up the kingdom of Heaven against men, for ye neither go in yourself, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in." How would it sound, and what would you think of it, if it read, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hyprocrites, for ye neither die yourself nor permit them that are dying to die?" That is what it would have to be if it was necessary to die to go to Heaven, or get into possession of the good things of God.

At another time Jesus was being questioned by the Pharisees, and the Scribes asked what was the greatest of all commandments, and Jesus answered:

"Hear, Oh Israel, the Lord, thy God, is the Lord. And thou shall love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first and great commandment.

"The second is like unto it, namely this, Thou shall love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandments greater than these."

And the Scribes said unto Him, "Well, Master, Thou has said the Truth, for there is one God, and there is none other but Him, and to love Him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and love his neighbor as himself, is more than all the whole burnt offerings and sacrifices."

And when Jesus saw that He had answered discreetly, He said unto him, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."

There is nothing to show here that it is needful to die; on the other hand it is proof that it is not intended for us to die. Death is an enemy, not a friend, and never in the Bible is it spoken of as a friend. Jesus came preaching the kingdom of God, and He healed the sick and raised the dead while doing so; and it was so important that we do the same thing while preaching that in the tenth chapter of Matthew we find Him giving this command to His followers, "And as ye go preach, saying the kingdom of Heaven is at hand, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead."

One is of as much importance as the other, including the preaching of the

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kingdom of Heaven is at hand, and not after death. Now, I would like to ask you if you think the kingdom of Heaven has ever been moved? If not, it must still be at hand, close by.

I am sure you will agree with me in saying that the kingdom of Heaven comes with an understanding of the teaching of Jesus, and not through death. Jesus meant when he told the Scribes that He was not far from the kingdom of God that He was not far from the knowledge that let Him into the realization that the kingdom of Heaven was here. I don't think He intended to tell the Scribes that He was about to die.

According to our old teachings, "The wages of sin is death," and if you have to die to go to Heaven, you have to sin before you die, or, in other words, you have to commit sin before you can go to Heaven. Sin the cause, Heaven the effect. That is not even good logic. I would rather believe with Jesus that the kingdom was here.

The Angel told Joseph, "And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shall call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." Not from hell, but from sin. Now, if the wages of sin is death, Jesus came to save us from death, to give us life: "I came that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

Life, health, happiness, plenty, love, Truth, wisdom, understanding, success and prosperity make up a Heaven on earth, and the only way to get into this Heaven is through the teachings of Jesus Christ.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

"I am the way, the Truth and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

"I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me, and Me in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without Me ye can do nothing."

Jesus came preaching the kingdom of God on earth, and He healed the sick and raised the dead while doing so, thus proving his teachings. He said we could do the same, not only could, but would. It was an understood fact that these works were to be done, and in so doing you bring someone nearer the kingdom of God.

Don't you think it is about time we believed the gospel that Jesus taught? About time we took Him at His word? We can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us.

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD

The year's at the Spring,
And day's at the morn—
Morning's at seven.
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

—*Robert Browning.*

Too many are like a workman who having tools, continually cries aloud to some one or something to give him tools. You have the tools with which to make life a success. Use them.

For good lieth not in pursuing
Nor gaining of great and of small,
But just in the doing and doing,
As we would be done by, is all.

—*Alice Cary.*

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AUGUST

Who can withstand the witchery of August days,
The sea's soft blue, that seems another sky,
The subtle perfume of winds loitering by,
And veiling beauty of the low-descending haze?
The whisper of the treetops, telling, each to each,
Of young birds pluming wings in outgrown nests,
And squirrels starting forth on plunder quests,
And caterpillars hanging cocoons, out of reach.

Who can deny the mystery of August nights,
When overhead, the moon, a shallop floats,
And all the stars are lamps in little boats
That sail a shoreless sea, freighted with lost delights?
A thousand insect voices swell an endless strain,
And in the garden, bushes bend and sway,
As though, unseen, some spirit passed their way;
Wearied of heaven, and earthward lured again.

Who can decry the potency of August charms,
Earth dreams, and all her dreams are warped of bliss
And woofed with pleasure, what a fabric this?
Woods green as jade, and harvest golden farms,
Beauty above us, and the earth transcendent grown,
Look up, my soul, be young and brave and strong,
Helping to swell the universal song
That August sings, set high on summer's throne.

—*Lalia Mitchell in The Columbian.*

PURDY PUBLISHING COMPANY'S REMOVAL

The Purdy Publishing Co. (New Thought Book Shop), of Chicago, Illinois, has removed to a new location in that city, No. 1000 Mallers Building, No. 5 South Wabash Avenue, one block from Michigan Boulevard and the lake. The company now has very central quarters, large south rooms, plenty of air and sunshine and abundant floor space. It is altogether a beautiful place, modern in every detail. The Mallers Building is new and cost $1,000,000.

When you are down on your luck keep a stiff upper lip and a smiling countenance. Don't let the world know that you are down, or everybody will want to give you an additional kick. Put on an air of prosperity, everybody will help to boost you upwards. Men will want to hang on the coat-tails of your success in the hope of tearing a strip off for themselves.—*The Dramatic Mirror.*

I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling, discontented people. A man should make life and nature happier to us, or he had better never been born.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

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Sunshine

SUNSHINE has been called "the lighthouse of the soul." As the natural sun is to every part of creation, giving warmth, life, and perpetuity, so when the sunshine of God's goodness, sweetness, and tenderness pervades the human heart, 'tis then that darkness and sadness and suffering and want are assisted, and flee away. Those who would help to make life happier and more as designed by a wise Creator must realize the vast inequalities that exist on every hand, enabling some to live in luxury, while millions are doomed to spend their existence in the midst of the most sad and unfortunate conditions. Life should be a blessing to all, rather than a deathlike struggle for existence.

Selfishness, or materialism, however, seems to have taken possession of much of the human heart, so that where love and human sympathy should exist an utter disregard for others lies enthroned. This world of ours is filled with dark scenes and passageways that have never been explored, but are to be found—not in China, or darkest Africa—but here at home where the hand of the charitable and kindly of God's angels may find work and honor sufficient to merit present happiness and God's eternal sunshine. Who, in the midst of so much of moral and human sadness and degradation could rest satisfied and advocate the theory of pessimism, content to let suffering continue, when a helping hand, a little of human sympathy and effort would tend to uplift and relieve thousands of the unfortunate and distressed? America is full of good and generous men and women, of whom no other country of the centuries possesses so many, and to their honor be it said poverty and distress are being so largely overcome that as a people we represent the best and most philanthropic the sun ever shone upon. Be one of those who "let a little sunshine in" where sadness or sorrow or want or despair have blighted the fair face of nature.—*Chauncey G. Graham.*

FAITH

Faith charted the unsailed vasts of the Atlantic for the puny caravels of Spain; Faith pointed out the Titan who dwelt in a Scotch peasant's tea kettle; Faith saw the lamp's glow in the spume of Niagara; Faith laid a trail of steel across the plains, over the mountain ridges, to the shores of the purple Pacific; Faith spoke in the laboratories of Bell before a human voice could travel a thousand miles; Faith is the God-spark in man, the light eternal, the outrider of progress, the seed of deed.—*Kaufman.*

THE UNWRITTEN WORD

Think you the sovereign message of the skies
May not be written on the melted snow?
The law that Moses carried from the Mount
Was broken into fragments long ago!

Not on a page of gold or shaft of stone
The greatest poet laid His gentle hand—
The only words the Savior ever wrote
He scribbled on a little drift of sand!

—*Aloysius Coll in Lippincott's.*

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A VOICE FOR THE DOG

A mad dog does not rush!

A mad dog does not attack!

A mad dog does not froth at the mouth!

A mad dog will not fight back even when cornered!

The symptoms usually described as those of rabies are only those of a simple form of epilepsy or nervous disorder and they are not contagious

Hydrophobia is not caused by heat; epilepsy is. Hydrophobia is only communicable by a bite; epilepsy is not communicable at all. Dogs suffering from hydrophobia do not froth at the mouth; epileptics do.

The same author, and I refer to Dr. Wesley Mills, says: "Discrimination lies between this disease and epilepsy, or fits of various kinds, arising from the heat of the sun as dogs run the streets." Again he says: "Fear of water is a pure hypothesis so far as the dog is concerned."

Let the poor little house dog, unaccustomed to roughing it for himself, become nervously excited by the din of the street, or overheated on a hot summer day, and some fool raises the cry of mad dog and shies a brick. The dog runs and that is enough. Men are but savages under restraint and anything that runs must necessarily be guilty, and soon a howling mob is in pursuit and the dog is lucky indeed that escapes.

Every large city has a dog pound; hundreds of men are employed as dog catchers. They are frequently bitten. Did any one of them ever have hydrophobia?

Hundreds of men in this country keep dog kennels and raise dogs for sale; other hundreds make a business of training dogs for field trials, hunting and performing. They are frequently bitten. Did any one of them ever have hydrophobia?

Give plenty of water. Give the dog a chance.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

THE POWER OF THOUGHT

A harsh, discordant tone of voice actually produces a hideous form; for instance, a sharp tone, uttered in anger, produces a form exactly like a snake coiled to strike. The same note, that is, the identical number of vibrations, uttered with one thought produces a certain form, uttered with another thought, produces a different form; showing that there is still something more subtle which forms the ether, and through it the matter, than any vibration we can measure; evidently a finer vibration still, which modifies the ether in ways we cannot detect. We know that these vibrations of the ether are strong enough to carry with them material substance, which has enabled the images so formed to be photographed, so that we know the image making power of thought is no phantasy, but a fact as definite as anything we are able to perceive.

By thine own soul's law, learn to live;
And if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And if men hate thee, have no care—
Sing then thy song, and do thy deed;
Hope then thy hope, and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give.
—*John Whittier.*

A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those that never sing
But die with all their music in them.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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WHAT FINDING GOD MEANS

Great headway is made in overcoming interior disturbances when we cease to rebel. This is no small attainment for some, since they begin to feel dislike before they have half observed. It requires little argument, however, to show that they are happiest who have an increasing range of likes and a decreasing category of dislikes. He who is prepared to move with the day's events, whatever they may be, will spare himself so much friction that he will be able to surmount the day's difficulties with composure. I do not mean that one should compromise or merely seek to harmonize, but move with the life of the event, endeavoring to see its meaning. Rebellion and impatience belong together. He who is bent on controlling the emotions that impede the divine life will scarcely have time to be impatient.

It is not events but people that give us our trouble, so the critic will say. But why is it that our associates rub us the wrong way, nag and irritate us? What is it in ourselves that is not under control? Surely these disturbances are in our power, too. To find the center within is not to become self-contained, not to be self-righteous; it is to find God, and God is love, abounding in mercy and peace. To find God is to be lifted out and above, made large and whole. To find Him to be impelled outward into the life of service, with the joy that loves to give of itself.—*Horatio W. Dresser in August Nautilus.*

Life tells of Love so mighty,
So full of saving grace,
That sorrow flies before it,
And leaves no marring trace.

—*Alma Gillen.*

BELIEF IN OLD AGE

A metaphysician writes: "About three years ago the belief in old age began to take hold of me. I was nearing the half century mark. I began to get wrinkled and gray, my knees tottered, and a great weakness came over me I did not discern the cause at once, but I found in my dreams I was associating with old people, and it gradually dawned upon me that I was coming into this phase of race belief. Then I went to work with a vim. I repudiated the whole world of old age and decrepitude. I denied them any place in my mentality. I spent hours and hours silently affirming my unity with the Infinite Energy of the One True God. I absolutely refused to sympathize with old people in any way. I associated with the young. I danced with the boys, sang "coon" songs with them, and for a time took on the frivolity of the thoughtless kid. In this way I 'switched' the old age current of thought. Then I went deep down within my body and talked to the inner life centers. I told them with firmness and decision that I should never submit to the old age devil—that I was determined never to give in and that they had just as well avaunt first as last. Gradually I felt a new life current coming up from the life center. It was a faint little stream at first, and months went by before I got it to the surface. Now it is growing strong by leaps and bounds. My cheeks have filled out, the wrinkles and 'crow feet' are gone, and I actually feel like the boy that I am. 'God is not the God of the dead but of the living.'"

Every time a man smiles, much more when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life.—*Sterne.*

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THE POWER OF WORDS

The words of a talebearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly.—Prov. 18: 8.

Death and life are in the power of the tongue.—Prov. 18: 21.

There is that speaketh like the piercings of a sword: but the tongue of the wise is health.—Prov. 12: 18.

Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned.—Matt. 12: 36, 37.

He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his life.—Prov. 13: 3.

The lips of the wise shall preserve them.—Prov. 14: 3.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.—Prov. 21: 23.

He that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile. —I Peter 3: 10.

Shun profane and vain babblings, for they will increase unto more ungodliness, and their word will eat as doth a canker. —II Tim. 2: 16, 17.

To be satisfied with a high aim although incapable of achieving; to be true to the truth although falsehood sits enthroned; to build a character although working in difficulties; to love right, although often wrong; to live with what one has; to love life in its purpose, is to live bravely, trustingly, kindly, and what is more than all these—to live naturally.

Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function; living is the functionary.—*Emerson.*

THE HABIT OF HAPPINES

Have you ever thought that hap is a habit which may be acquire cultivated, just as one may cultiva liteness, or good manners, or a smile? We are all creatures of ha has been said, and since happines habit, let us hasten to make it our o

It may not be easy at first. Co happiness may seem as elusive as terfly, but a habit is not formed hour, you know. Try starting eac with the thougth: "I shall be hap day, come what will." Very likely hour's time something will go wron you will have forgotten the pr made so cheerfully to yourself.

Never mind; try again to-morro the next day. Before long you w tually have forgotten how to be unh The trouble is that most of us tak selves too seriously and magnify th trials and annoyances that come each day. But he is a coward wh mands a pathway through life s with roses. What we call our tr and disappointments are the initi which give us an opportunity to our worth and our right to enter kingdom.

Gentleness and cheerfulness, come before all morality; they ar perfect duties. If your morals you dreary, depend upon it the wrong. I do not say "give them up they may be all you have; but c them like a vice, lest they should the lives of better and simpler peo *R. L. Stevenson.*

Life is God's school, and they will listen to the Master there will at God's speed.—*George MacDon*

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

Mr. Depew, being asked by Eli Perkins if an instant ever occurred when the price of an article did not depend on supply and demand, said:

"Well, the other day I stepped up to a German butcher and, out of curiosity asked, 'What's the price of sausages?'"

"'Twenty cends a bound,' he said.

"'You asked twenty-five cents this morning?' I replied.

"'Ya. Dot vas ven I had some. Now I aint got none I sells 'em for twenty cents. Dot make me a reputation for selling cheap und I don'd lose noddings.'"

FAMOUS AFFINITIES

Romeo and Juliet.
Bacon and Eggs.
Pygmalion and Galatea.
Plumbing and Gas Fitting.
Othello and Desdemona.
Roast Pork and Apple Sass.
Punch and Judy.
Boiled Beef and Horseradish.
'Arf and 'Arf.
Hamlet and Ophelia.
Furniture and Undertaking.

—*Chicago Journal.*

QUITE A DIFFERENCE

"Is your Mississippi River very much larger than our Thames?" asked an English lady of a western visitor.

"Larger?" answered the westerner; "why, Ma'am, there ain't enough water in the whole of the Thames to make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi."

—*Selected.*

NATURALLY

A woman, visiting a butcher shop, called for a piece of beef. The butcher, in weighing it, had his hand on the scales. The lady, picking up a sharp knife and handing it to the butcher, remarked "I haven't any use for it, but you may cut it off and I'll take it along, anyhow." "Cut it off? Cut what off?" asked the butcher.

Your hand; you weighed it."—*National Monthly.*

PROBABLY SHE WOULD

Mrs. Newbride came hurriedly into her husband's study one morning.

"Herbert, dead," she said, "this recipe for lemon pie says to sit on a hot stove and stir constantly."

"Well, Alice," replied the doting husband, "if you do sit on a hot stove I think you will find that you will stir constantly.

—*Selected.*

AND YARN ONES, TOO

An Emporia girl was complaining to her chum the other day of the way her "steady" was treating her.

"Why don't you give him the mitten?" the friend asked.

"It isn't a mitten he needs; it's a pair of socks; he's got cold feet," was the answer.—*Emporia Gazette.*

BUT NOT FOREVER

Belle—"I thought you could keep a secret."

Grace—"Well, I kept it for a week. Do you think I am a cold-storage warehouse?"—*Town Topics.*

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A HASTY POTATO

It was at dinner one evening. Donald, aged four, was discovered in the act of choking. When he finally recovered his mother said:

"Why, Donald, what was the matter?"

And Donald replied, with big tears rolling down his face:

"The potato wouldn't wait till I ate it."

DESCRIPTION OF A FISH-NET

The visitor was examining the class.

"Can any little boy or any little girl here tell me what a fishnet is made of?" he kindly inquired.

"A lot of little holes tied together with strings," smiled the never-failing "bright boy."—*Buffalo Commercial.*

HIS VIEWS ON LETTUCE

A chef, who prided himself on his culinary skill, met an Irishman.

"Do you like lettuce, Pat?" inquired the chef.

"No, I don't," answered Pat. "And I am glad I don't, for if I liked it I would ate it, and I hate the dom stuff."

SURE SIGN

One day a teacher was having a first-grade class in physiology. She asked them if they knew that there was a burning fire in the body all of the time. One little girl spoke up and said:

"Yes'em, when it is a cold day I can see the smoke."—*National Monthly.*

THE AUTOMOBILE TOUSLE

"She's a clever girl, all right."

"How so?"

"She can comb her hair to look as if she never rode in anything slower than a 60-horsepower car."—*Exchange.*

A GOOD CHOOSER

"Your bride, my dear boy, is delightfully rich, and all that, but I don't think she will make much of a beauty show at the altar."

"You don't, eh? Just wait till you see her with the bridesmaids that she has selected."

REMEMBER THE WAITER

"Rosemary is for remembrance, isn't it?" inquired the man at the summer hotel.

"Yes; some girl give you some rosemary?"

"No; the head waiter handed me a sprig."

THE TROUBLE

"Don't you suppose," said a member of the police force, "that a policeman knows a rogue when he sees him?

"No doubt," was the reply; "but the trouble is that he does not seize a rogue when he knows him."—*Christian Register*

DAD

"Now, Daisy, can you tell me the name of the insignificant little worm by whose industry I am able to wear this silk hose?"

"I know—papa."

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

"You'd better eat it slow," said Willie to the clergyman who was dining with the family. "Mamma never gives more'n one piece of pie."—*Boston Transcript.*

Son—"Why do people say 'Dame Gossip'?"

Father—"Because they are too polite to leave off the 'e'"—*Le Crabbe.*

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HEB. 4:9-10

Gratitude the fondest swept the chords one day,
Chords of my soul, with touch of tenderness,
And mingled with rhythm of my lay,
Prayer of my being, with all its blessedness;
The birds' notes echoed clear o'er the green hill,
The bloom-illumined silence crowned the still
Sabbatical eve; I listened to its gentle voice, the will
Of Love, of Good, were then revealed to me.

