PEARLS

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THE SUBJECTIVE MIND.

BY MARY S. FIELDING.

WHAT is this elusive creature called "me"? This complication of aspirations and failings, so varied in mood, and alas! also in purpose; capable of the highest and the lowest; and depending on environment for expression of either high or low.

Learned heads have come to the conclusion that we are dual in personality; that the subjective mind or soul is a thing of perfect memory. It is the power behind the throne of our everyday selves; the "mentor"; the "still, small voice" that speaks with unmistakable clearness when we deviate from the pathway of our highest ideals, and permit the lower, selfish self to have its way.

Criminal statistics show that murderers have given themselves up to justice after years of torture from this mentor which would not be still. No outward trace of guilt remaining, they were forever haunted by the awful deed, and found relief only in confessing their guilt, and inviting the penalty of the law.

With his marvelous insight, Shakespeare furnishes us a striking illustration of the working of the subjective mind in the character of Brutus—

the most nearly perfect of the characters of Shakespeare. "Julius Cæsar" is commonly regarded as a political play, but a deeper study will reveal the fact that it in reality deals with the problem of a human soul brought low by one enslaving passion, and that the political part is only a minor thought.

In public life he is the "honorable Brutus": A scion of one of Rome's noblest and oldest families, inheriting in a marked degree that love of rectitude so characteristic of the early Roman nobility. He is also spoken of as the "gentle Brutus," without pride or scorn, but with fatherly tenderness covering up with his own mantle the weary page who falls asleep over his harp.

In contrast to Cassius, who despises "womanish" things, and also in contrast to Cæsar, who loves his wife as one of his possessions, Brutus loves Portia with great reverence and tenderness. She is his dearest friend and counsellor. "You are," says he, "as dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart."

This great soul loves music, as do all souls who are awake to the harmony of life. It is no poetic fancy that leads Shakespeare to exclaim:—

> "The man who hath not music in himself
> Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
> Let no such man be trusted."

It is the recognition of a "fine something" wanting; a blindness and deafness of soul, rather than of the physical senses; a failure of Nature to connect with the sublime; an isolation from the finer forces.

The cunning Cassius who loves not music, plays with the weak point in the character of the otherwise loyal and noble Brutus. His love of freedom and fear of tyranny—virtues in themselves—carried to the point of frenzy, cause his downfall. When his imagination has been fired by the suggestion of what "Cæsar might do" he blindly joins the conspiracy and consents to the murder of his well-beloved friend.

Mark the result politically—tyranny instead of liberty, selfishness and mad passions instead of high ideals, jealousy and wholesale condemnation to death of one another's friends, among the leaders, confusion, distrust, civil strife.

And Brutus—immediately we see the inward consequences in the changed man. The dying eyes turned upon him, and the "Et tu Brute" from the lips of Cæsar reveal to him the enormity of his crime. It is as if he were suddenly startled from a wild dream into full consciousness of his faculties. His philosophy forsakes him, and he stands self-revealed, the red-handed murderer of his friend.

Portia fearing for him, in her distress kills herself, and he feels that in slaying Cæsar he has also slain her. Gird himself as he will to his duties, the ever-haunting thought of outraged friendship and confidence is present with him. Cæsar seems to call to him from the unseen—

"Thy evil spirit, Brutus!"

Gleams of the old tenderness and gentleness never forsake him.

We see him call the messengers into the tent to be sheltered from the cold, and tenderly remove the harp from the hand of the sleeping page. He tries to drown that ever-present accuser in a bowl of wine; then he tries to read, but still the blood of Cæsar cries out against him from the ground, and will not be stilled.

When the battle is lost, Brutus, with all his old fear of tyranny revived, and knowing that he may be dragged through the streets of Rome, a prisoner, falls on the same sword that had slain Cæsar, exclaiming "Cæsar, now be still." It was as if his conscience had become the avenging spirit of Cæsar; the haunting ghost of his outraged friend, dogging his steps to the death, and at last causing him to expiate his crime by turning the same bloody sword against himself.

Does not the working of the subjective mind imply a higher consciousness within our consciousness? "A worthier image for the sanctuary," and these painful experiences are but the effort to shape it forth before the multitude. It is the evolution of soul in its spiral climbing

towards divinity. The conscious fitting of itself for an eternal existence, by casting off the lower and perishable, and taking on the higher and imperishable conditions, and attuning itself to the harmony of the universe.

"That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever."

An Indian Doctor.

BY HANNAH RODGERS SPRAGUE.

WHEN the wind sang low through the pine-trees, and the chipmunks and squirrels were in their holes, the children slept, lulled by the gentle music; when it lashed the tree-tops and turned the quiet mountain lake into an angry sea, they watched in awe and wonder from the cabin windows; but when the wind rested, and the sun shone again, out they came joyously, and soon their merry voices might be heard over the water or through the woods.

All but the littlest one. Day after day he lay on his mattress and watched the sky darken and clear, and the wind rise and fall, and the other children come and go. There was always a pile of treasures near him, for no one ever came back from an expedition without something to lay at Dickie's shrine; but ferns and mosses, stones and shells could only help to pass the time, and the little useless leg was a firm anchor for Dickie. Day by day a pathetic, patient look grew in his eyes and was reflected in the face of the "Mother-dear" who watched him so tenderly.

