

A Mother's Influence

Well-Educated Mother's Heart Learning Library

Libraries Of Hope

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Compiled by
Marlene Peterson

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Fireside Stories for Girls in Their Teens, by Margaret Eggleston, (1921).

In Storyland, by Elizabeth Harrison, (1895).

Our Home, by C.E. Sargent, (1899).

The Care and Culture of Men, by David Starr Jordan, (1896).

How Gertrude Teaches Her Children, by Johan Heinrich Pestalozzi, (Originally published in 1801).

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To put the world right in order
we must first put the nation in order;

To put the nation in order,
we must first put the family in order.

To put the family in order,
we must first cultivate our personal life,
we must first set our hearts right.

–Confucius

Introductory Letter to *A Mother's Influence*

By Marlene Peterson

Dear Friend—

Several years ago when my oldest daughter was getting ready to leave home, we decided to take a community college class together on The Art of Small Talk. There were about 30 participants in the class and the instructor had us all sit in a circle. She started off the class by having us go around the room and introduce ourselves. There was a wide variety of occupations–doctor, lawyer, accountant, teacher, engineer, architect. I was the last one to introduce myself and I said that I was a mother. Using her art of small talk, the instructor asked how many children I had. At the time I had eight. That's when her mouth dropped open and she stood there for the longest time staring at me, then, turning to the rest of the class, she blurted out, "I can't imagine anything more boring or unfulfilling than sitting home all day with a houseful of kids."

I simply replied, "I can't imagine anything I'd rather do."

And by the way, I think the teacher needed to sign up for a refresher course.

Another daughter was given an assignment in one of her college classes to create a resume for her dream job. Her dream job was to be a mother and the resume was created around that dream. The next class period, the instructor pulled her out in the hall and told her that what she had turned in was unacceptable. My daughter asked if it fulfilled all the requirements of the assignment, and although the teacher agreed that, yes, technically it did, she was

bothered that it wasn't based on a real job in a real career. "What are you going to do that's really important with your life?" she asked. My daughter again replied that she wanted to be a mother more than anything else. Keep in mind, this was a university that valued family very much. Getting a bit exasperated, the teacher then asked my daughter why she was even going to college, and my daughter replied because she felt that everything she learned would make her a better mother.

She finally gave in and gave her credit for her work, but she wasn't happy about it.

My daughter ended up earning her degree in Family Studies. After graduation, several times she was asked what she had studied, and when she told them, almost without exception the reaction was, "What good is that?"

The devaluing of motherhood has been going on for some years now. In one recent survey, only 16% of the participants felt a mother's time was more valuable at home than in the work place.

Yet, wiser people in wiser times recognized the truth that 'the hand that rocks the cradle rules the nations.' They looked to mothers as the source of improvement to the race.

"Give me good mothers and I will save the world," exclaimed Pope Pius IX.

"Oh! If the world could only stop long enough for one generation of mothers to be made all right, what a millennium could begin in thirty years!" (Helen Hunt Jackson)

This month's study is dedicated to remembering the power of a mother's influence. The work you do in your homes matters. The world for too long has been working against you, sending the

message that it takes a village to raise your child; that you must defer to the expertise of the professionals. Look around in nature at the instinctive care mothers give to their young. Would our Creator endow the mothers of human beings – His spirit children -- with fewer gifts?

A mother's influence is powerful because she is closest to the child's heart, and, as the Proverb says, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Childhood is reserved for making impressions on the heart and this month, we will start learning a heart -based method of education.

I chose to open this book with a Margaret Eggleston story. If you don't know who Margaret Eggleston was, you soon will. She was a gifted storyteller who lived 100 years ago and has had a tremendous influence on my life. I'll be sharing several Margaret Eggleston stories with you in the coming months. This particular story, "The Self-Made Man" needs no explanation.

Before I continue, though, I need to make an acknowledgment. While we know the importance of a mother's influence, there are many other forces acting upon a child in this world. There is no guarantee of the outcome. Some children break our hearts despite our best efforts. One of the greatest gifts God gives us is our right to make our own choices. He expects us to offer the same gift to our children. But no matter, blessed is the child whose one constant is the unconditional love of a mother. It can provide the anchor through the storm and may be the force to bring that child safely back 'home'.

There was a story of a lumberjack who moved his young family out to the middle of the woods to be closer to his work. He built a tall fence around his back yard to protect his children. But as any enterprising four year old will do, his little son found a way through

the fence and became lost. For hours, neighbors, friends and associates frantically scoured the mountainside looking for the little boy. Thankfully, they found him, but in the process the father learned a very valuable lesson: You can't just put up a fence. You have to teach your children about the dangers of the forest and then make sure they learn the signposts to look for so they can find their way home again if they should get lost.

Mothers are uniquely qualified to teach such lessons. The resources I am going to share with you in the coming year will help you in your vital role.

I'll meet up with you again after you read Margaret Eggleston.

Self-Made Men

The banqueting hall of Hotel Northland was crowded to its limit. There were noted men and women from all walks of life. There were many from humble homes. There were those whose beautiful dresses showed that money meant little to them; there were others to whom the price of the banquet ticket had meant sacrifice. It was a merry company that awaited the coming of the guests of the evening.

Cheer after cheer arose when the tall, fine-looking young man took his seat near the center of the guest's table. He was the newly elected mayor of the city–the youngest mayor they had ever had. He had risen from the ranks and many of the humbler folk knew him well as a boy. Oh, how proud they were of him!

Then again the cheers sounded as an old white-haired lady entered and was placed at the left of the mayor. She it was who had given them their college, their library, their playground. For years and years she had been living away from the town, but still she loved them all and gave of her wealth to make them happy. Her friends were many in the great banqueting hall.

The supper was served and the tables cleared and then the mayor rose to speak. He told of his boyhood, of his struggles at school and college, of his eagerness to enter the political field, of his happiness at his recent election.

"I believe that every man is master of his own fate. I believe in being a self-made man and I mean during these next years when I am to serve you to make it possible for every boy to push his way to a career. One can make himself what he will if only he has grit and courage. I am here to serve you all," he said.

Not once during the address had the eyes of the little, white-haired lady been taken from the speaker. She seemed studying him rather than his address. So intent was she that she hardly heard the toastmaster introducing her as the friend whom all delighted to honor. Dreamily she arose and said,

"Years and years ago, in this very town there lived a teacher who had ten bright, happy girls in a club. For four years they had played and worked together and they loved each other dearly. Then the husband of the teacher was taken ill and it became necessary for the teacher to go to another continent to live.

"How hard it was for the girls to have her go! But it was harder still for her, for she had wanted to help them through to womanhood. She had tried to help them to see the best but often she had felt that her efforts were all too small. The day came nearer for her to leave and she had asked the girls to spend the last evening with her in her home.

"And they came, each bringing in their hands a little letter, sealed tightly. They were steamer letters for their teacher and they had been written because they had heard her say that she wished she could take with her some idea as to what the girls wanted to be when they had grown, so that she might be thinking of their plans, even though she could not be there to help them. One by one they laid them on the table till there were ten little letters–heart-to-heart letters to their dear friend.

"Five days later, away out in mid-ocean, the teacher opened the letters and read them over and over to herself. How much they told of the girls!

"Jennie wanted to be a great singer; she wanted to go to New York and study and then go into Grand Opera.

"Katherine wanted to be a kindergarten teacher. Ah! She had found that because of helping in the church.

"Mary wanted to be a lawyer–a criminal lawyer. Perhaps that desire had grown in her debating club.

"Louise wanted to be a nurse. What a dear faithful girl she had been in helping with the bandages after the great fire in the city!

"So one by one she read their letters and her heart was filled with gratitude that to her it had been given to mold in a little way their lives."

Then turning to the mayor of the city, the little white-haired lady said,

"Sir, the contents of one of those letters will be of interest to you more than to the rest. I was the teacher of those girls, so I can give you the exact wording of the last letter that I read,

"'Dear friend: You have asked us to give you our dearest wish. I have many wishes for the future but the wish that I want most of all is to be a fine woman and some day to be a real mother, the kind you have so often told us about.'

"The girl who wrote that letter, sir, became your mother. Fourteen years before you were born, your character was being formed, your ideals were being molded, your future was being safeguarded. I congratulate you, sir, on being elected to the office of mayor; but I congratulate you more for being the child of a my little girl of the long ago who at sixteen could write, 'I want most of all to be a fine, noble woman and some day to be a real mother.' To her you owe much. Inspire the girls of the town if you plan for great men. A self-made man needs a real mother to build the foundations of his character. There is no other way."

Then the speaker sat down and there was silence in the banqueting hall.

Now I'm going to introduce you to the ideas and philosophy of Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi, a kind, warm-hearted Swiss educator born in 1747. The idea of tending to the heart before the mind is not a new one. It's an idea that is taking a long time to take root. Pestalozzi made tremendous personal sacrifices in planting this idea. He often felt like a failure, but he wrote that if it even took 300 years for this idea to finally be firmly planted, he would feel his work was not in vain.

More than anything else in the world, he wanted to help people be happy. His German biographers give this picture of the man:

1780: A man is on his way to Basel, on foot, wearing a worn-out coat. The man has money problems. He is carrying the manuscript of a book that he has written in the pocket of his coat. He wants to show it to a friend in Basel. In front of the city gate there sits a crippled beggar, stretching out his hand.

"Sir, some coins, please!"

The man rummages through the pockets of his coat, searching for coins. He does not find any. Embarrassed he looks down at the ground. He then sees the silver buckles on his shoes. He bends down, takes the buckles off and places them in the beggar's hand. Then he looks for a few strong blades of grass in the field nearby and, as well as he can, ties his shoes with them.

The man's name is Heinrich Pestalozzi.

On his tombstone, it was written: "He did everything for others; nothing for himself."

I highly recommend that you read a very good short biography of Pestalozzi at http://www.bruehlmeier.info/biography.htm before you read his writings. I've linked it in the Mother's Study Guide.

The next three stories were written by Elizabeth Harrison who was greatly influenced by Pestalozzi's ideas. The reason I've included these stories is that Pestalozzi's vision for education is woven into the stories and I couldn't think of a better way to introduce it to you. I'll meet you back on the other side of these three stories.

The Line of Golden Light; or, The Little Blind Sister.

Once upon a time there lived a child whose name was Avilla. She was sweet and loving, and fair to look upon, and had everything in the world to make her happy,—but she had a little blind sister, and Avilla could not be perfectly happy as long as her sister's eyes were closed so that she could not see God's beautiful world, nor enjoy His bright sunshine. Little Avilla kept wondering if there was not something that she could do which would open this blind sister's eyes.

At last, one day, she heard of an old, old woman, nobody knew how old, who had lived for hundreds of years in a dark cave, not many miles away. This queer, old woman knew a secret enchantment, by means of which the blind could receive their sight. The child, Avilla, asked her parents' permission to make a journey to the cave, in order that she might try to persuade the old woman to tell her this secret. "Then," exclaimed she, joyfully, "my dear sister need sit no longer in darkness." Her parents gave a somewhat unwilling consent, as they heard many strange and wicked stories about the old woman. At last, however, one fine spring morning, Avilla started on her journey. She had a long distance to walk, but the happy thoughts in her heart made the time pass quickly, and the soft, cool breeze seemed to be whispering a song to her all the way.

When she came to the mouth of the cave, it looked so dark and forbidding that she almost feared to enter it, but the

thought of her little blind sister gave her courage, and she walked in. At first she could see nothing, for all the sunshine was shut out by the frowning rocks that guarded the entrance. Soon, however, she discerned the old woman sitting on a stone chair, spinning a pile of flax into a fine, fine thread. She seemed bent nearly double with age, and her face wore a look of worry and care, which made her appear still older.

The child Avilla came close to her side, and thought, she is so aged that she must be hard of hearing. The old woman did not turn her head, nor stop her spinning. Avilla waited a moment, and then took fresh courage, and said, "I have come to ask you if you will tell me how I can cure my blind sister?" The strange creature turned and stared at her as if she were very much surprised; she then spoke in a deep, hollow voice, so hollow that it sounded as if she had not spoken for a very long time. "Oh," said she with a sneer, "I can tell you well enough, but you'll not do it. People who can see, trouble themselves very little about those who are blind!" This last was said with a sigh, and then she scowled at Avilla until the child's heart began to beat very fast. But the thought of her little blind sister made her brave again, and she cried out, "Oh please tell me. I will do anything to help my dear sister!" The old woman looked long and earnestly at her this time. She then stooped down and searched in the heap of the fine-spun thread which lay at her side until she found the end of it. This she held out to the child, saying, "Take this and carry it all around the world, and when you have done that, come to me and I will show you how your blind sister may be cured." Little Avilla thanked her and eagerly seized the tiny thread, and wrapping it carefully around her hand that she might not lose it, turned and hastened out of the close, damp cave.

She had not traveled far before she looked back to be sure the thread had not broken, it was so thin. Imagine her surprise to see that instead of its being a gray thread of spun flax, it was a thread of golden light, that glittered and shone in the sunlight, as if it were made of the most precious stuff on earth. She felt sure now that it must be a magic thread, and that it somehow would help her to cure her blind sister. So she hastened on, glad and happy.

Soon, however, she approached a dark, dense forest. No ray of sunlight seemed ever to have fallen on the trunks of its trees. In the distance she thought she could hear the growl of bears and the roar of lions. Her heart almost stopped beating. "Oh, I can never go through that gloomy forest," said she to herself, and her eyes filled with tears. She turned to retrace her steps, when the soft breeze which still accompanied her whispered, "Look at the thread you have been carrying! Look at the golden thread!" She looked back, and the bright, tiny line of light seemed to be actually smiling at her, as it stretched across the soft greensward, far into the distance, and, strange to say, each tiny blade of grass which it had touched, had blossomed into a flower. So, as the little girl looked back, she saw a flowery path with a glittering line of golden light running through it. "How beautiful!" she exclaimed, "I did not notice the flowers as I came along, but the enchanted thread will make the next traveler see them." This thought filled her with such joy that she pushed forward into the dark woods. Sometimes she knocked her head against a tree which stood in her way; sometimes she almost feared she was lost, but every now and then she would look back and the sight of the tiny thread of golden light always renewed her courage. Once in a while she felt quite sure that she could see the nose of some wild beast poking out in front of her, but when she came nearer it proved

to be the joint in a tree trunk, or some strange fungus which had grown on a low branch. Then she would laugh at her own fear and go on. One of the wonderful things about the mysterious little thread which she carried in her hand was, that it seemed to open a path behind it, so that one could easily follow in her foot-steps without stumbling over fallen trees, or bumping against living ones. Every now and then a gray squirrel would frisk by her in a friendly fashion, as if to assure her that she was not alone, even in the twilight of the dark woods. By and by she came to the part of the forest where the trees were less dense, and soon she was out in the glad sunshine again.

But now a new difficulty faced her. As far as she could see stretched a low, swampy marsh of wet land. The mud and slime did not look very inviting, but the thought of her little blind sister came to her again, and she bravely plunged into the mire. The dirty, dripping mud clung to her dress and made her feet so heavy that she grew weary lifting them out of it. Sometimes she seemed to be stuck fast, and it was only with a great effort that she could pull out, first one foot, and then the other. A lively green frog hopped along beside her, and seemed to say, in his funny, croaking voice, "Never mind the mud, you'll soon be through it." When she had at last reached the end of the slippery, sticky marsh, and stood once more on firm ground, she looked back at the tiny thread of golden light which trailed along after her. *What* do you think had happened? Wherever the mysterious and beautiful thread had touched the mud, the water had dried up, and the earth had become firm and hard, so that any other person who might wish to cross the swampy place could walk on firm ground. This made the child Avilla so happy, that she began to sing softly to herself.

Soon, however, her singing ceased. As the day advanced, the air grew hotter and hotter. The trees had long ago disappeared, and now the grass became parched and dry, until at last she found herself in the midst of a dreary desert. For miles and miles the scorching sand stretched on every side. She could not even find a friendly rock in whose shadow she might rest for a time. The blazing sun hurt her eyes and made her head ache, and the hot sand burned her feet. Still she toiled on, cheered by a swarm of yellow butterflies that fluttered just ahead of her. At last the end of the desert was reached, just as the sun disappeared behind a crimson cloud. Dusty and weary, the child Avilla was about to throw herself down on the ground to rest. As she did so, her eyes turned to look once more at the golden thread which had trailed behind her all day on the hot sand. Lo, and behold! What did she see? Tall shade trees had sprung up along the path she had traveled, and each tiny grain of sand that the wonderful thread had touched, was now changed into a diamond, or ruby, or emerald, or some other precious stone. On one side the pathway across the desert shone and glittered, while on the other the graceful trees cast a cool and refreshing shade.

Little Avilla stood amazed as she looked at the beautiful trees and the sparkling gems. All feeling of weariness was gone. The air now seemed mild and refreshing, and she thought that she could hear in the distance some birds singing their evening songs. One by one the bright stars came out in the quiet sky above her head, as if to keep guard while she slept through the night.

The next morning she started forward on her long journey round the world. She traveled quite pleasantly for a while, thinking of how cool and shady the desert path would now be

for any one who might have to travel it, and of the precious jewels she had left for some one else to gather up. She could not stop for them herself, she was too anxious to press forward and finish her task, in order that her little blind sister might the sooner see.

After a time she came to some rough rocks tumbled about in great confusion, as if angry giants had hurled them at each other. Soon the path grew steeper and steeper, and the rocks sharper and sharper, until they cut her feet. Before her she could see nothing but more rocks until they piled themselves into a great mountain, which frowned down upon her, as much as to say, "How dare you attempt to climb to my summit?" The brave child hesitated. Just then two strong eagles with outspread wings rose from their nest of sticks on the side of a steep cliff near by, and soared majestically and slowly aloft. As they passed far above her head they uttered a loud cry which seemed to say, "Be brave and strong and you shall meet us at the mountain-top."

Sometimes the ragged edges of the rocks tore her dress, and sometimes they caught the tiny golden thread, and tangled it so that she had to turn back and loosen it from their hold. The road was very steep and she was compelled to sit down every few minutes and get her breath. Still she climbed on, keeping the soaring eagles always in sight. As she neared the top, she turned and looked back at the enchanted thread of golden light which she had carried through all the long, strange journey. Another marvelous thing had happened! The rugged path of sharp, broken rocks, had changed into broad and beautiful white marble steps, over which trailed the shining thread of light. She knew that she had made a pathway up this difficult mountain and her heart rejoiced.