Peace? Now I rest, from care and earthly labor,
From pain and death, the mortal yoke is broken,
Drink from Life's rills, given by the only Saviour,
Abundant life and joy—his seal and token;
His rest is glorious, Oh! it is divine,
The calm of peace spans every bridge of time's
Dark chasms. It was always mine—
Immortality, the gift of love.

And I am satisfied—the dream is fading, fading,
'Tis morn, and in Thine Image I awake,
Thy face in righteousness I see, the loved greeting
"Well done" I hear, as daily I forsake
The falsehood for the truth, seek day for night.
"My yoke is easy, and by burden light,"
I gladly come to thee, Saviour, delight
Of my heart! Rabboni, Master, Lord.

—*Cecilia A. Oehme.*

PROPER BIBLE READINGS

Every study must be measured by its informing and expanding power. There have been many criticisms about the study of the Bible, but I never heard one which clearly defined any harm which could come from it. I read recently an article by a very eminent man of letters who declared that while the Bible in earlier and more primitive days was read for spiritual guidance that now it is studied mainly for its literary style and with a cold, calculating and critical eye as to its historic accuracy. It is safe to say that if this practice ever prevails there will be no more Bible classes. It is the uplifting power, the inspiration, the consolation and the comfort which the Bible gives when read with the eye of faith which makes possible a continuance in the growth of Bible reading and study.

OWE MUCH TO WIVES

If the libraries should be searched for gems of thought for immortal works in poetry and prose; if statesmanship should be culled for those who have accomplished most for their country; if the conquerors of the world in arms whose names have survived the centuries, and will survive them, are collected, the searcher would be astonished to find how few of them remained unmarried and how many of them acknowledged deep indebtedness for their success to the advice, the counsel and the assistance of their wives.

Never, never do great thoughts come to man while he is discontented or fretful. There must be quiet in the temple of his soul before the windows of it will open for him to see out of them into the infinite.—*William Mountford.*

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TWO SINNERS

There was a man, it is said, one time,
Who went away in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
When the blood is a river that's running riot?
And boys will be boys, the old folks say,
And the man is better who's had his day.
The sinner reformed; and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold.
And the Christian people threw open the door,
With a warmer welcome than ever before.
Wealth and honor were his to command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand.
And the world strewed their pathway with blossoms abloom,
Crying: "God bless lady, and God bless groom."
There was a maiden who went astray
In the golden dawn of life's young day.
She had more passion and heart than head
And she followed blindly where fond Love led.
And Love, unchecked, is a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.
The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy in—Heaven;
For this is the law of the earth we know,
That the woman is stoned, while the man may go.
And a brave man wedded her, after all,
But the world said, frowning: "We shall not call."—*Selected.*

THE TRUE TEST OF C LIKENESS

Loving those who love us in its way. Sometimes it is e this than not to do it. But special merit in such a cour part. The true test of Christ loving the unloving and the That is the test we ought to selves by. "If ye love them you," says Jesus, "what rewar Do not even the publicans We ought certainly to be average heathen, if we conside followers of Christ. If we a reflect no honor on his name glory to his cause.

WHAT THE CHURCHES A LECTING

The churches are neglecti opportunity by not preaching fulfils the promises of Je God's Love is so great and s that it saves to the uttermost conditions are fulfilled. At increase of the living truth th soon demand that every c holy place where, in true heart, the suppliant for d may feel the healing, restorin the Spirit and every minister like an apostle of old, so r soul-power that his very ga be used to heal the sick—*Wal*

Without distinction, witho tion, without procrastinat Lavish it upon the poor, whe easy; especially upon the rich need it most, most of all upon where it is very difficult, an perhaps we each do least of *Drummond.*

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SWIMMING

How many times have I
Cloven, with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
The wave all roughened; with a swimmer's stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drenched hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine.
Which kissed it like a wine cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me; and oft,
In wantonness of spirit, plunging down
Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making
My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen
By those above, till they waxed fearful; then
Returning with my grasp full of such tokens
As showed that I had searched the deep; exulting,
With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep
The long-suspended breath, again I spurned
The foam which broke around me, and pursued
My track like a sea-bird—I was a boy then. —*Lord Byron.*

God's beauty, truth, power, are continually pressing for entrance into all souls in the universe, and as much enters as it will allow. But, as the light that enters is affected by the quality of the window it passess through, so it is with the light of God shining into human souls.—*Samuel Longfellow.*

THE UNTHANKFUL HEART

If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the almost invisible particles by the mere power of attraction. The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep throught the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE DREAM OF LIFE

Life is a dream and death is the awakening?
Well, even so, shall we not chase our dream,
Whether it be of love or hate, of joy or pain?
Are we not free at last to say what life shall seem?

Then will I dream of love and ecstasy,
Warm love that brightens all the dream of life,
And triumphs over all the seeming strife.
And choosing thus will life seem wholly fair,
And I were willing, e'en to dream for e'er.
—*Verne Dewitt Rowell in The Nautilus.*

There is no such thing as failure, excepting to those who accept and believe in failure. Failure! There is no such word in all the bright lexicon of speech unless you yourself have written it there. —*The Philistine.*

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THE SUMMER LADY

Oh, who would know and who could tell
The mystery of her wonder-spell!
That smile of hers, that dewy sheen
Of freshness on her fields of green,
That sparkle where her rivers run
Beneath the silver of the sun!

Oh, who could up and who could follow
Across the hill and o'er the hollow,
So dainty and so sweet a grace
The elfin witchery of face,
And form so light, a tendril clinging
Around this earth of ancient singing!

Oh, who could fathom, if he would,
Her dream in dells of solitude,
Her mornings sweetening o'er the sea
With laughter of such lips of glee
That birds awakening from their trance
Look for the pageant and the lance!

Oh, who could doubt and who could say
That here or there she took her way;
For by the rose alone we know
The road of Lady Summer. Lo!
Her footsteps are a velvet bloom,
Her memory like an old perfume.

—*The Bentztown Bard.*

THE MAN WHO DOES HIS BEST

The self-centered, virile man who lives, acts and thinks in the present, and does his best according to his lights in the work of to-day, with little thought of yesterday, or tomorrow, and gives his whole mind and strength to making better what comes his way to do, will be a power for progress and light in his time, and if the field is large enough, will win that consideration from the future which is fame.

NEW GODS FOR OLD

Their God was a god of fire, aloof on a great white throne,
Where a chosen angelical choir sang praises in monotone.
His pity was tyrant's pity. Their tears were bondmen's tears.
And bolts from his luminous city sowed earth with griefs and fears.

Our God is large like the ocean, and we are the waters that run
With a sure, eternal motion to be with a greater one.
We may scavenge the dross of the nation, we may shudder past bloody sod,—
But we thrill to the new revelation that we are parts of God.

—*From "Scum o' the Earth and Other Poems" by Robert Haven Schauffler.*

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY LAUGH

"The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with thy hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair, fill vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers on the vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy."

Stubbornness is not a manifestation of will power; the latter is a living force which moves things, the former a dead incubus encumbering the way.—*Farm and Home.*

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YET THIS SHALL BE

Yet this shall be. Would any mortal make
Converse with one far-stationed over-sea,
He need not set the wireless flashing free,
Nor in deep-lying, shell-burred cable wake
The tell-tale tremor; for his own end's sake
He shall but think with time-trained faculty,
And lo! his message shall transmitted be,
Though oceans rend and storms with fury break.
Then shall man triumph over Space, and call
Old Time to serve him better than before;
Then shall the earth for circling thought wax small;
Then shall mind mix with mind, till no man fail
To see the right, and with no cause of war,
To greet his kind, "Earth-countrymen, all hail!"

TODAY

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

THE MIND

Whatever of purpose or plan there is in the whole or in part of the universe must be due to mind, and whatever you and I may achieve for self and others must be due to the activity of the mind functioning in us; and this mind which takes place in us, and of which we become aware, is as much a cosmical process as is the flow of the tides or the evolution of the universe. A knowledge of your own mind and how best to use it is your own possible guide, for what can never come to your consciousness can never be a part of you or for you. Mind is the path to the goal of all possibilities. This is the age of the apotheosis of Mind.—*Prof. Elmer Gates.*

THE SERVICE OF LOVE

The pleasures of life largely depend upon the relations existing between our subordinates, assistants and employees, and ourselves.

Observation and long experience have taught me that we get better service from love than from fear. There is nothing in my career as a railroad president for which I have been so much criticised as in showing my faith in this theory by putting it in practice.—*Depew.*

THE CORK AND THE WHALE

A little cork fell in the path of a whale
Who lashed it down with his angry tail.
But in spite of his blows
It quickly arose
And floated serenely before his nose.
Said the cork, "You may flap and splutter and rap,
But you can never keep me down.
For I'm of the stuff
That is buoyant enough
To float instead of to drown."—*Anon.*

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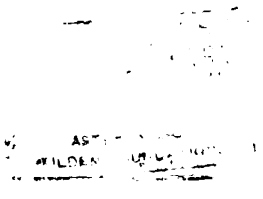

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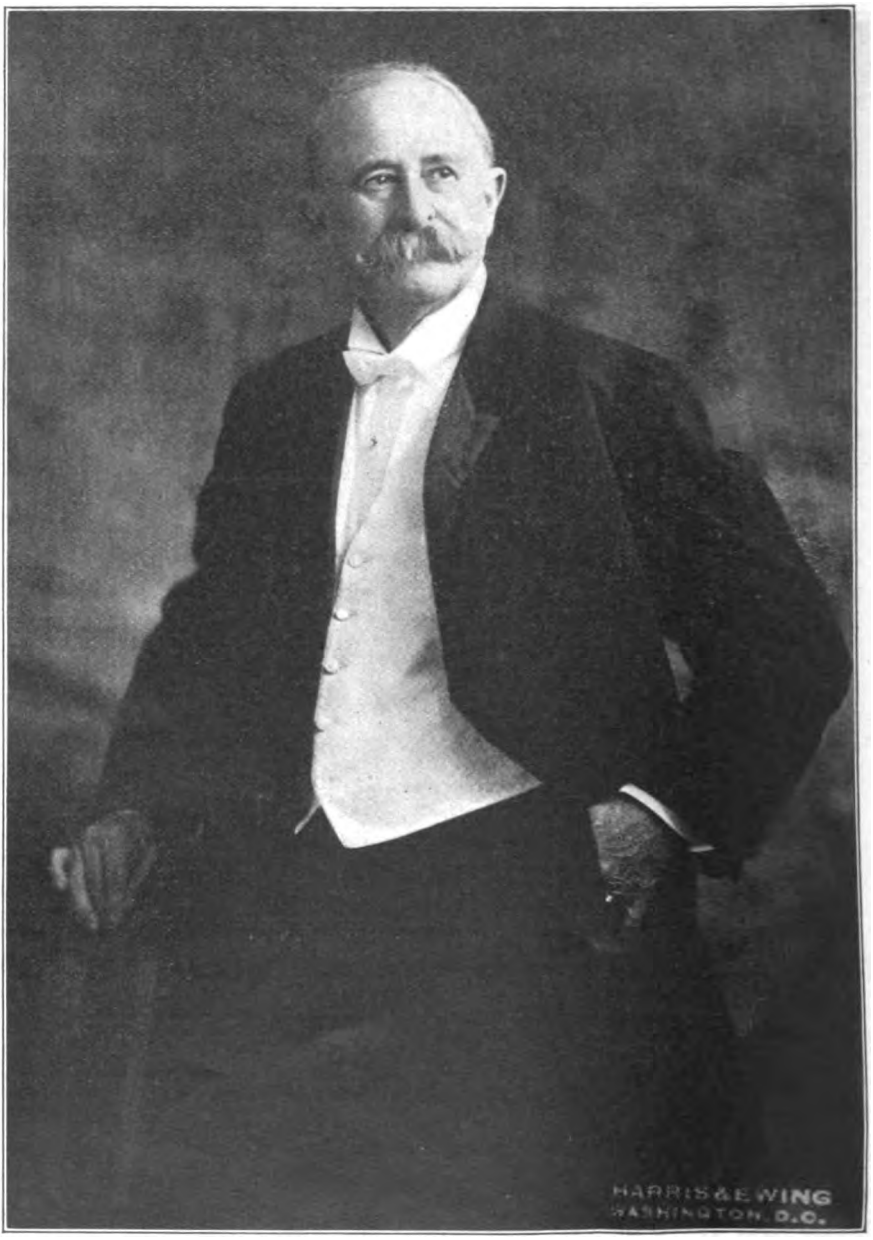

Oliver C. Sabin.

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DENIALS AND AFFIRM

Deny everything which C
create. Then we deny every
is evil; we deny all sin;
all sickness; we deny all
deny all the evil passions
ity; we deny covetousness
anger, hatred, everythin
evil, so-called, in all of th
tions—we deny it all, b
know that God never cr
thing but good. For a l
we affirm everything tha
create. He created life;
intelligence; He created
created good; He created
He created peace and co
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good. Claim all these.
perfect health. Claim all
cause in all the world there
a child of God that ever h
that ever could have it, or
now. There is no such th

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ease, for God Almighty created man, and all these manifestations called disease are but the vaporings of material mind.

TALK NOT AGAINST YOURSELF

People who talk against themselves are simply giving their characters as they really will be, because as they build their characters so they will be. You must know that you must not degrade yourself; if you do the very words, the very thoughts that you hold against yourself will prove true, demonstrate themselves upon your body and mind. Now, let us add to the words, make no limitations—let us add these words: Admit of no self-degradation. You, the perfect image and likeness of God, are a perfect being, and when you say aught against yourself you are dishonoring the workmanship limitations. I repeat, let us add these words: Admit of no self-degradation.

YOU MUST WORK

I wish to impress one thought that you cannot learn this great Truth, this great system of God's unfoldment to man except by hard work, and also by the assistance of God himself. Therefore make it practically the rule of your life when about to study, when about to read, to think or to meditate, to ask God to give you wisdom and spiritual understanding, to fill your heart with righteousness and holiness, and guide you in your thoughts, direct your mind, and you will see the wonderful results of Infinite Love, because he who seeks finds, and he who asks receives an answer.

The summer is nearly ended and vacation days are almost over. The time is close at hand when the work of the Evangelical Christian Science Church of Washington will be actively resumed.

The condition of the work of the church throughout the wide field of its propaganda is in excellent condition, as evidenced by information received at the Washington center from many points and by deep and steadily increasing interest taken in the church's journalistic organ and missionary, the Washington News Letter.

The work of the News Letter in all parts of the world is increasing and potential. The News Letter never takes a vacation and is ever on the alert for the interests of the church and the propagation of The Truth That Makes Men Free.

Yours lovingly,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bishop.

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

September

PAULINA B. SABIN

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that's just the place and the time that the tide 'll turn.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.—*Plutarch.*

The very best way to get ability is to be thorough in whatever you do. Master every detail of each piece of work that falls to your lot.—*Walter H. Cottingham.*

Give a thing time; if it can succeed it is a good thing.—*Carlyle.*

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.—*Charles Kingsley.*

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without someone being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Jesus went about healing the sick. Even the very night He was arrested and tried for His life and condemned He performed an act of healing. Wherever He sent His disciples He told them to go and preach the Gospel and heal the sick, and wherever the command to preach the Gospel went it was always supplemented by words "and heal the sick." His last words, which give the only definition of a believer given within the lids of the Bible, were, "And these signs shall follow those who believe."—*Bishop Sabin.*

Healing

—SABIN

The Truth Does the Work—We Must Think Right—Fear Must Be Destroyed. Perfection Cannot Be Sick.

GOD is Universal Life; wherever life is there God is; He is Universal Love; and in all the various ramifications of nature, where life is there God is. God is Omnipresent; therefore, Love, Life, Light, Wisdom, are not here alone, but are present everywhere; and God controls. Further than that, He protects the minutiæ of the littlest things, so to speak; and He takes us by the hand and leads us if we will be led by Him. Even the very hairs of our heads are numbered, and not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice. God, Life, Love, Health, Harmony, are everywhere, and are with you now. That realizing sense of God, supplemented with the understanding of what man is, who was created in God's image and in His likeness, brings us into Oneness in this universal harmony; and the realization of that Truth is the Truth which heals the sick. That realizing of the Perfection of God, and that realizing that man, His image and likeness, is perfect, living in the Father—that realization is the Truth which heals the sick.

> Here is a person before you with so-called fever in its most virulent form. You make the realization of perfection; that that person who is said to have the fever is the image and likeness of God, lives, moves and has his being in God—you make that spiritual realization perfectly, and the fever is instantaneousy killed. The only reason why we ever fail to make an instantaneous healing is that we cannot make the perfect realization. Very seldom it is that a healer takes an acute case and treats it for an hour or an hour and a half that the fever is not destroyed. The only reason why they ever have to treat longer is that the cases have been longer in their inception, and this universal thought, this universal error is that they must run their course. You cannot always get rid of this thought. We have had two cases where the fever had run two or three weeks, and with all the work that we could do we could not heal before four or five weeks. The universal thought around the patients was that the fevers had to run their course. We could keep them out of delirium, we could keep them comfortable, but to get them out of the hospital was impossible because of this universal thought. But if you can apply the Truth absolutely and perfectly against any kind of error you absolutely and perfectly destroy the error; you annihilate it.

Each one is responsible, and each alone, for that which is good and for that which is bad. I do not say that that applies to infants and to those who have not the power of selection, because they are controlled by this universal thought, which the Bible says is the visiting of the sins of the parents upon the children from generation to generation. You, in the exercise of your manhood, being the God-created image and likeness of God, have the power today to destroy all of those effects and come into universal harmony and universal perfection, if you elect to do so. It is for you, and you alone.

Remember that God does not con-

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trol you, unless you ask Him. You are a free agent; you can do just as you please, but you are responsible for the road you take. If you sow the seeds of anger, you fill your body with disease, your blood becomes acid, and you will be literally physically destroyed as you let that violent passion control you. So with all the other passions—hatred, malice, vindictiveness, and all of these devil evils; they simply mean the destruction of the human body. The people as you see them in the world are but the mirror of the thoughts of the world. Persons whose minds are filled with love, and whose everyday lives are but exemplifications of that thought, realize Heaven within themselves; you can see Heaven within them. It is on their faces; it is everywhere about them. But if a person is governed by other and baser passions, you can see that just as plain. The thought controls the body as well as the mind.

It is imperatively important that we should select the right kind of thinking. We can think, as I say, along the lines of the good; we can think of Love; we can carry that out into practice; we can think of goodness; we can think of righteousness; we can think of doing good to our brother, of loving our brother as ourselves, and carrying these thoughts out; the result will be in our own bodies harmony, because as we sow we reap. Always remember that.

Jesus Christ has given us a perfect example of how to test our work. Our work is tested by the fruit of the tree, absolutely. There is no mystery about this, how to live and what to live. Here is a test of action. What is the fruit of that kind of action? As the fruit of action develops either good or bad, the lines of action are good or they are bad. If you find a man, I do not care how sincere he may be, who is following a line of thought that bears not good fruit, he is on the wrong track, and the sooner he turns and goes back the better it is for him.