"The child must store up all possible strength this Summer," the great surgeon had said, "that he may bear the strain in the Autumn if I have to take off the leg." And so they had brought him into the heart of the wood, where the very air seemed enough to make the lame walk, but did not raise Dick from his mattress.

Then something happened.

One day Roy and Esther came tearing in, wild with excitement, and

soon Dick was breathlessly listening to their account of an Indian they had just seen——

"A real live Indian, Mother-dear! not in war-paint, you know, but he had long hair and moccasins, and——"

The Indian, it appeared, was from a settlement near Montreal, where they spend the Winters making baskets which the men of the tribe carry about during the Summer to sell. He was tramping through the woods from one mountain hotel to another, and when the children had seen him was cooking bacon for his dinner over a camp fire.

"In a cunning little pan that he carried in his basket!" Esther was talking now; "And he cooks fish and eggs and all sorts of things in it"; "And he lighted the fire with birch bark for kindling," put in Roy.

"Oh, I wish I could see him, Mother-dear!" sighed little city-bred Dick; "I never saw an Indian."

Later in the day this wish was unexpectedly granted. Roy and Esther who had departed to gather pine cones for the fire were seen returning through the trees; and between them towered a picturesque old figure—an Indian—in civilized garb it is true, but who wore his faded red shirt and soft felt hat as King Philip might have worn his blanket and feathers, and looked a chieftain every inch. As they drew nearer one could see that his face was drawn with pain and that he was leaning heavily on the stick he carried, and Mother-dear's first feeling of repugnance to a "thieving redskin" gave way somewhat as she saw this, and was entirely overcome a moment later by the stranger's courteous manners.

In broken English he explained how he had sprained his ankle, and finding he could not walk to the nearest town, and having no provisions left had made up his mind to a hungry night. Just then the children had come by, and finding him in pain, had insisted on taking him home with them, "so Mother-dear could put arnica on his ankle."

That lady was growing used to such bits of unexpected hospitality. She had had fourteen years of experience, ever since Harry began to play "mumble-te-peg," and to bring boys in to be bandaged up; so she pro-

duced her medicine case, and when the two older boys and their father came home from fishing, Indian Highe was sharing Dickie's mattress, and telling the little boy tales of the woods that made his eyes dance and the color come into his cheeks with excitement. In his youth, for Indian Highe's hair was streaked with gray, he had been a warrior and fought the white man. Now he had buried the hatchet, but still recalled with pride his early exploits.

Next day Mother-dear found the patient preparing to be off, but his pain in moving was so evident that she forbade him to set foot to the ground. So it was the next day and the next, until as his foot grew better they felt an increasing reluctance to part from the dear old man. He was a most charming companion, and whatever his occupation, whether making a bow for Roy, or a bark basket for Esther to gather berries in, giving Harry and Guy points about fishing-tackle, or telling Dick one of his wonderful stories, he was the centre of attraction.

The Indian, for his part, seemed to love to linger. His baskets were mostly sold, and there was, he told Dick, "no squaw waiting for him, no papoose to watch for buck." His wife was dead, his children grown, and on this oasis of his Summer's journey he had found some one to care for.

To Dick, then, he devoted himself with all the faithfulness of his race; and hearts beat lighter at the cabin now, for Indian Highe had turned doctor; and when the sun shone, Dick went out in his strong arms to meet it, and returned with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes to fall sweetly asleep when night came. Two long rubbings each day, and a tonic of herbs were the new medicines, to which the little boy submitted far more readily than he ever had to any other treatment. The hours of rubbing were so delightful that he soon came to look forward to them, and it was such fun to see his tonic compounded that he was always trying to empty the bottle.

"I shall soon begin to believe in miracles!" said Mother-dear; "I do not know that I should be surprised if Dick were to walk in to me some day."

But when, in the Fall, this happened she *was* surprised, almost overcome. It was the first time she had seen him on his feet since his baby days, and she could only say:

"Thank God!"

"Yes, Mother-dear," said the child reverently, "and Indian Highe."

The year had grown old. In the pine-woods a thick, white blanket covered everything, and the only reminder of Summer was the sketch of leaf and fern Jack Frost had made on the cabin window. The lake lay motionless under its covering; the pine-trees nodded in their dreams, but far away in the city, their brother pines, awake and aglow with Christmas ornaments and candles, stood amid throngs of happy children. Strange fruits grew on these trees, fruits such as dream-trees bear. On one there was a complete soldier-set, hanging so high among the branches that a tall Indian could barely reach it to hand to an eager little boy beneath.

In all the great city of New York it would be hard to find a heartier little boy than Dick is now. He has used his legs enough since he was able to walk to make up for all lost time, and he has a muscle to be proud of. He is going to be a soldier when he grows up, so he says, but he is never, *never* going to fight the Indians.

Phantom Bridges.

BY MARIA WEED.

IF the proverbial closets of earth's innumerable families were suddenly to be thrown open to the inspection of the world, the skeleton revealed would, without doubt, be Apprehension.

Dread of possible calamity on the morrow casts a shadow over the sunshine of to-day, and though the phantom bridge invariably recedes as we approach it, or upon closer inspection proves to be quite as safe and agreeable as other portions of life's thoroughfare, imagination continues to prophesy that misfortune is only a day's march removed; and since inevitable doom may be counted upon in the near future, present escape and temporary respite bring no happiness.

The mind is an extremely hospitable hostelry, extending equal courtesy to vagrant and kingly thought. In this realm Reason has but one rival and that is Fear; and when the latter gains supremacy, unbridled emotions carry men hither and thither.