She turned again to proceed on her journey, when, only a short distance in front of her, she saw the dark cave in which lived the strange old woman who had bidden her carry the line of light around the world. She hastened forward, and on entering the cave, she saw the old creature, almost bent double, still spinning the mysterious thread. Avilla ran forward and cried out, "I have done all you told me to do, now give sight to my sister?" The old woman sprang to her feet, seized the thread of golden light and exclaimed, "At last! at last! I am freed!"

Then came so strange and wonderful a change that Avilla could hardly believe her own eyes. Instead of the ugly, cross-looking old crone, there stood a beautiful princess, with long golden hair, and tender blue eyes, her face radiant with joy. Her story was soon told. Hundreds of years ago she had been changed into the bent old woman, and shut up in the dark cave on the mountain-side, because she, a daughter of the King, had been selfish and idle, thinking only of herself, and her punishment had been that she must remain thus disguised and separated from all companions and friends until she could find someone who would be generous and brave enough to take the long, dangerous journey around the world for the sake of others. Her mother had been a fairy princess and had taught her many things which we mortals have yet to learn. She showed the child Avilla how, by dipping the golden thread into a spring of ordinary water, she could change the water into golden water, which glittered and sparkled like liquid sunshine. Filling a pitcher with this they hastened together to where the little blind sister sat in darkness waiting for some one to come and lead her home. The beautiful princess told Avilla to dip her hands into the bowl of enchanted water, and then press them upon the closed eyes of her sister. They opened! And the little blind girl could see!

After that the fairy princess came and lived with little Avilla and her sister, and taught them how to do many wonderful things, of which I have not time to tell you to-day.

Little Blessed-Eyes;
or,
The Fairy's Birthday Gift.

In the olden times when fairies could be seen by mortals, they often took upon themselves the office of sponsors, god-fathers and god-mothers, to new-born children. In such cases, the child adopted was sure, sooner or later, to receive some wonderful gift from his fairy god-mother.

One bright, Spring morning, a sweet boy baby came into a humble home, made ready for him by love. As his mother looked fondly upon the wee form at her side she thought, naturally enough, of his future, and wondered what kind of a man he would become. "How I wish," said she softly, "that I could give to you, my darling child, the richest gift on earth, so that Kings and Emperors might be proud to call you their companion." "So you can," said a gentle voice beside her. The mother was startled by the words, for she thought herself alone when she uttered the wish. She looked to the right, then to the left,—nobody had entered the room. "Ah, silly woman that I am," sighed she. "I have let my own thoughts answer me." Again she looked down at her babe.

"I can give him the greatest and most wonderful gift on earth," said the same gentle voice. This time the mother was quite sure that some one had spoken, though the voice was unlike any human voice she had ever heard. It was so soft and musical that it sounded like the tinkling of silver bells. The poor woman was quite frightened and drew her babe closer to her side as she peered into the shadowy corners of the room.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the silvery voice, "Are you afraid of me!" Following the sound this time, the mother's eyes fell upon a tiny creature no larger than your thumb who sat perched upon a post of the bed. The body of this strange, little being was as perfect as that of any child. From its two shoulders extended two wings as thin as gauze, but gleaming with every tint of the rainbow. Upon its head was a slender gold crown, and its small face just at this moment was bright with a merry smile.

The mother knew instantly that it was one of the good fairies who were reported to be present at the birth of every babe, and who, if seen and recognized, were sure to bring some good fortune to the child, but if unnoticed, went away sorrowing, because they were then powerless to help the infant.

"What will you do for my child?" cried the mother. "Will you give him comfort and ease and fill his days with pleasure?"

"Ah no," replied the fairy, "I will give him something *far better* than pleasant food and a soft bed and fine clothes!"

"Will you make him great and powerful so that men may bow down before him?" said the mother eagerly.

"No! no!" again replied the fairy shaking her head. "I will give him something of far more worth than fame and power!"

"You will make him rich, so rich that he will never have to work?" exclaimed the mother.

"Nay, good woman," said the fairy seriously. "These are but foolish things for which you ask. My gift is greater than all of these put together. Pleasure and influence and wealth a man may earn for himself—and he may be very miserable after he gets them, too," added she, with a shrug of the shoulders. "The

gift that I would bestow upon your son will make him the happiest of mortals and will give him the power of making many, many others happy!"

"Tell me," cried the mother, "how will you make him so happy? No human being is ever sure of happiness."

"Let me kiss him upon his two eyelids as he lies there asleep," replied the fairy, "and do you the same each returning birthday and all will be well."

The mother hesitated; a step was heard approaching the door.

"Quick, quick!" exclaimed the fairy. "I must be off before that door opens, as it is forbidden us ever to be seen by more than one mortal at a time. Shall I give him the magic kiss or not?"

"Yes!" cried the excited mother, "I trust you will do no harm to my precious child."

Instantly the fairy fluttered down from the post of the bed, and impressing a kiss upon each of the closed eyelids of the child, she said, softly, "He shall be called 'Blessed-Eyes.'"

The door of the room swung back upon its hinges, the father of the child entered with a cheery "Good morning" to wife and babe, the fairy was gone.—The mother silently pondered over what had happened and when the christening day came, she said his name was to be "Blessed-Eyes."

Most of her friends and relatives thought this was a very queer name indeed to give to a child, and even went so far as to argue with the father that the little one ought to be named "John" or "James" after one or the other of his two

grandfathers. But as the boy grew into a sweet, healthy childhood, loving and kind to everyone, they were gradually reconciled to the name, and little Blessed-Eyes became a general favorite. He was always sunshiny, always happy. His mother never failed on each new birthday to rise early, even before the day dawned, and to go to his bedside, and, bending over him, kiss his two eyelids as the fairy had bidden. At such times she imagined that she heard a faint sound as of a faraway chorus of strange, silvery voices, singing:

"Love well, love well, love well,
That the heart within may swell,
Love well, love well, love well!"

Still, she was never quite sure but that it was merely the first mellow tones of the church bell in a distant village.

Long before her child could talk the mother noticed how closely he observed everything about him, and how quickly he responded to the faintest smile upon her face. As he grew older it was a delight to take him out for a walk. He was constantly discovering some new beauty in the landscape. He saw the first red glow of the evening sunset. His eyes were the first to spy out the early spring flower, even before the snow was off the ground. In the late autumn when the wind was sharp and cold and the woods were bare, he was sure to bring home some red mountain berries, or some withered leaf into a corner of which a cunning little caterpillar had wrapped himself, sewing it over and over as one would sew a bag. Then he would tell gleefully how the frost had touched the ponds and changed them into smooth glass. Often on a cold winter morning he would waken his mother by clapping his hands with joy over the frost-pictures on the window pane. Sometimes in the evening twilight he would ask his mother if the stars were pinholes in

the floor of heaven through which the glory shone. No stone nor cloud nor stream nor tree but gave him pleasure.

"Ah," thought the mother, "this is the fairy's birthday gift. She has made his eyes to see the beautiful everywhere." "More than that, far more than that! Kings and princes shall yet call him great!" was whispered gently in her ear. The mother was amazed. Who could have heard her unuttered thoughts? She looked up, but she only saw a robin hopping about in a branch of the tree overhead. Still she seemed to hear again the soft but distant singing of the words,

"Love well, love well, love well,
That the heart within may swell,
Love well, love well, love well."

"Surely," said she, half aloud, "who could help loving the child. He has indeed, blessed eyes."

As the boy grew older he seemed somehow to know the people about him as nobody else knew them. He was always finding out the best that was in each of them. Somehow he had a way of helping all the other lads out of their difficulties. For instance, early one morning when he chanced to be passing the old basket maker's, he heard the shop boy speaking in loud, angry tones to the baskets, abusing them for being so contrary and ill-shaped. Blessed-Eyes paused, and looking through the open door he saw the poor apprentice struggling to fit a round cover on to a square basket and a square cover on to a round basket.

"Let me help you," said Blessed-Eyes cheerily, "I think you have made a mistake, that's all. This cover was intended for that basket, and that cover for this basket." With these words he put

the round cover on to the round basket, and the square cover on to the square basket, and each fitted snugly into its place.

"How clever you are, Blessed-Eyes" said the apprentice, "I have been working over these baskets for the last half-hour." Without more ado he put them upon his shoulder, and started on his errand, which was to deliver them to the gardener at the King's palace.

Years passed by, changing little Blessed-Eyes into a tall young man, and each succeeding year added to the wonderful power which his eyes possessed, of seeing the best that was in everything and everybody. He was the friend of rich and poor. All sought his companionship, for he was constantly pointing out to them so many beautiful things in the world about them which they would never have seen but for him. All loved him dearly, for he was just as constantly finding the best that their inner world contained, and encouraging them to live according to their noblest ideals of how true men and women should live. So, you see, the fairy's Birthday Gift was indeed a great, and wonderful Gift.

The Fair White City;
or,
A Story of the Past, Present and Future.

Many of you will remember the story I told you of Little Blessed-Eyes and the wonderful power his fairy god-mother gave him of seeing instantly the best that was in everybody. To-day I want to tell you of some of the remarkable things which happened after Blessed-Eyes had become chief counsellor to the King, for, of course, the King was glad to keep near him a man with such power as that.

Long years have passed since our last story and Blessed-Eyes had been the King's Chief Counsellor for ten years, or more, and the capital had become the most renowned city on earth. One day Blessed-Eyes was walking through its streets when he heard a deep sigh as of some one in great trouble. He turned, and looking around saw a poor laboring man with his head bent forward upon his hands, as he sat on the doorstep of a house near by.

"What is the matter?" said Blessed-Eyes gently, stopping in front of the man.

"Ah," replied the poor man, "I can find nothing to do in this great city. All the places in the shops and stores are already taken and my children are starving for want of bread."

"What large, strong arms you have!" said Blessed-Eyes.

"Yes," replied the man, "but of what use are they to me. One can measure tape or weigh sugar with much smaller arms than mine."

"Why do you not seek the King?" continued Blessed-Eyes, "and offer to go to yonder mountain range and quarry the beautiful white marble which lies there. I have heard that it is the most beautiful marble in the whole world. Those great strong arms of yours could do a grand work in the King's quarry."

The man's face softened at once. "I will go," he said.

The King gladly accepted the strong man's offer and the next day started him out with crow-bars and drills to the mountain district, and soon there came a wagon load of beautiful white marble, and then another and then another. The King was so pleased with the marble that he sent ten men to help the strong man in his work, and then twenty and then a hundred, until the mountain tops rang with the sturdy blows of the quarrymen. And soon a vast pile of the glistening, white marble had been collected in the King's stoneyard, and the poor and discouraged man with the strong arms had become the most famous stonemason in the world.

Not long after this, Blessed-Eyes and the King walked one fine evening to look at the shining white marble and to plan how best it could be used to make beautiful the city. As they reached the tall white pile, they noticed a man standing beside it, evidently measuring it carefully with his eye.

"It is a fine sight," said Blessed-Eyes, "is it not?"

The man turned and looked sadly at him for a moment, then taking a tablet from his pocket he wrote on it: "I cannot hear a word that you say; I am totally deaf, and therefore I am the loneliest man in all the King's realm."

Blessed-Eyes' heart was stirred with pity for the lonely man. He took the pencil and wrote on the tablet: "You evidently have a very correct eye for measurements."

"Yes," replied the man, as soon as he had read these words, " I can tell the difference of a hair's breath in the height of any two lines, and I think I could estimate the weight of any one of these great stones within half an ounce."

At this Blessed-Eyes seized the tablet and wrote rapidly on it these words: "You have such good eyes for measurements and weights you would surely be a good builder. This is the King. Why do you not offer to make for him some beautiful buildings out of this white marble?"

The lonely man's face brightened; he turned to the King. A short consultation showed the King that he had found a treasure, and the new architect was set to work at once drawing plans for several buildings which were to surround a charming lake that was in the King's park.

In a few months the quiet park became the scene of busy activity. Scores of men were laying foundations; others were hewing the white marble into shapely blocks; others were polishing portions of it into tall and shining white pillars, and others still, were carving beautiful capitals for the same. All were working under the direction of the new architect whose wonderful designs had so inspired the King that he decided to build the grandest and handsomest group of buildings which the nations of the earth had ever seen. When all was done and the buildings stood in their full majestic beauty with their long colonnades shining in the sunlight and their graceful towers rising airily in the upper air and their beautiful gilded domes crowning all, the scene resembled fairyland. The people could

hardly believe their eyes as they wandered through the place. They came from the farthest ends of the earth to enjoy its beauty, for the sad and lonely deaf man had now become the most famous architect in the whole world, and was surrounded by friends and admirers, who rejoiced in his power to create such bewildering scenes of beauty. His face lost its sad expression and each time that he met Blessed-Eyes there came a joyful smile upon it.

Handsome and attractive as were the outsides of these buildings, within they were cold and bare, and Blessed-Eyes and the King often consulted as to how the inner walls might be made as beautiful as were the outer ones. It chanced one day that as Blessed-Eyes was walking alone through the "Court of Honor," (this was the name now given to that part of the lake which was surrounded by the white marble buildings), he observed a group of boys and young men, evidently having great sport with some object in their midst. When he came near he saw it was an embarrassed and harassed looking stranger whom they were tormenting.

With a feeling of indignation he pressed forward into their midst.

"What is your difficulty, sir?" he said quietly and respectfully.

The stranger blushed and faltered, then he stammeringly said:—

"I-I-I ca-ca-canno-no-not sp-speak your language wi-wi-withou-ou-out st-st-stammering."

At this the men roared with laughter. Again Blessed-Eyes turned an angry look upon them, and quietly slipping his arm

through the stranger's he said: "Will you walk with me? I have something to say to you." And the two walked off together, leaving the crowd rather abashed and ashamed of its rudeness. When they had gone some distance in silence, Blessed-Eyes said: "As soon as I saw you I noticed you had strong, shapely and artistic hands. Surely you must be able to draw and paint." The stranger's face lighted up with a radiant smile.

"How very odd," he stammered, "th-th-that you should see I was an artist, I had hoped to get work here."

Blessed-Eyes took him at once to the King, and soon the three were deep in plans for decorating and making beautiful the inner walls of the wonderful white buildings which surrounded the "Court of Honor." It was not long before the stammering stranger had proved that he was not only an artist but a master artist. Lesser artists and new pupils flocked to him from all parts of the land and soon the interior of the handsome buildings presented scenes as busy as the outside had before shown. In less than a year the walls of all the buildings had been decorated in soft, beautiful colors, and on many of them were wonderful pictures of faraway landscapes; of beautiful sunset clouds; of fair, floating angel forms, and, best of all, true and lifelike portraits of the noblest men and women of the nation. Long before this was accomplished the stammering stranger had become recognized as the greatest artist of the age.

The next question which arose in the mind of the King and his ever faithful counsellor, Blessed-Eyes, was as to the best way to use the now truly magnificent buildings, so that all the people might enjoy them. While still full of these thoughts, Blessed-Eyes one day noticed a man wearily pacing up and down the court with bowed head, and hands clasped behind his body. On coming nearer Blessed-Eyes saw that he was

blind. At the sound of his approaching footsteps the man stopped and said:—

"Ah! that is the step of Blessed-Eyes! Much as he has been able to help his fellow men, there is nothing that he can do for me!"

"Indeed," said Blessed-Eyes, cheerily, "I am not so sure of that. If you can tell a man by his step you must certainly have very good hearing."

"Ah!" said the man, "I can hear a leaf fall to the ground a block away."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Blessed-Eyes gladly, "You are just the man for whom I have been looking. Surely a man whose hearing is so acute must be a good musician."

"Yes, yes!" said the man impatiently, "I am the finest conductor of an orchestra in the whole world, but that avails me but little in these days. Nobody cares for good music now!" With these words he shrugged his shoulders and was about to pass on.

"Come with me to the King," cried Blessed-Eyes, "I think he has need of you."

After a long talk with the King, and some experiments by which they tested the man's fine sense of hearing, the King felt quite sure that he was exactly the man needed as leader for the great orchestra which he generously supported that the people might learn to love good music, so he was at once put in charge of the same. The new musician proved to be such a wonderful leader that no man in the whole orchestra dared play a false note, and soon their music under this remarkable director, was famed throughout the land, until thousands upon thousands

came to hear the afternoon concerts which were given each day in the largest of the beautiful, white marble buildings.

One bright, spring morning Blessed-Eyes started out to enjoy the sunshine and the perfume of the flowers and the glad song of the birds. "Ah," thought he, as he walked along, drinking in great draughts of the fine, fresh air, "no human being can possibly be sad on such a morning as this." But while he was yet speaking, his eyes fell upon the tear-stained face of a woman. As it was impossible for Blessed-Eyes to pass any one who was in trouble, he stopped and said gently, "Dear Madam, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Alas, alas!" said the poor woman, "What can you, or anyone else, do for a broken-hearted mother whose four little children have been taken by death from her arms. Unless I have children to love, life has no brightness for me."

"Surely," said Blessed-Eyes softly and compassionately, "there are yet many children who need your love. Will you not come with me to the palace of the King?"

The woman looked puzzled and perplexed, but so sweet and gentle had been the tone of his voice that she instinctively followed him. I do not know just what happened in the consultation with the King, but this I do know, that only a few days elapsed before the "Court of Honor" rang each day with the voices of happy children as they followed the no longer sad-faced woman around to the concert hall to hear the sweet music, or off to the buildings whose walls were covered with beautiful pictures, or back again to their own handsome building, set apart for their particular use by the King.

Here she told them stories and taught them songs and led them in charming games and plays, and trained their little

hands into skillful work until throughout the kingdom there was no happier band of children than those who had once been the waifs of the city, wandering through its streets. So full of motherly love was the woman's work with her new children that other beautiful and noble women came, in time, and joined her in it, until at last there was no child in the whole city who had not learned how to use his hands skillfully, how to love sweet music, how to enjoy beautiful pictures and how to be kind and thoughtful towards others.

In time many of these children grew into manhood and womanhood and became musicians, artists, authors, physicians, clergymen, and wonderfully skilled workmen of all sorts. Many of the women married and became loving and wise mothers because of the training they had received from the pale-faced, childless woman in the King's "Court of Honor."

At last the good King died, and the question arose, "Who shall be our next King." The counsellors of the nation met together to decide the matter. They sent to the stonemasons far away in the back country and the great master-mason cried, "Let Blessed-Eyes be our King! Did he not teach me how to use my strong arms? Has he not furnished bread for us and our families?" And the hundreds of stone-cutters and miners and diggers round about shouted aloud, "Long live King Blessed-Eyes!"