Christ has given us a rule for thinking, and it is the rule of UNIVERSAL LOVE. Prior to Christ's teaching, so far as we have anything to do with it, that thought of universal love had not been taught in the line of Jewish history. I admit that the same thought had been taught to a greater or less extent thousands of years before Jesus Christ came, but not among the Jews. He came teaching the doctrine of Love to the Jewish people. It was a different doctrine from any that had ever been taught to or by them. That it was different we are taught by our Bible, and the Bible we take as our guide. Now, Christ's doctrine was this: Love God with all your mind, might and strength; and the second thought was: Love your neighbor as yourself. There is a line of thought. LET LOVE BE THE MOTIVE THAT CONTROLS YOUR EVERY ACT. A good way to get at it is to get your mind over into your brother's place and look at it from his side; forget that you are in existence, get on his side, think from his side what ought to be done, what you would like to have done, what would be the proper thing for me to do if I were there. If you can harmonize what you would like yourself with what you are giving to him,

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that is the plain a-b-c of loving your neighbor as you love yourself.

There is a set of Christians, and some others that are not Christians, who think that you should pick out your neighbor, and that this idea of calling the whole human family your neighbors is all wrong. They ask, "Who is your neighbor?" They say you have a right to pick out your neighbor. I do not believe that. I believe that God made all His children equal, that He created them all in His image and in His likeness, and I believe that the brotherhood of man is just as universal as is God; and I do not care who he is, what his color is, where he was born, or under what circumstances he exists, if he was created in the image and likeness of God he is my neighbor, and I have no right to withhold the cup of cold water from him if he needs it. If I do, I sow the seeds of destruction which will be reaped in my own body.

Now, mind you, I do not believe, as you all understand, in any future day of judgment. I do not believe in that at all. The day of judgment is here to-day. As Jesus says about the Kingdom of God, you cannot say, Lo, here it is, or Lo, there it is; it does not come by observation, but the Kingdom of God is within you. The Kingdom of Heaven is within you, and you can get to Heaven just as well on earth as you can by waiting until after they have put you under the ground five or six feet. You will wake up very much disappointed if you expect to get to Heaven simply by going through that thing called death. The word Heaven means harmony, and whenever you are in a condition of absolute harmony as created by God you are in the Kingdom of Heaven. You can just as well be happy; you can just as well be perfect; you can just as well have all the comforts of life surrounding you mentally, physically, morally and in every way here as you will after you have gone through that thing called death; and when you wake up on the other side you will find that you have your work to do, that you have to go on, that there is no cessation. The work you have commenced must go on; you will be at it millions and billions of cycles of years, on and on forever; there is no stopping, and there can be none, because this Universal Life of God within us is ours and we will be forever students in this Truth, ever in action, ever in Life.

As I said before, the day of judgment is here; it is here now. If you commit a sin you are at once judged by that sin. You simply have to be punished right now for the commission of that sin.

But here you say: "Oh! here is a wicked man prospering in every way, and here is a pious man with whom everything goes wrong. How do you make that out?" You do not know what you are talking about. That man may be in apparent prosperity, and he may be suffering the tortures of so-called hell right here, now. All must follow the rule, As you sow you reap. The one who is apparently suffering may have a contented mind, and his soul may be in Heaven. If you sow an acorn you are going to reap an oak, are you not? You can

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reap only as you sow. If you stick your hand in the fire you are going to have it burned, are you not? If you get mad at your neighbor you are going to have something the matter with your body, are you not? If you go out and tell lies and backbite and slander your neighbor, you are going to be punished, are you not? Just as sure as you live, what you have done will show in your countenance and in your body. Show me a scoundrel, and you can always read it in his countenance. Let a person sow the wrong kind of seed and the seed will blossom in his face; it will blossom in his features; it will bloom in his body and ultimately will destroy him.

There are only two ways to get rid of sin, just the same as fire. If fire was in this building there would be two ways of getting rid of it. The first way, and the way they would probably try, would be to put it out. If they could not put it out, they would simply let it alone, and the result would be that it would go out itself when there was nothing left to burn. As there are two ways of putting out fire, so there are two ways of destroying sin. One is to repent and ask God in the name of Jesus Christ to destroy your sin. When you do this you are washed whiter than wool, and you are then manumitted, so to speak, from that sin. The other way is to go on in sin until it wipes your body off the face of the earth, and you will go over this dam called death with that sin to wrestle with in the sweet by and by, as they are pleased to term it. Therefore, remember that there is no judgment except the reaping of the crop that you sow. Be careful how you sow, and be careful how you think, for as a man thinketh so is he.

I want to give some practical thoughts as to the treatment of disease. In giving this prayer which I have taught you to give, always remember to treat against fear in your realization. Realize that there is no such thing as fear. Now, what is fear? It is simply doubting God, is it not? If God is All and controls all, and leads us, and, realizing this, still you fear, what are you fearing? You are fearing that God is not going to do what He promised to do. Therefore, fear is nothing more nor less than doubt. Blackstone divides all the conditions of humanity into two general classes: our wants and our fears. Remember that. Suppose you are treating a case—praying to God Almighty is what I mean when I say treating a case. You destroy, or you ask God Almighty to destroy, fear, affirming that God does destroy all fear, not only in the patient's mind but in the minds of the surrounding persons. Now, in treating a baby we always treat through the mother or some other person who has charge of the child, and to a great degree we treat it by destroying her fears, giving her the trust and understanding that her child lives in the bosom of the Father, is perfect and cannot be sick; and when that is put into her consciousness it destroys her fears and the child will respond, and soon you will receive a telegram saying: "Stop treating; all well." Wherever you treat disease, remember always to destroy this thing called fear. Fear is one of the greatest sins the human family is

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guilty of, because it is a sin directly against God.

I steal a watermelon; that is a sin, first, against my neighbor, and, second, against myself; it is on my conscience and I will have to answer for it. But when we come to the question of fear, it is simply an indictment, so to speak, against God at once. God has promised you what? That He will hear your prayer when you ask in faith in the name of Jesus Christ. That is in the Book; that is in Jesus' own words. Now, when we doubt we become fearful, and what is the result? We are simply denying what Jesus Christ told us. It is an indictment against God, saying that God has lied to us through His Son. Now, do you not see how wicked a thing fear is? I hope you understand this, because it is more important than you realize at first. Never make a prayer for the healing of the sick without affirming that God does destroy all fear, not only the fear of the patient but the fear of the attendants, and if there is a physician in the case treat against the fear of the doctors for that disease. Destroy all fear. That makes you the master.

There is another objection that you often hear. They say, "You folks do not acknowledge the existence of disease. That simply means that you are insane." "You are a set of fools," they would say, only the more polite word is to call us crazy. I was called crazy not very long ago by a doctor. He said, "You are crazy, crazy; that is all. I do not think you are crazy on all subjects, but on this Science, as you call it, you are crazy; you do not acknowledge the existence of disease." I told him I did not.

Let us answer that objection right here. Following my lectures as you have had them, you have found that God is good and God is All! that man is His image and likeness; that we live, move and have our beings in God; that, therefore, man, living in God, is good. Therefore, he lives in universal good. Living in universal life, all life, he has eternal life and must have eternal health. It is impossible to have anything else. Man, furthermore, you must understand, is not the physical being that we have been taught to believe. He is nothing more nor less than the manifestation of God's spiritual creation. You say, "Here, is not that body real? Is not that a physical manifestation?" I say, "No; it is nothing of the kind, in the sense that we have been taught to believe." We look at the river. You ask me, "Is not that river real; is not that a reality? Is not there a river?" We go back tomorrow and you ask me the question, "Is not that the river?" I ask you, "Where is the river that we saw on yesterday," and you tell me it is down toward Chesapeake Bay, or it has gone out into the ocean on its way to Infinity. The river is, in fact, nothing but the manifestation of God's creation.

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. IN THE BEGINNING CREATION IS TO-DAY. There never was a beginning and there never will be an ending. NOW is the beginning. TO-DAY IS THE DAY OF CREATION. It is going on to-day, a manifestation of

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God Almighty's spiritual power. This body, what is it? Like the river, it is going on, a manifestation of God Almighty's spiritual power. There is nothing in the universe, in Heaven or in earth, except God, Universal Mind and its manifestation. It cannot be physical, so to speak, because all substance is spiritual. Now, when you realize that, then you can see that all these things which we call sickness, while in reality they look real, are unreal.

Let me illustrate further: Here comes a messenger boy with a telegram. It says that some friend has been injured and the person is asked to go immediately. We will suppose, further, that the telegram is false—came here through a misapprehension. What is the effect of that telegram upon this person before me? It strikes what we call the mind first, and instantaneously goes down through the body, and the body becomes distracted because of that story. Suppose, before the person to whom the telegram is addressed has time to leave; here comes another telegram stating that the first telegram was based upon misinformation and that it was somebody else that was hurt. What is the effect of that second telegram? It annihilates the first one. The first statement was a lie; it never had an existence. Why? Because the person alleged to have been hurt never was touched; it could not be the truth. Then the last one simply annihilates the first one, because the last one was the truth. Whenever truth comes in contact with any kind of error it destroys that error.

Now, for instance, here is a person before you with so-called fever in its most virulent form. You make the realization of perfection; that that person who is said to have the fever is the image and likeness of God, lives, moves and has his being in God—you make that spiritual realization perfectly and the fever is instantaneously killed. The only reason why we ever fail to make an instantaneous healing is that we cannot make the perfect realization. Very seldom it is that a healer takes an acute case and treats it for an hour or an hour and a half that the fever is not destroyed. The only reason why they ever have to treat longer is that the cases have been longer in their inception, and this universal thought, this universal error, is that they must run their course. You cannot always get rid of this thought. We have had two cases where the fever had run two or three weeks, and with all the work that we could do we could not heal before four or five weeks. The universal thought around the patients was that the fevers had to run their course. We could keep them out of delirium, we could keep them comfortable, but to get them out of the hospital was impossible because of this universal thought. But, if you can apply the Truth absolutely and perfectly against any kind of error you absolutely and perfectly destroy the error; you annihilate it.

For instance, here is a dark room, very dark. You think that darkness is real. I turn one of these electric buttons. What is the result? The light comes out, the darkness is annihilated. It did not go anywhere; it was nothing; it was simply the absence of light. So with error of

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any kind or character. It is the absence of Truth. Let the Truth be demonstrated that the perfect child of God cannot be sick and is not sick, that it is impossible for it to be sick —let that Truth be demonstrated and all the so-called errors in the world are gone. That is the thought that heals the sick.

GOD IS MIND

God is mind, and every thought of divine mind is perfect like itself. Man must know himself as God created him, a pure and perfect idea of the first great cause, then will all his expressions be likewise, good and very good. But as long as he remains ignorant of this truth he will continue to express a mixed condition of sin and peace, health and disease, life and death.

Man is not a creator in the sense that he originates anything, his work is to take the invisible creations of God and to make them visible, for man is the creator of the outer world of form, while God is the creator of the inner world of principle.

This invisible creation is called by Jesus Christ, "The Kingdom of Heaven," and it fills all space, so that it is accessible to man through his own divinity, and by scientific thinking he may externalize it as heaven on earth. Mind, thought, words and deeds, define the process from center to circumference of creation; thus when man realizes that he builds his world with his words, he will begin to discipline his mind and pay strict attention to the quality of his thought and words, bringing them into conformity to the constructive power of love and wisdom; thus his body and his world will begin to manifest the true, the good and the beautiful.

It is as truly the nature of mind to radiate thought as it is for a lighted lamp to radiate light, yet if the lamp-chimney be blackened with soot, the medium has become imperfect and thus the radiations of light will be rendered feeble. Man is God's lamp, his greatest avenue of expression, and must keep his conscious mind clear and clean as a perfect vehicle of revelation.—*Harriet Hale Rix.*

TO CHOOSE A VOCATION

In choosing your vacation it does not matter so much what you choose as how you do it, and how well you stick to it. Pick out something you think you can do exceptionally well and then devote yourself to it. Choose something you desire to do.

Go in to win on that line and stick to it through thick and thin. Work at it, develop it, learn all you possibly can about it, and then discover new ways of doing it better than anybody else has ever done it before.

Everybody has more than one talent.

Pick out the one you like the best and cultivate it and direct it.

In doing this you will become self-confident, quick to think, bright and efficient, and successful.

Success is one part good choosing and nine parts good sticking-to-it.

—*Margaret Towne.*

"The law of success is to expect success."

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Be Good

The Idea of Opposites—The Source of Discords—Diseases and Heartaches. Self-Control and Power Measured.

Wm. E. Gibson

"BE GOOD:" Can any expression comprehend more? To be good is to be God. For the expressions are synonymous, and the spirit is also synonymous when its full import dawns upon the human consciousness.

Godliness or God likeness is the goal towards which every life tends. From the lowest to the highest forms, from the atom vibrating in the heart of the stone all the way to the soul vibrating in unison with the consciousness of its oneness with God this is true.

When Moses, in closing his periods of creation says, "God saw that it was good," he exposes a greater truth than we have been accustomed to grasp. The truth was God saw that it was God in expression and manifestation.

When we say "Be good" and then define that expression by saying, to be good means to be God, we realize that the reader must pause and reconsider. Immediately there flashes before the mind this world of opposites. All nature seems to combine in persenting a dual existence. Here are light and darkness, heat and cold, plenty and want, good and evil, confidence and fear.

Out of the idea of opposites man has created two deities. God is the ruler of all that man believes to be good, and the devil is the ruler over all that man considers bad or evil.

Now let us consider briefly these opposites. Take light and darkness, what is darkness but the absence of light? And is either a blessing or a curse? Would we know light without a sense of darkness or could we understand darkness except by its opposite, light? Are not both thoroughly necessary to all forms of life on the earth? Heat and cold are opposites, but they work so harmoniously together in the machinery of this world that the human mind is not yet prepared to forcast a time when the earth shall be ready to dispense with them.

Here is plenty on one hand and want on the other. Here is a palatial villa, a lord's home, and there behind its wall a peasant's hut. The former has bounteous larders and pantries and wardrobes, the latter's occupant hardly knows from whence his next morsel will come. These contrasts are sharp and almost painful, but do they exist because there is a God of plenty and a deity of want?

Is it not true that the one bent his energies towards gain, notwithstanding he may have trampled upon the rights of others, while the other was either negligent or indifferent or both? At some time the door of opportunity was open to both alike

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and the cornucopia of good poured out to both. The one that accepted received plenty; the one that rejected received want.

Of course there is another side to this particular picture which space will not admit of treatment in this paper.

Take good and evil: The ideas that these words indicate are the foundation upon which the superstructure of a dual and opposing existence has been erected.

The belief in the reality of good and evil has given the race its discords, disease and heartaches.

Let us consider for a moment good and evil. What are they? Are they realities? Good, rightly understood, is God. God is all and is spirit. All that is, is God, the All Embracing Good. Whence is evil? Who created it? In short what is it?

God we are told is all. We are further told that God created all. Then God and his creation are one. Can there be any creation outside of the All Embracing God. The thought is absurd. Whence, I repeat, is evil? God is the opposite idea and is All Embracing Good.

If the idea evil exists, and it does in belief, it must exist in God. This seems also absurd; but let us think deeper. Man in a real sense is a little God, having power and dominion over as much as his consciousness is able to intelligently comprehend, but man is comprehended in the idea, God.

Can man, a miniature God, create the opposite of the All-Embracing Good? This is also absurd, for there is no place from which he may draw his materials for creation but in God.

"O!" you say, "break this web; it is a nightmare—reasoning gone to seed. Come to plain, practical facts. An angry man gashes my face with a razor. Is that good? My partner robs me and the law sustains him. Is that right? My neighbor slanders me and the rest of them believe the falsehood. Is that good? Do you mean to say that these are not evils; that evil does not exist?"

Now let us turn aside to these particular cases cited. Take first the case, the angry man with the razor. Consider the man, his act, and the instrument. The man has power over his own mind and body and may exercise control over that power, or he may let that power be controlled by his negative self. The negative self is man's action without positive direction from his higher self. For instance we see objects without thinking consciously of them. We hear sounds without consciously discriminating between them. We feel sensations without meditating on their nature. The negative self often assumes the nature of the positive. One yields to anger or jealousy and commits deeds which abhor him when he comes to his higher or sane self. For the moment the action is positive, under the exercise and direction of will. It is a sort of an intoxication like that caused by alcohol and similar drugs, but when its power is spent the real man appears.

This man with the razor failed to exercise self-control and power was misused. The power that raised the arm to use the razor was good, but misused. The same arm could have rowed a boat, wielded a sickle or saved a drowning child. The razor

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was a good instrument when put to proper use, but bad when misused. You, the sufferer, were simply the object of misdirected energy. And had you been exercising all of your powers you could not have been the sufferer in this case. Here was misuse of power, misuse of instrument and misdirection of energy—all the result of ignorance or negligence.

What is true in this case is true in the other two cases cited. That which gave your partner the ability to rob you and so maneuver the law as to sustain his action was a misuse of power of good and for good. That which permitted you to suffer it was negligence or indifference on your part, in not using the power at hand to your best advantage.

That which enabled your neighbor to weave a fabrication that would be believed by your friends to your deteriment was a misuse of power for good; and your being unable to properly defend your position is also a result of indifference or negligence, also misuse of power.

It is safe to say that all evil, so-called, is misuse or misapplication through ignorance of power for good. Our good or evil arises in the exercise of our power of choice or discrimination. All misuse of that power is due to a want of knowledge.

The first and great requisite, then, towards being good is knowledge. We must know that some ideas embody realities and others do not. That good is an idea that embodies the All Embracing God; that evil, so-called, is an idea that embodies the results of misuse of good; that everything is good in its proper place.

Now to take this first step, the acquirement of knowledge, we must begin with that nearest to us, we must begin with our own minds and bodies. We must assume self-mastery and at every stage of development exercise it. This we call self-control. To control self is to know self. We are daily and hourly changing, growing, developing, unfolding like a flower. The self of today is not the self of yesterday or a year ago. Yet we must exercise self-mastery at every stage of development. We must also use discretion, use things and conditions in their place and at proper times. Thereby we avoid much of the misuse of good, which we call evil.

We must also take into account that our fellow-beings have existences similar to our own; that a misuse or a misapplication by them affect them and may affect us too if we allow it.

The man who yields to wrong and resents it does himself much harm. He meets a wrong with a wrong and these unite and form a greater wrong. If the bad effect arises from his own indiscretion the act of resentment weakens his power to throw off the effect while at the same time it strengthens his fellow's power of retaliation.

We see this demonstration daily and by men in every station in life. Men yield to low thoughts of anger, hatred, malice and the like, and these arouse like thoughts in their companions. Men cheat and defraud their fellows and are so treated in return.

Another fact in this connection is worth noting. Whatever we throw out upon the bosom of the great ocean of life has much the effect of a pebble

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falling upon a pond. The disturbance is visible in all directions and the circumference of the disturbance continues to grow larger.

Abuse a fellow-being and all who hear the abuse send back to you resentful thoughts if not words. Those hearing of it, if they are not wise, join the circle of unpleasantness. A wrong thought held in the mind poisons that mind and also poisons those coming in contact with it. Hatred, jealousy or despondency are immediately felt by others, though no words be spoken to indicate their presence. Give them words, vehicles in which to travel, and they soon encompass the earth. Give them expression in action and they are immediately recorded in the book of life to your undoing.

Self-control is a beautiful expression, but it is little understood. To control self is to control a miniature universe. It requires eternal vigilance along all lines. To control self is to control all of our desires, passions and ambitions and at the same time to be conscious of their possessions to a sufficient degree to keep open the channel of inspiration.