The awful substantiality of terror-kindling illusions is not to be decreased at once even though rationality proclaims them to be born of the stuff from which dreams are made. This condition is illustrated in the terrible creative power of a fear-tortured brain in the dark, and the experience of "seein' things at night" is too universal to require emphasis.

After a dull day in which everything has "gone at sixes and sevens"—whatever that may mean—what is more exhilarating than a companion whose sense of humor transforms every sombre-hued circumstance into an amusing incident and whose wit illumines the "waste places" of disappointment and failure?

One hour of association with such a nature will cure more cases of Dyspepsia than the most approved "Liver Remedy" and prove a better specific for "that tired feeling" than the far-famed "Hood's Sarsaparilla."

We are often the despoilers of our own fortunes through overindulgence in fussy, miscreative moods, which lend their discordant elements to our nature until we become in time the temperamental expression of inharmoniousness.

Say what you will, there is a formula for happiness; a system, which if followed, would rival "The Fountain of Youth" in its effect upon the worry-worn seekers after danger signals.

A few years ago the Spring existed only in name, and towards its close many became impatient under the depression of its dark, chilly days and incessant rains.

One morning the sun rose resplendently and all nature seemed to rejoice and revel in the altered conditions.

Man alone was unmoved by the beauty and brightness about him, for the heart sickness of "hope deferred" was still upon him, fettering his better impulses. Merchants complained of impassable roads and women picked their way "gingerly" over street-crossings, with fretful ejaculations regarding the discomforts under foot.

Suddenly there appeared a venerable and well-beloved preacher whose face reflected the glory of the morning; noting which, a fellow-townsman saluted him with:

"Good morning, Elder; fine day!"

"Ah, yes," responded the preacher, "this is indeed a beautiful day, so peaceful and radiant overhead, but (with a smile and upward wave of the hand) *very few are going that way!*"

The reply was circulated throughout the town and the timely reminder that Nature's lighter and brighter mood was designed for the uplifting of drooping spirits was seen in many a face which retained the softness and cheer occasioned by the Elder's unstudied but most eloquent sermon.

Outbursts of impulse and passion, together with that delirium which demands immediate fruition of desire, keep us mentally and physically strained and rasped, while with many there is no harmony or melody in life apart from the elaboration of their pet theme or ambition. Verily, "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap!"

The mission of a smile would prove an interesting study, worthy of general attention.

Did you ever enter a sick-room in the early morning and mark the effect of a night's suffering upon the face of an invalid?

Exhausted and nerveless he lies, with a full appreciation of his utter inability to participate in the duties and pleasures of life; worse than this, a haunting dread of the coming night when physical and mental anguish will continue their struggle for the mastery.

Have you, with the singleness of purpose which had for its aim the infusion of cheer, noted the transference of interest and hope from the light heart to the heavy one, the supplanting of despondence and despair by a vitalizing belief in eventual restoration to former felicitous conditions?

Without making the slightest demand upon responsiveness, the weary and bed-bound captive is made to feel that the *mind* at least is free and may enter into full and boundless fellowship with the hospitable world of thought, whose doors are always open to the unfortunate.

If you have a "heaven-scaling imagination," so much the better for the prisoner; for you can fill him until you come again. Each incident or event which has amused or benefited you, should be stored away that your giving may also enrich.

Take the case of a blind paralytic who had been confined to the bed for years and was a terrible sufferer, who once said to a friend who thus ministered to him:

"You may think it strange, but I never know a moment of pain when you are here." Ah! it is not so much the "heavy burden-bearing," as the thought that "none are caring," which crushes the overweighted ones of earth!

The subtle power of loving interest enters every rebellious port with security and serenity; it is the flag of truce which commands the respect and consideration of the world, and this earth, we are told, "belongs to him who wills and loves and prays; but he must will, he must love, he must pray!"

Paul's Wife.

BY BARNETTA BROWN.

(Concluded.)

PAUL wandered along through the rest of his vacation, his thoughts his only company. No gay hotel crowds, no lively girls attracted him, and he reached home at last in a dreamy mood which puzzled his sisters, for the athletic Paul had always been, at least, wide-awake.

"He is getting to be as abstract as his wife," said one, when, one morning, he drank cold coffee without a word of complaint.

"Perhaps he has found the concrete one," remarked the other.

However, events soon aroused Paul out of dreaminess. His father died, both sisters married and went to distant cities to live, his mother going with one of them, while Paul's business prevented him from following. His home in the pleasant suburban town was broken up, and he faced life alone. More than ever he needed a wife, for home feeling was outraged and demanded satisfaction. Still she came not to his heart—only his imaged one was near.

His first winter alone, Paul spent in a city boarding-house, and the temptations of city life assailed him. Often, when in loneliness and heart sickness, he would ask himself, "Well, after all, what does it matter?" when diversion luringly offered all there is to offer, and when hesitation seemed about to claim its victim, then a pair of pleading eyes would gaze into his and chain his thoughts to purity and courage and high purpose,

while he would unerringly wend his way to his lonely room and sit and read and think until sleep rested him from struggle.

He soon made many friends, and, as a pleasant social life became possible, the coarser temptations lost their hold; but he found his problem translated into higher terms. It did not disappear as he had hoped. His puzzle was his puzzle still.