Then they sent to the various villages and towns of the Kingdom and the architects said "Let Blessed-Eyes be King! Has he not created the great Court of Honor from which we have all learned to make beautiful whatever we build!" And the carpenters and joiners and plasterers and painters all cried out, "Long live King Blessed-Eyes!"

Then they sent to the mills and the factories of the great cities and the masterworkmen and designers answered and said, "Why not make Blessed-Eyes our King? It was he who first introduced Art into our land and showed us how to make as beautiful as pictures our carpets and curtains and walls. Have not these things made our merchandise sought for all over the world." Then the spinners and weavers and dyers all shouted aloud, "Long live King Blessed-Eyes!"

Then they sent to all the colleges and schools in the land and the grave presidents and superintendents said, "We know of no better man than Blessed-Eyes. He first taught us that a love of the beautiful should be part of each child's education." Then the youths and the maidens, the boys and the girls, and even the little children shouted until they were hoarse, "Long live King Blessed-Eyes!"

Then the whole nation seemed to cry out, "Blessed-Eyes, Blessed-Eyes, Long live King Blessed-Eyes!" There is none among us whom he has not helped. When the news was brought to Blessed-Eyes that all the people desired him to rule over them, he smiled gently and said, "I had hoped to rest now, but if I can serve my country I must do it." So he was made King and the nation became wise and great and powerful under his reign. For the little children grew up learning to love the beautiful and to see it everywhere until at last there was a whole nation of blessed-eyes, and every city in the land became as beautiful as was the White City by the Lake.

Before you read Gems from Pestalozzi's writings, I'm going to attempt to lay a little groundwork.

Pestalozzi's philosophy can be summed up in one word: Anschauung. Translators have had difficulties translating this German word, but the English translation that seems to fit the best is 'sense-impression'. The philosophy is: Feeling precedes knowledge. Pestalozzi faced the same challenge all people face who are trying to fit words to an impression of the heart. He knew the principle his heart understood was based in eternal law, but as he tried to fit it to words, people often misunderstood.

Let me try and illustrate Anschauung as I understand it with a few examples.

Imagine you are having a conversation with a friend who has never been cold in his life and you want to help him understand the meaning of the word 'cold'. At first you might attempt to use other words like freezing or frigid or how you feel when you touch ice. But what if that friend has never touched ice?

Maybe you'll attempt to throw in a temperature for a point of reference–cold is how you feel when it's 32 degrees outside. Even that number is going to fail you. I grew up in Southern California and didn't own a coat. If the temperature dropped below 60 degrees, we thought we would freeze to death. 32 degrees would have been incomprehensibly cold. But then I went to college and walked to class early in the morning in 5 below zero weather. When the temperature got up to 32 degrees, I took off my coat and basked in the warmth.

All the words in the world will fail to give understanding of the meaning of 'cold' to your friend. He has to experience it.

When little children start drawing, they want to create suns and people and kitties with faces. Academically minded adults tend to steer those first efforts of drawing towards forming letters and giving sounds to the letters and then combining the sounds of the letters so that they form words. They call this reading-readiness. And from there, think of all the word work we do with children in school.

We have them copy, list, match, spell, memorize, define, syllable-ize, dissect, and analyze words. We have them sort them into nouns, verbs, adverbs, adjectives, add prefixes and suffixes, and identify their Latin roots. Then we have them arrange and re-arrange words into sentences, diagram them, separate them with periods, commas and semi-colons and organize them into paragraphs. Along the way, we test them, time them, and grade them.

For all this work, at the end of the day, if a child has never been cold, he will still not understand what the meaning of the word 'cold' is. It's the sense-impression that gives the meaning to the word.

Words by themselves are nothing more than sounds and shapes. They have no life of their own. Yet, once you've experienced being cold, what a wonderful tool the word 'cold' becomes so you can let someone else know what you're feeling. And since the other person has also been cold, he'll know what you're talking about.

What our academic leanings are doing are by-passing these critical 'heart' years when we should be filling up our children's hearts with sense-impressions and instead, dive head first into the world of words.

If a poet refers to basking in the glow of the evening sunset, what meaning will those words have if you've never felt the feelings associated with a glorious evening sunset? If you tell little Johnnie to forgive his little brother for hurting him, what meaning does the word 'forgive' have of itself? First, Johnnie needs to have an impression of forgiveness. That impression may come from watching you forgive someone. Or maybe he'll pick up the impression in a story like Cinderella where she forgave her stepsisters for being so mean or Joseph in Egypt where he forgave his mean brothers. Only then can your child grasp what you're talking about. Without the impression, the word 'forgive' is just a word.

Have you ever re-read a book and suddenly you see so many things you never saw the first time around? The words haven't changed, but you have. The second time through, you are bringing new experiences and impressions that are giving new life to the words.

Friedrich Froebel studied Pestalozzi's ideas. His invitation to all mothers was, "Come! Let us live with our children." He created kindergartens–the German word for 'child-gardens'-- where he intended to teach mothers how to do this vital heart learning in their homes. There's not a lot of living happening in four walls of a classroom, sitting at a desk for hours a day moving words around.

A mind approach to astronomy is to memorize the names of the planets in order. A heart approach–the sense-impression approach-- is to take your four year old out after bedtime to the backyard, snuggle him in a warm blanket, and tell him stories of the stars.

Value of knowing the names of the planets at age 4? 2 cents.

Value of spending an evening with your little boy out under the stars telling stories? Priceless.

So when your well-intentioned friend or in-law raises an eyebrow because your young child is out playing in the park or taking fresh-baked cookies to the elderly lady down the street or pretending he's a knight in shining armor instead of doing his worksheet on suffixes, just smile, thank her for her concern, and let her know you're working on his Anschauung. You'll get to the suffixes later–you promise.

Another educator who was also obviously influenced by Pestalozzi wrote of the "hopelessness of labouring with those who have never experienced the emotions, nor accumulated the mind-images necessary for any kind of integrating efforts." He wrote that these impressions give the power to remember, to associate and to distinguish.

Pestalozzi knew the mother was the best teacher of young children because of her great love for her child. Without love, no system of education would succeed. The books I will be sharing with you over the next year were written by men and women who were primarily interested in the business of tending hearts.

Many of Pestalozzi's frustrations came because he understood the principle, but he had so few tools to work with. He would be thrilled with what you have for your use!

He understood the power of singing and music, but there were few hymnals. Beethoven was still young. Brahms was a child. The great masters of music had yet to compose their music. And even the music that was composed was certainly not available to a poor home of orphans.

He understood the need for picture books. Caldecott wasn't even alive in Pestalozzi's lifetime. Bonheur, Millet, Corot and Landseer didn't paint their much-loved-by- children masterpieces until decades after his death.

He saw the ordering effect of rhythm which poetry offers. But he had no Child's Garden of Verses, no Mother Goose book of rhymes. Longfellow, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Emily Dickinson, Eugene Fields, Christina Rossetti had yet to write their poetry.

And although he loved stories, Hans Christian Andersen and the brothers Grimms had not yet written their fairy tales down. Neither had any of the storytellers who went out and gathered in the stories of the world. There was no David Copperfield or Tom Sawyer or Jo March or Jane Eyre when Pestalozzi was trying to teach his children.

I believe Pestalozzi would be heartbroken if he saw what we've done to our kindergartens. We've separated the children from their mothers. We've taken the necessary religious feelings away and we're back to working on words instead of love.

If you are serious about adopting a heart-based learning environment in your home, you're going to want to make good friends with Heinrich Pestalozzi. Take the time to ponder the gems I've gathered from his writing, primarily from the book How Gertrude Teaches Her Children. When you understand the conditions under which he wrote, these little gems of thought will have much greater meaning. If you feel ambitious and want to read the whole book, you'll find it on Internet Archive along with many of his other writings.

I'll be back to introduce the next section. See you at the end of Pestalozzi's writings.

Gems from the Writings of Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi

...ever since my youth, has my heart moved on like a mighty stream, alone and lonely, towards my one sole end–to stop the sources of the misery in which I saw people around me sunk.

* * * * *

But in the midst of the scornful laughter, in the midst of the loudest taunts of the men who rejected me–"You poor wretch, you are less able than the meanest day laborer to help yourself, and do you fancy you can help the people?"–in the midst of these jeering taunts, which I read on all lips, the mighty stream of my heart ceased not, alone and lonely, to struggle towards the purpose of my life–to stop the springs of the misery in which I saw the people around me sunk.

* * * * *

I was careless of myself, and lost myself in the whirl of powerful impulses towards outward operations of which I had not worked out the foundations deeply enough.

* * * * *

Deep dissatisfaction devoured me now; things eternally true and right seemed to me in my condition mere castles in the air.

I clung with obstinacy to words and phrases which had lost within me their basis of eternal truth. So I sank day by day more towards the worship of common-place, and the trumpet blare of quacks with which this modern age pretends to help the human race.

* * * * *

The effect of my book was like the effect of all my doings on those around me; nobody understood it. .. Yes, that was my fate, to be misunderstood and to suffer injustice.

* * * * *

But I now lowered myself under the provocation of external force and internal passion to expect a good issue from the tinkling cymbals of civil truth; to expect ideas of right from the men of my time, who with few exceptions live only to make themselves comfortable and hanker after well-spread tables.

* * * * *

It was the result of a simple psychological idea which I felt but of which I was not clearly aware. It was exactly the pulse of the art that I was seeking; . . . A seeing man would never have dared; I was luckily blind, or I too had not ventured. I knew not clearly what I did, but I knew what I wanted, that was – Death, or the carrying through of my purpose.

* * * * *

...as I was attempting the impossible, I found that possible which I had not expected; and as I pushed through the pathless thicket that no one had trodden for ages, I found footprints in it leading to the high road, which for ages had been untrodden.

* * * * *

I learned, as never before, the relation of the first steps in every kind of knowledge to its complete outline.

The confusion of the repeating crowd led me to feel the need of keeping time, and beating time increased the impression made by the lesson. . .

The result of attending to this perfecting of the early stages far outran my expectations. It quickly developed in the children a consciousness of hitherto unknown power, and particularly a general sense of beauty and order. They felt their own power, and the tediousness of the ordinary school-tone vanished like a ghost from my rooms. They wished–tried,–persevered,–succeeded: and they laughed. Their tone was not that of learners: it was the tone of unknown powers awakened from sleep; of a heart and mind exalted with the feeling of what these powers could and would lead them to do.

Children taught children. They tried to put into practice what I told them to do, and often came themselves on the track of the means of it execution, from many sides. This self-activity, which had developed itself in many ways in the beginning of learning, worked with great force on the birth and growth of the conviction in me, that all true, all educated instruction must be drawn out of the children themselves, and be born within them.

Since I had no fellow-helpers, I put a capable child between two less capable ones; he embraced them with both arms, he told them what he knew, and they learned to repeat after him what they knew not. They sat lovingly by each other. Joy and sympathy animated their souls, and their mutually awakened

inner life led them both forward as they could only be led by this mutual self-vivification.

* * * * *

Dear Friend! You have heard this crowd of collective learners and seen its courage and joy. Say yourself how you felt when you saw it. I saw your tears, and in my heart arose wrath towards men who could still say, "The improvement of the people is a dream."

No; it is no dream. I will put skill into the hand of the mother, into the hand of the child, and into the hand of the innocent; and the scorner shall be silenced and shall say no more—"It is a dream."

* * * * *

I am now thoroughly convinced; it was a long time before I was; but I had children in Stanz whose powers, not deadened by the weariness of unpsychological home and school discipline, developed more quickly. . . I saw the capacity of human nature, and its peculiarities in many ways and in most open play. Its defects were the defects of healthy nature, immeasurably different from the defects caused by bad and artificial teaching–hopeless flagging and complete crippling of the mind.

* * * * *

I learned from then what a disadvantage this one-sided letter knowledge and entire reliance on words (which are only sound and noise when there is nothing behind them) must be. I saw what a hindrance this may be to the real power of observation, and the firm conception of the objects that surround us.

* * * * *

I felt my experiment had decided that it was possible ... to lay true knowledge, gained by sense-impression at its foundation, and to tear away the mask of its superficial bombast. . . . but to the prejudiced crowd, like geese which ever since they cracked the shell have been shut up in the coop and she and so have lost all power of flying and swimming, I could never make wise, as I well knew.

* * * * *

But imagine,–you know me,– imagine with what feelings I left Stanz. As a shipwrecked man after weary, restless nights see land at last, breathes in hope of life, and then, swung back into the boundless ocean by an unlucky wing, says a thousand times in his trembling soul, "Why can I not die?" And yet does not plunge into the abyss, but still forces his tired eyes open, looks around, and seeks the shore again, and when he sees it, strains every limb to numbness,–even so was I.

My departure from Stanz, although I was near death, was not a consequence of my free will but of military measures which rendered the continuance of my plans temporarily impossible. It renewed the old nonsense about my uselessness and utter inability to persevere in any business. Even my friends said, "Yes, for five-months it is possible for him to pose as a worker, but in the sixth 'it is no go'. We might have known it before. He can do nothing thoroughly, and is at bottom no more fit for actual life than an old hero of romance.

They said aloud that the very most that could be said for me was that I brooded over a beautiful dream, and like all brooding fools might now and then have a bright idea about my dream and hobby. It was obvious that no one listened to me.

Meanwhile every one agreed in the opinion that things had gone wrong in Stanz, and that everything always would go wrong with me.

* * * * *

I . . . surrendered myself wholly to vague though vivid feelings, that indeed made my course certain but did not teach me to know it.

* * * * *

I...was soon convinced that the first hour of its teaching is the hour of its birth. From the moment in which his mind can receive impressions from Nature, Nature teaches him. The new life itself is nothing but the just-awakened readiness to receive these impressions.

All instruction of man is then only the Art of helping Nature to develop in her own way; and this Art rests essentially on the relation and harmony between the impressions received by the child and the exact degree of his developed powers.

* * * * *

...it is necessary to determine ...which of these constituents is fit for each age of the child, in order on the one hand not to hold him back if he is ready; and on the other, not to load him and confuse him with anything for which he is not quite ready.

* * * * *

The child must be brought to a high degree of knowledge both of things seen and of words before it is reasonable to teach him to spell or read. . . the need of picture books struck me perforce. These should precede the ABC books, in order to make those ideas that men express by words clear to the children.

* * * * *

I am convinced that nature brings the children even at this age (age 3) to a definite consciousness of innumerable objects. . . Their power and the experience both are great at this age; but our unpsychological schools are essentially only artificial stifling-machines for destroying all the results of the power and experience that nature herself brings to life in them.

You know it, my friend. But for a moment picture to yourself the horror of this murder. We leave children up to their fifth year in the full enjoyment of nature; we let every impression of nature work upon them; they feel their power; they already know full well the joy of unrestrained liberty and all its charms. The free natural bent which the sensuous happy wild thing takes in his development, has in them already taken its most decided direction. And after they have enjoyed this happiness of sensuous life for five whole years, we make all nature round them vanish from before their eyes; tyrannically stop the delightful course of their unrestrained freedom; pen them up like sheep, whole flocks huddled together, in stinking rooms; pitilessly chain them for hours, days, weeks, months, years, to the contemplation of unattractive and monotonous letters (and, contrasted with their former condition), to a maddening course of life.

Friend, tell me, can the sword that severs the neck and sends the criminal from life to death have more effect upon his body than this change from the beautiful guidance of nature, which they have enjoyed so long, to the mean and miserable school course, has upon the souls of children?

* * * * *

Will men always be blind? Will they never reach the first springs from which flow our mental distraction, the destruction of our innocence, the ruin of our capacities, and all their consequences; which lead all to unsatisfactory lives, thousands to death in hospitals, and to madness.

...how happy shall I be in my grave if I have contributed something towards making these springs known. How happy shall I be in my grave if I can unite Nature and Art in popular education as closely as they are now violently separate. Ah! How my inmost soul is stirred. Nature and art are not only separated, they are insanely forced asunder by wicked men!

It is as if an evil spirit had reserved for our quarter of the world and our century an infernal gift of malicious disunion, in order to make us more weak and miserable in the philosophical age than ever yet self-deception, presumption, and self-conceit have made mankind in any part of the world, in any age.

How gladly would I forget such a world! How happy I am in this state of things . . whose whims force me to penetrate ever more deeply into the spirit of beginning-books for infants. Yes, my friend, in these the fittest blow against the foolish instruction of our time must and shall be given.

Their spirit grows ever clearer to me. They must start from the simplest elements of human knowledge, they must deeply impress the children with the most essential forms of all things, they must early and clearly develop the first consciousness of the relations of number in them, they must give them words and sentences about the whole range of their knowledge and experience; and, above all, completely fill up the first steps of

the ladder of knowledge by which nature herself leads us to all arts.

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. . . we do violence to ourselves while we, through our miserable popular schools and their monotonous letter-teaching, extinguish within us the last trace of the burning style with which Nature would brand us.

But the majority of the men of this time hardly know what God did for them, and allow no weight to the infinite influence of Nature on our development. On the contrary, they make a great fuss about any poor invention, crooked and stupid enough compared to her work, as if their skill did everything and Nature nothing for the human race; and yet Nature only does us good; she alone leads us uncorrupted and unshaken to truth and wisdom. The more I followed her track, the more I sought to unite my deeds to hers and strained my powers to keep pace with her footsteps, the more infinite this step appeared to me.

But the power of children to follow her is just as infinite. . . I tried to drive where no driving was possible . . . I tried to force in, where it was only possible to bring out from within the child that which lies in him, and is only to be stimulated within him, and cannot be put into him.

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Every day it became clearer to me that in the youngest years we must not reason with children, but must limit ourselves to the means of developing their minds:

1. By ever widening more and more the sphere of their sense-impressions.

2. By firmly , and without confusion, impressing upon them those sense-impressions that have been brought to their consciousness.

3.By giving them sufficient knowledge of language for all that Nature and the Art have brought or may in part bring to their consciousness.

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...we must never think because a child does not understand anything fully that therefore it is of no use to him.

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In order to make children reasonable and put them in the way of a power of independent thought, we must guard as much as possible against allowing them to speak at haphazard, or to pronounce opinions about things that they know only superficially. I believe the time for learning is not the time for judgment; the time for judgment comes with the completion of learning; it comes with the ripening of reason. I believe every judgment that is supposed to have inner truth for the individual who expresses it, for this reason must of itself out of a comprehensive knowledge fall ripe and perfect, as the perfectly ripened grain falls unforced and free from the husk or shell.