It is not enough for one to control his conduct so that he himself shall suffer no harm, but it is necessary, also that his conduct shall in no way harm others.

Now the first step towards being good, I repeat, is to acquire self-control, but another I wish to mention of like importance is discrimination. We must learn to discriminate between things, conditions and states, and to know that every thing is good in its proper place; that every condition is beneficent when given proper consideration; that every state of being is correct when viewed from the proper angle. A want of self-control and of proper discrimination is the Scylla and Charybdis, between which the barks of most lives suffer.

There is a law more binding than those of the Medes and Persians; viz, the law of the attraction of gravitation. By that law water seeks its level, apples fall to the ground, man's body returns to the dust; by that law things of a kind combine—birds of a feather flock together; by the same law improper thoughts attract improper thoughts, improper expressions call out improper expressions, bad conduct attracts its kind.

None can escape the law, no matter how highly developed the soul. To go contrary to the law is to suffer the consequences. The Hebrew Bible gives some glaring examples. Moses' impatience bars him from the Promised Land and his Rod of Power passes to another. Elijah's overzeal makes him a fleeing coward before the wrath of Jezebel and his Mantle of Power falls upon Elisha. There can be no misuse of any power, for all power is good, without suffering the consequence of the misuse.

The great Master, Jesus, realizing that the human race had become so thoroughly entangled in the meshes of the web of its own weaving, and that escape seemed well nigh impossible, set himself to the task of creating a mental condition under which men could most harmoniously proceed with the solution of the problem of life. Man's ills, mental and physical, are the result of misused power. And this misuse is due to ignorance. Freedom must come through the

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gateway of knowledge. "If ye continue in my word ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." But to continue in his word was the task.

The Master realized that the physical Jesus would soon pass away. Could men continue in the word and the spirit? To insure this required the bringing into the foreground another characteristic of God; viz, Love.

Thus the central subject of his ministry became love. "Love God with all your heart and your fellowmen as yourself," was the major text.

To love God with the whole heart is to love All Good and to express that love through every channel of your being at every stage of your development. It must go out in thoughts, in words and in action and it must go at all times and under all conditions. Love calms our fears, checks our worries and hurries. Under its influence we have time to think, to discriminate, to allow things to take their proper places and courses and thus avoid the consequences of misused and misdirected powers.

Love enables us to let the past rest and "the dead bury their dead." Love dethrones the desire to untimely raise the curtain to the future. The soul who knows Love is satisfied to live in the Now. For he has the key to the kingdom of heaven and harmony.

The problems of life must be worked out, and their meanings revealed. "No jot or tittle shall pass until all be fulfilled." "No sparrow shall fall to the ground without your Father." "Every sowing must have a reaping." But in the Kingdom of Harmony there is the Master of Wisdom and the Master of Power, and these are ever present and their help is never wanting. Jesus the Master knew this and is now teaching it to us.

Two thousand years have wellnigh passed since he promulgated this Doctrine of Love, and still the world seems grossly ignorant of its true meaning. But this seeming is not real. It belongs to time. Time is an error of human creation. It has no place in truth. God is eternal and eternity is His existence.

The Doctrine of Love is working miracles daily. Nations are coming to a better understanding of each other's problems, and the purest and sanest thinkers of all nations are ever striving to avoid discord and war and to promote conditions of peace and harmony.

Men in the social arena are striving more and more to exemplify the teachings of the Great Master.

In some crude way all men are giving vitality, many crudely, to the seeds of love that have found lodgment and aroused into action their dormant element of innate good.

Each generation brings forth sweeter hearts, broader thinkers, and souls of loftier ideals. That there are great differences between men, mentally as well as physically and socially, is true. But that all are making progress is also true. He who knows best the law of Love can best exercise self-mastery and proper discrimination.

As men learn this power of Love they so control their thinking as to keep their bodies healthy, their mental atmosphere pure and their conduct correct. This is commonly call-

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ed self-healing, or, better, self-preservation.

Men may also help their fellows mentally, physically and socially by sending them good, loving, cheering thoughts; by uplifting expressions, a kindly glance, a loving smile, a helpful word.

All the problems of life must be solved and their meanings understood. The most direct road to the solution and the understanding is through the gateway of love. Love opens to the Kingdom of Harmony. In that kingdom we find our Masters of Wisdom and Power, Our Higher Selves.

It is worth while to love, aye, to learn how to love. Without it we are like birds in a net; dashing hither and yon; seeking freedom to no avail, nor will freedom come until we learn to love. By the light of Love and the sense of harmony we shall each be able to unravel the net of our enslavement and to breathe the free air of the sons of God.

SELF-MASTERY

An indefinable poise tells you when you are in the presence of a self-master. Besides, there are many definite marks of its attainment.

The ancients have a saying, "The eye cannot see until it is incapable of tears." This is another way of saying that the emotions must be under control. What one of us has not seen, over and over, some well-meaning but foolish friends come into the household plunged in grief, and cause an explosion of hysterical weeping by starting to do so themselves as a sign of their sympathy. Sympathy held in control would be far more effective to comfort those who mourn.

The ancients also declare that "the ear cannot hear until it has ceased to hear scandal." They also have a proverb, "The tongue cannot speak with the masters until it has learned not to wound."

These are all marks of self-mastery as they also are signs of divine grace in one's life.

The chief factor in acquiring self-mastery is the WILL. Only the irrevocable purpose of a will that does not deviate from its ideal, no matter how many failures, can hope to reach self-mastery. "If any man wills to do His will he shall know of the doctrine," are the words of the great Master. Begin to will it, and begin to do it, and you shall know it.

—Thomes Parker Boyd in The Emmanuel Press.

CONCENTRATION

Every "Body" is a calendar
Upon which one's thoughts are writ,
From expresses concrete thinking,
Feeling, sense, recordeth it.
To know the joy of feeling Health,
Of Wisdom, Peace replete,
We must concentrate upon them,
As the Bee upon the sweet.
We think these Thoughts, and instantly,
Their tints begin to show.
Kind actions, grace and harmony,
The gifts of Life bestow.
Thus our words bloom into Feeling,
Abstract Truth, we never know,
Like a coat, until we've worn it,
Then its warmth and virtues show.

—Anna Mills.

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How the Sick Are Healed

—SABIN

The Realization is Everything—The Thoughts That Heal—The Truth Gives Freedom—How Man Slanders Himself.

IN THE practical healing of the sick the realization of what God is is everything. Therefore, I made that one of the strongest points in my books. It is the realization that God is Life, and that there is but one life, and that that Life permeates all animate nature, that enables you to know that you have perfect life and that the life within you is deathless.

You must remember that all healing is done by the realization of the Truth and the denial of the existence and potency of evil. Evil, so-called, has all the power and effect of reality, if you so recognize and give it that power in your mind.

Take a case of sickness. So long as you believe in the power of so-called sickness and in its existence, and recognize it either in your own mind or in your body, or in him you are trying to heal, you give it power and effect. So long as you recognize evil it creates the condition recognized, but when you deny its influence and its power and its existence by the realization of the allness and perfection of Good, all so-called evil is destroyed, and you or your patient is free.

For instance a person is very much fatigued, suffering with lassitude, in run down condition. How many hundred of such cases we get during the course of every year—knocked out, no strength, general debility. As long as you recognize the existence of such error, it has its power and effect upon you, but when you realize the Truth, which is that God is all Power, error has no power whatever; that all power comes direct from God, that the supply is inexhaustible, and that you can have all the power you can exercise; it destroys these so-called beliefs of weak-

> Jesus Christ said, "You shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free." You were not free before. Those who have not the knowledge of the Truth are in bondage; they are suffering with fear, the fear of disease, the fear of catastrophe, the fear of want, the fear of death, the fear of sorrow, because they are ignorant of the Truth. But when you know the Truth it sets you free.
>
> And the great bugaboo of poverty! So much of the world is bowing down in the fear of want. Go right back to God and make the realization; stick to it; trust. Job says even though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. What are you? You are the heir of God Almighty. What does that entitle you to? It entitles you to the whole world of good things everywhere; it all belongs to you. You say, "It does not come to me." Once I got a letter from a woman who said: "I took up your treatment just to test it. Now I am going to test it one more time." I wrote back to her and told her for Heaven's sake to stop. Jesus Christ said no sign shall be given to this wicked and adulterous generation. Unless you come to God as a little child there is nothing for you. Do you understand? Except ye become as a little child you cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven, the kingdom of harmony, the kingdom of good. You have to come with the understanding or with the trust. Commit your ways unto the Lord, and the promise is that He will bring it to pass. How He will bring it to pass is none of your business; you have nothing to do with that.

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ness, and fills you with the power of God Almighty that sustains you in every vicissitude of life.

Now these are the thoughts that heal; these are the thoughts that you send out to the subconscious minds of your patients: That the perfect power of God Almighty is within you, and you have no weakness and you can have no weakness, and therefore you are perfect and strong, and that this belief in debility is a lie, false, untrue, does not exist and cannot exist. Drive the nail through and clinch it on the other side, and the result will be harmony, the result will be strength.

Old men and women that go about bent over, walking through life filled with fear and trembling, what are they doing? Digging their own graves, condemning themselves, barring the doors of eternal life against themselves, for as a man thinketh in his heart so is he. That is what Solomon told you, and Solomon told the truth. You can have exactly what you want, and you are responsible exactly for what you get. It will not do to lay it on Providence; if things are not in perfect harmony with you, lay the blame on yourself.

This universal belief in death, this universal belief in sickness, this universal belief in sorrow, and the veriest things that are so-called beliefs along the pathway of life, have been sent down to us; but we are responsible, when we know the Truth, if we permit them to stay with us.

Jesus Christ said, "You shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free." You were not free before. Those who have not the knowledge of the Truth are in bondage; they are suffering with fear, the fear of disease, the fear of catastrophe, the fear of want, the fear of death, the fear of sorrow, because they are ignorant of the Truth. But when you know the Truth it sets you free.

And the great bugaboo of poverty! So much of the world is bowing down in the fear of want. Go right back to God and make the realization. Stick to it. Trust. Job says even though he slay me yet will I trust in him. What are you? You are the heir of God Almighty. What does that entitle you to? It entitles you to the whole world of good things everywhere; it all belongs to you. You say, "It does not come to me." Once I got a letter from a woman, who said, "I took up your treatment just to test it; now I am going to test it one more time." I wrote back to her and told her for Heaven's sake to stop. Jesus Christ said no sign shall be given to this wicked and adulterous generation. Unless you come to God as a little child there is nothing for you. Do you understand? Except ye become as a little child you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, the kingdom of harmony, the kingdom of good. You have to come with the understanding or with the trust. Commit your ways unto the Lord, and the promise is that He will bring it to pass. How He will bring it to pass is none of your business, you have nothing to do with that.

If you come testing you will receive nothing. Don't worry about the test. Commit your ways unto the Lord and trust in Him. That is the command.

Now that is easy, that is simple

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and in a nutshell is the beginning and end of the whole phenomenon of this so-called divine healing. Commit yourself unto the Lord, affirm the truth, and trust for results, and you will succeed and be made every whit whole.

You have to understand what you are yourself, what man is, and what are his relations to God. I do not believe that the time ever existed that man in some form or another was not on this earth. Of course, there never was a time when this earth did not exist. There never was a time when it was one scruple less in weight than it is today. There never could or can be, because the law of nature prohibits absolutely such an idea. If this earth had any portion of it taken from it this law of attraction and gravitation would be overthrown, the whole universe would be affected and harmony would not exist. The law of God Almighty is universal harmony, and everything works in perfect unison, and there can be no change, there never was a change, and there never will be. God himself is unchangeable, without variableness or shadow of turning.

When we come to understand these great, broad principles, we become broader, we become stronger, and we understand more and we become better fitted to go on with the great study of the Infinite than the one that is hooded with ignorance and superstition, lying behind some book or some church or some dogma set up by man to hold him down. Only the Truth gives you freedom, and the Truth does free you; frees you from superstition and gives you wings to fly; and those wings are yours, and they are mine, and I thank God that we are becoming able to use them.

Man is the image and likeness of Infinite Life, Infinite Good, Infinite Power, Infinite Wisdom, and he was so created. I have no doubt that the first chapter of Genesis defines rightly the powers that man has. I have no doubt that all these are his powers, because we prove them. Therefore, when you have come to understand what you are, and that all that is is subject to the dominion of man, then you can understand something what you are, and what your rights are.

It is a great mistake for a person to get the idea of humility into his mind. I met a man in the church that I used to belong to in Washington who was so humble that he could hardly look up when he came into the little Tuesday night prayer meetings, but when he did get up he roared like a lion, telling how utterly mean he used to be, how he and his fellows would steal, would bring things out and would take them away; and he thanked God that now he was neither a thief nor a pal of thieves. It is the idea with some that one has to be a worm of the dust, to humble himself, that he may be exalted.

Think of it. Here is a man, the cap-sheaf of the phenomenon of creation below the planets. Man is the cap-sheaf; he is the controlling spirit, he is the image and likeness of Infinite Mind. Now it is degrading to say of such a character, that he is a worm of the dust, groveling in the dirt; it is simply slandering the character of man. You do not have to grovel and bemean yourself, blackguard yourself in order to be accept-

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able to the Infinite Mind. Every denunciation you throw out against yourself is an affirmation that you are as described and has a tendency to drag you down; every affirmation that you give to the contrary builds you up; say "I have life, I have wisdom, I have power, I have success, I have intelligence;" fill yourself full of the good things, of the thing that you want, and stop denunciation.

Nebuchadnezzar looking at Babylon made this affirmation: "Look at this wonderful city that I have builded." Now, that was putting the personality of the creature above the creator. The power that does everything is Infinite Mind, Infinite Love, Infinite Good; we call it God; we call it Jehovah; we call it AUM; we call it by various other names, but it is the Infinite Power; it is the Power to which Peter referred in speaking of Jesus Christ on the day of Pentecost, saying that God did, through Jesus Christ, many wonderful works. It is God working through you and through me that enables us to heal the sick, to accomplish anything. Then give God the glory, do not absorb it yourself. That is my idea of what is meant by true humility. Give God the glory for all. If God gives you success, it is God's work. If God heals the sick for you it is God healing the sick, and do not get puffed up. The most sorrowful thing to me is to see any person getting up and bombastically speaking of what he has done. Give God the glory. God Almighty does all, and if He works through you and enables you to do such things, or does such things through you, thank Him for it and give him the glory. Trust and all will be well.

I WILL GO OUT

I will go out into cool woodland places
Among old forest trees
That have heard many prayers, seen many faces
Of men, and meet the breeze
And sun and rain, and dwell a while with these.

There are calm spirits in the trees and mountains,
To those with eyes to see
The old wood gods live yet; forests and fountains
Yield them security;
If I stay silent they will speak with me.

Perfumed with prayers I shall spy them stealing
Across the dim-lit lawn
Ere evening's torch be raised, or when revealing
Another day new born
The wind talks with the mountains in the dawn.

I will go out into cool woodland places
With open heart and ears,
And be a child again, running swift races
With backward-reaching years,
And laugh again and know God's gift of tears.

—*New York Evening Mail.*

A just man ceases not to pray, unless he ceases to be just. He always prays who always acts well. The good desire is prayer, and if the desire be continued, so is also the prayer.—*St. Chrysostom.*

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The Kingdom of Heaven

The World's Misunderstanding of Its Location—It is Here and Now—Man's Freedom to Choose.

John W. Eighmy

THE great desire of every Christian is for an abiding-place in the Kingdom of Heaven. And, yet, vast numbers seem to fail in their understanding as to where it is. Many believe if they live the true life here in this mundane sphere, and worship God as taught in Holy Writ, after passing through that ordeal called death they will go away off somewhere to some destination, they know not where, and enter a place of glory named Heaven, and there dwell with God and the Angels throughout all eternity. Their belief seems to be that the Kingdom of Heaven is beyond the grave; that this life is only to prepare and fit them for a higher and better state to be enjoyed after leaving these earthly scenes.

The Bible clearly reveals where the Kingdom of Heaven is. We are not left in doubt. It is so plain any one with ordinary intellect can fully understand. The first verse of the first chapter of Genesis tells us God created the Heaven and the Earth. And in verses 6, 7 and 8 He said: "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters that were under the firmament from the waters that were above the firmament and He called the firmament Heaven." This is as plain as words can express it. God made the firmament and called it Heaven. This firmament is the only Heaven, the only kingdom that was ever revealed as an abiding place for God's children.

Now where is the firmament; or, in other words, where is Heaven? What kind or a state or place is it? All lexicographers agree on its definition: It is the air, the sky, the arch above the earth, the great unlimited space, the beautiful panorama looming up before our eyes as we look off and upward into the great expanse that is without end.

The Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Heaven, reaches from ocean to ocean, from the rivers to the end of the earth, and from the earth to the uttermost parts of the universe. It cannot be measured with metes and bounds. The mind of man cannot realize or words portray its extent and greatness. We speak of the sun, moon and stars, being in the Heavens. Astronomers say the farthest star distant from the earth, that has been discovered, is so far away that if a ray of light shot from it and traveling at the speed light travels, which is about 186,000 miles a second (a distance that would reach seven and a half times around this planet on which we live), it would take 100,000 years to reach this earth. That star is in

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Heaven, and the space beyond it is billions, trillions, and quadrillions of miles reaching into the great unknown. This earth, this planet on which we dwell is in Heaven, and all space between this earth and that distant star and the great unknown beyond is in Heaven. God is a great eternal spirit filling all space. He is Omnipresent and is never out of His Kingdom.

The Scribes and Pharisees became so clouded in their mentalities they failed to understand where the Kingdom of Heaven was, and they demanded of Jesus Christ when it should come. He answered them saying: "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Neither shall they say, Lo here, or Lo there, for the Kingdom of God is within you." (St. Luke 17, 20:21.) The Kingdom of God not only fills all imaginable space in this great expanse before us, but it is here around and about us. It is within us. It is a condition in life we create. God's children are in His Kingdom now. They live, move and have their being in God, and he is never out of His Kingdom; therefore they are in His Kingom now.

If man is pure in heart, lives the true and correct life, rejects all lusts of the flesh, all sensuality and is in full realization and understanding that he is the perfect child of God, he is in the Kingdom of Heaven now as much as he ever can be. Man creates his sphere, his conditions, his environments. In the beginning he was given full power and dominion over all. He has that unlimited power now if he claims and utilizes it in accordance with Divine Law. He does not have to pass through that portal called death, and travel to some distant place beyond the horizon to reach the Kingdom of Heaven.

God said all above the earth was the firmament, and he called it Heaven. That means every hair's breadth of space above the land on which we walk is Heaven. The Kingdom of Heaven is here and now. Jesus Christ preached this doctrine from the time He commenced His ministry. He said: "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." (St. Matt. 4:17.) And St. John, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, said: "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.")St. Matt. 3:2.)

We do not have to wait for the Kingdom of Heaven to come and find us or for God to send it, or to wait until after this so-called death, and travel to some distant clime to enter it. The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand here and now. It is only a question of our acceptance.

If we bow down to Satan's decrees, revel in sensuality and lust, seeking the vain and worthless pleasures of the world, then we forfeit the rich blessings provided for the children of God in his Kingdom.