To marry and yet not love! To marry while bound to a thought, an idea, more closely than to any living person! How could he? and yet why should he not? Was not his dream, though so real to him, perhaps the vagary of a too active imagination? Was he not perhaps an example of a man, not insane enough to be shut away from his fellows and yet not sane enough to live his life normally?

Feeling lay in his heart, realized by himself, but drawn out by none. There it stayed, clamorously waiting. What did it all mean? Surely it must mean satisfaction to be, somehow. Or was he unbalanced? He would try to find out, and he plunged restlessly into social life, hoping to find the satisfaction. Eagerly he went the mad round of gayety. Naturally quiet and self-contained, he became nervously alert. His eye gleamed brightly expectant, as he hurried from dinners to dances, from card-parties to theatre-parties, from drives to calls. He came to know many girls well and many women. Charm, beauty, cleverness, many of them had, but just so far and no further would his feeling reach. He turned wearily sooner or later from one after another. A new face would give him new hope, only to disappoint it. His desire for home grew stronger within him as time went on, while his desire to make a home with any he could find, grew less and less. Still he searched; still the inward picture lay graven on his heart; still his "wife," with eyes grown dark and sad, kept him from saying to any, words which would bind him for life.

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"See here, Paul," said one of his chums, as they smoked a midnight pipe together. "It is certainly time for you to marry and settle down."

"I know that," responded Paul.

"Why don't you, then?" asked his friend.

"I can't find Her," answered Paul, half laughing.

"There are no Hers," scoffed the other. "Give up your absurd ideals and live life. I'll show you a good-enough Her. You'll be happy as soon as you make up your mind. That is the trouble. You don't make up your mind."

Paul considered patiently.

"Well, where is she?" he asked.

He soon met the not impossible one. One more new girl to learn to know; one more to test his feeling; one more, perhaps, to be disappointed by. In all his relations with women during this social period of his life, Paul had rigidly adhered to certain lines of conduct and had prevented any one of them from attaching more meaning than he gave himself to his attentions to them. If ever he were tempted to overstep the line, the old phrase of his early manhood recurred to him, and, "Paul, old boy, the wife would not approve," kept him from burdening his conscience with regrets; but this new girl was more difficult to manage. She certainly attracted him more than any of the others; and, in turn, her liking for him became very evident. She would not stay where he meant to keep her until he was sure of himself. Moreover, it was more difficult for him to be sure of himself because all things were so favorable. Prettiness, brightness, wealth, a certain congeniality, love, evidently, were there for him to take. He hesitated long.

One day they were driving together, these two. It was comfortable, and Paul was rested as he had not been in years.

"Why not?" he asked himself. And he turned to look in the bright face smiling at his side. The important words trembled on his lips, were almost spoken; but he caught his breath with a gasp and leaned heavily back against the side of the buggy. As the moment came, he knew, although the temptation to give up the visionary waiting to take the good at hand, was none the less; but the same familiar eyes, dark and luminous, searched him through and through, revealed to him again the very truth

and held him gently to it, banishing hesitation. He realized once more and finally that, however it may be with others, for him at least there could be no marriage, unless his soul's entire response could be found. For him there could be no compromise. It must be the highest, the best, the all—or nothing.

"Are you ill?" asked the girl.

"Perhaps so," he answered. "I shall go away for a while—to my mother."

"Will you come back again?" she questioned.

"Perhaps that, too," he returned gravely. "And we will be better friends than ever. I am a strange fellow, I begin to think. I am capable only of friendship."

He regarded her a little anxiously.

"I suppose you cannot help it," she remarked, with a slight edge noticeable in her voice.

How he managed to reach his room, he never knew; but he knew he sat hours lost in thought after he did reach it. His life of the past few years was laid bare to his vision; and he found that while, as the world goes, not a word of adverse criticism could touch his life, still had he erred.

"Paul, Paul, Paul," he at last exclaimed, rising from the depths of the chair into which he had fallen and pacing up and down, "you have been untrue, untrue. Untrue to the wife who kept you safely year by year. Untrue in thought. And coarsely common. You have been out in the world, hunting—hunting Her—hunting your wife, as a beast hunts his prey."

He walked the floor long, trying to think his way through his puzzle. He could not; and fatigued and dispirited, he fell back in his chair and blindly picked up a newspaper—anything to rest his thought. He read a little without knowing what he read. That it was a poem, finally he comprehended. A word fixed his attention, then a line, and then the idea running through it, caused him to start, to sit upright and give his whole mind to it.

"Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind or tide or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me.
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years.
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs from yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my soul away from me."

By the time his tired mind had fully grasped the restful thought his way was cleared. Impatience dropped away from him, his face grew quiet and a great calm fell on his whole nature. Struggle was ended forever. There might be waiting but never again warfare.

He went to his mother and then back to his old home town, back to his old friends, back to the sweet, wholesome country life—back to his natural surroundings, his closest congenialities. He interested himself in the affairs of the town, the doings of its people, the little ups and downs of its local life; and, as the years went on, he made a standing for himself

in the little community, which commanded respect and liking. The man's club of the town became one of his chief interests. Owing largely to his exertions, it grew and flourished; and the time came when the building must be remodelled, enlarged, and refurnished. Paul was named a committee of one to meet a designer from a nearby city to plan the interior decorations. At the appointed time he sauntered into the club-house, cap on the back of his head, hands in pockets, pipe in mouth, and leisurely wended his way toward the smoking-room.