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He particularly wishes mothers to make the earliest education of their children pleasant and important by easy instruction . . .gradually to cancel the need of elementary schools, and to supplement then by improved home education.

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I know the difficulties of this question. People all cry that mothers will not be persuaded to undertake a new work in addition to their scrubbing and rubbing, their knitting and sewing, and all their tiresome duties, and the distractions of life; and I may answer as I like: "It is no work; it is play; it takes no time, rather it fill up the emptiness of a thousand moments of depression." People have no mind for it, and answer back, "They won't do it." But Pope Boniface, in the year 1519, said to the good Zwingli, "It won't do; mothers will through all eternity never read the Bible with their children, never through all eternity pray daily with them morning and evening;" yet he found in the year 1522 that they did it, and said, "I never should have believed it." I am sure of my means and I know and hope, at least, before I am buried, that a new Pope Boniface will speak of this matter as the old one in 1522.

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He aims at all cases at that degree of insight and power of thought that all men need for an independent and wise life.

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...we build castles in the air, and are proud of ideas of reason and independence which exist only on paper . . . For there is no other profession that relies so entirely on mere words; and if we consider how very long we have been relying on these, then the connection of this error with the cause from which it arises startles us.

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In the first few weeks he had already a hundred pupils. But the task of occupying all these children, properly teaching them

and keeping them in order, was beyond his power. He knew no art of school-keeping except setting tasks of spelling, reading, and learning by heart; repeating lessons by turns, warning and chastising with the rod when the tasks were not learnt. But he knew from his own youthful experience that under this method of school-keeping the majority of children sit idle for the greater part of school time, . . . that in this way the precious time for culture passes useless away, and the advantages of learning are not balanced by the harmful consequences that such a school-keeping must necessarily have.

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The uncultured superficial man cannot fathom the depths out of which Socrates drew spirit and truth; therefore it is natural that it should not succeed. . . Socratizing is essentially impossible for children, since they want both a background of preliminary knowledge and the outward means of expression–language. . . At that period they dreamed of drawing out the intellect in this way, and out of veritable nothing to call forth wonders.

The hawk and the eagle could take no eggs from the nest if none had been laid.

I was wholly against making the judgment of children upon any subject apparently ripe before its time, but rather would hold it back as long as possible, until they really had seen with their own eyes the object on which they should express themselves, from all sides, and under several conditions and had become quite familiar with words by which they could describe its essential characteristics.

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In all that I did I tried more to develop the inner capacity of the child than to produce isolated results by my actions . . . in this way the foundations of intelligence and further progress were laid in the children as could never be attained in any other way.

In my condition I needed free play for my experiments, and yet at every moment private people sent particular orders as to how I should set to work to teach the children who were sent to me.

In one place, where they had been accustomed for ages to be content with very little in the way of instruction and teaching, they now demanded from me that a method of teaching, embracing all the elements of human knowledge, and one that was compiled for the early use of little children, should also have a great, universal and absolute effect upon children who up to their twelfth or fourteenth year had remained in the most thoughtless mountain freedom, and had therefore become distrustful of all teaching.

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Coercion is wrong; children should be free.

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The vanity of parents makes them wish their children to appear clever. A child is considered clever if he can shout the whole catechism without a blunder, if he knows the 119th Psalm and can rattle off a few chapters of the Bible (never mind the sense), he is a wonder. To read the Bible through is the highest point.

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.. . my efforts to strengthen the capacities of children simply and generally for every art; and my calm and apparently indifferent way of waiting for the results of the principles that should gradually develop out of themselves–these were castles in the air. They anticipated nothing from and nothing in them; on the contrary, where I built up capacity, they found emptiness.

They said, "The children do not learn to read," just because I taught reading properly; they said: "They are not learning to write," because I taught writing properly, and at last, "They do not learn to be good," just because I did all I could to remove out of the way the first hindrances to goodness that were in the school, and especially opposed the idea that the parrot learning by heart of the "Heidelberg" can be the only method of teaching, but the Saviour of the world sought to raise the human race to reverence God and to worship Him in Spirit and in Truth.

It is true, I have said fearlessly, God is not a God to whom stupidity and error, hypocrisy and lip-service are pleasing. I have said fearlessly: Take care to teach children to think, feel, and act rightly, to quicken and make use of the blessings of faith and love in themselves, before we drill the subjects of positive theology and their never-ending controversies into their memories as a means of cultivating their intellect, and a spiritual exercise. But I cannot be offended at being misunderstood; they meant well; and I perfectly comprehend that, owing to the quackery of our educational methods, my rough attempts at a new way must disappoint people who, like many others, would rather see one fish in their pond, than a lake full of carp the other side of the mountains.

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Truth that springs from sense-impression may make tiresome talk and tedious arguments superfluous (these have almost as much effect against error and prejudice as bell-ringing against a storm), because truth so acquired generates a power in the man that makes his soul proof against prejudice and error; and even when through the continual chatter of our race they come to his ears, they become so isolated in him that they cannot have the same effect as upon the common-place men of our time, of whom truth and error alike, without sense-impression, with mere cabalistic words, are thrown as through a magic lantern upon the imagination.

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These expressions convinced him that it might be possible to do more against error and prejudice by the still silence of my method, than has yet been done through the endless talk that we have permitted against it, or rather have been guilty of.

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We must never drive the children, but only lead them by this method.

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I threw away the rubbish of our school wisdom, and like Nature with the savage, always put a picture before the eye, and then sought for a word for that picture.

I used the best instruction-books of our time. But these were partly expressed in words that the children could hardly understand, and partly so filled with ideas that went beyond their experience and were so opposed to their own way of

looking at things at their age, that it demanded infinite time and trouble to explain the incomprehensible. These explanations were themselves a continual worry, which had no more effect on their real inner development than a single beam of light in a dark room or in a thick fog. This was more the case since many of these books with their pictures and representations descended to the deepest depths of human knowledge, or ascended above the clouds right up to the heaven of eternal glory, before they allowed the children to set foot on the firm ground, on which men must stand before they learn to fly or grow wings wherewith to rise.

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The gloomy consciousness of all this impelled me to try to entertain my younger pupils with pictures of objects; but to raise my elder ones to clear ideas by Socratizing. The first result was that the little ones made themselves masters of much knowledge that other children of theirs do not possess. I wished to combine this kind of instruction with the formulas of teaching that I found in the best books; but all the books that I wanted to use were written in a manner that presupposed all which must first be given to the children–namely Language. Therefore my Socratizing with the elder scholars had the result that all word-explanations are certain to have that are not based upon a knowledge of things, and are expressed in a language which conveys no clear ideas to the children. That which they grasped today, in a few days vanished from their minds to an incomprehensible manner; and the more pains I took to make things clear to them, the more they seemed to lose the power of seeking it themselves, out of the mist in which Nature had placed it.

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Nature herself wraps all sense-impressions at first in confused mistiness, but gradually clears them up.

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I raised myself daily more to the conviction that it might be possible to reach the end . . . namely to educate mothers for that to which they are eminently designed by nature; and through it, even the lowest material of ordinary school-instruction might be founded upon the results of companionable motherly instruction. I saw a universal psychological method formed, by which all fathers and mothers who found the motive in themselves might be put in a position to instruct their own children, and thereby to obviate the imaginary necessity of cultivating teachers by costly seminaries and educational libraries for a long time.

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In a word, through the impression of the whole, and through the constant similarity of my experiences, I am restored to the faith that I cherished so warmly in the beginning...–the faith, namely, in the possibility of improving the human race.

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Dear friend–the world is full of useful men, but empty of people who can put these useful men into their places.

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Man! Imitate this action of high Nature, who out of the seed of the largest tree first produces a scarcely perceptible shoot; then, just as imperceptibly, daily and hourly, by gradual stages, unfolds first the beginning of the stem, then the bough, then

the branch, then the extreme twig on which hangs the perishable leaf. Consider carefully this action of great Nature, –how she tends and perfect every single part as it is formed, and joins on every new part to the permanent growth of the old.

Consider how mother Nature with the uprising shoot also develops the germ of the root, and buries the noblest part of the tree deep in the bosom of the earth; again, how she forms the immovable stem from the very heart of the root, and the boughs from the very heart of the stem, and the branches from the very heart of the bough. How to all, even the weakest outermost twig, she gives enough, but to none useless, disproportionate, superfluous strength.

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Try to make in every art graduated steps of knowledge, in which every new idea is only a small, almost imperceptible addition to that which has been known before, deeply impressed and not to be forgotten.

Bring all things essentially related to each other to that connection in your mind which they have in Nature.

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Let the results of your art and your instruction, while you try to found them upon natural law, by the richness of their charm, and the variety of their free play bear the impression of freedom and independence.

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Throughout my whole life, I have seen and known all kinds of wordy men, wrapped up in systems and theories, knowing nothing and caring nothing for people.

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When we just learn by heart "three and four makes seven" and then build upon this seven, as if we really knew that three and four makes seven, we deceive ourselves; for the inner truth of seven is not in us, since we are not conscious of the meaning behind it which alone can make an empty word a truth for us. It is the same for all branches of human knowledge.

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I find I have fixed the highest supreme principle of instruction in the recognition of sense-impression as the absolute foundation of all knowledge.

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The instruction of our country, as it is publicly and generally conducted for the people, wholly and entirely ignores sense-impression as the supreme principle of instruction;...that it rather sacrifices the essentials of all teaching to the hurly burly of isolated teaching of special things, and kills the spirit of truth by dishing up all kinds of broken truths; and that it extinguishes in the human race the power of self-activity which rests upon it.

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This disproportion, ruinous for the human mind . . . or rather the beginning point . . . is the invention of the art of printing. The country, in its first astonishment about this new and boundless influence, this making of word-knowledge easy, fell into a kind of dizzy, quack-like trust in the universality of its effects. This was natural in the first generation after the discovery; but that the country after so many ages still lives in

the same dizzy state, and has let it grow to a soul-and-body-destroying nervous fever without feeling ill!

It is quite clear how it was forced to narrow the five senses of the country, and so to bind particularly that instrument of sense-impression, the eye, to the heathen altar of the new learning, letters and books.

This still more increased the inner atrophy of the world, making its men letter-beings; and brought it to such a point that the errors of this condition cannot be dissolved by progress in truth, love and faith; but on the contrary, they can only be strengthened , while they seem to be dissolved, by the still more dangerous errors of infidelity, indifference, and lawlessness.

We are forced under these circumstances to sink ever deeper from generation to generation into the unnatural conventionality, the narrow-hearted selfishness, the lawless, ambitious violent resulting from it, in which we now are.

...resulting in the inner disorganization of all pure natural feelings, and of all those means of helping humanity which rest upon those feelings. This led to the disappearance of all humanity from political systems; this again to the dissolution of a few political systems which had ceased to be human.

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I come back to the assertion that the deficiencies of European instruction, — or rather, the artificial inversion of all natural principles of instruction,—has brought this part of the world where it is now; and that there is no remedy for our present and future overturn in society, morality, and religion except to turn back from the superficiality, incompleteness, and giddy-

headedness of our popular instruction, and to recognize that sense-impression is absolutely the foundation of all knowledge; in other words, all knowledge grows out of sense-impression and may be traced back to it.

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From the moment that a mother takes a child upon her lap, she teaches him. She brings nearer to his senses what nature has scattered afar off over large areas and in confusion, and makes the action of receiving sense-impressions, and the knowledge derived from them, easy, pleasant, and delightful to him.

The mother, weak and untrained, follows Nature without help or guidance, and knows not what she is doing. She does not intend to teach; she intends only to quiet the child, to occupy him. But nevertheless in her pure simplicity she follows the high course Nature without knowing what Nature does through her; and Nature does very much through her. In this way she opens the world to the child. She makes him ready to use his senses, and prepares for the early development of his attention and power of observation.

Now if this high course of Nature were used; if the helping Art could make it possible to the mother's heart to go on with what she does instinctively for the infant, wisely and freely with the growing child; if, too the heart of the father were also used for this purpose; and if the helping Art made it possible . . . to attain inner content with himself throughout his life, how easy would it be to assist in raising our race and every individual man in any position whatever, even amid the difficulties of unfavorable circumstances, and amid all the evils of unhappy times, and secure him a still, calm, peaceful life. O God! What would be gained for men.

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Language-teaching is, then, in its nature, nothing but a collection of psychological means of expressing impressions (feelings and thoughts); and of making all their modifications that would be else fleeting and incommunicable, lasting and communicable by uniting them to words.

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The mass of our public schools not only give us nothing, but on the contrary they quench all that in us which humanity has without schools . . .its fundamental error, the empty speech of our age, and our one-sided [superficial, thoughtless, senseless] jabbering must be brought to death and laid in the grave, before it will be possible, by instruction and language to bring forth truth and life in our race.

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Dear friend! Will men misunderstand me here too? Will there be even a few who wish with me that I may succeed in checking and putting an end to the mad faith in words that from the very nature of the subject, as well as from their artificial construction and combination, bear the stamp of incomprehensibility for the child; and being void of all sense-impression, by their inner emptiness work towards the devastation of the human mind?

Yes, friend. I know that for a long, long time there will be but few who do not misunderstand me, and who recognize that dreams, sound, and noise are absolutely worthless foundations for mental culture. The causes for this are many and deep-seated. The love of babble is so closely connected with respect for what is called good society, and its pretension to wild general culture, and still more with the livelihood of many

thousands among us, that it must be long, very long, before the men of our time can take with love into their hearts that truth against which they have hardened themselves so long.

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But I go on my way and say again: All science-teaching that is dictated, explained, analyzed, by men who have not learnt to think and to speak in accordance with the laws of Nature; all science-teaching by which the definitions are forced as if by magic into the minds of children, or rather are blown into their ears as by a stage-prompter,–so far as it does this must necessarily sink into a miserable burlesque of education. For where the primary powers of the human mind are left asleep, and when words are crammed upon the sleeping powers, we make dreamers, who dream unnaturally and inconstantly in proportion as the words, crammed into these miserable gaping creatures, are big and pretentious.

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The course of Nature in the development of our race is unchangeable. There are and can be no two good methods of instruction in this respect. There is but one–and this is the one that rests entirely upon the eternal laws of Nature. But of bad methods there are infinitely many; and the badness of every one increases in proportion as it deviates from the laws of Nature, and decreases in proportion as it approaches to following these laws.

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...its completion, its perfection must be the aim of him who would found human instruction upon truth ...

I have one rule for judging my own action, as well as the actions of all those who strive for this end–by their fruits ye shall know them.

Any method that brands the brow of the learner with the stamp of completely stifled natural power and the want of common sense and mother-wit, is condemned by me, whatever other advantages it may have. I do not deny that even such methods may produce good tailors, shoemakers, tradesmen, and soldiers; but I do deny that they can produce a tailor or a tradesman who is a man in the highest sense of the word.

Oh! If men would only comprehend that the aim of all instruction is, and can be, nothing but the development of human nature, by the harmonious cultivation of its powers and talents and the promotion of manliness of life. Oh, if they would only ask themselves, at every step in their methods of education and instruction–"Does it further this end?"

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I will now again consider the influence of clear ideas upon the essential development of humanity. Clear ideas to the child are only those to which his experience can bring no more clearness.

All definitions–that is, all such clear statements in words of the nature of any object–contain essential truth for the child only so far as he has a clear, vivid background of sense-impression of the object. Where thorough clearness in the sense-impression of the object to be defined is wanting, he only learns to play with words; . . . and to believe blindly in words whose sounds convey no idea to him, or give him no other thought than that he has just given out a sound.

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In rainy weather toadstools grow fast on every dungheap; and in the same way definitions not founded on sense-impression produce, just as quickly, a fungus-like wisdom, which dies just as quickly in the sunlight, and which looks upon the clear sky as poison to it.

The baseless, wordy show of such baseless wisdom produces men who believe they have reached the end in all subjects, because their life is a tiresome babble about this end. They have never reached it, never pursued it, because all their life it has not had the attractive charm for their observing powers which is generally necessary . . .

Our generation is full of such men. They lie sick of a kind of wisdom that leads us pro forma to the goal of knowledge, like cripples on the race course, without being able to make this goal their goal until their feet are cured.

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The Christian people of our part of the world have sunk so low because for more than a century, in our lower schools, empty words have been given an importance to the human mind that not only overpowered attention to the impressions of nature, but even destroyed the inner susceptibility to such impressions in men.

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Whereever in the whole circle of all-working Nature anything is imperfect in the germ, there it has lost the power of becoming perfect in its complete ripeness. Everything that is imperfect in the germ will be crippled in its growth, in the outward development of its parts. This is as true of the products of your

mind as the products of your garden. It is as true of the results of a single idea gained by sense-impression, as it is certain of the condition of a grown cabbage.

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Man will become man only through his inner and spiritual life. He becomes through it independent, free and contented. Mere physical Nature leads him not hither. She is in her very nature blind; her ways are ways of darkness and death. Therefore the education and training of our race must be taken out of the hands of blind sensuous Nature, and the influence of her darkness and death, and put into the hands of our moral and spiritual being, and its divine, eternal, inner light and truth.

All, all that you carelessly leave to outer blind Nature sinks. That is true of lifeless nature as of living. Wherever you carelessly leave the earth to Nature, it bears weeds and thistles. Wherever you leave the education of your race to her, she goes no further than a confused impression on the senses that is not adapted to your power of comprehension, nor to that of your child in the way that is needed for the best instruction.

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Friend! For upwards of twenty years, I hardly knew to what the following passage, in the preface of 'Leonard and Gertrude' would lead: "I take no share in all the strife of men about their opinions, but whatever makes them good, brave, true and honest; whatever can bring love of God and love of one's neighbor into the heart, and happiness and blessing into the house,–that, I think, is above all strife, and is put into every heart for us all."

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When I say there is a course of pure reason in instruction, I do not say I have proved and practiced these laws in their full perfection . . .I do not know myself, and I feel daily more and more how much I do not know.

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"The Lord hath helped. Thou, O Lord! Hast preserved the desire of my life, and hast not destroyed the object of my pains before my eyes, as Thou hast destroyed the desire of thousands, who spoilt their own path, before their eyes and mine. Thou has preserved the work of my life in the midst of my ruin. Thou has cast an evening glow over my hopeless old age, and the sight of its beauty compensates for my sufferings. Lord, I am unworthy of Thy loving kindness and faithfulness. Thou, Thou alone hast had pity for the crushed worm; . . . Thou hast not rejected the sacrifice that from childhood I would have made for the poor and forsaken in the land, and have never made."