Jesus Christ did not come to teach us to prepare for death, or how to die, or that Heaven was beyond the grave in some far-off corner of God's universe. He taught that life was deathless and how to live and have eternal life; that man was a living soul, and how to overcome this so-called death and how to have all the blessings of God's Kingdom, and have them here and now.

To enter the Kingdom of Heaven

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is but a short step. We don't have to wait until we have passed beyond the grave. All we have to do it to abandon and step outside of mortality's dominion, close the door behind us, turn our backs on the vanities of the world, knock at the door of God's Kingdom, where Jesus Christ ever stands ready to unlock and let us in.

Man is given freedom. He can choose the life in which he wishes to dwell. He can choose Heaven, or he can follow mortality's way; he can have the good or the bad; he can live in peace, prosperity and happiness in the Kingdom of God, here and now, enjoying all its blessings, or he can live in a life of misery, failures and unhappiness outside of God's dominion. He must choose for himself, and if he makes a false choice there is no one to blame but himself. It is a true saying that "Man creates his own condition."

When we remove from our eyes that veil of darkness and superstition which spring from mortal mind leading to a belief that the ways of the world are all sufficient for man, and let in the sunlight of Truth and the Omnipotence of God, then we will see the Kingdom of Heaven as it is. We will be regenerated. We will pass from darkness to celestial light, from death to life, from ignorance to a full understanding and realization of the beauties, glories and grandeur of man's designed sphere. Then we can say as St. John delineated in the 21st chapter of Revelations:

"I saw a new Heaven and a new earth, for the first Heaven and first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea. I saw the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, coming down from God, and I heard a great voice out of the Heavens saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with man, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

THE MOTHER

Dear company has she upon the ways
Wherein she walks with never-faltering feet,
Visions like Mary's baby-angels sweet
Attend her through the days and months of days.
Solemn and high companionship she knows—
Great angels, Life and Death, are always near—
But every moment still must interpose
Her Household matters, small, insistent, dear;
And by no hope or joy or shadowing wings
Rapt beyond lovely, patient care for these,
And with no wish to wait, serene, apart,
She, careful, troubled about many things,
Goes, thronged by petty importunities,
Sheltering the future underneath her heart.

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Using the Word of Truth

Harriet Hale Rix in The Master Mind

CULTIVATE, by daily practice, dependence up the word of truth, for this is the safe and easy way to a life of self-support, self-control and self-reliance.

Use the word for bringing to pass every good, and for harmonizing every condition. Reduce every experience to a mental basis and handle it with divine mind power, from the details of the household to social, business and national activities.

Nothing is too trivial, nothing too large, complex or simple for the truth to accomplish, for "The entrance of Thy words giveth light," Ps. 119:130. Thus instead of wasting time and energy in an impatient hunt for lost articles, sit down in faith and calmly and quietly affirm, "Divine intelligence knows where it is and will reveal it unto me," or, "My own comes to me." A statement like this will often open your mind to clear seeing, or cause some one else to be an instrument of restoration, or you may upon opening a drawer find your lost article within. A window sticks and cannot be raised, a piece of furniture seems too heavy to move, then know that spirit is the one power in all activity and can do all things easily through you.

Hosea says, "Take with you words and turn to the Lord," Hos. 14:2. Would not this prove the cheerful way of re-establishing your harmonious relationships with others in social or business life?

You can save yourself time, worry, failure and waste by speaking the true word in season.

Instead of depending upon an outside remedy next time a pain appears, turn the light of truth upon the condition by speaking the never-failing healing word, or instead of depending upon friends for advice and counsel, go to the fountain-head within and learn the joy of soul awakening. Thus you will be co-operating with that silent partner, who will transmute you from the position of a burden to humanity to that of being an uplifting and saving power.

The result of faithfully leaning upon the word will be apparent first in the establishment of strength of character, poise and self-control as you affirm God is my strength, nevertheless this form of the word will not be limited to the mind, for every atom of your body will also respond in renewed youth and vigor.

Or as you declare, "God is my health," you will escape the laws of mortal mind, which have in the past made you sensitive to change of climate, food, etc. Instead, you will be centered in serenity of mind and body, free from discord. Again, practicing your truth in another direction you may declare, "God is my defense," and have the joy of feeling protected against false doctrines, as Jesus promised, "They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt

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them," Mark 16:18. Still again, this form of the word may be your defense from the condemnation of others, or from liability to being deceived or involved in loss and accident. A woman who was used to leaning on the word of truth, and who had been greatly blessed thereby, started to enter the Iroquois Theater in Chicago, the day it was burned—the fire in which so many lives were lost—when she heard the voice within say, "Do not enter here, go away." Turning away in obedience, although her little grand-children were crying in disappointment, she lived to rejoice in her own and their deliverance. Her experience was one with Isaiah's, who says, "And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, This is the way, walk ye in it," Isa. 30:21.

To know that God is your support is to draw to yourself your divine inheritance as a Son of God and to eliminate the hard, toilsome methods of gaining support by the sweat of your brow, and not only this, but you will become a magnet for drawing to yourselef moral as well as physical support.

The law of demonstration demands that what you desire to be and to do, you must declare you are and can do, on the premise that God the good is all there really is, the only power and the only presence.

The fairy tale of our childhood in which the good little girl dropped beautiful pearls from her mouth every time she spoke and the naughty little girl spoke forth toads and other symbols of evil, was but an expression of the law that underlies the creation of all forms in the world; or the story of the magician in the tales of the Arabian Nights, who knew a wonder-word to speak which had the power to open the door behind which was stored all wealth, or that of Aladdin's Lamp, which when rubbed would open the eyes to see through all space and through things, was but another way of affirming that "All power is in the word of truth."

"Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer," Ps. 19:14.

INDIVIDUAL PEACE-MAKING

In the great human need of world peace for which many are courageously working today, we may each lend assistance by the powerful element of individual peace-making. Now is the time for each one of us to let divine Love dissipate from our thinking the most of sin which is really the only source of war. If all mortals would immediately and permanently cease to think greed, envy, hate, selfishness and revenge who then would be left to go to war? Warless-thinking in the aggregate must needs follow the individual understanding and appreciation of the perfect Principle of love and brotherhood. Then let each one ask himself if he has faithfully performed his utmost toward the ultimate world-peace by scientifically cleansing his own thoughts of sin. Thus it is salvation from every form of evil is not only possible but certain, because this science of being is the only fact, and being a fact, it is necessarily true now.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

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The Greater Christianity

Annie Rix Militz in The Master Mind

THE greater Christianity is here in which correction is made not by condemnation nor by enlargement upon the sins and errors of individuals and the race, but by the bright shining of Truth and Love. It destroys sin by the life of love, as darkness is put out by bringing in the light. Instead of waiting for a heaven "by and by" to be entered through the gates of death, the greater Christian discovers heaven here and enters into it through the gates of the Christ-life—the life of love and forgiveness lived here upon the earth.

The true Christian finds his church in himself and worships God at the altar of his own heart, consecrating his body as the temple of the living God and keeping it pure and holy because it belongs to God. Also his home is God's dwelling-place, not alone the great piles that have been erected in God's name. Ceremonials, rites and holy days he sees in their right light, for those who must still go through the preparation for his coming.

In the new light, it is seen that the Lord is come already and dwells in the hearts of his people and his kingdom is already here awaiting man's recognition and Christ-living.

In the greater Christianity, Love is the key to all salvation and no one that lives upon the face of the earth is considered hopelessly criminal, incurably diseased, insane for life or forever under the curse of poverty. Because this faith in the good that is for humanity, men and women are working today with more zeal, faith and effectiveness than ever before. There is more faith in the innate goodness of humanity. Instead of dwelling upon the "original sinfulness" of mankind, the real helpers of the race remember its original divinity—that Adam was a child of God before he was a child of sin. They hear again the Master's testimony to the purity and goodness of our babyhood when our "angels ever behold the Father's face."

In the greater Christianity, Wisdom is extolled and the true follower of Christ seeks Wisdom night and day hungry for more knowledge and filled with joy over the hunger, since it draws one continually to the teachers and the books that feed and best of all opens us to the great Teacher within the source of the knowledge that cannot be framed in words.

The greater Christianity has no quarrel with philosophy and science, but finds in them blessed handmaidens of the Lord, becoming every day greater powers to witness the truth in the doctrines of the great spiritual masters of the race, and the rationality in the so-called miracle-works of the Christ.

The new Christian has a faith that sees nothing that is good and beautiful to be impossible. Therefore doubt grows less and likewise the difficulty in the way of doing the

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greater works which Jesus promised should be performed by those who "believed into" him.

The true Christian of this time gives his imagination over to the Spirit that it may "enter into his heart, the things that God hath prepared for him" to do and be. He has a vision of the possibilities of the Christ dwelling in the hearts of men to such a divine consummation, that all this earthly life shall be transfigured and the Great Day dawn upon us in an orderly, glorious fashion, by men growing wise concerning their own powers of mind, having hearts embued with the Christ-love and bodies shining so brightly with the electric fluid coursing through their veins, that this earth shall not need the light of sun, moon or stars, for the inhabitants themselves shall be the light of it.

In that day, it is prophesied, none shall say, "I am sick," nothing shall hurt or destroy, nothing offensive shall be in existence, all the cruelty and wildness shall disappear from the animals, all that is poisonous and ugly from the plants, and all the earth shall be a garden of Eden with the gates of heaven opened wide, having no veils or griefs between the dwellers upon the different planes. Communication shall be restored with the other members of the great firmament, for darkness shall be no more, nor tears, "nor sorrow nor sighing," but the whole earth shall be filled with glory of God, and the life we are intended to live restored forever.

The beauty of a woman is her soul,
As the true beauties of the sea lie deep. —*Larus.*

HOME OF ELIZABETH TOWNE

The next fair spot that received me with open arms was Mt. Holyoke at the home of William and Elizabeth Towne. The day and night spent with these delightful people will never be forgotten. With generous expenditure of their time and efforts they took me autoing through the great college towns around Mount Tom, up to their summer home Netop, over miles of tree-lined mountain roads, exuberant with spring-greenness, and long river-roads, high above the banks, giving vistas of fair scenery—what can a few words do to describe that red-letter day. I was taken into the sanctum of the "Nautilus" work-rooms and had the pleasure of addressing eighteen bright, sweet girls, of meeting Mrs. Towne's son and daughter, of entering into deep things with the souls of William and Elizabeth as the wee sma' hours drew nigh. It was a visit all too short for the many vital themes that we would have gladly communed upon, but fortunately we live in the great Forever and there's another time coming.

Success and high far-reaching usefulness spell all that noble plant in the Berkshire Hills. May its influence quickly reach everyone upon this globe who can this moment be uplifted by it is the best wish I hold for it now, and for many who in the future years shall thank God for the lives of the loving Editor of Nautilus and her able staff of co-workers.—*Annie Rix Militz.*

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.—*Disraeli.*

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Harriet Doane Prentiss

MEDITATION

A deep, subtle longing steals over my soul—
A craving for something to make life seem whole.
Of art, far-famed pictures, broad acres of land,
There is an abundance to meet my demand.
The mountains, enveloped in soft shades of blue,
O'ercast with deep shadows of violet hue,
E'er lure me to worship at their mystic shrine,
And beckon me onward toward the Divine.
The dainty white cottage down under the hill,
With picturesque charm, often captures my will;
The sea, with its surface of shimmering blue,
Casts a reverent spell o'er my fancy, too.

The world is so playful, so gladsome with mirth!
Then why doth mankind seem less buoyant than earth?
Man knoweth not, like the fresh budding flower,
That nature supplies all he needeth each hour.
The trees use their birthright to cover themselves
With all the rich verdure their beauty entails;
They know that earth's increase will meet their demand,
And so they continue to grow and expand.
The charm of the mountain, the vale and the lea,
Interprets God's meaning for those who can see.
Faith, hope, and charity—these graces three—
Must blend into being, before man is free.

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From Platonius

Extract from Letter of Platonius, a Greek Teacher of Truth in the First Century, to Flaccus, His Student.

IT WOULD be monstrous to believe for a moment that the mind was unable to perceive ideal Truth exactly as it is, and that we had no certainty, no real knowledge concerning the world of intelligence. It follows therefore that this region of Truth is not to be investigated as a thing outward to us and so only imperfectly known. It is within us. Hence the object we contemplate, and that which contemplates are identical; both are thought. The subject cannot surely know an object different from itself. The world of ideas lies within our intelligence. Truth is not, therefore, the agreement of our apprehension of an external object, with the object itself. It is the agreement of the mind with itself. Consciousness, therefore, is the sole basis of certainty.

The mind is its own witness. The wise man recognizes the idea of God within him; this he develops by withdrawal into the Holy Place of his soul. He who does not understand how the soul contains the beautiful within itself, seek to realize the beauty without, by laborious production. His aim should be rather to concentrate and simplify, and so to expand his being, instead of going out into the manifold; to forsake it for the One, and so to float upwards toward the divine fount of Being whose stream flows within him. You ask, How can we know the Infinite? I answer: Not by reason; for it is the office of reason to distinguish and define. The Infinite cannot therefore be ranked among its objects. You can only apprehend the Infinite by a faculty superior to reason, by entering into a state in which you are your finite self no longer, in which the Divine Essence is communicated to you. This is ecstasy. It is the liberation of your mind from its finite anxieties. Like only can apprehend like; when you thus cease to be finite you become one with the Infinite in the reduction of your soul to its simplest self, its divine essence, you realize this union, nay, this identity.

INTEMPERANCE AND WORRY

Mourning the loss of friends has led me to study the cause of their earlier departure. It could invariably be traced to intemperance in the broadest sense of that word; intemperance in eating, in drinking, in the gratification of desires, and irregularity of hours and in work, crowning it all with unnecessary worry.—*Depew.*

Blessed are those whose prayers indeed find wing,
Whose hands the gifts of love and mercy bring,
And in His lowly children see their king.

—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

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Bushy-Tail's Wish

BUSHY TAIL was a squirrel, and he lived with his mother and father in a big tree with his brothers and sisters.

Bushy Tail was always wishing for something; he wanted more nuts than he had and his tail was not as bushy as he would like it to be.

He wanted a thicker coat in the winter and he often wished he was as big as a bear that he had once seen.

"Some day you will get your wish," said his mother, "and then you will wish you had been contented with your present condition."

But Bushy Tail did not heed her warning, and one day he was sitting on the ground back of some bushes wishing and wishing, when he heard a voice say:

"I will give you one wish. What shall it be?"

Now, Bushy Tail had heard of the fairies, but he had never beheld one, so when he saw the tiniest creature on a bush close to him he was frightened at first. But when she did not move, but only said again, "One wish; what shall it be?" Bushy said: "I should like to be as big have a"—

"No, you can have o said the fairy. "What most? Stop and thin make your wish."

"I think I would rath big bushy tail, ever and bigger than the one I h plied Bushy Tail.

The fairy reached w and touched his tail, Bushy Tail could wink

"I don't believe she wish," said Bushy T around; but as he spo big bushy tail standing sides, and so big that his back, almost coverin

"I guess I will be the my brothers and sister Bushy Tail. "I will ru show them."

But when he started could not move as fast a fore, he had such a bus it took him a long time t home.

"Oh! look at Bushy," brothers and sisters whe

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him. "Look at his tail; it is bigger than he is."

Bushy puffed up with pride when he heard this, but when he tried to get into the door of his home he found he could not get his tail in.

His brothers and sisters crowded around. "We want to get in," they cried. "Bushy's tail is so big we cannot get past it."

So Bushy had to get out and let his brothers and sisters go in. Then he tried again, but it was of no use, and there he had to sleep with his tail hanging out of the door.

He did not sleep much, however, for poor Bushy thought of the owls and wondered if they might not pull him out by his tail and carry him off.

The next morning he tried to run out on a limb of the tree where he lived, and off he went, falling on his head on the ground.

His tail was so big he could not sit or run over the trees as he had before.

"I told you you would get your wish some day and then you would be sorry," said his mother when Bushy came slowly up the tree crying because he had hurt his head.

He could not run as fast as his brothers and sisters, and they found all the nuts and ate them before he could get there. Then he could not sit up because his tail pulled him over, and, altogether, Bushy Tail was a very unhappy fellow.

He was sitting on the ground right where he was the day before when the fairy granted his wish, but he was looking very sad today and wishing he had his own tail again.

"What is the matter; you do not look happy even with your wish granted? Isn't your tail big enough yet?"

Bushy Tail knew the voice. It was the fairy. "Oh, please give me back my tail!" said Bushy. "This one is so big I cannot get about, and I shall starve if I have to wear it. Do take it back."

"I will give you one more wish," said the fairy; "but this will be the very last you can ever have, so think well, for you will never see me again."

"Give me back my tail," said Bushy without the least hesitation.

The fairy leaned toward him and touched his big tail with her wand, and before Bushy Tail could wink she was gone.

Bushy began to jump and run; he was as spry as ever and he was so happy that he did not walk a step of the way home. He jumped and frisked about until a bird in one of the trees in the forest thought he was crazy.

But he wasn't. He was only happy, and when he reached home he danced about and said to his mother. "See, I have my tail again. I can run as fast as my brothers and sisters and will not have to sleep with my tail outside the door tonight.

"I shall never again wish for anything. I am so happy as I am."

"What is the matter with you?" asked his mother, running up to Bushy. "What do you mean by saying you will not have to sleep with your tail outside the door?"

"I have my own tail again," said Bushy. "I can sleep inside with my brothers and sisters, and not the way

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I did last night. The fairy gave me back my tail. Don't you see, mother."

"I guess you have been dreaming," said his mother. "You slept inside with the rest of us last night, and your tail was inside, too. Where have you been all day?"

Bushy looked at his mother, and then he fell athinking; perhaps he had been asleep under the bush, after all, and dreamed about the fairy and the big bushy tail.

"Any way, if it was a dream, mother," he said, "I will never wish for a bigger tail than I have again, because I thought I was awake and had a tail so big and bushy that I could not run or climb a tree."

"I am glad you are a sensible boy," said his mother, "and will not be wishing for something you do not have and do not need all the time. You will be happier, and, besides that, you have all any squirrel could wish for now."

Daniel Webster's First Case

THE father of Daniel Webster was a farmer. His garden had suffered somewhat from the visits of a woodchuck that lived in a hole close by. One day Daniel and his brother Ezekiel set a steel-trap for the trespasser, and caught him alive. And now the great question was, "What shall be done with the rogue?"

"Kill him," said Ezekiel.

"Let him go," said Daniel, looking with pity into the eyes of the dumb captive.

"No, no!" replied Ezekiel, "he'll be at his old tricks again."

The boys could not agree; so they appealed to their father to decide the case.

"Well, my boys," said Mr. Webster, "I will be judge. There is the prisoner, and you shall be counsel, Daniel for him and Ezekiel against him. It rests with you whether the woodchuck shall live or die."

Ezekiel opened the case. The woodchuck, he said, was a thief by nature. He had already done much harm, and would do more, if he were set free. It had cost a great deal of labor to catch him. It would be harder to catch him a second time; for he would have gained in cunning. It was better on every account to put him to death. His skin would be worth something, although it would not half repay the damage he had done.

The father looked with pride upon his son, little dreaming, however, that he was then showing signs of that power that made him so sound a jurist in his manhood.

"Now, Daniel, it is your turn. I'll hear what you have to say."