"Look out, Paul," sang out a friend, "it's a woman."

"What's a woman?" asked Paul.

"That designer."

"Oh!"

He readjusted his demeanor somewhat and passed on. In the sunlight streaming through a large window stood a girlish figure, sketch-book in hand, her back partly turned toward the door. The young woman was evidently engaged in noting the possibilities of the room, in businesslike fashion. She turned at his approach, quietly looking up, and Paul gave a start of intense surprise as he found himself gazing into the depths of a pair of very familiar, earnest brown eyes. The emotion of surprise rapidly changed to one of delightful understanding as he recognized in reality at last, his dark-eyed wife. The waiting was over. With the burden of the longing falling from him, he stepped to her side, and, taking the sketch-book from her, laid it aside. Then, with both her hands in his, and with gladness and welcome in his face and voice, he said:

"Why, you—you are the one!"

She could not speak at first. The completion of her love so unexpectedly coming to her made her know more than ever how great her longing had been. So they stood, deeply searching each other's eyes, as only true lovers can, with the look that reaches and touches the soul. Then he spoke again:

"I did not know—up there."

"I knew—up there," said Alice. "It was why you told us what you did."

"How stupid of me!" exclaimed Paul, impatiently. "We have lost so much time."

"Never mind," comforted Alice, sweetly, her eyes glistening. "There is eternity."

This is the way Paul's shadowy helpmeet became a veritable reality. This is the way Paul and Alice mated. Think you not they have managed to avoid the great mistake?

THERE'S MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

Did you ever listen, brother, to the music of the rill,
As it sang in happy cadence, dancing gaily down the hill?
Did you never stop a moment just to catch its little song?
If you haven't, you have missed it; stop when next you go along.

Have you ever heard the tender little ballads of the rain,
As it sang them, playing softly on the shingle and the pane?
Did you never hear the chorus as they joined in mighty shower?
If you haven't, listen for it when again the rain doth pour.

Have you never heard the music as you strolled beneath the trees?
Grander far than mighty Handel with his glorious harmonies;
Did you never hear the love song of the forest to his bride?
If you haven't, stop and listen when again you chance to ride.

Have you never heard the soft diminuendo in the grain,
When the breezes played upon it Autumn's light and happy strain?
Have you never thrilled with pleasure as you stood amidst the corn,
And heard its sweet bravuras on a clear September morn?

Did you ever think to listen to the diapason grand,
When the Storm King sang in thunder, as he swept across the land?
Have you never caught the throbbing of his mighty, angry soul,
As he struck his harp electric? Have you never heard its roll?

Have you never paused to listen to the music of the spheres?
Such soul-stirring strains of melody ne'er greeted mortal ears;
When Orion, with Arcturus, and sweet Luna and old Sol,
Head the choruses of Heaven, and the angels prostrate fall?

Have you never listened, brother, for the music deep and grand,
That is swelling all around you on the water and the land?
Have you never caught the music that the little zephyrs play?
Why they make of *you* their spinnet, when they meet you day by day.

Let me tell you, O, my brother, if you haven't learned to hear,
All the music that is swelling daily round you year by year;
If you haven't caught the melodies that *Nature* plays and sings,
You are missing all the music of *Jehovah*, King of Kings.

All this music, O, my brother, O, my sister, is for you,
Will you not then listen for it, as your journey you pursue?
It will fill your life with sunshine, it will banish pain and care,
If you only catch the music that is swelling *everywhere*.

FREDERICK ABBOTT.

The Home Circle.

OPEN COLUMN.

Note to Our Readers.

In this department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences, and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study, and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted at the Editor's discretion, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number, may be answered by readers, in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful thinking minds of the world will combine to make this department both interesting and instructive to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

INVISIBLE CAUSE AND VISIBLE EFFECT.

All that we see around us proceeds from some invisible cause. It is the product of thought. It is thought externalized; for thoughts are things, while the mind, which elaborates thought into things, emanates from the One Mind—the invisible source of all. All manifestation should be traced back to this invisible cause.

By the means of thought in the objective world manifold products may proceed from the one object. The tree is productive of wood, of which, through man's thought, myriads of things are made, such as furniture, houses, ships, paper, even silk. Yet, varied as are the products in the *visible* world, far more varied and productive is thought in the *spiritual* realm; and its power for healing the sick and suffering.

The question arises, How can we best utilize this invisible power for ourselves and others? For use it we must, in order to practically possess it. We must bring into use the first and best consciousness we have of our invisible powers, no matter how faint the glimmer. Knowledge of power comes by the using. If we do not use our one talent the other

nine will not be bestowed. We must be true to the Divine voice within, however faint at first, then it will grow louder and stronger until all other voices are lost in the one all-pervading note of Infinite Love and Peace—never minding the ebbs and flows of life that must come in our transitional state while we are finding this Divine unison of our ideal being. In our endeavor to find this lost tone we must not struggle, but be quiet coworkers with the Infinite, Invisible cause—"letting be," that the Highest may work in us and for us.

CLARA E. CHOATE.

LOVE, AND FLOWERS.