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...the depravity of language grows with the depravity of men. Through it the wretched become more wretched; through it the night of error becomes still darker; through it crimes of the wicked still increase.

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Perhaps the most fearful gift that a fiendish spirit has made to this age is knowledge without power of doing and insight without that power of exertion or of overcoming that makes it possible and easy for our life to be in harmony with our inmost nature.

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Man! Needing much and desiring all, thou must to satisfy thy wants and wishes know and think, but for this thou must also do. And knowing and doing are so closely connected that if one ceases the other ceases with it.

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Thought and action should stand in such close relation to each other, that, like spring and stream, if one cease the other cease with it.

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Human nature acts with far greater gentleness and purer power on each individual than it ever can on masses, corporations, or communities of men, whatever they may be. The first common instinct of human nature remains, and keeps itself infinitely purer and more powerful, in the individual, than in any corporation or community.

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...it is an eternal truth, easily explained by human nature, and shown in all the history of the world, that what can be done by the life and energy of individuals in the state, that is by the people, cannot be done so well by the government. We cannot expect it, much less demand it. The only thing we can ask is that the individual should not be allowed to sink down into want of power and will. Governments ought to try to guard against this want of power in the individual, in those matters in which he could accomplish and contribute anything himself to forward the public good; and should neglect nothing that every individual needs for the cultivation of his intelligence,

disposition, and abilities, in order as an individual to be able to do his part for the public good.

It is undeniable that the people of our part of the world do not enjoy the practical help that each man needs for the cultivation of his intelligence, disposition, and ability, in order, on the one hand, by wise care of his own business to attain inner self-content; and on the other to facilitate, provide, and secure to the state all that it needs, in order as a state to find help and assistance in its millions of individuals, for that which it can only maintain through the good condition of the moral, mental, and practical powers of the individuals.

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It is quite natural that we seldom find anything that nobody looks for.

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How is religious feeling connected with these principles which I have accepted as generally true for the development of the human race?

How is the idea of God germinated in my soul?

How comes it that I believe in God, that I throw myself in His arms, and feel blessed when I love Him, trust Him, thank Him, follow Him?

I soon see that the feelings of love, trust, gratitude, and readiness to obey, must be developed in me before I can apply them to God. I must love men, trust men, thank men, and obey men before I can aspire to love, thank, trust, and obey God. For whoso loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

Then I ask myself: How do I come to love, trust, thank, and obey men? How come these feelings in my nature on which human love, human gratitude, human confidence rest, and those activities by which obedience is formed? And I find: That they have their chief source in the relations that exist between the baby and his mother.

...the germ of all feelings of dependence on God, through faith, is in its essence the same germ which is produced by the infant's dependence on its mother. The manner in which these feelings develop is one and the same.

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Mother, mother! The world is now beginning to wean your child from your heart; and if at this moment no one connects his nobler nature with the new revelation of the world of sense, it is all over. Mother, mother, your child is torn from your heart. The new world becomes his mother, the new world becomes his god, sensual pleasure becomes his god, self-will becomes his god.

Mother, mother! He has lost you, he has lost God, he hast lost himself. The touch of love is quenched for him.

Mankind, mankind! Now with this transition when the feelings of infancy vanish in the first consciousness of the charm of the world, independent of the mother–now when the ground in which the noblest feelings of nature germinate begins for the first time to tremble under the child's feet, . . . now at this moment of transition between the feelings of trust in mother and God, and those of trust in the new aspect of the world and all that therein is,–now at this parting place, you should use all your art and all your power to keep the feelings of love, gratitude, trust and obedience pure in your child.

God is in those feelings, and the whole power of your moral life is intrinsically connected with their preservation.

It is incomprehensible that mankind does not recognize this universal source of ruin. It is incomprehensible that it is not the one universal aim of their Art to stop it, and to subordinate the education of our race to principles which do not destroy the work of God, the feelings of love, gratitude, and trust already developed in infancy, but which must at this dangerous time tend specially to care for those means of uniting our moral and spiritual improvement implanted in our nature by God Himself, and of bringing education and instruction into harmony on the one side with those law of the physical mechanism according to which our God raises us from vague sense-impressions to clear idea; and on the other with those feelings of my inner nature through the gradual development of which my mind rises to recognize and venerate the moral law.

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It is incomprehensible that mankind does not begin to bring out a perfect gradation of methods of developing the mind and feelings; ...to prevent the selfishness of reason by preserving the purity of the heart from error and one-sidedness...The primary law . . . is this: the first instruction of the child should never be the business of the head or of the reason; it should always be the business of the senses, of the heart, of the mother.

The second law, that follows it is this: human education goes on slowly from exercise of the senses to exercise of the judgment. It is for a long time the business of the heart, before it is the business of the reason.

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..if I can only in some slight degree succeed in making the Art of education begin in the sanctuary of home, more than it now does, and to put new life into the religious instinct of our race, from this tender side; if I should only have partly succeeded in bringing nearer to my contemporaries the withered rootstock of mental and spiritual education, and an Art of education in harmony with the noblest powers of heart and mind; if I have done this, my life will be blessed, and I shall see my greatest hopes fulfilled.

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The purest love opens her mouth for all that the child sees through her. ..she shows him the All-loving in the rising sun, in the rippling brooks, in the branches of the trees, in the splendor of the flower, in the dewdrops. She shows him the All-present in himself, in the light in his eyes, in the tones of his voice–in everything she shows him God; and wherever he sees God his heart rises, wherever he sees God in the world he loves the world. Joy in God's world is interwoven with joy in God. He includes God, the world, and his mother in one and the same emotion.

He stands now a step higher. He is now raised through the very same world by which he would have been bewildered if he had not learned to know it through his mother. The mouth that smiled on him so often from the day of his birth, the voice that from the day of his birth has so often foretold joy to him, this voice now teaches him to talk. The hand that pressed so often to her heart now shows him pictures whose names he has often heard. He becomes conscious by words of what he sees. The first step of the gradation of the union of his spirit and moral

improvement is open. The mother's hand opens it; the child learns, knows, and names; he wishes to know more, to name more. He forces the mother to learn with him; she learns with him, and both mount daily to knowledge, power, and love.

* * * * *

...only the heart knows God . . .

* * * * *

What shall I say more?–With these words the eternal laws of nature lead me back to your hand, mother! Mother! I can keep my innocence, my love, my obedience, the excellence of my nobler nature with the new impressions of the world, all, all at your side only. Mother, mother! While you have still a hand, a heart for me, let me not turn away from you. If no one has taught you to know the world as I am forced to learn it, then come, we will learn it together, as you ought, and I must. Mother, mother! We will not part from each other at the moment when I run into danger of being drawn away from you, from God, and from myself, by the new phenomena of the world. Mother, mother! Sanctify the transition from your heart to this world by the support of your heart.

Friend! I must be silent. My heart is moved, and I see tears in your eyes. Farewell!

* * * * *

Next I've selected a few chapters from Our Home written by C.E. Sargent. When it was first published in 1890, it had a subtitle of "The Key to a Nobler Life". In the 1899 version, the subtitle was change to "Emanating Influences of the Hearthstone." Both subtitles are correct.

If you're worried about what's happening in the world, there is not greater work you can do than that which you will do in your own home.

> *To put the world right in order*
> *we must first put the nation in order;*
> *To put the nation in order,*
> *we must first put the family in order.*
> *To put the family in order,*
> *we must first cultivate our personal life,*
> *we must first set our hearts right.*
>
> *–Confucius*

Truth endures and this truth has been around for thousands of years.

The last chapter I've included from Our Home bridges to the discussion on the home's influence on our nation. I include a chapter from David Starr Jordan, an early president of Stanford University, on The Nation's Need of Men for all freedom loving people. Practically every line in that chapter is worthy of deep thought and discussion.

I continue to plant the idea of a woman's influence in the home with When Queens Ride By which leads to the introduction of an organization you are invited to join: Mothers of Influence which is all about tending to hearts of mothers. . In the overview I mention the Delphian Society and include excerpts from their handbooks to

help you further catch the vision. And finally, I return to the writings of Elizabeth Harrison as she calls the mothers of the nation to step up and claim their divine right as the guardian of our nation's most important national resource–our children.

I hope you will find something to inspire your heart!

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The Nature of Home.

Our home is the one spot on earth where is concentrated the largest percentage of our earthly interest. There are few human beings without a home or the memory of one.

The vast multitude that surges through the streets of the great city is made up of individual souls, each of which to-night will seek some place it calls home.

There are those who roll through the streets with golden livery to palaces where brilliant lights, gorgeous tapestry, and soft-piled carpets await their coming. There are those who walk the frosty pavement with cold and bleeding feet, whose homes are in damp and dreary cellars, or in the rickety garrets of worn and wretched hovels. No lights, no music, no feasts, await them, nothing but a crust and a bed of straw. And yet these places in all their wretchedness are the homes of human beings.

There is still another class of homes, where has been answered the human heart's best prayer, "give us neither poverty nor riches"; where peace and joy and love and contentment dwell; where industry and frugality, with sun-browned hands and healthful appetite, sit at the board of plenty. But whether the home be a palace, a cottage, or a garret, it is home.

Home is in the soul itself; and, to a certain extent, is independent of outward circumstances. Of this inward home the outward is but the expression; and yet it is doubtful if the outward is ever a true expression of the inward, inasmuch as men's ideals always transcend their experience. Neither the

wretched hovel where vice and hunger dwell, nor the palace where lies the gilded corpse of love, can be a true-home.

"Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss."

Next to religion, the home sentiment is the strongest in the human heart. At the name of home the better impulse of every heart awakens. As the chord of the instrument is dead to every sound until its own harmonic chord is struck, when it vibrates and taking up the sound prolongs it as if it could not let it die, so many a darkened mind is dead to every appeal save that magic sound, "home!" The lives of thousands who have been snatched as brands from temptation's fire will testify to the magic power of a sister's early love, while the sudden remembrance of a mother's "good night kiss" has stayed the assassin's dagger. In the dark and loathsome dens of iniquity there are those whose lips have, for years, acknowledged their Creator only in oaths; whose eyes have shed no tears, and whose ears have heard only the blasphemies of drunken revelry. And yet could an unseen hand write upon those walls the words "Home" and "Mother's Love," lips would quiver, eyes would swim, and from the depths of many a soul in which the germs of truth and love had long since seemed dead, would burst the heart-rending confession,—

"Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
Fell like a snow-flake from heaven to hell,
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street,
Fell to be scoffed at, be spit on and beat;
Pleading, cursing, begging to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;

Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead."

The powerful influence which the home sentiment exerts over the minds of men was shown in a striking and unique manner at Castle Garden, New York. Some ten thousand people had gathered there to listen to that sweet-voiced singer, Jenny Lind. She began with the sublime compositions of the great masters of song. Her audience applauded her with a respectful degree of appreciation. But at length, with sweetness ineffable, born of the holy parentage of genius and passion, she poured forth that immortal song, "Home, Sweet Home." At once the irrepressible contagion of sympathy spread through that vast audience. Peal on peal of thunderous applause resounded, until the song was stopped by the very ecstasy of those who listened; and when the soft refrain was heard again, that mass of humanity was melted into tears; the great masters were all forgotten, while ten thousand human hearts knelt at the shrine of a poor and obscure outcast. Why was this? Was Howard Payne a greater genius than they? Must these mighty names yield their places to one whom the world has forgotten? No; it was simply because when sorrow laid his iron hand on the "heart of Howard Payne, in his cruel grasp he chanced to strike that chord which vibrates to a lighter touch than any in the human heart save that alone swept by the master's hand.

"Home of our childhood! how affection clings
And hovers 'round thee with her seraph wings!
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown."

The rough experiences of the roaring, toiling, stormy world may blot out all other images from the mind, but the picture of

our early home must hang forever on the walls of memory, until "the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken."

The old man may not recall all the experiences, all the struggles and triumphs of his early manhood; but every feature of his childhood home, every little playhouse that he helped his sister build, is photographed upon his heart's tablet and can never fade away. Perchance the golden light of eternity will not dim the brightness of that picture. Whatever else the heart may forget, it cannot forget the place of its birth; it cannot forget the little broken cart, the sled and the kite, the sister's fond caress, the brother's generous aid, the father's loving counsel, and the mother's anxious prayer.

It cannot forget the day when a chastening hand drew still closer the cords of love and bound the little circle in a common sorrow; the day when hushed footsteps were in the house, and the silent rooms were filled with the odor of flowers, and the garden gate swung outward to let a little casket through.

"That hallowed word is ne'er forgot,
No matter where we roam;
The purest feelings of the heart
Still cluster 'round our home.
"Dear resting place where weary thought
May dream away its care,
Love's gentle star unveils its light
And shines in beauty there."

But the ministry of home consists not alone in its fond memories and hallowed associations. It is the great conservator of good, the "seeding place of virtue." It is the origin of all civilization. The laws of a nation are but rescripts of its domestic codes. The words uttered and the doctrines taught

around the fireside are the influences that shape the destinies of empires.

It is the influences of home that live in the life of kingdoms, while parental counsel repeats itself in the voices of republics. We would impress upon the minds of our readers this grand truth, and would that we might thunder it into the ears of all mankind, that a nation is but a magnified home. Parliament and Congress are but hearthstones on a grander scale. Those great and noble characters who have left a deathless impress upon the history of nations were not fashioned on battle fields, but in the cradle and at the fireside. They are those, moreover, who at every period of life, at every turn of fortune or adversity, have never forgotten the old home.

No argument is necessary to convince us of the potency of home influence in shaping character. There are certain truths to which it is only necessary to call attention, and minds instinctively assent to them, and to this class, we believe, belong those general truths concerning home which we have mentioned. Indeed, they are recognized and taught in the trite maxims of everyday life. Napoleon understood well the nature of home and its mission when he said, "The great need of France is mothers." Mohammed said, "Paradise is at the feet of mothers."

"O wondrous power! how little understood!
Entrusted to a mother's mind alone,
To fashion genius from the soul for good."

In democratic countries like the United States and Canada, where the fate of the nation is in the hands of the people, the future of the nation is in the hands of the children. They must be fitted for their high responsibilities by the influences of

home. These countries should fear the disloyalty and contention of the fireside more than the nefarious plots of scheming politicians.

If boys wrangle and contend at home, if they cannot discuss with dignity the little questions that arise in their daily intercourse with one another, be sure they will not honor the nation when they take their places in Senate, Parliament, or Congress to discuss the great problems that confront the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Now, if home may be so powerful an influence for good, how important becomes the cultivation of the home sentiment. To be destitute of this sentiment is almost as great a misfortune as to be destitute of the religious sentiment. Indeed, we believe that one cannot possess a true and exalted love of home while there is wanting in his character that which when awakened may yield the fruit of a godly life. What a mighty responsibility rests upon him who essays to make a home, for the founding of a home is as sacred a work as the founding of a church. Indeed, every home should be a temple dedicated to divine worship, where human beings through life should worship God through the service of mutual love—the highest tribute man can pay to the divine.

If the home sentiment be one of the strongest passions of the human soul, it was made such for a wise purpose. The affections of the heart all have their corresponding outward objects. We possess no power impelling us to love or desire that which does not exist as a genuine institution and necessity of nature. So this strong home sentiment only proves to us that the institution of home was divinely born. It is based in the very constitution of human nature, and so vital is the relation which it sustains to our needs, that every heart must have a home. It

may not be of brick or wood or stone. It may not have a "local habitation and a name." But if not, out of the airy timbers of its own fancy the heart will rear the structure which it demands as a necessity of its being. We are aware that there are thousands who are *called* homeless; but their hearts' demand is at least partially met by the possession of an *ideal* home. The body may exist without a home, but the heart, never. The world called Howard Payne a homeless wanderer, yet kings and peasants have implored entrance at the vine-wreathed threshold of that home which he reared in the airy dreamland of poesy.

Another evidence of the divine origin of the institution of home is found in its obvious adaptation to the end it serves, and in the striking analogies which we detect between its functions and the general methods of nature.

Every growth in nature is nurtured and sustained through its early existence by a pre-existing guardian. The germ of the oak is nourished and protected by the substance of the acorn until it is strong enough to draw its food directly from the earth, and to withstand the tempest and the scorching sun. So it must be with the germ of that oak which is to wave in the forest of human society. And if we wish it to become a grand and noble oak, and not a hollow hearted deformity, we should look well to the protection and nourishment of its early years. We should see that there is the proper spiritual soil from which the little human germ may gather wholesome and strengthening food when it puts forth its tender rootlets into the great world without.

The relation which the acorn sustains to the germ is precisely that which the home sustains to the child. If we were to suppose the germ endowed with intelligence, we should still suppose it ignorant of everything but the environments of the

acorn. It would, of course, be all unconscious that there is a world without full not only of germs like itself, but of giant oaks. So the child is ignorant of the great outward world. The home is its little world and it knows no other.

Precious thought, that it never quite outgrows the blissful ignorance! We take on higher and broader views of life, but we are compelled by a law of our being to look forever upon our home as in some way the grand center from which radiate all other interests.

When the mother shades the windows of the nursery, she but unconsciously imitates the Creator of her child, who through the institution of home has shut from his feeble and nascent mind the flashing colors of the too brilliant world.

But not alone for childhood is the sacred ministry of home. It is the guardian of youth, a consolation amid the weary toils of manhood and a resting place for old age, where he who is soon to lay off the armor may find loving hearts and tender hands to guide his tottering steps to the water's edge.

Again, the mature mind is only that of a developed infant. It is still infantile with reference to the universe in its entirety. Nor can it ever fully comprehend the significance of life in the aggregate. Were we to attempt to dwell in the great temple of the world, we should become lost in its vast halls and mighty labyrinths. Hence it becomes necessary to reduce the scale of the world; to isolate the human mind, as it were, from the vastness of aggregate life. And this God has done in the institution of home.

"Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded:
Home is where affection calls,

Filled with shrines the heart hath builded!
Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there's one to love us!
"Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,—
Where there's one we love to meet us!"

Influences of Home.

It is a law of all initiate life that it is susceptible to outward and formative influences in an inverse ratio to its age.