Daniel saw that the argument of his brother had sensibly moved his father the judge. The boy's large black eyes looked upon the timid woodchuck, and, as he saw the poor thing trembling with fear, his heart swelled with pity.

God, he said, had made the woodchuck. He made him to live, to enjoy the air and sunshine, the free fields and woods. The woodchuck had as

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much right to live as any other thing that breathes. God did not make him or any other thing in vain. He was not a destructive animal like the wolf or the fox. He ate a few common things, to be sure; but they had plenty of them, and could well spare a part. And he destroyed nothing except the little food needed to sustain his humble life. That little food was as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence, as was the food on their mother's table to them.

God gave them their food. Would they not spare a little for the dumb creature that really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty as they themselves to theirs? Yea, more; the animal had never broken the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often did, but had strictly lived up to the simple instincts that had been given him by the good Creator of all things. Created by God's hands, he had a right from God to his life and his liberty, and they had no right to deprive him of either.

The young orator then alluded to the mute but earnest entreaties of the animal for his life, as sweet, as dear to him, as their own was to them; and to the just penalty they might except, if, in selfish cruelty, they took the life they could not restore,—the life that God Himself had given.

During this appeal for mercy tears had started to the father's eyes, and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks. Every feeling of his manly heart was stirred within him,—gratitude for the gift of so eloquent and noble a boy, pity for the helpless and anxious prisoner at the bar.

The strain was more than he could bear. While Daniel was yet speaking, without thinking that he had won his case, his father sprang from his chair, and, in entire forgetfulness of his character as judge, exclaimed to his elder son, "Zeke! Zeke! let that woodchuck go!"

THE NIGHT EXPRESS

A royal game is the night express,
When the work of the day is done;
When the lamps drive out the loneliness,
And the grate fire glows in its deep recess,
And the winter night creeps on.
"Now come!" I say to my four-year-old.
"The hour for the game is here,
You be the fireman big and bold,
And I'll be the engineer."

A train of chairs in a faultless row,
With one high chair at the head.
"Now, all aboard! Time's up, you know.
Ting-a-ling! toot! toot!" and away we go,
While the furnace fire is fed.
"Steam up! Speed on! for the night is cold,
And the track ahead is clear."
A thrilling ride for the fireman bold,
And a joy to the engineer.

Through farm and forest we thunder on,
And our light shines far ahead.
But—"Look! O deary, the bridge is gone!
A wreck there'll be in the ghostly dawn,
And a train in the river's bed!"
He drops the tools that he sought to hold,

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And his eyes grow wide with fear;
One leap; and he's safe, is the fireman bold,
In the arms of the engineer.

It's many a year since the night express
Went thundering down to the bay;
And a bearded man in a soldier's dress
Is he who sprang to my quick caress
When the bridge was washed away.
Yet I dream, as the winter nights grow cold,
Of the nights of an elder year,
When my four-year-old was the fireman bold,
And I was the engineer.
—*Homer Greene in The Youth's Companion.*

THE DREAM-PEDDLER

Up the street of Slumbertown
Comes the crier with his bell,
Calling softly up and down,
"Dreams to sell! Dreams to sell!
Will the children come and buy?
Such a world of them have I!

"Here are dreams of merry spring,
Fashioned where the blossoms wake;
Where the fields and meadows ring
With the songs the breezes make;
Dreams! Dreams! Come and buy!
Who has merrier dreams than I?

"Here are dreams for summer sleep,—
Fancies light as thistle spray,
Woven where the fairies keep
Carnival and holiday.
Dreams! Dreams! Buy and try!
Who has daintier dreams than I?

"Dreams to sell in Slumbertown!
Sure you'll buy these glowing dreams,—
Warp and woof of red and brown
Chosen from the autumn gleams.
Ah, no peddler far or nigh
Sells such gorgeous dreams as I!

"Here's a dream that Winter brought
From his palaces of snow;
Well his frozen fingers wrought
All its wonders, long ago,
When the stars shone, pure and bright,
On your blessed Christmas night!"

On the streets of Slumbertown
Ever sounds a silver bell,
As the crier wanders down
With his curious wares to sell,
Crying softly, "Come and buy!
Who has sweeter dreams than I?"

In what prayers do men allow themselves! Prayer that craves a particular commodity—anything less than all good, is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul. It is the spirit of God pronouncing His works good. But prayer as a means to effect a private end, is theft and meanness. It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg.—*Emerson.*

"Form a habit of throwing off before going to bed at night all the cares and anxieties of the day—everything which can possibly cause mental wear and tear or deprive you of rest."

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Love is King

LOVE is the great disciplinarian, the supreme harmoniser, the true peace-maker. It is the great balm for all that blights happiness or breeds discontent. It is a sovereign panacea for malice, revenge, all the brutal propensities.

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 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 it 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 undoubtedy 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 antidotes for these passion poisons. She knows that scolding a child, when it is already suffering more that 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 in Love.*

THE CABINET

Cabinet of United States in order of succession to Presidency:

William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, Secretary of State.

William Gibbs McAdoo, of New York, Secretary of Treasury.

Lindley M. Garrison, of New Jersey, Secretary of War.

James Clark McReynolds, of Tennessee, Attorney-General.

Albert Sydney Burleson, of Texas, Postmaster-General.

Josephus Daniels, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy.

Franklin Knight Lane, of California, Secretary of the Interior.

David Franklin Houston, of Missouri, Secretary of Agriculture.

William C. Redfield, of New York, Secretary of Commerce.

William Bauchop Wilson, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of Labor.

Women have equal suffrage with men in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Michigan, Oregon, Utah, Washington and Wyoming.

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The Shadow of His Wings

The Bentztown Bard in Baltimore Sun

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.—*Psalms LXIII:7.*

Out of the burning and the heat,
  Out of the bitter and the blight—
The shadow of His wings grows sweet;
  How tranquil and how cool the night!
Out of the thunder of the fray,
  The passion and the pain of men—
The shadow of His wings doth lay
  Its peace upon our hearts again.

Oh, there we shall rejoice, rejoice,
  And all the bitter hate shall flee
Beneath the music of His voice
  Out of the wide, eternal sea.

Out of the bickering and the hate,
  Out of the snarling and the scorn,
The shadow of His wings shall wait
  To lead us to the kiss of morn.
The hunger for the quiet hour,
  The yearning for the peace that heals
Through love that lifts its perfect flower,
  His answer to our yearning steals.

Oh, there beneath His shadowing wings
  We shall forget and we shall go
Unto the peace of higher things,
  Where streams of beauty gently flow.

There shall be dancing in our hearts
  As when our childhood feet were free,
And as the aching grief departs,
  What skies of glory we shall see!
From all the littleness of men,
  The meanness and the petty guile,
The gates of gold shall swing again
  That barred the gardens of His smile.

And there shall come no more, no more,
  The groaning and the wail of tears,
But only along the echoing shore
  The ripple of the laughing years.

Out of the battle and the blood,
  Out of the old corrupting tide,
The shadow of His wings shall flood
  Above us with its beauty wide—
That shadow of immortal love,
  Beneath whose arc our mortal cares
Shall vanish as the lone gray dove
  That, realm to realm, uncharted fares.

Oh, there we shall be as of old,
  And there we shall be as we dream,
Calm in the beauty of their fold,
  Glad in the pity of their gleam.

Out of the canker and the rust,
  Out of the glamour and the grief,
The shadow of His wings shall thrust,
  And then the combat shall be brief.
The petty meanness and the spite,
  The coward vengeance and the greed,
Shall die along the lanes of light
  That unto higher uses lead.

Soft in the dewy twilight, dear,
  Low o'er the quaint land that sings,
The beauty of His love is near,
  And, oh, the shadow of His wings!

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How to Grow Young

Rev. Jesse Montague Hunter in Christian Yoga Monthly

ONE of the earliest adventurers who came to this continent was impelled by the hope of discovering the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. He was a visionary. The world is inclined to put in a class with him all who teach that the spirit and vigor of youth can be extended to any appreciable length beyond its normal period. And no doubt many on seeing the caption at the head of this article will feel inclined without further hearing to assign the writer to the same company.

I hasten to say, therefore, that it is not the intent of this essay to set before the people of this age any secret of maintaining perpetual youthfulness of soul, mind and body. Whatever may be possible in this respect to the master who has learned to manipulate the secret springs of our common illusions, it is well for us to make sure of our progress along the path, rather than that we attempt any demonstrations beyond our realization.

What we have a right to expect is improvement in every aspect of life. Nothing less than this is balanced development. Progress means improvement; and new truth should mean new realization. It the light of our new scientific discoveries—and most of all, in the light of the New Revelation—we should not only live longer, but we should be more youthful while we do live.

All persons do not begin to "feel the weight of years" at exactly the same age. Some remain youthful in faculties and even in body long after the hair has whitened and their contemporaries are senile and decrepit. When Moses met the angel of death on the summit of Mount Nebo, it is written of him that "He was an hundred and twenty years old when he died; his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." Everybody has known of similar cases. They prove that there is no fixed period in life when old age must begin.

Now if some people are old at thirty and others are young at sixty, there is a reason for the difference; and our first aim in a search for the secret of youthfulness must be to find out what that reason is. The New Revelation teaches us that "everything is in the concept"; that is, everything in the relative plane. We are what we are conscious of being. If there is no place for agedness in our consciousness, we cannot possibly manifest it.

However, it is true that the vast majority of people do begin to manifest the consciousness of age at about the same period of life. There is a reason for this, too. Our common experiences are the result of concepts common to the race. Souls manifesting in the same stage of illusion, or evolution, must have the same experiences; and souls in nearly the same stage must have similar experiences. Therefore, the span of life is outlined, so to speak, by the race concept, while the details are filled in by

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the personal concept. The idea of a narrowly fixed period of youth is a characteristic of the race; hence the tendency to manifest that concept is very strong.

But no matter what the race concept may be, it can manifest in the individual only to the extent that it exists in the individual's consciousness. We are all manifesting it to a greater or less degree; therefore it exists in us all. It is this fact which constitutes us members of the race. But in no two persons does the race concept manifest exactly alike. This proves that personal concept may modify race concept; and that, to the extent that race concept is thus changed, the individual life is changed.

And so the matter resolves itself into the question of the change of concept, or the state of the personal consciousness. The soul is the state of the consciousness, and the body is the reflection of the soul. Change the soul, or the personal concept, and the body changes automatically, just as the shadow must change with the form which it represents. Since the soul has been hammered into its present shape by all the thoughts that have ever been able to impress it, the way in which we may further mould it is to choose the thoughts which shall make the impress for the future. For the law is, "We become like that with which we associate in thought."

The body can manifest no quality which is not first in the soul. If the body seems rigid, the rigidity is really in the personal consciousness. If the body is gross, it is but the sense of grossness in the soul. If the body has ceased to respond to new impressions, it is because the personal concept has become so set that the manifestation of new impressions is impossible; like sun-baked clay, it has hardened in the form of the old impressions. This hardening of outgrown concept is old age. And this explains why old people are inclined to live in the past.

If this state of affairs is allowed to continue, only one thing can ensue — death. The spirit, or real man, is forever unfolding. This is inevitable, for the real self is consciousness, and every act of knowing pushes it forward along the path of it destiny. Therefore, when the personal consciousness becomes so rigid that it can no longer receive new impressions, like the dead skin of the living snake, it must be thrown aside.

The only way for soul and body to march on with the spirit is for the personal consciousness to be kept in a state of impressibility—that is, of youthfulness. The personal consciousness must take on the quality of wax—not that of clay. To this end it is well to think of the body, when we think of it at all, as a substance easily moulded. It is that in reality. Even physical science proves as much. Hence we are not imposing on ourselves when we train ourselves so to think.

Then if we associate this conception of the body with the truth about the real self—that it is a part of God, and therefore immortal; above time and age, and all relative concepts—if this becomes the state of our personal consciousness, how can we manifest senility?

Again, we wish to say that this is

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no idle dream. The ideal set forth here is little more than many are already realizing, and far short of the experience of those near-masters who are already scouting on the mountains of the race's future realization. They have learned to grow young rather than old. And they tell us that every man is just as old as he thinks he is. Youthfulness is a condition of soul, not a matter of years.

One With God

TO BE anything at all we must have an understanding of what we want to be. Man, to be one with God, must first comprehend who and what God is, then learn to identify himself with Omnipresent Being, and finally will (not merely desire) be one with God.

We were taught in childhood that God was a large, powerful man seated on a throne, glittering and glistening with precious jewels. Our childish imaginations sometimes varied this according to our individual natures, and either made of him a benevolent being, inclined to grant every petition properly presented, or a being of moods who lavished favors or inflicted punishments according to his will of the moment.

It has been revealed to many that this is an erroneous conception of God. We know that God is omnipresent. To be omnipresent he could not have form, except as we see him expressed in man, and the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. God is Universal Mind; God is Principle, he is Love, Wisdom, Power, Law. To know him as Principle is to solve all of the many daily problems presented to us.

At first it seems as though we have been deprived of a dear friend when we abandon our idea of a personal God, but through abiding in spiritual patience light will come and we will know that a friend has been gained, not lost, and that that friend is

"Nearer than breathing,
Closer than hands or feet."

When it is understood who and what God is, our relationship to him and our oneness with him is simultaneously revealed. To recognize him as Principle, Love or Wisdom only reveals him in another light. He is individual in each of his children just to the degree that they recognize him as their inspiration and their life from within.

In the innermost depths of our being there is a directive force which in the silence we know as God. To be one with God, quiet all the many clamorous voices from without and within, all the mortal ideas which tap so persistently on the door of the still chamber, the voice of the "world, the flesh, and the devil," and the erroneous belief in separateness. Then the calm peace of Spirit steals softy over our being, the low, distinct inner voice comes from out the stillness, and the light breaking upon us we say with understanding, "I and my Father are one."—*Ellen Hamilton in Unity.*

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"Home, Sweet Home"

The Grave of Its Author in Oak Hill Gemetery, Washington

MANY of the beautiful burying grounds around Washington are the resting places of people who during their lives were of more than ordinary prominence in the affairs of the world. Nearly every cemetery can boast of some grave of distinction. Perhaps the best known graves are those of John Howard Payne, Edwin Stanton, Elbridge Gerry, Salmon P. Chase and Samuel Smith, although there are others of unusual interest.

Oak Hill, which has been proclaimed the most picturesque burying ground in the United States, contains many famous graves. It is the last resting place of John Howard Payne, remembered as the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Edwin Stanton and Salmon P. Chase, two prominent members of Lincoln's Cabinet, are buried there, and also Gen. Lingan, a soldier of Revolutionary fame. But the grave of Payne is the best known of these, and seldom does a visitor go to Oak Hill without inquiring for his monument, although many pass through without knowing of the others whose achievements in life were equally as great.

Payne's life was a busy one, spent in the pursuit of many honors, but the honor that belongs to the great became his through the simple melody that is known the world over. He was a native of Boston, and as a youth went to New York to earn a livelihood. He chose the stage as a profession, and his work was received with much favor here and later in England, where he became a manager as well as an actor. After several years of playing he devoted his time to writing and adapting plays, in which he was very successful. It was in writing an opera, "The Maid of Milan," that he wove in the song that made him famous. The music was written by Henry R. Bishop, after an old melody that Payne had heard in Italy. The opera was produced at Covent Garden in May, 1823, and was well received. It was the song, however, which won the heart of London, and within a year it brought the publishers $100,000.

After this Payne returned to America, and some time later was appointed Consul at Tunis, Africa. While filling this position for the second time he died, and was buried there in the Cemetery of St. George, overlooking the hills of Carthage. Thirty years after, in 1882, his body was brought to this country and laid in Oak Hill. The site of this cemetery was formerly known as Parrott's Woods, and its hills, covered with lofty oaks, were a favorite spot for Sunday school celebrations years ago. In 1849 the ground was given for the cemetery by William Corcoran, a resident of Georgetown. He and his family now rest in Oak Hill, and their mausoleum, of Doric style, is the finest in all the burying ground.

Payne's monument has a prominent

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position near the main entrance, and is directly in front of the ivy-covered chapel, one of the most attractive features. The stone is white and plain in design, with an appropriate inscription regarding his birth, death and fame. On the top is carved a head of the composer. There are no other graves close by, and the well kept lawn and tubs of tropical palms that surround it add to the beauty and distinction of the monument.

RECOMPENSE

A promise depends not only upon the one making it, but upon the one to whom it is made. The giver and the receiver are both necessary to a gift.

There is a law of compensation, of balance, running through every phase of life's activities. You must, under this law, always pay in same value for everything you receive; and you are surely recompensed for everything you give. It may not return in kind, yet in some manner you receive its equivalent of the same quality.

Like begets like. A smile will attract a smile. A good word calls for another in return. A cheerful attitude admits a flood of sunlight, to be radiated through the cold and barren places of earth, giving them the warmth and glow of health and peace. A disposition to give others a square deal in everything is one of the chief elements of true and lasting success. A healthy-thoughted person is seldom sick—for, like begets like.—*Charles Edgar Prather.*

THINK NO EVIL

One of the greatest commandments and a law toward the fulfilment of our choicest desires is "Think no evil!" In the simple faith of our childhood most things came as we wished them; our minds were pure and a magnet for happy vibrations. We can restore these conditions in our advanced years, with wisdom; for in order to obtain certain results certain conditions must prevail—cheeriness, forgiveness and their kindred of life, the birds and flowers and their joyousness. Be content if you are not amassing money every moment, and acquire wealth of soul, peace of mind, and joy of spirit—truly live! And "think no evil!" "Thou shalt not criticise thy neighbor. He is God's child and entitled to thy love!" "Thou shalt lie down and rest in peace." "Underneath are the everlasting arms!"—*Rose M. de Vaux-Royer.*

A DEFINITE PURPOSE

A definite purpose and a steady, unwavering faith in your power to accomplish are necessary to the demonstration of prosperity. Uncertainity, changeableness about what you wish to do, keeps the forces disturbed, confused, weak, fruitless; while decision, positiveness, gives them a direct powerful action in you and in your affairs, so bringing success. Therefore cultivate decision, and overcome all the wavering states of mind that you have built up through uncertainity.

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AT THE CROSSROADS

An old man sat at the cross-roads
On a stone by the village street;
He was weary and worn and travel-stained
And faint from the dust and heat,
And his gray head drooped as he sat there
With hunger and travel spent,
While the noon-day throng went hurrying by
On their homeward journey bent.
And I passed by with the others
In that heedless current caught
That recks nor cares for the stranger poor,
Nor the homeless wanderer's lot.

But the picture left its image;
I could not drive it away,
And I thought of One who would surely have paused
Had He been in the crowd that day.
How His eye sought out the outcast,
Who was barred from his fellow's door,
How He gave His hand to the woman shamed,
And bade her sin no more.
I saw Him kneel by the leper,
As he shuddered and cried, "Unclean!"
And health and joy and manhood came
At the touch of the Nazarene.

They are sitting there at the cross-roads,
Weary and faint—alone;
There are many bowed with a sinner's shame,
Or a shame that is not their own.
It may be a friendless orphan,
Or a slave in the thrall of drink—
Your path may lead to a happy home,
And his to the river's brink.
The wretched, the weak, the burdened,
The pilgrim with way-worn feet—
They are sitting there as the old man sat
At the place where the cross-roads meet.