"How often do we realize that every flower that blooms, the yellow cowslip by the river bank, the daffodils on the heather, the roses ablush in the early summer, or even the fresh blossoms that blaze on orchard trees, are all the product of simple wooings as realistic as those in human experiences. The pollen floats from the heaving bosom of a blossom till it nestles on the stamen of another, and then, by the procreative power which inheres in nature, another flower is born, which shall develop through seed and soil, through branch and leaf, and anon uplift its face to the great sun, whose presence is the source of universal life. We may then clearly discern the principle of love in the vegetal world, even more palpably and intelligently evidenced than in the world of non-living matter. Here, it would seem, we behold the prophecy of intelligent human love. Here we can almost hear the wooing of the flowers as their winged messengers of desire float through space seeking their waiting affinities, from whose fructifying embrace shall issue the offspring of love and beauty.

"It is no exaggeration to speak of the love of flowers. It is a scientific verity, and it is indeed a charming illustration of the principle of universal or cosmic affection of which we are daily reminded. It is a beautiful sentiment to realize that in all nature the product of harmony is beauty; beauty and harmony are found perfected alone in love. Flowers are so beautiful, fascinating us with their colors, inspiriting us with their fragrance, because they are the product of the most delicate adjustments in nature, and the direct issue of the free relations of affinities."—*From "The Conquests of Love," by Rev. Henry Frank.*

He who thinks many things disperses his power in many directions; he who thinks only one thing is powerful.—*Franz Hartmann.*

QUESTIONS BY JONATHAN HUNT.

1. Does Nature teach immortality?

Ans.—Yes, in the *Spirit* of the Thing.*

2. Should the doctrine be taught to children?

Ans.—Children usually can teach it to us.

3. What course of conduct toward vicious playmates shall we impress upon our children?

Ans.—To recognize the *divine* in each, in which there is nothing vicious.

4. How should we teach children self-control?

Ans.—First, by example. Next, by cultivation of the higher self in each.

*Answers are editorial.

DOG SAVED HIS MASTER.

John Walker, of Roselle, N. J., was doing a lot of thinking on Saturday, August 14th. He was face to face with death, and his dog averted the blow.

Walker left his house early in the morning for a stroll. His dog followed him. He tried to drive him back. Then master and dog started to walk along the Jersey Central Railroad track to Elizabeth.

Midway between the stations Walker met a heavy freight train, running rapidly eastward, making enough noise to deaden all other sounds. Walker stepped to the westbound track. His dog, which had been running ahead after birds or loitering behind to make short and noisy excursions into the bushes, closed in on his master when the train neared him.

Walker was careless. He never looked behind him and did not hear or see the Royal Blue Express. Brakemen on the freight train shouted warnings. The engineer of the express train blew his whistle, with no avail. It was too late to stop, although the engineer was trying to do so. Walker plodded on.

When the train was nearly on top of Walker his dog sprang at him with a growl. Walker turned, saw the train and stepped aside in time to avoid the cars as they swept past him with a roar.—*N. Y. Press.*

REWARD OF PATIENCE.

The shadow that a bramble throws
  May hide an infant oak from sight;
The sunflower may conceal the rose
  That would a hundred eyes delight.

But soon the oak shall stately spring,
  The rose's scent man's tribute gain—
O, ne'er can poet truly sing
  'Till cloud-enwrapped and wrung with pain!

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

LITTLE GIRL SOLVED THE PROBLEM.

A street car horse on the Ninth avenue line balked at 46th street last night. A crowd collected, and the passengers got out of the car. The driver brought his whip down across the horse's back without effect. A stout man who had just stepped off the car said: "Don't do that, I'll get him started." He rubbed the horse's nose, patted him on the neck, and talked persuasively, all without result. By this time four cars were stalled. Somebody suggested oats, another kerosene, a third a patrol wagon. Another held a burning newspaper under the horse. Still it didn't move.

At last a girl of about 13 pushed her way through the crowd and said: "Say, mister, if you'll ring the bell twice the horse will think somebody has just got off, and he'll go ahead."

The conductor pulled the bell and the passengers had to run to catch the car.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

SCOFFERS SILENT.

In Hanover, Germany, there is a tomb which believers look upon with pious awe and joy, and before which those who scoff at holy things are silent. This is the story:

A young German countess, who lived about 100 years ago, was a noted unbeliever, and especially opposed to the doctrine of resurrection. She died when about 30 years of age, and before her death gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite; that around it should be placed square blocks of stone, and that the corners should be fastened to each other and to the granite slab with heavy iron clamps. Upon the covering she directed this inscription to be engraved: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." It was done as she desired. All that human power could do to prevent any change in that grave was done. But by and by a little seed upon the grave beneath sprouted, and the tiny shoot found its way between the side stone and the upper slab and grew there, slowly but steadily forcing its way until the iron clamps were torn asunder and the massive granite lid was raised up and rests to-day against the trunk of a large and flourishing tree.—*Chicago News.*

The largest aspects of truth lie nearest to the sources of power, hence the nearer we approach to these sources, the more large and simple and quiet things will appear to us. . . . Let us not be afraid to widen our aims, even if they seem already too large for us to attain to in our own strength.—*Helen Bigelow Merriman.*

LINES TO M. G. T. S.

Oh! beautiful and joyous Spring,
A promise to my soul you bring,
Of joy benign.
Like thee, my soul unfolds its best,
Awakened from a state unblest,
Thro' light divine!

Each green-hued leaf upon the tree,
Is a kind thought sent trustingly,
For all mankind.
How many leaves have I brought out,
By helpful thought and wish, no doubt,
Result to find.