An ear of corn while it is yet green may have an entire row of its kernels removed, and when it becomes ripe it will show no marks of this piece of vegetable surgery. So the young child may have many a vice removed while he remains as plastic clay in the hands of those whose privilege it is to mold the character for eternity, and when he is old he will show no marks of the cruel knife of discipline and denial through which the change was wrought. But if he becomes old before the work is begun the scar will always remain, even if the experiment succeeds. A bad temper in a young child may be sweetened, but the acid temper of an old man reluctantly unites with any sweetening influences.

We find here a striking analogy to a physical law of our being. It is a well known fact that in early childhood the osseous tissues of the body are soft and flexible. The bones may be almost doubled upon themselves without breaking, but in the old the bones are so hard and brittle that they cannot be bent at all without breaking. We can make little or no impression upon them. They stubbornly refuse to respond to any influences. Surely it is true of the body, "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined." But it is no less true of the mind and soul. The disposition of an animal may be made almost what we choose to make it by our treatment of it when young.

Who does not know that the disposition of the dog is almost wholly dependent on the manner in which the puppy is

treated? This principle is recognized in the adage, "It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks."

Whatever may be our views concerning the moral and spiritual relations of the human to the brute creation, it cannot be denied that the laws which govern the mental life of each are essentially the same. The difference is in quantity rather than quality.

What a grand virtue is patience! How charming in childhood! How sublime in manhood! Then let us learn a lesson from the ease with which patience is created or destroyed at will in the young animal.

The susceptibility of children to outward influences is largely due to their power of imitation, and this power was doubtless given them for a wise purpose.

Originality is not a virtue of infancy and childhood. Hence, if we would influence the acts of a child we should set him an example, we should act as we wish him to act. Patient children are never reared by impatient parents.

Most of the crime and misery of the world are due to the early influences of home. We may not be aware how small an influence may work the ruin of a child when he has inherited slightly vicious tendencies. By nature the disposition of a child is the sweetest thing in the world, and how beautiful, tender, and sweet might become the lives of all if parents were conscious of these truths, and would act according to their knowledge. But they so often contaminate the sweet springs of childhood with the bitterness of their own lives, that we do not wonder that the old theologians so strongly believed in total depravity and innate sinfulness.

Infancy is neither vicious nor virtuous; it is simply innocent, and is susceptible alike to good and bad impressions.

Its safety consists alone in the watchfulness of its guardians. The soldier has his hours of duty, but the parent to whose hands is intrusted the guardianship of an immortal soul is never off duty. When the baby is asleep all the household move softly lest they awake him; but when he is awake they should move and think and speak more softly lest they awaken in him that which no nursery song can lull to sleep again.

The young child is an apt student of human nature. You do not deceive him as you perhaps think. The knowledge of human nature, of the motives that impel us to actions, comes not from reason nor from observation. It is an intuitive knowledge and is always keen in the child. It acts, too, with far greater vigor between the child and parent, especially the mother, than between the child and others. Every look of the mother's eye is interpreted by her child with far greater accuracy than the most profound student of the anatomy of expression could interpret it.

The sharpest merchant may not detect the sign of dishonesty in the father's face so quickly as the child.

Parents, your child is a bound volume of blank paper on whose pages are to be written the record of your own lives. Be careful then what you allow to be written there, for the world will read it. Do you not see that through this principle by which you are instinctively *en rapport* with your child, an awful responsibility is thrown upon you? The secrets of your inmost soul are the copy which the trembling hand of your child is trying to write.

The word influence is the most incomprehensible, the most vast and far reaching in its significance, of all words. We seldom use it in any but a literal sense, but in every degree of its true meaning there is the shadow of infinity.

Philosophers tell us, not in jest, but in the profoundest earnest, that every footfall on the pavement jars the sun, and every pebble dropped into the ocean moves the continents with vibrations that never cease. Your hand gives motion to a pendulum, and in that act you have produced an effect which shall endure through eternity. The vibration of the pendulum as a mass ceases, but only because its motion has been transformed from mass motion to molecular motion. Had it been suspended in a vacuum and been made to swing without friction at the point of suspension, it would have vibrated on forever, but the friction, which is inevitable, and the resistance of the air, gradually bring it to rest, and we say the motion has ceased. But this is not true. The motion has not ceased, it has simply become invisible. At every vibration a part of the motion was changed at the point of suspension and in the air into the invisible undulations of heat and electricity. A moment ago the pendulum was swinging, but now infinitely small atoms are swinging in its stead, and the aggregate motion of all those atoms is just equal to the motion of the pendulum at first. These waves of atomic motion expand and radiate from the points of origin, extending on and on and on, past planets and stars, beating and dashing against their brazen bosoms as the waves of the ocean beat the rocky shore.

This is not the language of fancy; it is the veritable philosophy, the demonstrated facts of science. Your will gave birth to motion communicated along the nerve of your arm to the pendulum, and that motion has gone past your recall, on its

eternal errand among the stars. What a solemn thought! You are the parent of the infinite!

And yet this illustration but faintly shadows the awfulness of human influence. If a simple motion of your hand is fraught with eternal consequences, what shall we say of the influences of your mind? They shall live as long as the throne of the Infinite. Oh, that we might impress upon the minds of mother and father the awful truth that an influence in its very nature is eternal. Not a word or thought or deed of all the myriad dead but lives to-day in the character of our words and deeds and thoughts. We are the outgrowth of all the past, the grand resultant of all the world's past forces. Only God can measure the influence of a human thought.

"No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

A mother speaks a fretful word to a child at a critical moment, when just upon his trembling lips hangs the ready word of penitence, and in his eye a tear, held back by the thinnest veil through which a single tender glance might pierce. But the tender glance is with-held. The penitence grows cold upon his lip, the tear creeps back to its fountain, the heart grows harder day by day, until that mother mourns over a wayward child, the neighborhood over a rude boy, the city over a reckless youth, the state over a dangerous man, and the nation over the sad havoc of a dark assassin. Who can trace to its

ultimate effect that fretful word through all its ramifications to infinite consequences? That word shall reverberate through the halls of eternity when planets are dust and stars are ashes.

Of all human influences those of home are the most far reaching in their results. The mutual influence of brothers and sisters may be almost incalculable. There are many men who owe their honor, their integrity, and their manhood to the influence of pure minded sisters. Sisters usually have it in their power to shape the character of their brothers as they choose. There is naturally a pure and holy affection existing between brothers and sisters. It is natural for all brothers to feel and believe that, in some way, their sisters are purer and better than others, and sisters also believe that their brothers are nobler than the brothers of their associates. This sentiment is so universal that we cannot help believing it was ordained for a wise purpose. Of course there is the element of deception in it, but it is one of nature's wise deceptions. She deceives us, or tries to deceive us, when she paints what seems a solid bow upon the canvas of the sky. She deceives the superstitious and ignorant when she flings her chain of molten gold around the dusky shoulders of the night. But these deceptions are not such as to cast any reflections upon her integrity. So we may believe that this sweet deception which makes angels of sisters and heroes of brothers was divinely ordered to unite brothers and sisters in closest communion and to bring them both within the enchanted circle of home influence.

"I shot an arrow in the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where.
"I breathed a song into the air,
It fell on earth, I knew not where.
"Long, long afterwards in an oak

I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

Morals, manners, methods,—the principal concomitants of character,—have their inception and largely their development within the home. It is at once one of the most civilizing and demoralizing of human agencies. It may be a lazar-house of vice, strife, improvidence, unfaith, prostituting every budding power, or it may be the sanctuary of domestic felicity, kindness, truthfulness, philanthropy, bestowing continued benedictions upon each member and radiating the light of human joy.

Buds of Promise

Home as a natural institution has for its primary object the nurturing of those tender buds of promise which can mature in no other soil.

The human bud, unlike that of the flower, does not contain its future wholly wrapped up within itself, but depends much upon the hand that nurtures it. The rosebud, no matter in what soil it grows, no matter what care it receives, must blossom into a rose. No care or neglect, at least in any definite period of time, can transform it into a noxious weed. But on every mother's bosom there rests a bud of promise, and whether or not that promise shall be fulfilled depends upon her. Whether that bud shall blossom into a pure and fragrant rose or into the flower of the deadly nightshade, is at the option of the guardian.

We would not, however, be understood as teaching the doctrine long since abandoned by the investigators of human science, that all are born equal as regards future possibilities. If men had known the subtle laws that govern the development of the human intellect, they perhaps might have traced the lightning's course through the infant brain of Franklin, and have discerned in the nascent mind of Newton the unlighted lamp whose far-searching beams have since guided the human intellect through the trackless void of the night. And yet, had the guardianship of these minds been different, they might today be baleful blood-red stars in the firmament of guilt and sin. Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Washington, Dante, and Longfellow, each lay as a little bud of promise on a mother's bosom, and yet that mother knew not that the world was to thunder with applause at the mention of her dear one's name.

Knew not? We will not, however, speak thus positively, for history furnishes much evidence that with the birth of such a bud there comes a hint of its promise; as it were, a letter to its guardian from the Creator.

So close is the relation between mother and child that to the spiritually minded mother there seems to come a premonition of her child's destiny. And yet this fact does not in the least lighten the burden of responsibility that falls on every mother at the birth of her child. Such a premonition, indeed, would always be a safe guide were it always given; but a mother, through lack of susceptibility dependent on temperamental conditions, may hold in her arms unawares that which the world has a right to claim. Out from among the thrice ten thousand little children that swell the murmur in the schoolrooms of the great cities, or with bare and sunburnt feet patter up the aisles of those dear old schoolhouses that nestle among the hills and valleys, sacred urns that hold the childish secrets and hallowed memories of a thousand hearts, out from among these shall the angel of destiny select one and place upon his little head the crown of Longfellow and dedicate him to the service of his kind, and make him the sweet interpreter of star and flower.

Mother! shall it be your boy? Do you hear in your soul the gentle whisper? If you do, wherever you may be, may the benediction of humanity rest upon you. May your precious life be spared to watch the opening of that bud of promise. As friends and neighbors assemble to see the unfolding of the night-blooming cereus, so the world shall watch the unfolding of that precious bud.

Let every mother act as if she held a bud of promise. Let those who have not felt the premonition attribute it to their

insensibility. Better a thousand times bestow your tenderest care upon an idiot, better believe that you hold the bud of genius and awake to bitter disappointment, than to learn in the end that you have failed to do your duty, and that a genius grand and awful like a fallen temple lies at your feet in the pitiful impotence of manifest but unused power.

But the buds of promise are not confined to the great geniuses. As we said at the beginning of this chapter, every infant is a bud of promise. It is not the Washingtons, the Pitts, the Lincolns, that shape a nation. They are the directing forces, like the man who holds the levers and valves of the engine. But, as after all it is the toiling, puffing steam that drags the train, so it is the great delving, toiling, sweating multitude that shapes the character of nations.

It was not her statesmen that made Greece grand. It was the character of her citizenship. The mightiest statesmen that the world has ever yet produced could not make a grand republic in the South Sea islands. What a nation needs is honest toilers; intelligent and scholarly farmers, cautious, scientific and temperate railroad engineers, learned blacksmiths, and healthy, intelligent, and pious wood choppers.

Thus every mother is the guardian of a bud of promise, and whether she will or not must hold herself responsible for the blossom. Let her not hasten to rid herself of that responsibility. That bud will open soon enough. No bud develops so rapidly as a human bud. Let it remain a bud just as long as possible. The rose acquires its perfume while its petals are folded, and the longer it remains a bud, the sweeter will be the blossom.

Again, it is the most rapidly developing bud that soonest fades. Then do not pull apart the tender petals of that bud of

promise in order to hasten its unfolding, lest in an hour of sadness you should say:

"And this is the end of it all:
Of my waiting and my pain—
Only a little funeral pall
And empty arms again."

There can be nothing more destructive to the promises it contains than to attempt to open a rosebud with any other instrument than a sunbeam.

The world is full of the withered buds of human promise that have been too early torn open by the thoughtless hand of parental pride.

The crying sin of modern parents is their unwillingness to let their children grow. They wish to transform them all at once from prattling infants into immortal geniuses. They have more faith in art than in Nature, in books and schoolrooms than in brooks and groves.

Young children should not only be kept from school, but they should be taught at home very sparingly and with the greatest caution in those things which are generally considered as constituting an education. Many suppose that the injury of too early mental training results solely from the confinement within the schoolroom, but this is a great mistake. The injury results chiefly from determining the expenditure of nervous energy through the brain instead of through the muscular system. Your young child must have no thoughts except those which originate in the incoherent activity of his childish freedom.

All others he has at the expense of bone and muscle, lung and stomach, and ultimately at the expense of his whole being. The solution of a mathematical problem is as much a physical task as the lifting of a weight. The passion of the orator and the devotion of the saint are both measured by the potentialities of bread and meat.

So that those who try to fill their little children's minds with "great thoughts" and who teach them to meditate upon the great realities of life, thinking thereby to make them grand and great, are not only defeating their own ends, but are destroying the foundations of future possibility. They are turning to loathsome foulness the sweetest perfume of those buds whose undeveloped petals they are so rudely tearing apart.

The social forces of the present age are such as to render young children peculiarly liable to precocity. Mentality has acquired such an impetus through hereditary influences that the minds of infants early commence that fatal race of thought, which results in the wreck of so many thousands of human bodies. Thoughtfulness in youth, and even in childhood, when the physical system has become strong enough to be aggressive in its relations to the natural forces, cannot be too strongly urged. But infantile thought is not only useless, but is a great evil, and usually involves an irreparable waste of life force.

There are two great evils whose indirect influence upon the world cannot be estimated.

The one is the overfeeding of infants, and the other is the unnatural and abnormal activity of the infant mind; and the one evil enhances the other, for there is nothing that so interferes with digestion in the young child as thought.

Wendell Phillips in speaking of the evils of American precocity, with his characteristic and humorous hyperbole, tells us that the American infant impatiently raising himself in the cradle begins at once to study the structure and uses of the various objects about him, and before he is nine months old has procured a patent for an improvement on some article of the household furniture.

"Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shores of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony,—
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide?
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?"

Childhood.

All animals are born in a somewhat helpless condition, but none so helpless as the human being, hence its necessity for the tenderest care.

Throughout all nature it is the function of the mother to exercise a special care over the young. The mere intellectual desire for the child's welfare is not sufficient to insure that degree of attention which it requires; for the most intelligent and even Christian mothers are sometimes utterly neglectful of their children, while the selfish and narrow minded are frequently very tender in their attentions. Why is this? It is simply because the mother love, or, more properly, the parental love, is not the outgrowth of a sense of duty. It is an instinct which we possess in common with the brute. It is a significant fact that throughout the whole animal kingdom the parents possess this instinct just in proportion to the helplessness of the offspring.

The home is a universal institution, and exists among the lower animals in a measure, even. It was, doubtless, designed to meet the necessities arising from the helplessness of offspring. The young lion could not accompany its parents in their search for food, nor could the eaglet soar with its mother into the heavens. Hence the necessity of an instinct that should prompt the lion and the eagle to select and prepare a proper place in which to leave their young while they were attending to the duties imposed by their mode of life. So reason may tell us that it would be far better for us to take good care of our children, and to provide for them a suitable home, but our observation of those in whom the instinct is weak convinces us that mere

reason seldom produces this result. While the intellect tells us what we ought to do, it gives no impulse to do it; but instinct gives the impulse, the desire to do, and when the instinct is in a healthy condition we may rely on the intellect of Him who implanted the instinct, for the fitness of the acts to which it prompts us. Indeed, it is a law of our being that reason cannot perform the office of an instinct. It may tell us that we ought to breathe incessantly, but there are few of us who would not forget the duty were it not for the instinctive impulse.

Without the home instinct, the legitimate desire for novelty which all possess would be left unbalanced, and the whole human race would wander from place to place, and the world would become one mighty caravan. Without the instinct of parental love, the child would be held in the same esteem as any other person who should give us the same amount of trouble. And since it is a law of our selfish nature that unless provision is made by special instinct, we cannot love that which gives us only pain, the child's lot on earth would indeed be an unenviable one. But the instinct transforms all the pain and trouble into joy, so that the parents are not only made willing thereby to incur all the troubles and anxieties which their children bring, but are even made to take positive delight in incurring them.

The home instinct and that of parental love are closely allied, and so intimate is their relation that we cannot doubt that they were bestowed with reference to each other. It is true that many other blessings, even the sweetest joys of life, are rooted in the home instinct; but these are all secondary and subsidiary to the one grand end, the home of childhood.

Home is the only place where childhood can develop. It is there only that are to be found those influences which are

necessary to fertilize the character of the child and cause it to blossom and bear the fruit of a noble life. Why have nearly all great men had homes illustrious for their beauty, and the purity of their influences? The answer is to be found in the fact that the soil of home contains just those elements required for the growth and development of the child's body, mind, and soul.

Notice closely the figure, the face, the features, the voice of that little street waif. Why is his frame so small and shrunken? Why are his features all crowded and pinched? Why do his eye, his walk, his voice, and his manner suggest dwarfed precocity? For the same reason that an apple which has been early detached from its stem will become early ripe, but never developed. Subject it to whatever treatment we may, it will shrivel up and become insipid, fit symbol of the boy who was early dropped from the home into the street.

The home is the garden where buds become fruit. How important then that the garden be kept free from weeds, while it is enriched with affection and exposed to the sunlight of joy. How slight an influence may serve to blight that opening bud.

The child is as impressible as he is helpless. He is simply the raw material out of which character is to be fashioned by the silent and almost imperceptible influence of his surroundings. And it is this which

"Plants the great hereafter in the now."

Silently as the falling of snow-flakes the character of the child is formed. We cannot see the bud unfold, and yet we know that to-morrow it will be a rose. So our perception cannot follow the growth of the child's character, and yet we know that day by day its forces are gathering, and that soon he will become to his anxious parents a joy or a sorrow.

Children are much more easily influenced by example than by precept. A child may be told repeatedly that dishonesty is sinful, yet if he detect dishonesty in father, mother, sister, or brother, he will imitate the example. You may as well tell him that sinfulness is dishonesty, for he knows no difference. Both terms are meaningless to him. Most of the thieves, robbers, and murderers of the next generation are now little innocent children in the arms of mothers. How should mothers shudder at this thought! The first evidence of passion or of evil intent, the first manifestation of dishonesty, should alarm the mother like the cry of fire in the night.

"The summer breeze that fans the rose,
Or eddies down some flowery path,
Is but the infant gale that blows
To-morrow with the whirlwind's wrath."