Oh, linger a bit at the wayside,
And let your heart be heard,
As it bids you pause by your brother man
And give him a cheering word.
For the life that loves is lovely
And the soul that gives expands,
And the heart that warms to a brother's need
Is like to the Son of Man's.
And the meed will be right royal,
When He says to you and me,
"Inasmuch as ye did for the least of these
Ye have done it unto Me."

—*F. C. Wellman in The War Cry.*

THE CHURCH

I love the rites of England's church;
I love to hear and see
The priest and people reading slow
The solemn litany;
I love to hear the glorious swell
Of chanted psalm and prayer,
And the deep organ's bursting heart,
Throb through the shivering air.

Chants, that a thousand years have heard,
I love to hear again,
For visions of the olden time
Are awakened by the strain;
With gorgeous hues the window-glass
Seems suddenly to glow,
And rich and red the streams of light
Down through the chancel flow.

And then I murmur, "Surely God
Delighted here to dwell;

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This is the temple of his Son
Whom He doth love so well;"
But, when I hear the creed which saith,
This church alone is His,
I feel within my soul that He
Hath purer shrines than this.

For His is not the builded church,
Nor organ shaken dome;
In everything that lovely is
He loves and hath His home;
And most in soul that loveth well
All things which He hath made,
Knowing no creed but simple faith
That may not be gainsaid.

His church is universal Love,
And whoso dwells therein
Shall need no customed sacrifice
To wash away his sin.
And music in its aisles shall swell,
Of lives upright and true,
Sweet as dreamed sounds of angel-harps
Down quivering through the blue.

They shall not ask a litany,
The souls that worship there,
But every look shall be a hymn,
And every word a prayer;
Their service shall be written bright
In calm and holy eyes,
And every day from fragrant hearts
Fit incense shall arise.

—*James Russel Lowell.*

HE WAS A JEW

One day, in loved Jerusalem,
There rushed a shrieking, maddened crowd
Upon a lowly form,
Before his Savior bowed.
And when with cruel stones, they crushed
His beautiful and gentle life,
He prayed the Father to forgive
Their ignorance and raging strife.
This man was Stephen, lo, a Jew!
Who died for Christ! Would I?
Would you?

See, far upon a lonely isle,
An aged man with snowy locks!
Exiled to labor in the mines,
His only temple wind-swept rocks.
Ah! once he leaned on Jesus' breast,
And gazed with fond, adoring eyes.
This man was John, beloved, a Jew!
Witness for Christ. Am I? Are you?

A Gallilean fisher stood
Amidst a fierce, and angry throng.
No tremor spoke of hidden fear,
His face was peaceful, calm and strong.
And when they nailed him to a cross,
As they had nailed his blessed Lord,
He gloried thus to die for Christ,
And counted it a rich reward.
This man was Peter—yes, a Jew!
Who died for Christ. Would I?
Would you?

A captive, bound, was brought one day
To Nero's judgment seat at Rome.
For Christ he wore the heavy chain,
For Christ he had nor wealth, nor home.
The noblest martyr Rome could boast
Of all the thousands that she slew,
The great apostle sent of God,
To Gentiles with the message true.
This man was Paul, e'en Paul, the Jew!
Who died for Christ. Would I?
Would you?

—*From The Record of Christian Work.*

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The New Thought Home

Kathleen M. H. Besly in "Power"

THE sweetest word in the English language is home—a word which cannot be translated into all languages; one which we have made ours because of the great love and reverence with which we have surrounded it.

We all know what tremendous power thought has, and the strong thought of the strong Anglo-Saxon race has been put with a strong love on the word home and made it sacred to our ears.

It has been said of this new thought movement that it was largely pushed on by women. All through history women have been helpers in the progress of humanity.

Mary, the mother of Christ, put in practice all that we of the new thought most admire. When the angel, or the "still, small voice," told her, in the silence, of the great place she was elected to fill, she did not shirk her responsibility, but answered; "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." It was not a burden put upon her, but a joy granted to her. She showed her joy in activity. She arose and went to her cousin Elizabeth, took the long journey without fear, happy, bubbling over with joy and gladness, and was rewarded by an inspiration of the most sublime nature—an inspiration which she put into words and gave to the world in that song of praise known as the Magnificat.

In this song of praise Mary accepted for herself and for each and every woman the glorious task of being the sweet center of the home. Let us prove that we are worthy of this great responsibility, this beautiful trust, and push on the good work with all our might, making our homes such that all may see and understand the glorious influence which this very old thought that we call new has on our lives.

Sometimes in our children we seem to be faced by unexpected and difficult problems. Nine times out of ten, if we trace the trouble back to its origin we shall find that at some time under some circumstances we have failed to put this teaching into practice and the problem we face is the result of this failure. The way, then, as at all times, to find a solution for our problem is to go into the silence and listen to the still, small voice within, which is ever ready to direct us in the truth, and will always lead us to the right way and never fail.

We must never be discouraged or give up, even when we are not conscious of the right results. If our children seem to suffer the ills that flesh has been thought heir to, we must give them mental treatment, and, above all things, the parents must cast out of their hearts every fear. They must realize that peace which Christ left: "My peace I give unto you; * * * let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Many a child has been made ill by

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the too solicitous thought of its parents.

In matters of education, both father and mother should share in the responsibility, and each should take an equal interest in the children's studies and work of all kind.

Every mother should instruct her children in the spiritual thought. It is well to have a little simple Sunday school on Sunday morning—not a long one, but let it be a very interesting one to the child. Let the mother take the International Sunday school lessons if they appeal to her, and tell the story to the children. Let her make them understand and enjoy and look forward to the recital and themselves draw the moral from each story. A new thought mother should teach her children as soon as they can understand at all to go into the silence, and listen to the still, small voice. A good method is, after the children have heard the Sunday school story, to give their individual ideas of what thought would be appropriate to take into the silence. Then let the mother take the combined thought of the children and condense it into as short an intelligible sentence as she can. Then let the children repeat this sentence several times aloud; then let the mother tell them to repeat it silently deep in each little heart, and think what it means. Let the children keep silent and think for two or three minutes. It is well to begin and end the Sunday school with some simple little hymn, for there never was a child yet who did not love to sing, whether he did so in tune or out of tune, and by holding the strong thought of harmony the mother can help the little ones to realize it in their singing. Never hold up to the child's vision any dark picture; let him always realize that God is good and God is everywhere; therefore, good is everywhere.

The mother or father in our sweet truth homes must be the clergyman of the family. The worship of God must be taught always. It is not necessary for a child to be taken to church to be taught religion. The home should be so full of real true religion that the child shall imbibe it as it imbibes its mother's milk.

In our new thought homes we must pray without ceasing. That we can and must do by consecrating our every word, thought and deed to the highest good; that is the only religion which counts for anything. It is by teaching this religion that we follow Christ's injunction: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

The home must be the happiest place in all the world. There must be no austerity, no long and wearisome prayers nor sermons.

Games should be entered into by parents and children, and a wholesome, joyous spirit should be cultivated. No innocent game should be frowned upon, no jollity or laughter checked. Often our Master said: "That my joy may be in you." Often He spoke of joy and gladness. Christ was seen at feasts and festivals.

Every home should be a center of hospitality.

That virtue was always taught by the Master and His disciples. Hospitality is a duty which is required of all. St. Peter in his fourth epistle

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says: "Use hospitality one to another without grudging." Whether the home be modest or magnificent, the same spirit of loving hospitality should reign in each.

The new thought has nothing of the severity and asceticism of puritanism; it has nothing of boisterous, rollicking revelry. It is filled with a holy joy and the wholesome saving grace of wit and humor without any sting. Trine in "What All the World's a-Seeking" says: "It is the fully developed we want, not the ethereal pale-blooded man and woman, but the man and woman of flesh and blood for action and service here and now; the man and woman strong and powerful, with all the faculties and functions fully unfolded and used, all in royal bounding condition, but all rightly subordinated. The man and woman of this kind with the imperial hand of mastery upon all, standing, moving like a king—nay, like a very god—such the man, such the woman of power. Such is the ideal life; anything else is one-sided and falls short of it."

Such the man and such the woman who make a true new thought home.

MARY WILL BE MISSED

Miss Mary Dunn, one of our excellent and popular nurses in the hospital, left for her home near Wake Forest, where she will take a much-needed vacation for two weeks. During her absence she will be sadly missed, for she is a glorious bundle of animated sunshine and flings the radiance of brighter cheer over every scene in which she moves. As spring would miss the beauty and the perfume of its blooming flowers; as the woodland would miss the carolings of its merry songbirds, which entwine every twig with a wreath of song; as the mountain brook would miss the melody borne in its rippling tides as they go singing their wordless songs on their journey to the sea; as the sky would miss the glistening radiance of those twinkling stars that embroider the fabric of darkness with the glittering stitches of glistening light and make a sparkling robe for night to wear, just so will this brilliant jewel of the hospital be missed by every old soldier who admires her so highly for her noble qualities.—*Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.*

DEBT

Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach are disagreeable, but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And if it had pleased God to share either or all my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson that I have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is: "Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but 50 cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar."—*Horace Greeley.*

It's good to put a bother away over night; it all straightens out in the morning.—*Whitney.*

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To Accomplish Thought Reversal

STUDENTS seem to think that if they give half an hour a day to true affirming they can go on all the rest of the day thinking in the old and untrue way, and the one half hour's true affirming will wipe out or nullify all the untrue thinking of the fifteen hours and a half.

The half hour's true affirming in the morning is for the purpose of putting thought in the right attitude for the day, and to strengthen it, and help it to keep this true attitude throughout the day. This half hour's true thinking is to be carried into the details of all the other half hours of the day.

The half hour's true affirming will be expressed in your body and its conditions, but so will the untrue affirming of the other thirty-one half hours of the day.

Mentality has undertaken a gigantic work, one which needs an infinitude of power to successfully accomplish.

It is no child's play to reverse the direction of a large river. Neither is it child's play to reverse the direction of a mentality's whole thinking. And this is what we have undertaken in accepting this new and true conception of man, individually and collectively.

All our conceptions have to be changed, all our convictions and all our thinking. This can be done, but it requires watchfulness and perseverance all the half hours of the day if we would bring our desire for a reversed direction of thinking to fulfillment.

The ill condition of the body may be that which sets the soul seeking for the Truth that must heal it, but before one has gone far on the way he realizes that a healthy bodily condition, important and necessary as it is, is but a tithe of the work we have undertaken.

An honest and fearless view of the kind of conviction and thoughts which are filling the soul must convince any sincere worker that there is in it enough untrue thinking to produce any ill condition the body may have.

If anyone desires to make the grand reversal of thought, he must bring a great desire and a great love to the work. If he does not, his progress will be slow. But with love and desire in his heart, he will find all the determination and perseverance needed. On the strength of his desire and his love he will rise above every inner binding of thought and conviction. He will find health and strength following upon his change of mental attitude as a result of the inner change of working. He will see also the other glories awaiting his acceptance when he will have filled more hours of the day with true thinking.

What one desires much that he is ready to work much for—even the great work of reversing the direction of his thoughts.

Accomplishment, joy, peace, gladness, happiness, and plenty, await the faithful worker.—*Alma Gillen.*

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"Overcome Evil With Good"

IT IS quite impossible that by meeting evil with evil we can ever be victorious over it. The result will be the very opposite. Instead of triumphing, we shall be ourselves "overcome." We shall be defeated and disgraced by our own bad temper and ill feeling.

There is only one way of conquering injury, when it is done to us; and that is, to return good for evil.

One day, when the horse of a good man in Massachusetts happened to stray into the road, a churlish neighbor put the animal into the public pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added, "If I catch him in the road after this, I'll do just so again." "Neighbor," replied the other, "a night or two ago I looked out of my window, and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard; and if ever I catch them there at any other time, I'll do it again." The man was so struck with the reply that he at once took the horse out of the pound, and paid the charges himself.

The Gospel plan of dealing with injuries sometimes yields a double victory. First, it often disarms the enemy. But there is another thing which it never fails to do. It enables the person who has been wronged to gain a victory over self. It helps him to overcome the evil that is in his own heart. To seek the good of those who have wronged us leads to the subduing of bad feeling towards them. Revenge is weakened and destroyed by being resisted. And our whole nature, too, is sweetened.

Those persons have praise both of men and of God who kill their enemies with kindness. King Henry VI of England had this beautiful words spoken of him: "He never forgot anything but injuries." It was said about Archbishop Cranmer: "If you want to get a favor from him, do him a wrong." Those who act so are "the children of their 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." It is to be like God to suffer wrong, and yet forgive.
—*Charles Jerdan.*

THE GREAT VOICE

I who have heard solemnities of sound—
The throbbing pulse of cities, the loud roar
Of ocean on sheer ledges of gaunt rock,
The chanting of innumerable winds
Around white peaks, the plunge of cataracts,
The whelm of avalanches, and by night
The thunder's panic breath—have come to know
What is earth's mightiest voice—the desert's voice—
Silence, that speaks with deafening tones of God.
—*Clinton Scollard in the "Outlook."*

"Keep thy heart with all diligence."

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PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES

George Washington—Born in Virginia, February 22, 1732; inaugurated April 30, 1789; died December 14, 1799, aged 67 years.

John Adams—Born in Massachusetts, October 30, 1735; inaugurated March 4, 1797; died July 4, 1826, aged 91 years.

Thomas Jefferson — Born in Virginia, April 2, 1743; inaugurated March 4, 1801; died July 4, 1826, aged 83 years.

James Madison—Born in Virginia, March 6, 1751; inaugurated March 4, 1809; died June 28, 1836, aged 82 years.

James Monroe—Born in Virginia, April 2, 1759; inaugurated March 4, 1817; died July 4, 1831, aged 72 years.

John Quincy Adams—Born in Massachusetts, July 11, 1767; inaugurated March 4, 1825; died February 23, 1848, aged 81 years.

Andrew Jackson—Born in North Carolina, March 15, 1767; inaugurated March 4, 1829; died June 8, 1845, aged 78 years.

Martin Van Buren—Born in New York, December 5, 1782; inaugurated March 4, 1837; died December 27, 1862, aged 80 years.

William H. Harrison—Born in Virginia, February 9, 1773; inaugurated March 4, 1841; died April 4, 1841, aged 68 years.

John Tyler—Born in Virginia, March 20, 1790; inaugurated April 5, 1841; died January 17, 1862, aged 72 years.

James K. Polk—Born in North Carolina, November 2, 1795; inaugurated March 4, 1845; died June 15, 1849, aged 54 years.

Zachary Taylor—Born in Virginia, November 24, 1790; inaugurated March 4, 1849; died July 9, 1850, aged 60 years.

Millard Fillmore—Born in New York, May 7, 1800; inaugurated July 10, 1850; died March 8, 1874, aged 74 years.

Franklin Pierce—Born in New Hampshire, November 23, 1804; inaugurated March 4, 1853; died October 8, 1869, aged 65 years.

James Buchanan—Born in Pennsylvania, April 23, 1791; inaugurated March 4, 1857; died June 1, 1868, aged 77 years.

Abraham Lincoln—Born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809; inaugurated March 4, 1861; died April 15, 1865, aged 56 years.

Andrew Johnson—Born in North Carolina, December 29, 1808; inaugurated April 15, 1865; died July 31, 1875, aged 67 years.

Ulysses S. Grant—Born in Ohio, April 27, 1822; inaugurated March 4, 1869; died July 23, 1885, aged 63 years.

Rutherford B. Hayes—Born in Ohio, October 4, 1831; inaugurated March 5, 1877; died January 17, 1893, aged 62 years.

James A. Garfield—Born in Ohio, November 19, 1831; inaugurated March 4, 1881; died September 19, 1881, aged 50 years.

Chester A. Arthur—Born in New York, October 5, 1830; inaugurated September 22, 1881; died November 18, 1886, aged 56 years.

Grover Cleveland — Born in New Jersey, March 18, 1837; inaugurated

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March 4, 1885; died June 24, 1908, aged 71 years.

Benjamin Harrison—Born in Ohio, August 20, 1833; inaugurated March 4, 1889; died March 13, 1901, aged 68 years.

Grover Cleveland—Born in New Jersey, March 18, 1837; inaugurated March 4, 1893; died June 24, 1908, aged 71 years.

William McKinley—Born in Ohio, January 29, 1844; inaugurated March 4, 1897; died September 14, 1901, aged 57 years.

Theodore Roosevelt—Born in New York, October 27, 1858; inaugurated September 14, 1901.

William H. Taft—Born in Ohio, September 15, 1857; inaugurated March 4, 1909.

Woodrow Wilson—Born in Virginia, December 28, 1856; inaugurated March 4, 1913.

SURGERY OF THE WORD OF TRUTH

Thought can loose and separate the cells of our bodies, and thought can bind them. More skillful and sure than any surgeon's lancet is the Word of Truth held in mind for the cutting away of false accretions. All that surgery is performing by long, uncertain and dangerous processes can be accomplished quickly and perfectly by the sword of the Word. A young woman whose life had become a burden through the pain and heaviness in her generative organs to which no physican could bring relief, turned at last to a simple-hearted healer, new in experience and without knowledge as to the anatomy or disease of the human body. This young healer told her silently the Truth of her real being from day to day, totally disregarding the claims of the earthly senses. She did not think about the cells and their work ing, but the intelligence that rules the cells co-operated with her and from day to day they withdrew themselves from false expressions. The first blessing that came to the patient was release from pain, then the heavy feeling passed from her, and one day she came to her healer and showed her a little fibrous sac which had passed from her uterus containing a number of tiny tumors from the size of a pea to a marble. By the subtle surgery of the spirit this false lining with its parasitical growths had been separated from the womb without the breaking of a bloodvessel or the loss of one moment's consciousness through anaesthetic drugging. And that woman became free as in the days of her girlhood and is a living, loving proof of God's power to heal this day, though that work took place nearly twenty years ago.—*The Master Mind.*

STAND FACE TO THE SUN

I must lay this truth well to my heart: that the men who win are very seldom those who are always peering and pondering on the dark side. They are those who get heaven and the sun for the background to their own best striving; and then the fairest fortune possible to us comes through that winsome light. To lose this is to lose my strongest ally, and I put a cheerful courage on when I stand with my face to the sun—*Rev. Robert Collyer.*

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The Warmakers

Dr. Frank Crane in Washington Star

"BLESSED are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Accursed, therefore, are the warmakers, for they shall be called the children of the devil.

There is no truth that should be seared with Sinaitic fire upon the minds of Americans so important as this: That in our present relations with Mexico or Japan, or in any thinkable future relations, a better way than war may be discovered to bring about justice and harmony.

There never was a war that did not arise from stupidity, vanity, greed and lack of self-control on the part of rulers.

When Demos is the ruler he is no better than kings.

The warmakers are with us. Among them are these:

The rash, ignorant and adventurous youth. They are filled with the glamor of history, war-soaked and intoxicating. They see only the thrill of the game; they do not realize the horror of it.

Certain business interests. They would improve the value of their foreign holdings, or make gain by supplying armament or supplies to the army, or in some way feather their own nests with the profits of organized murder and rapine.

Certain politicians who see advancement for themselves in arousing the war lust of the populace.

The army and navy, tired of idleness and eager for advancement into dead men's shoes.