Each blossom, is the kind deed done,
For struggling soul not yet begun,
To see the light.
Or yet perchance a kindly lift
For weary souls about to drift
To sin and blight.

The perfume of the lilac sweet,
The bird's clear note of joy, complete
A joyous bond.
May I each day help nature more
By selfless acts and thoughts, before
I pass beyond.

ETTA L. KNIGHT.

THE NEW WOMAN.

A woman refined, educated, alive to all the great questions concerning the welfare of her fellow-beings; broadly sympathetic, equally the friend of men and women, and by both equally loved; a woman who, if she have attainments and beauty and riches, will receive them with a feeling akin to that with which she would receive a benediction, and with this feeling ever present, will use these blessings in the best possible way. She will, under all circumstances, in all stations, and in all the relations of life, earnestly *try to be* the true, pure, sincere, honest, healthful *womanly* woman her Creator designed.

EVA M. GREEN.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

There's a tender Eastern legend,
In a volume old and rare,
Of the Christ-child in His garden
Walking with the children there.

And it tells—this strange, sweet story—
(True or false, ah, who shall say?)
How a bird with a broken pinion
Dying, in the garden lay.

And the children, cruel children,
Lifted it by shattered wing,
Shouting, "Make us merry music,
Sing, you lazy fellow, sing."

But the Christ-child bent above it,
Took it in His gentle hand,
Full of pity for the suffering
He alone could understand.

Whispered to it—oh, so softly
Laid His lips upon its throat,
And the song-life, swift returning,
Sounded out in one glad note.

Then away, on wings unwearied,
Joyously it sang and soared,
And the little children kneeling
Called the Christ-child "Master—Lord."

GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.

—In *Our Dumb Animals.*

The Classic Review.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A CHEERFUL SPIRIT.

Wherever I go I am constantly reminded that this is "Woman's Year," that "we are more than ever before coming to the front."

At the different clubs I listen to papers and speeches about woman's rights, voting, equal pay, etc. At such times I have felt it fortunate to be a woman. But as I have never yet received anything but courtesy and consideration from men, I have not developed the "trampled on" feeling very strongly.

As for my sister women, I *love* them all! and I am in sympathy with anything and everything that will uplift, improve or assist them to become healthy, happy and courageous.

In this intellectual age we are living at a high-pressure rate; few are able to stand the strain for any length of time, and the great need of to-day for our women is more spiritual stamina.

Observe the women you meet in a day. Note the hurried, anxious manner, the absolute distress on nine out of every ten of the faces you meet—even young faces; this should not be.

There are three classes of sectional beauty, represented by the Venus de Milo, the Hunting Diana and the Minerva Athene. The first is considered as vital, because it embodies all the qualities that best fit a woman to become the mother of her race; the second as locomotive, because it expresses those qualities which form activity of movement; the third is intellectual, because it develops excellence of form and expression; to these add the *Spirit* which animates the whole, and you have a perfect woman!

Adorn the Temple if you will, tastefully, beautifully, but do not allow it to fall into ruin for lack of spiritual activity. Therefore, if you wish to be beautiful, begin from the inside and cultivate cheerfulness. What is the use of fretting? You can only live one day at a time—then live it happily, never despair; never indulge in fits of anger or blues. Relax. Let go. The things that injure are hurry and worry.

If you feel depression approaching, take a walk, hold up your head, look around and say: "I own the city!" for you do. The sunshine, the fresh air, the parks, the flowers, are all yours. Hum a tune and keep step to the rhythm.

It is easy to say "All is for the best," when things move smoothly; but to bear up bravely and to meet sorrows calmly is divine. To this end the cultivation of mind, body, and spirit in unison, will be helpful.

J. B.

MEDITATION.

To love is to touch the secret key of the universe. It thrills the chords of harmony that vibrate through space. Responsively the soul is thrilled. The Soul of the Universe and the Soul of Man are One. To become conscious of this Unity is to feel the thrill of harmony. This thrill of harmony is love. Love is the fruit of thought. Love cannot dwell with hatred, envy, jealousy, cynicism, captiousness, intrigue, selfishness. Love abides with goodness, gentleness, forgiveness, truthfulness, and mercy. Love is the golden note of Joy. It thrills with pain and passion, yet it soothes and heals. Love is a morning zephyr whispering among the rose leaves. Love is the breath of spring melting the icy heart of winter. Love is a sunburst through a murky cloud. Love is the music of the brook playing among the reeds. Love is Light. Love is Power. Love is Peace. Love is Life. Love is God.—*Rev. Henry Frank.*

"But patience was willing to wait."—*John Bunyan.*

SLUMBER SONG.

"Creep into my arms, my baby, dear,
And mother will sing to you, soft and low,
A little song you'll be glad to hear,
Of the old moon-sheep and her lambs, that go
Up the sky,
And down the sky,
And over the hills that seem so high!

"The moon is the mother-sheep, my dear;
The stars are her little lambs, and they
Follow her, follow her, there and here,
In the wide sky-meadows to leap and play,
Up the sky,
And down the sky,
And over the hilltops, by and by!

"Rock-a-by, baby, and go to sleep,
The little star-lambs will sleepy grow,
And all lie down with the moon to sleep,
Till the sun goes down at night and so
Up the sky,
And down the sky,
The moon and her little white lambs go by!
Go to sleep and mother will keep
Watch o'er her lamb, like the old moon-sheep!"

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

COMMUNION.