Mothers! you cannot watch the formation of child character too critically. By watching, however, we do not mean the exercise of that suspicion and doubt which are so fatal to the free, open confidence of the child, but that cautious surveillance without which all your efforts in his behalf will be fruitless. Better a thousand times that the child, even in his tender years, should gaze full upon the hideous face of sin, than that the silken cord of confidence be broken that binds him to a mother's heart. Liberty is the only atmosphere in which a human soul can grow. Strict literal watching is both unnecessary and injurious. Confidence between mother and child may become so perfect that the child cannot commit a wrong without confessing it. Your watching then should be directed to the maintenance of this confidence, which can be insured only by putting the child upon his honor, for honor grows only by being exercised. With this confidence between

yourself and your child you will at all times be conscious of his moral condition. You will feel in your very heart the first dawnings of evil thought in him. And remember that it is necessary you should know the evil thoughts as soon as they dawn, for the conflagration that scourges with its fury great cities is less dangerous at its onset than the first evil thought in the heart of youth.

"Crush the first germ; too late your cares begin
When long delays have fortified the sin."

But by nature the young child is innocent, and positive influences for evil must be brought to bear upon him before he can become otherwise. With his half divine nature he recoils from the very sight or sound of that which is wrong. Yet he is so imitative and so susceptible that his danger is nevertheless imminent, and the fact that he may more readily imitate the good than the evil should not relax parental vigilance.

Young children and even infants comprehend far more than people generally believe. They cannot express their mental operations by the use of language. Their thoughts are expressed only by their actions, and how vague an idea of the thoughts of the profoundest thinkers would we have if our only clue to them were the mere outward acts of their authors. Were actions the only interpreters of human thought, the world would appear to us like a vast insane asylum.

Happiness is the only food on which the child can be fed with profit. Sorrow is sometimes an excellent thing for those whose spiritual digestion is sufficiently strong, but children never should be fed on this diet. Sorrow ripens, but joy develops a soul. But let us not entertain that foolish and cruel notion so prevalent, that hard knocks, disappointment,

constant work, and little recreation are necessary to develop the character of a child. Some one has given the following beautiful piece of advice to mothers:

"Always send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares may trouble your mind, give the dear child a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this in the stormy years which may be in store for the little one will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds, and welling up in the heart will rise the thought, 'My father, my mother loved me!' Lips parched with fever will become dewy again at this thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep."

"Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

"What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

"That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below."

Home Smiles.

A smile is the most useful thing in the world in proportion to its cost. It costs absolutely nothing, but its potency is often beyond estimation. It comes as the involuntary and irrepressible expression of a sentiment that lies at the basis of human society. Smiles constitute a part of our language. There seem to be certain combinations of words that require to be supplemented with a smile before they can have any meaning to us.

The human soul, shrouded in the mysteries of personality, yearns to know the essence of other souls, as it were, to touch a hand in the dark, and smiles are the electric flashes that illumine the wide gulf that separates individualities.

There is a mystery in what we call acquaintance. Acquaintance, however, is not the proper word, but since human language affords no one more apt we shall be obliged to use it. Why should we say that we are acquainted with this one and not with that one? Acquaintanceship does not consist in a knowledge of some one's peculiarities of character or disposition, for we sometimes feel acquainted with persons whose minds are sealed books to us. We cannot understand them. Their thoughts are mysterious and unfathomable, and they always seem to take a turn which was wholly unexpected to us and which we cannot account for, and yet we feel a large measure of acquaintanceship with them.

There are others whose minds are as transparent as glass. Their mental operations are performed, as it were, in the sight of all. We can almost anticipate their very thoughts, and yet we

would not think of speaking to them, because as we say we are not acquainted with them.

Acquaintance is not a conventionality of society, for it may be observed in those rude and primitive communities where the mere conventionalities of society have little weight. It is more strongly manifested in little children even before they can talk than in older people. This shows that whatever acquaintance may be, it is natural and not artificial. In what then does it consist? What passes between two souls when a third party says, "This is Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith"? There is usually some form of salutation, as the bow or the shaking of hands; although there is nothing of a permanent or essential nature in these, for the mode of salutation differs in different nations and communities. The Turks fold their arms across the breast while bowing; the Laplanders touch their noses; and in Southern Africa they rub their toes together.

But there is one act that accompanies all these different modes, one rite that never varies. It is the smile. The philosophy of acquaintance is wrapt up in the philosophy of the smile. When two smiles have met, two souls are acquainted. A smile is the sign that a soul gives when it would examine another soul.

Every soul in the universe lives alone. There is a dark curtain dropped before the window of its house which hides it from the view of all. Every one has felt his loneliness even in the midst of crowds. Souls cannot come into contact, but they can draw aside the curtain from the window. To smile is to draw aside the curtain. The fondest souls can do no more. Even lovers must caress through a window.

At home, these curtains should often be drawn aside, for there is nothing so fatal to a home as to have its members become unacquainted with each other. And there is nothing so difficult as to renew the acquaintance of brothers and sisters, when once it has been lost. When they begin to be restrained and self-conscious in each other's society; when they begin to review with indifference those phases of life over which they once smiled and wept together, they are unconsciously, perhaps unwillingly, cutting each other's acquaintance. There is no sadder sight on earth than that of a brother and sister who are unacquainted. The coldness and reserve that spring up between the members of so many families originate in a lack of smiles at home.

By smiles we do not mean that which takes the place of loud laughter when the occasion is insufficient to provoke us to more noisy demonstrations. Nor do we mean either the transient smile with which one regards the ludicrous, or the habitual smile that often accompanies a low degree of thought-power. There is a smile that originates neither in the sense of the ludicrous, nor in thoughtlessness. Like certain articles of dress such smiles are becoming on all occasions. They sit with equal grace upon the visage of joy and of sorrow. They seem as appropriate when they wreathe the mother's thoughtful face as when they live in the dimpled cheek of laughing girlhood, or with their magic play transform tear-stained eyes to twinkling stars.

These are the smiles with which we would adorn every home. We would set them as vases of flowers in every human abode.

Smiles should be the legal tender in every family for the payment of all debts of kindness, and each member should be

willing to take this currency at its face value; for its value is beyond the reach of those disturbing influences that shake the world of commerce. And, what is better than all, it can never be demonetized, for it bears the immutable stamp of the divine government.

Let the members of the family, almost as often as they meet, greet each other with a smile, for eyes that meet in full gaze without a smile soon grow cold. The mother, if she would keep the confidence of her son, must be lavish of her smiles. Mothers often weep in the presence of their sons on account of the anxiety that they feel for them. This is a great error, for in the first place it leads a young man to conceal that which he believes would displease his mother. This is often the beginning of a fatal reserve. Besides, it causes him to feel that his mother has not confidence in him, and that however much she may love him she fears to trust his honor.

The smile is nature's cure for the disease of bashfulness. This disease is simply the fear which one soul experiences in approaching another. But the smile is an instinctive effort to suppress the fear and to know the soul. A knowledge of this principle would be of great service to those having the charge of bashful children. Strangers should always encourage a smile in a bashful child. Such children should be met with smiles rather than with words. The smile is the only form of salutation that a bashful child can use. He cannot speak to a stranger in audible language, but if the stranger will consent to use the language of smiles he may almost always gain quick admission to his confidence. When the bashful child smiles and blushes, and hangs his head in the presence of strangers, there is great hope that he will outgrow the infirmity, for the smile is an instinctive effort to overcome it. But where the child is not

inclined to smile there is little hope, and the malady usually degenerates into moroseness and oddity.

The habitual smiler is never a dyspeptic. Smiles promote the general health and are especially fatal to any disease of the stomach or liver.

Smiles also promote the growth of the religious sentiment, because they cannot thrive without a constant sense of obligation to others. Especially do they tend to cultivate benevolence, for every smile is a gift, and benevolence grows by giving. There are few souls that can "smile, and murder while they smile." None indeed can murder while they smile from the heart. There may be the same movement of the facial muscles, but smiles are not merely contractions of certain muscles. They are mental acts.

The actor may give the outward expression of a smile, and murder while he smiles, but the words of the great dramatist are not true of a single human soul except the smile be spurious.

"Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look
Where hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure."

Joys of Home.

Joy is the natural and normal condition of every human soul. To be genuine and permanent it must depend chiefly on internal instead of external conditions.

Every natural function both of the body and of the mind is attended with pleasure and never with pain, unless it be the penalty for a broken law. If walking is not pleasurable, it is because there is some trouble with the physical system. If daylight does not bring to the eye positive pleasure, it is because the eye is diseased and there is a maladjustment between it and the light. The difficulty is always on the part of the eye and never on the part of the light. When the song of birds, the sighing of the breeze, the rippling of the brook, the chirping of the insect, and the thousand voices of nature do not bring to the ear and soul an exquisite sense of divine harmony, it is because sin with rude hand has broken the interpretative chords of the spirit's harp.

We always hear music at second hand, just as we see beauty. Hence it has been said that "beauty is in the eye of the gazer, and music is in the ear of the listener."

There is philosophy in this saying, for all the music that we hear is that which the soul itself produces when it responds to the myriad voices from without. These sounds and voices from nature, God's great orchestra, must be reproduced by the soul's response before they can become music to us. It is not the music without that we hear, but the spirit's imitation of it.

If, then, the soul be tuned to the same key so as to give a true response, rest assured that our lives will be filled with harmony and joy, for God's hand never strikes a discord.

The secret of human joy, then, is to keep the spirit's harp in tune. To the spirit whose harp is out of tune, the clouds are but unsightly rags with which the mantle of the sky is patched; the mountain in its grandeur is but an eminence that is hard to climb; the sublime thunder of Niagara is but a loud noise that makes it difficult to sleep; while the songs of birds, the patter of the rain, the laughter and the voices of the woods are but the troublesome prattle of Nature's children.

Joy cannot be bought with gold. There is but one thing that Nature will take in exchange for it, and that is obedience to the divine laws of our being. Joy is the only legitimate and necessary product of every normal and healthy function. It is absolutely impossible for any function of our being, if healthy and normal in its action, to produce anything but joy, no matter what may be the outward conditions. The truest and highest joy is a product of health, and is but partially dependent on external conditions.

Nature aims at no other grand result than that of joy. She has created the myriad varieties of fruit for the pleasure of the palate. For the joy of the eye she has painted on the earth's green canvas the gentle hints of heaven, and bathed the picture in the liquid silver of the sunlight. For the ear she has filled the earth with harmony divine. For the joy of our social and domestic natures she has instituted the home, the fireside, and society. For our intellectual nature she has filled the universe with problems, the solution of which gives us exquisite pleasure. For our spiritual nature she has given the heavenly

reward of an approving conscience. Thus is joy the eternal aim of Nature.

On whom then rests the blame when life's joys are tarnished and its sweetness turned to bitterness? Whom shall we blame for the strained and weakened eye that makes the sunlight painful? Whom shall we blame for the overwrought brain that makes causation and all problems irksome? Whom shall we blame for the seared and deadened conscience that makes duty a task and honor a burden? We fancy that the conscience of none of our readers is yet so far deadened that he will not quickly answer, "I myself am to blame."

The clamor for joy and pleasure, then, when rightly interpreted, is a universal call to duty, for the reward of duty is unalloyed joy. It is a call to study and mental discipline; for the fruit of culture, like that of duty, is joy and only joy. It is a call to physical obedience and to the cultivation of health; for joy is the necessary and inseparable accompaniment of these, and without them it cannot exist.

Let the reader remember this one fact, that obedience to the physical, intellectual, and moral laws of our being is the only condition that Nature imposes upon us, and when this one condition is complied with she will shower upon us joys untold. She will make the breath of morning a source of exquisite delight. The very consciousness of existence will thrill us with that joy which all have felt at rare intervals, undefinable, and too subtle for any analysis.

External objects and conditions seem to play no part in the program. At most they are only the occasions and not the causes of the joy. We look into the face of a friend or out over the sheen of a lake, and we feel an unutterable joy coursing

through all the channels of our being, and welling up in gurgling laughter; and we cannot possibly tell why we laugh. The joy that comes to perfect health with the sweet intoxication of the morning dew, is "the purest and sweetest that Nature can yield." Such is the bountiful reward of Nature for obedience to her laws.

We have dwelt thus at length on the laws that govern the emotion of joy because they have an important bearing on the subject of which we are treating.

The fireside is the only spot where it is possible to obey all the laws of our being; hence it is the only spot where supreme joy can exist. Domestic joy is the only joy that is complete.

Truly has the poet said:—

"Domestic joy, thou only bliss
Of paradise that hath survived the fall."

Man may cultivate his intellect and derive pleasure from obedience to its laws, even though he may not have a home. He may derive a joy from obedience to the laws of his moral nature while he is a hermit or a wanderer. He may even derive some enjoyment from partial obedience to the laws of his social nature. But all enjoyment from this source must be partial, because all obedience to the social law must be incomplete outside the domestic circle. The family is the truest type of society.

But without a fireside, man's domestic nature, from which he derives by far the largest amount of his earthly enjoyment, cannot but remain cold and almost entirely inactive. This department of his nature can be kept alive only by the heat of

the hearthstone. The home is the place where all the joys of life may exist in their ripest fruition.

Even the intellectual nature, which is the farthest removed from the sphere of domestic influence, cannot be developed to its fullest possibility outside of the home; for the boy requires in the first stage of his intellectual development the wholesome spirit of rivalry and emulation that exists among children of the same household. In every stage he needs the stimulus of honest commendation, and this comes in its purest and most useful form from the members of the same family.

The joys peculiar to the moral and spiritual nature must be only partial, and far below what this part of our being is capable of yielding, unless it be cultivated in the sanctuary of home. Conscience must be kept sharp by the pathetic appeals of little children, by the tender looks and anxious words of mothers and sisters, and by the nice adjustments of domestic obligations.

What a plea do we find in these facts for the institution of home, and how much is signified by "the joys of home"! No words of ours are necessary to impress that significance upon the minds of those who are the members of happy families. With what feelings of delight do such look forward to the evening hour when the family, overflowing with joy, shall gather around the board with mirth and laughter. How the father's heart thrills at the sudden thought that the hour is near when he shall meet his loved ones; when he shall leave his care and troubles all behind, and sit in his easy chair, or recline upon the sofa, and watch the fire light dancing on the wall and hear the merry voices of the children, or listen to the sweet music of domestic contentment. Can heaven yield a sweeter joy than this?

But the joys of home are not to be measured by actual domestic felicity, for home has joys independent of this. There is joy in the very thought that one has a home. There is joy in the poetry with which the divine artists of time and memory conspire to paint the old homestead.

Joy is heightened and pain is lightened by being shared, but home is the only place on earth where they can be fully shared. Everywhere else there is a reserve that makes our joys and pains peculiarly our own. At home the heart may be opened, and all that it knows and feels may be known and felt by others.

The joys of home are the only ones of which we never weary. We grow tired of those joys that come from mingling promiscuously in society. We tire of the exciting pleasures of trade and commerce. We tire of gazing at the marble fronts and gilded palaces of the great city. We shut our eyes and close our ears in weariness and disgust even at the sights and sounds of the public park.

But we never grow tired of a mother's cheer, although the birds in the park may weary us. We may leave the art gallery satiated, but the old pictures on the walls of home are ever new.

Let us then cherish the joys of home, for their perennial freshness hints at their eternity. The child, who with his playmates, wanders from his home over the hill and meadow, when he wearies of his sports and games, turns at nightfall to his home to lay his little weary head upon his mother's breast. So when we shall weary of the little sports and games of earth, may we find our homeward way back across life's meadow and up the hill to the threshold of the home eternal, and lay our weary heads upon the bosom of the Divine, forever and ever.

"Sweet are the joys of home,
And pure as sweet; for they
Like dews of morn and evening come,
To make and close the day.

"The world hath its delights,
And its delusions, too;
But home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true.

"The mountain flood is strong,
But fearful in its pride;
While gently rolls the stream along
The peaceful valley's side.

"Life's charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar;
But stars approached become more bright,
And home is life's own star.

"The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground!
But in home's holy joys again
An Eden may be found.

"A glance of heaven to see,
To none on earth is given;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven."

Books for the Home.

"God be thanked for books," says Channing; "they are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of all the ages." Carlyle has said that the true university of these days is a collection of books. They contain the garnered wisdom of all time. By their means the poorest man can sit at the feet of the world's greatest teachers and learn the lessons of their noblest lore.

"Books," says Henry Ward Beecher, "are the windows through which the soul looks out. A home without books is like a house without windows. Let us pity those poor rich men who live barrenly in great bookless houses! Let us congratulate the poor that, in our day, books are so cheap. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life." Yet how many homes are splendidly furnished with everything but books. There are costly carpets, sumptuous furniture, a table laden with all the luxuries of life,—everything that will pamper the body, while the soul is starved for lack of knowledge. Small wonder that persons bred in such surroundings are dwarfed in mind, narrow in their range of thought, occupied with petty amusements or small scandal or silly tittle tattle.

Books give wings to the soul. They enable it to soar above the sordid cares of life, to rise into the eternal sunlight of the hills of God. As one reads a great masterpiece of literature, though even in a prison cell, the narrow walls expand, his freed spirit ranges through space, he becomes the contemporary of all times, the inhabitant of all lands. He can say exultingly with Lovelace:—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

"Reading," says Lowell, "is the key that admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination, to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and the wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moments. It enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time."

That we may secure the greatest advantage from the use of books we should be most careful in our choice. An English officer in India took down a book from his library and felt a slight sting in his finger as he opened it. In a few hours his arm began to swell, and in two days he was dead. He had been stung by a venomous asp. There are other snakes, more deadly still, that hide in books; that poison the soul with a more mortal virus; that kindle flames of unhallowed passion in the chambers of the mind and set the whole being on fire with the fire of hell.

Other books, by their wishy-washy flood of trivial commonplace, drown out the opportunity of studying the great books that are the mental landmarks of the race. "A good book," says Milton, "is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." Why waste our time upon a trashy and frivolous book when we may hold high converse with the wisest sages, the greatest souls, the noblest heroes the world has ever known?

Books may be broadly described as of two sorts: Books of information, and books of inspiration, or as De Quincey calls them, "books of knowledge, and; books of power." The former are the bread and butter of life. The latter are its richest wine, fragrant with the aroma of the finest vintage of the soul. The

former, to change the figure, are the tools for life's daily use. The latter are the instruments of music for its loftiest and most sacred moments. Of the former are the text-books of our trades and occupations. But even these—so far reaching are the relations of life—may touch the infinite. The rules of mechanics, the study of science, the laws of hygiene, the investigation of nature, all these reveal a wonder world everywhere around us. They make us exclaim with the psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches."