The people at large, who are easily carried away by a wave of war enthusiasm, who sweep aside the wisdom and counsel of intelligent and humane statesmen and plunge into any bloody excess where fanatic and mistaken patriotism is opposed only by reason and justice.

War means graft piling up mountain high.

It means universal waste and extravagance.

It means millions of jobs for the unfit.

It means a thousand hungry hands thrust into the national exchequer.

It means every species of insane selfishness let loose at home and abroad.

It means the prostitution of "patriotism" from a high devotion to the public service to the wild violence of brute pugnacity.

THE SMILE IS SUNSHINE

What the sunshine is to all material nature, quickening all life, giving to all things beauty, color and fragrance, tinting even dead matter with a glow of gold, and giving to true gold itself a higher glisten, so the smile is to human life, making sorrows and disappointments easier to bear and giving joys themselves a richer sweetness.

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The Greatest Enemy of the Human Race

FEAR in all its different phases of expression, such as worry, anxiety, anger, jealousy, timidity, is the greatest enemy of the human race. It has robbed man of more happiness and efficiency, has made more men cowards, more people failures, or forced them into mediocrity, than anything else.

Fear has a paralyzing, blighting influence upon the whole being. It impoverishes the blood and destroys health by impairing the digestion, cutting off nutrition, and lowering the physical and mental vitality. It crushes hope, kills courage, and so enfeebles the mind's action that it can not create or produce.

Many people are afraid of nearly everything. They are afraid of a draft, afraid of getting chilled or taking cold, afraid to eat what they want, to venture in business matters for fear of losing their money, afraid of public opinion. They have a perfect horror of what Mrs. Grundy thinks. They are afraid hard times are coming, afraid of poverty, afraid of failure, afraid the crops are going to fail, afraid of lightning and tornadoes. Their whole lives are filled with fear, fear, fear.

Fear strangles originality, daring, boldness; it kills individuality and weakens all the mental processes. Great things are never done under a sense of fear of some impending danger. All work done when one is suffering from a sense of fear or foreboding has little efficiency. Fear always indicates weakness, the presence of cowardice. What a slaughterer of years, what a sacrificer of happiness and ambitions, what a ruiner of careers this monster has been!

One of the worst forms of fear is that of a foreboding of some evil to come, which hangs over the life like a threatening cloud over a volcano before an eruption.

Some people are always suffering from this peculiar phase of fear. They are apprehensive that some great misfortune is coming to them, that they are going to lose their money or their position; or they are afraid of accident or that some fatal disease is developing in them. If their children are away, they see them in all sorts of catastrophes—railroad accidents or shipwrecks. They are always picturing the worst.

The fear habit shortens life, for it impairs all the physiological processes. Its power is shown by the fact that it actually changes the chemical composition of the secretions of the body. Fear victims not only age prematurely, but they also die prematurely. Oh, how many victims fear has put into the grave. It has driven people into all sorts of crime through unbalancing the mind. It has caused terrible tragedies in human life.

There is not a single redeeming feature about fear or any of its numerous progeny. It is always, everywhere, an unmitigated curse.

A man who is filled with fear is

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not a real man. He is a puppet, a manikin, an apology of a man.

Quit fearing things that may never happen, just as you would quit any bad practice which has caused you suffering.— *Orison Swett Marden.*

SHUT OUT THE POISON

It is not difficult to shut out all poisonous thoughts from our mind. Anyone can rid himself of the pernicious thought enemies of the mind and body if he will take the trouble so to do. All that is necessary is to substitute the opposite thought to that which produces the fatal poison. It will always furnish an adequate antidote to the latter. Discord cannot exist in the presence of harmony. The charitable thought, the love thought, will very quickly kill the jealousy, the hate, the revenge thought. If we force pleasant, cheerful, uplifting pictures to our mind, the gloomy, the "blue" thoughts will have to get out.

When we shall have learned to shut out all the enemies of our health, of our digestion, of our assimilation, the enemies which poison our blood and other secretions; when we shall have learned how to keep the imagination clean, the thought pure, the ideals bright; when we shall have learned the tremendous power of a great life-purpose to systematize and purify the life, then we shall know how to live! When we shall have learned to antidote the hate thought, the jealousy thought, the envy thought, the revenge thought with the love, the charity thought; when we shall have grasped the secret of antidoting all discordant thoughts with the harmony thought; when we shall have learned the mighty life-giving power in the holding of the right mental attitude and the awful tragedy and suffering which come from holding the wrong mental attitude, then shall civilization go forward by leaps and by bounds. Every word a living, powerful truth.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH

The only authority for Truth that Jesus ever gave, the only leader of men that he recognized, was the Spirit of Truth. Men sometimes overlook this fact and substitute the Bible, as a book, for their authority and guide. This leads to errors, and misunderstanding, and confusion, and an endless variety of doctrines. By acknowledging the Spirit of Truth as the one and only authority, the Bible will lose nothing, for whatever of Truth is expressed in it will then be understood and appreciated as never before, while errors of the translators and interpreters will be readily discerned. Friends of the Bible are only binding themselves in limitation and keeping its golden truths hidden by looking away from the Spirit of Truth to something external, even though that something be so wonderful a thing as the Bible.

Thought understands that thoughts and feelings of dislike and condemnation are of no use to an All-Love Creator. In this understanding thought has its inspiration for lovingness, and its strength to be faithful and true to the Love it has seen to be. —*Alma Gillen.*

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

LEMME GO LOOK

The woman left the girl arranging the dinner table and went to the kitchen for something. A great hulking negro was sitting in the kitchen rocker. Indignant, the woman hurried back.

"Cindy," she demanded, "what have I told you about having your beaux in the kitchen?"

"Laws, miss, he ain't no beau! Why, he's nuffin' but my brudder."

Somewhat mollified, the woman went back to the kitchen.

"So you are Cindy's brother?" she said kindly.

"Law bless yo' no, miss," he answered. "I ain't no 'lation 'tall to her. I'se jes' keepin' comp'ny wif her."

The woman sought Cindy again.

"Cindy," she asked sternly, "why did you tell me that that man was your brother? He says he is no relation."

Cindy looked aghast.

"Fo de Lawd's sake, miss, did he say dat? Jes, you' stay here a minit and lemme go look ag'in."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

SHE HAD NOTICED

Milkman—I s'pose you notice I am leavin' warm milk every morning, mum.

Housekeeper—Yes; and, considering the number of diseases flying around, I think it's real thoughtful of you to boil the water.—*New York Weekly.*

WILL YOU AUTOGRAPH?

I went to a hotel in Georgia and said to the clerk, "Where shall I autograph?"

"Autograph?' said the clerk.

"Yes, sign my name, you know."

"O, right here." I signed my name in the register. In a little while in came some Georgia Crackers. One of them advanced to the desk.

"Will you autograph?" asked the clerk, with a smile.

"Certainly," said the Georgia Cracker, beaming, "mine's rye. What's yours, fellers?"

The clerk treated with good grace. Then he leaned back and glared at me. I felt sorry for him, and was somewhat conscience-stricken. "Too bad," I said. "This is what comes from speaking a foreign language in your own country."—*Chauncey H. Depew.*

RESULTS AND CONSEQUENCES

A teacher asked her class in spelling to state the difference between the words "results" and "consequences."

A bright girl replied: "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."

A SECOND EDISON

Farmer: Yes, sir, that hired man of mine is one of the greatest inventors of the century.

City Boarder: What did he invent?

Farmer: Petrified motion.

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GREAT MEN'S SAYINGS

"We have buried the corkscrew." —W. J. Bryan.

"Golf hath its victories."— W. H. Taft.

"Don't cheer, boys. The yellow devils are lying."—Gov. Johnson.

"Please help the dumb."—T. Roosevelt.

"Let me break the heads of a nation and I care not who breaks its hearts."—Em. Pankhurst.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

HE COULD TAKE HIS CHOICE

A man from the city went to a small country town in New Hampshire to spend his vacation. At the station he took the stage, which was drawn by two dilapidated horses, and found that he had no smaller bill than a five-dollar one, which he handed to the driver.

The driver looked at it for a moment or so, and then said: "Which horse do you want?"

WHEN LOVE IS NEW

A Horton paper states that a young locomotive engineer recently married attracts the attention of his wife by blowing the whistle from the time he strikes the outskirts of the town until he reaches the station. Old heads in the business say that in two or three years he will be trying to make the old engine come to town on her tiptoes.—*Kansas City Star.*

COULD DO IT EASY

He—"Could you marry a man who spends all he makes."

She—"No; but I could love him while it lasted."—*Judge.*

THE VERY GLASSES SHE WANTED

The lecturer had been describing some of the sights he had seen abroad.

"There are some spectacles," he said, "that one never forgets."

"I wish you could tell where I can get a pair of them," exclaimed an old lady in the audience. "I'm always forgetting mine."

HOW THE BUTCHER EXPLAINED

"Mr. Cleaver, how do you account for the fact that I found a piece of rubber tire in the sausage I bought last week?"

"My dear madam, that only goes to show that the motor-car is replacing the horse everywhere."—*New York Times.*

IN NEW YORK

Manhattan—Don't you hate a trick people have of reading one's newspaper over one's shoulder in subway trains?

Bronx—No one ever bothers me that way. My paper is printed in English.—*Judge.*

THE REASON FOR IT

"Why do they call these dentists' offices dental parlors?" asked Smith of his friend.

"Why, parlor is the old-fashioned name for drawing-room."—*Ex.*

THOSE BUTTON SHOES

"I want a pair of button shoes for my wife."

"This way, sir. What kind do you wish?"

"Doesn't matter—just so they don't button in the back."

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The Widespread Propagation of Fear

Works, of California, in U. S. Senate

THE dangers of disease and death are kept constantly in the public mind. People are warned to avoid this and shun that, and taught to believe this means one disease and that another, until the weak in body or mind are brought under the influence of this powerful suggestion and the strong are not always able to throw it off. Man is afraid of the food he eats, the water he drinks, and the air he breathes. Possessed with fear, he shuns certain foods that he thinks are hurtful, he shuts out the fresh air, and drinks boiled or bottled water. He has become a very craven, the slave of his unreasonable fears. I have heard a member of this body declare that he could not ride from the Capitol to the Office Building in a closed subway without taking cold, and therefore he walked while others rode. Another is afraid to take a drink of ice water, because if he drinks it it paralyzes the stomach. Last summer when the thermometer hovered about 90 the Sergeant-at-Arms had electric fans placed in the Senate to relieve the heat, but if one was put in motion it was ordered stopped. Some one was afraid it would give him cold. And so it would probably; not because a little fresh air could give anyone cold, but because of his fears. If he could learn not to be afraid, and no one else were afraid for him, he would never take cold. Job said, "That which I greatly feared hath come upon me." So it is with the man of to-day. To fear disease is to invite it. Disease is wholly mental. The material body, without mind, has no sensation. Destroy consciousness and the body does not feel. The condition of mind reacts on the body and makes it sick or well, according to the thought either of the individual or others who think about him. Hatred, malice, revenge, fear, and other wrong thoughts are the breeders of disease. Every competent physician will tell you so. And yet these same physicians are doing more to excite the fears of the people than everybody else. And they are here now, urging Congress to authorize the Government to put out printed information that will feed the fears of the people of the whole Nation and engender more diseases and sacrifice more lives than ever the doctors will heal or save. If the people could once be taught to think and talk health and not disease, harmony and not discord, faith and trust, and not fear, life and not death, a health department need not be thought of. If the people could only be taught to trust in an omnipotent and good God instead of the doctor and his remedies, and thereby cast off all fear, disease would be unknown. To one having some of this faith and trust that dispels fear in the degree that one trusts and understands, the thought that is bestowed

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upon disease, sickness, and death, and the power that is given to them in the human mind is little less than appalling. I can not keep silent and allow this Nation to become a party to this monstrous propaganda of fear and devastation of its people.

SOME OF WASHINGTON'S RULES

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he be your enemy.

When a man does all he can, though it succeed not well, blame not him that did it.

Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precept.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone, than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy.

Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous.

Detract not from others, neither be excessive in commending.

Gaze not on the blemishes of others, and ask not how they came.

Be not apt to relate news, if you know not the truth thereof.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

When you speak of God, or his attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence.

Honor and obey your parents, although they be poor.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

ESSENTIAL RULE OF LIFE

Never make any predictions or hold thoughts of yourself, concerning yourself, concerning your family, concerning your affairs, or the affairs of your friends or those dependent upon you, except such predictions, thoughts and words as you wish to see realized upon your or their bodies or in your or their affairs. If this rule could be absolutely fixed so that all could train their lives in accordance with it they would find harmony absolute in their health, in their business, and in all the circumstances of physical life.

Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal. Matter is unreal and is not; in reality there is no matter, for it is spiritual manifestation of God's creative power. It is nothing, absolutely nothing, but spirituality is all in all. Spirit is the supposed opposite of matter; therefore if that be true, matter is nothing, for spirit is all, for God is all; matter in reality is the manifestation of God's creation.

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Why We Heal in the Name of Christ

THE system of Divine Healing as practiced and taught by the Evangelical Christian Science Church differs in one essential from all other systems of metaphysical therapeutics. This essential is the insistence on and the doing of all things in and through the name of Jesus Christ. The question is often asked by students of other schools, why we use the name of Christ, when cures have resulted by other systems that do not use His name? In other words, is the name of Christ necessary; would not the healing force operate as well without as with the name? This question could be answered in both the positive and negative, and both answers would be partially or wholly correct, according to the standing and spiritual perception consciously possessed by the one to whom the query was addressed.

Wisdom is justified of her own, and she has a way of presenting all truth and spiritual knowledge so that both the wise and the foolish, though looking in opposite directions, and from different points of view, obtain the same result, reach the same conclusion, and finally come to understand that each one differed only in the methods employed and the instruments used. The wise one employs the best methods and uses the best instruments he or she can obtain. The foolish use any methods that come to hand, and because of this lack of judgment, analysis and discrimination, they progress much slower, become tangled in psychic currents that they do not understand and cannot control, until finally, through suffering and disappointment, they come to learn the full meaning of the words of Jesus when he said "No man cometh to the Father but by Me."

The collective consciousness of our Christian civilization, as well as the religious philosophy of all religious people, is founded upon the spiritual, moral and ethical teachings of Jesus. We are living in the greatest civilized age in the history of the world. And the spirit and energy of this civilization is the direct result and outgrowth of the Truth that Jesus taught and demonstrated.

Other spiritual teachers have taught many great truths, and applied them to the needs of different races at different times during the history of human progress. But to the Christian mind the teaching and philosophy of Jesus transcends that of any of His predecessors. His control over the forces of nature, His demonstration over the power of death and the sublime and immortal idealism that He unfolded and proved a reality, instead of a dream, are all associated in the conscious or sub-conscious mind of every individual who was born in a Christian community, as being the works and wisdom of God Himself. Here is the most patent and tremendous force in Christendom. To speak to error in the name of Christ, and realize the thought you transmit, carries with it the sum total spiritual force of

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Christianity, as well as the moral power and health giving vibrations and inspirations that are associated with and cluster around the life and works of the gentle and God-like man of Nazareth. There is no word or name in the universe that appeals to the average Christian mind and conscience with half the force and power as that of Christ. To the Christian this name is the embodiment of all love, power, wisdom, harmony, health and majesty. It symbolizes the Divine nature and real perfection of all of God's beautiful children, and awakens in the sick and sinful the latent and dormant spiritual powers of health and harmony inherent in every human being.

Peter realized the Spirit of Christ, and understanding its potency fastened his eyes upon a man who was lame from his birth and cried, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk," and the man did as he was told and became whole. He also declared to the Jews "that by the name of Jesus of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him does this man stand here before you, whole."

"This is the stone which was set at naught of your builders, which has become the head of the corner."

"Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

God's idea of the perfect man was manifested in Jesus, and the name Jesus is the counterpart of majesty and perfection. Every Christian ideal has its root and draws its sustenance from the name of Jesus. All Christian phenomena draw their manifesting power from this example and philosophy. Thus the name of Jesus symbolizes everything that means anything in Christianity, and is therefore the natural word or name to use when invoking power over the forces of nature that He controlled.

Jesus declared, "the words I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." And again, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." From this it is evident that all He declared was and is true. His words carried with them the force of eternal life. He also declared that we should heal the sick in His name, etc.

Now, this use of this "Name" may seem very absurd and foolish to those who are wise in their own conceit, but that does not alter the fact that the mighty works He declares we would do, are being done in His name.

Jesus' name is used because He commanded us to use it, as well as for the reasons I have given, and no student who does not use it in the healing of sin and sickness, can understand its force and healing power. Those who do use this name in the spirit and understanding, are doing many mighty works every day.

WHAT KNOWLEDGE WILL DO

The knowledge of God and man's relation to God, the right understanding of these will break the bonds of our capitivity, and give us consciousness of Eternal Life.

"Your greatest pleasure is that which rebounds from hearts that you have made glad."

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TRUTH MUST BE RECOGNIZED

"Although Truth may be omnipresent, and perfect Love be omnipresent; though we may 'Live, move and have our being' in God, the all-Good; though we dwell in the kingdom of heaven, if we are not conscious of these truths, and do not know the wonderful meaning to us, we may go our way, in lack of all things, losing the blessedness that is ours.

" 'Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ,' we may through ignorance of this be slaves of misery and poverty. As Paul declares: 'Now the heir, so long as he is a child (without understanding), differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all.'

"Truth must be recognized in order to be realized by us, and to become a power in and through our lives.

"It is said that seed have been found in the hands of mummies, which, being planted, have burst forth into growth after having been dormant for centuries. The seed had within it all the life principles, awaiting development, but the hand that held it was dead.

"The Divine Life and Truth begins in the soul as a seed. It may be held in a dead consciousness, but the Truth seed never dies. It is waiting its opportunity. It is implanted by Divine Hand in every soul.

"One says: 'When Jesus said he had finished the work, he had sown the entire field with seed; the seed were small; the harvest is universal.' "

"The minute a man stops looking for trouble, happiness looks for him."

KNOW YOUR MIND

Whatever of purpose or plan there is in the whole or in any part of the universe, must be due to mind, and whatever you and I may achieve for self and others must be due to the activity of the mind functioning in us, and this mind which takes place in us and of which we become aware, is as much a cosmical process as is the flow of the tides or the evolution of the universe. A knowledge of your own mind and how best to use it is your own possible guide, for what can never come to your consciousness can never be a part of you or for you. Mind is the path to the goal of all possibilities. This is the age of the apotheosis of Mind.—*Prof. Elmer Gates.*

OUR REAL PROGRESS

When you get out of heart and think you are going to give up the whole thing, just sit down and be still for a few minutes, and see how far you have travelled already. If we keep looking at the top of the mountain it seems as if we would never get there. But when we glance back over the ground we have travelled we see what great progress we have been making.—*Christian.*

If we cannot find God in your house and mine, upon the roadside or the margin of the sea, in the bursting seed or opening flower, in the day duty and the night musing, I do not think we should discern him any more on the grass of Eden or beneath the moonlight of Gethsemane.—*James Martineau.*

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Washington News Letter

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MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

One Dollar a Year

Oliver C. Sabin, Editor.
Washington. D.C.
·U·S·A·

Vol. XVIII. NOVEMBER, 1912. No. 2

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