"What is the special task," I prayed,
"That I must do,
For which I came to earth
This time for you?
Show me the sin
To be atoned,
Show me the debt to be repaid!
Let me begin!"

Then did my Father answer me:
"My little one,
That which you are to do
Is being done;
One at a time
The debtors come.
No special task
From you I ask.
Keep yourself clean, keep yourself free,
Always alert!
Ready to bear
Bravely each hurt,
And soon my debt will lighter be—
Much shall I do
This time through you!"

M. G. T. STEMPEL.

Things are natural, or supernatural, simply according to where one stands. Man is supernatural to the mineral, God is supernatural to man. When a mineral is seized upon by the living plant, and elevated to the organic kingdom, no trespass against nature is committed. It merely enters a larger Environment, which before was supernatural to it, but which now is perfectly natural; when the heart of a man again is seized upon by the quickening spirit of God, no further violence is done to natural law—it is another case of the inorganic, so to speak, passing into the organic.—*Henry Drummond.*

THE MISCHIEVOUS MISS.

There once was a school
Where the mistress, Miss Rule,
Taught a number of Misses that vexed her;
Miss Chief was the lass
At the head of the class,
And young Miss Demeanor sat next her.
Who was "tail" they don't tell,
But I'm told 'twas Miss Spell—
I heard so from Miss Information—
Who was told on the street
Where she happened to meet
Both Miss State and Miss Representation.
Miss Lay lost her book
And Miss Lead undertook
To show her the place where to find it,
But upon the wrong nail
Had Miss Place hung her veil,
And Miss Take hid the book safe behind it.
Poor little Miss Hap
Spilt the ink in her lap;
Miss Fortune fell under the table;
Miss Construe then began
Her Latin to scan,
While Miss Conduct was learning a fable.
They went on very well—
As I have heard tell—
Till Miss Trust brought in Miss Understanding;
Miss Conjecture then guessed
Evil things of the rest,
And Miss Council advised their disbanding.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A CLEVER IMITATION.

A certain Cleveland attorney has two bright little children. They are quick at imitation, and have a talent for making up games in which they cleverly burlesque their elders. A few days ago their mamma found they were playing "doctor." The younger child was the patient, with head wrapped in a towel, and the older the physician, with a silk hat and a cane. The mother, unseen by the little ones, listened at the doorway.

"I feels awful bad," said the patient.

"We'll fix all that," said the doctor briskly. "Lemme see your tongue."

Out came the tiny red indicator.

"Hum—hum! coated," said the doctor, looking very grave indeed.

Then, without a word of warning, the skilled physician hauled off and gave the patient a smart slap in the region of the ribs.

"Ouch!" cried the sufferer.

"Feel any pain there?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," said the patient.

"I thought so," said the healer. "How's the other side?"

"It's all right," said the patient, edging away.

Thereupon the doctor produced a small bottle filled with what looked like either bread or mud pills, and placed it on the table.

"Take one of these pellets," the physician said, "dissolved in water, every seventeen minutes—alter-mit-ly."

"How long mus' I take 'em?" groaned the patient.

"'Till you die," said the doctor. "Good mornin'."—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Oh! world, as God has made it, All is beauty,
And knowing this is love, and love is duty,
What further may be sought for or declared? . . .
Imperfection means perfection hid,
Reserved in part to grace the aftertime.

ROBERT BROWNING.

No longer talk at all about the kind of man that a good man ought to be, but *be* such. . . . When thou art offended at any man's fault, forthwith turn to thyself, and reflect in what like manner thou dost err thyself. . . . To him who is penetrated by true principles even the briefest precept is sufficient. . . . Neither in writing nor in reading wilt thou be able to lay down rules for others, before thou shalt have first learned to obey rules thyself.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Who can compel you to assent to an appearance that is false? *No man.* And who can compel you not

to assent to an appearance that is true? *No man.* Here, then, ye see that there is in you something that is by nature free.—*Epictetus.*

The crying need of the world is that all should recognize that they are indissolubly linked together, and that none can help or injure another without doing as much for himself.—*Burcham Harding.*

Do not grudge the hand that is moulding the still too shapeless image, written yon. It is growing more beautiful, though you see it not, and every touch of temptation may add to its perfection.—*Henry Drummond.*

In order to exclude from the mind questionable things, the mental calling up of those things that are opposite, is efficacious for their removal. —*Aphorism. Patanjali.*

When we are hindered or troubled or grieved, never let us blame any other than ourselves; that is to say, our opinions—*Epictetus.*

It is not sufficient that we should have a theory of the truth; but we should know the truth in ourselves. —*De. Peste.*

Politeness is like an air cushion, there's nothing in it, but it eases the joints wonderfully.—*Wm. C. Gannett.*

When the Good appears, straightway the soul is moved toward it and from Evil.—*Epictetus.*

Judge not thy neighbor.—*Siamese Buddhist Maxim.*

The greatest prayer is patience.—*Buddha.*

RENEWED ACTIVITY.

Rose-breasted, beautiful, alert,
I saw a grosbeak flit and flirt,
And sing at sunset full and free
When cold winds swept the leafless lea.

So, like the bird, I love to hear
A voice in age with springtide cheer;
A measure of such ardor find
When youth and love are left behind!

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

OPPORTUNITY.

The terrace-shielded marigolds
  A second flowering grandly show;
And thus in age the mind unfolds
  New gems of thought that brightly glow!

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

REVIEWS.

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