The study of the past is necessary to enable us to discharge the duties of the present. And how noble, how inspiring, such a study often is! What examples of heroism thrill the soul, what tales of suffering for conscience's sake, of fidelity even unto death, of sublime endeavor, of lofty achievement, of brave battle with wrong, of saintliest suffering, of Christ-like self-sacrifice, the records of the race reveal! All these ennoble and embrave our souls to play our part in life, to discharge its often difficult duties, to quit us like men, to be strong.

Such books become, indeed, books of inspiration as well as information. But by the former phrase we mean especially the writings of the great poets and sages and seers of our race: of Dante and Milton, who reveal the woes of the nether world and the joys of Paradise; of the myriad-minded Shakespeare, who portrays the human soul in the great crises of fate, who depicts its love and longing, its agony and despair, its rapture and its triumph; of Wordsworth and Bryant, those high priests of nature, who interpret its inner meaning to the soul; of Tennyson and Lowell, who voice life's loftiest aspirations and clothe in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" its highest and its holiest truths; of Emerson and Browning, with

their high and calm philosophy; of Longfellow and Whittier, with their love of the beautiful, the true, the good; their hate and scorn of selfishness and wrong.

Above all, for both instruction and inspiration, for guidance in life's lowliest walks, and uplifting in its highest flights, is the Word of God. In those divine oracles the Most High reveals his will to man in words so simple that the little child can understand; yet are there in them depths of wisdom which the wisest philosophers cannot fathom; heights which the holiest saint, unaided, may not climb. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

A good test of our reading is, does it bring us more in sympathy with the word and mind and will of God? When the great Sir Walter Scott lay dying in his library at Abbotsford, he said to Lockhart, his son-in-law, "Reach me the Book." "What book?" asked Lockhart, glancing around upon the twenty thousand volumes on the walls. "There is but one Book," said the dying man. And outshining all others, as the noonday sun outshines the stars of night, is the Word of God. All books that bring us into sympathy and harmony with this book, whether they be books of science, of history, of the biography of the world's great men,—the makers of epochs, the poets and philosophers, the saints and sages and seers of the race,—are good books.

In order to gain time for the best reading we must rigidly abridge that spent on the second or third best. "Read not the Times," says Thoreau, "read the Eternities." We must, however, read the Times that we may know the daily history of the world in which we live. The modern daily papers are the most wonderful creation of the century. They are thrilling and

throbbing with the life of every land. But their very number and volume demand a severe selection. They are like the Frankenstein of the German story, the goblin summoned to bring water to the magician, which brought it in such quantities as to well-nigh drown him.

Many persons read nothing but the daily papers. Such persons may have a certain shallow smartness, but they cannot have much accurate information, much broad culture, much deep or general knowledge. Their time and attention is so frittered away on the ephemeral and insignificant that they have little time and less taste for things of profoundest interest, of most momentous importance.

We must learn even in reading the daily papers to skip the trivial and the trashy, to grasp the chief facts, to avoid the gossip, the scandal, the idle speculations, most of which are disproved before the rising of to-morrow's sun. Above all should we avoid that great curse of American civilization, the Sunday newspaper, with its deluge of commonplace, its ocean of frivolous and pernicious reading, and its very small modicum of instructive matter,—like Falstaff's monstrous quantity of sack to a beggarly pennyworth of bread.

In the high class weeklies, the news of the world, of the great events by which history is being made around us, is better digested and conclusions are more wisely drawn than is possible in the dailies. The religious weeklies give much attention to the great moral movements of the age, to the achievements of missions at home and abroad, to the life and work of the various churches in whose interests they are published. The international system of Sunday-school lessons has called forth a copious literature in which whole commentaries are condensed into pamphlets for the

elucidation of the sacred text. It is, in its way, a liberal education to pursue the course of study thus laid down. In the great monthlies many of the best books in science, in philosophy, in fiction, first appear.

But there are a multitude of story papers and magazines which are filled with the most frivolous and sensational trash,—light, frothy, and turgid in character,—which cannot by any stretch of charity be called literature at all. These only waste the time, corrupt the taste, and, in the case of the "Satanic press," debauch the soul. A recent reviewer, having examined a great number of specimens of this degraded press, writes, "Nothing good can be said of them; they must be characterized as bad, worse, worst." They abound in blood-curdling fiction, coarse description, prurient suggestion, and vulgar slang. Many of these "penny dreadfuls" are specially written for boys and girls of crude and uncultivated tastes. The statistics of our prisons show that many youthful criminals have been led into lawless lives by the evil suggestions of these pernicious papers.

Thank God, there is an antidote to these agents of evil. There are papers of pure, ennobling, and uplifting tendency, most carefully edited and handsomely illustrated. These are not merely the issues of the great religious houses, but such splendid papers as "The Youth's Companion," "Harper's Round Table," "St. Nicholas, the boys' and girls' own magazines, and many others.

The way to keep bad reading out of the home is to furnish that which is good. Young people will prefer bread to carrion, and wise parents will ungrudgingly supply good reading for their households just as they supply good food for their table. Some persons have, unfortunately, little taste for reading of any sort. We have even heard of college graduates who have seldom

read a volume except their text-books. A taste for good reading can readily be cultivated. Give a boy either of those great classics of the English tongue, "Robinson Crusoe," or "Pilgrim's Progress," and he will soon, like Oliver Twist, ask for more. A whole literature for young people has been created, attractive in form, wholesome in spirit, and instructive and ennobling in general scope and tendency. Under wise counsels and training the young mind will grow up with a taste for wholesome, pure, and bracing books.

Wherever possible there should be in every house a good dictionary, an atlas, and a cyclopedia. No unknown word should be passed without learning its meaning. Thus habits of definiteness of thought and exactness of expression will be unconsciously cultivated. A man or woman who is thus trained to a love of good books, has placed in his hand the key of all knowledge. The best books will to him prove solace in solitude, joy amid sorrow, wealth in poverty, and gladness even in life's darkest gloom. Such a pure, refined, and cultivated taste will be a possession which the world cannot give nor take away. It will the better fit its possessor for the duties of time and for the beatitudes of eternity.

Music in the Home.

Music is not a luxury for the few, but a form of art that gives pleasure to the many. According to Shakespeare

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

It is not to be measured by money values any more than love and smiles and kind words are to be gotten and given for dollars. It is not merely a matter of aesthetics but of ethics, and both as a moral force and as an aesthetic art it should be cultivated in the home.

"Music is the universal language of mankind." An American or an Englishman may attend a church service in Germany, France, or Italy, and understand no word of the sermon, but the music reaches his heart, for it is in the language of the soul, and that is independent of words.

Music is more than the universal language of mankind, it appeals to the lower animals as well. Ruskin long ago observed: "Brutes can enjoy music. Mice are thrown into raptures by it. Horses are powerfully excited by the trumpet and may be taught to dance in excellent time." Elephants and even serpents are susceptible to the power of music, and all have observed how a tune whistled or sung will awaken the sweetest carols of the canary.

This universal language should, then, be cultivated in the home. Animals are not moved by architecture or painting or sculpture. A horse is indifferent to the noblest building, it means less to him than a barn. Most children must learn to

appreciate the more superficial arts, but some appreciation of music is inborn, and the possibilities of its cultivation are boundless.

Music is not a mere ornament, it is an educative power. Plato taught that as gymnastic exercise is necessary to keep the body healthy, so musical exercise is necessary to keep the soul healthy; and that the proper nourishment of the intellect and emotions can no more take place without music than the proper functions of the stomach and the blood without exercise. Dr. Dogiel, a Russian professor, has experimented with an instrument called the pletismograph, for examining the circulation of blood in man. His discoveries of the effects of music on the blood, the muscles, and nerves of man and the lower animals open up a wonderful field of possible uses, for music. He says: "Music is one of the most powerful means of educating children. * * * If sciences are necessary for the development of the intellect, the arts, painting and music, particularly, are necessary for the education of our feelings." Music develops in youths, imperceptibly to themselves, a certain harmony of feelings, a softening of the strong animal passions, and thus ennobles them and creates a love for everything beautiful. Ruskin declared music to be "the most effective of all instruments of moral education."

A father, whose children were remarkable for cheerfulness and amiability, was asked the secret of his success in training them. He replied: "When anything disturbs their temper I say to them, *'sing,'* and if I hear them speak against any person I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all cause of discontent and disposition to scandal."

Think over the families you have known; single out those who cultivated music in the home; and you will find that in

those homes there was a refinement, a gentleness of tone and manner, which gave them a superiority to many others of even higher social position. They were not musical because they were gentle and refined, but they were gentle and refined because they were musical. Those people, by the cultivation of music, came to have an habitual shrinking from discord of any kind.

Music is a medicine for the temper. Many a mother almost distracted with the care of a fretful child can make no better investment of a little time than to go to the piano and play a few simple airs; at first something soft and plaintive, then gradually brightening and quickening the music. It will not only help the child but the mother will be surprised to find how her own nerves have been soothed and rested. The shadows are gone, the sunshine is come. Not only babes but adults can sometimes be conquered by music. When Napoleon exploded into one of his ungovernable furies, Josephine was wont to play to him one simple but beautiful air which always soothed and pacified him.

When the father has returned home weary from the manual or mental toil of the day, why should not the children, if they can play or sing, brighten the evening hours with music? Memories of these evenings will lighten the toil of the following day. Music is not merely for show and company. The father whose evenings and Sundays are cheered by music either vocal or instrumental will feel that he has made a good investment of his money in providing musical instruction for his children.

Those who can play or sing should be forever done with silly excuses and simpering hesitation. When friends want music give it as graciously as you would grant any other favor.

Forget self and simply do your best. Excuses spoil the music before it is rendered.

Those who have some musical ability are under a sacred obligation to cultivate the gift by persevering, painstaking practice. The world is full of discords, and he who can introduce one more element of harmony is a benefactor of the race. So also is he who can put in a song where there was but a sad silence.

One of the sweetest memories I know is that of the work of a band of little girls who each week visited the sick and aged, bringing flowers and song. Long after the flowers faded and their fragrance was gone the melody of the sweet voices lingered in the hearts and homes visited.

It is observable that not only are musical families harmonious in their relations but there is a strength of attachment among their members which is not usually found elsewhere. Musical notes as threads of silk and chains of gold have been silently binding those hearts together.

Partings may come but attachments continue. Musical memories are independent of time and space. Distance or duration does not weaken the power of music in the home.

Home Adornments.

Man is an aesthetic being. The love of beauty constitutes a vital part of his existence. Not a mere appendage; not one of the finishing touches of his creation that might have been omitted without seriously deranging the symmetry of the whole,—but it constitutes a great motive power in man's constitution. It is the uplifting element; it is that in us which makes us hunger and thirst after perfection of character.

The law of beauty is the law of completeness, and that law in the soul gives the desire for spiritual completeness and perfection.

The law of material beauty is, doubtless, that by which matter tends to assume the form of completeness, which is that of the circle. The circle everywhere prevails. Nature always makes a perfect circle when she can; and when she cannot she usually makes a compromise with the opposing forces and together they make an ellipse, or some form of the curve. The stars are spheres; atoms are by common consent regarded as spheres. The paths of all the heavenly bodies are ellipses. The transverse sections of trees and almost all forms of vegetables are circular. Most of the animal tissues are circular, or are made up of circular parts.

But it is not alone in the geometrical figure that we see the spirit of the circle. We see it in the repetitions of history, in the ceaseless round of the seasons, in the death and resurrection of the roses, in the successive pulses of music, in colors that suggest their complements, in the bud that suggests the completion of the flower, in the unutterable emotions that come to us while gazing upon the "breathing canvas and

speaking marble," in the soul-lifting suggestion of the poet's metaphor, which is always the segment that completes a circle of consistent thought.

It is our imagination that supplies these missing segments, and accordingly imagination and fancy are found to be essential faculties in the production or appreciation of beauty. Imagination is that faculty which gives us a desire to complete all our mental operations, and thus give to them something of the spirit of the circle. The law of beauty is Nature's imagination, which tends to complete all her operations and give to everything a circular tendency.

Since, then, the principle of beauty is so far-reaching in nature, and since it forms so large and vital a part of man's nature, is not its cultivation of the utmost importance? We cannot do violence to this part of our nature without violating the whole. To withhold the influences that tend to develop a love of beauty is as sure to cause a one-sided and unsymmetrical growth, as to withhold a needed element of food. Beauty is one of the elements of the soul's food. The cultivation of beauty in the soul requires no costly tutorage. Beauty's lessons may be learned without a teacher. The universe is one vast cabinet open to our inspection. Every gate of nature turns upon golden hinges. The sky each morning is broidered by the rosy fingers of the dawn, and every evening the sun, amid beauty that awes the soul to silence, like a gallant knight rides down the perilous cataract of molten gold. The beauty of the clouds, the sweet simplicity of nature's drab dress, is past all description of novelist or poet. A spirit may grow divine by gazing on the clouds, and it costs us nothing to appropriate this beauty except the trouble of taking our

nooning in the open air. There is a flower in every nook and corner of nature's domain, which it costs us nothing to look at.

But it is not alone in nature that beauty may minister to our souls. It is the chief object of this chapter to show, in a general way, how art may serve this purpose. Nature hangs no landscapes on our parlor walls, nor does she set bouquets in our windows. She will cause the bouquets to grow and blossom, however, if we will but take the trouble to plant them.

Flowers are the soul's best friends. There is the breath of the angels on their petals. It is needless to contend that there is no deep meaning in the tribute which the universal heart of man in all ages has paid to flowers.

A flower garden is within the reach of every family that has the control of a house; for the beds may be made close about the house, and there are few tenements even in the denser parts of cities where there is not a sufficient quantity of land for a flowerbed.

Notwithstanding the fact that there has been much discussion concerning the wholesomeness of house plants, it is nevertheless the opinion of the most eminent scientists that they are positively beneficial to health. Indeed, to suppose otherwise would be a violation of the logic of analogy, for the whole vegetable kingdom constantly consumes carbonic acid, an invisible gas which is poisonous to us, but which constitutes the food of plants. They also exhale oxygen, which is the all-sustaining element of animal life, and which in civilized homes is usually deficient, owing to the lack of proper ventilation. Thus house plants in part neutralize the bad effects of imperfect ventilation. One of the most striking provisions of nature is seen in the mutual adaptation of plants and animals.

Plants give to us just what we require, while we give to them just what they require. How admirably then are men and plants adapted to live together!

The beauty of art is not alone for the mansion of wealth. Artistic and tasteful adornments are the products of ingenuity and not of wealth. Trees may be planted about the house, also vines and roses. Arbors and shady nooks may be made to render home attractive, and to give an added charm in after years to its memories. It is true that "be it ever so humble there's no place like home," but that home would be sweeter and would touch a tenderer chord in the spirit's harp if we could look back to a cottage vine-wreathed and rose-decked. There is something in the nature of beauty when it surrounds our early home that never loses its power and never ceases to exert a molding influence over us.

There is no end to the tasteful and pleasing devices by which an intelligent wife or daughter may adorn a home, and that with little expense beyond the time it requires, and this is usually mere pastime. The plot about the house may be either a sand desert covered with barrel hoops, broken cart wheels, and decaying rubbish, or it may be clean, wholesome, and beautiful. One cannot live in a wretched hovel where there is no beauty, where the lawn suggests a lumber yard, a cattle yard, and a slaughter yard combined, without sharing in the degradation of the surroundings.

It is as much the duty of parents, then, to adorn and beautify their home as it is to keep the moral atmosphere of that home pure.

Indeed, the latter cannot exist without the former. The best characters and the noblest men come from the modest homes

which taste, refinement, and labor have adorned and beautified.

Beauty is a positive force, a developing potency in the universe. The language of beauty everywhere is the language of aspiration. If our dull ears could be quickened till we could hear and understand the divine dialect of the opening flowers, we should hear them say:

"All things have their mission, and God gives us ours,
And this is a part of the mission of flowers:
To give life to the weary and hope to the sad,
Fresh faith to the faithless, new joys to the glad;
To cheer the desponding, give strength to the weak;
To bring health's bright bloom to the invalid's cheek;
To blush on the brow of the beautiful bride;
To cheer homes of mourning where sorrows betide;
To rob dreaded death of a part of his gloom,
By decking the dear one arrayed for the tomb;
To furnish the home with a lasting delight,
With our perfumes so lovely, our blossoms so bright;
To hallow the homestead, embellish the lawn,
Reflecting the tints of the roseate dawn."

The Home and the State.

What constitutes a state?
Not high raised battlements, or labor'd mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Nor starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfumes to pride:—
No! men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endu'd,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights; and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-armed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain—
These constitute a state.

—Sir William Jones.

There is a vital relation existing between the homes of a people and that sovereign power called the *state*. The interests and ideals of the one cannot be separated from the interests and ideals of the other. They are both *forms* of government having an ultimately common end and historically (at least, if certain forms of tradition may be accepted as history) have had a common origin, and for a long period of years were either coincident, or existent side by side.

Patriarchal government, or government by fathers or patriarchs, was originally and chiefly religious in character. It

did not possess the contrariety of form, charter enactments, or function characteristic of later and more recent governments.

This is readily understood when one considers that the peoples possessing and upholding this system were simple and pastoral in their habits and imbued with a unique religious spirit. Their material and religious interests were both communal. Their lands, tents, oxen, vineyards, were in great part either held in common or as tribal possessions. Individual effort, the home, specialized industry, and distinctive characteristics generally, were lost in the greater issue of a common purpose and destiny.

To some, perhaps, this form of government may seem ideal; some even seek to re-establish it to-day. Its simplicity, its conservation of individual energy, its moral tone, its oneness of aim,—all have done much to commend it. But certain it is that with the march of a few centuries it disappeared. Society began to differentiate; patriarchs became kings; the laws of succession changed; toil took on new forms and the distribution of its products gave rise to a multiplicity of new departments for human activity. In short, these diversified and diversifying conditions brought a new order of things and with them new forms of government.

Writers on primitive institutions generally agree that the village or community was a simple and natural development from the family. In other words, the village was an enlarged family, embracing those nearest of kin, together with their slaves, domestic animals, household gods, priests, and the usual paraphernalia of communal life. Contiguous villages, or those characterized by common interests, or the physical configuration of their lands, then gradually became united under a single head or monarch, for their common defense and

welfare. From such alliances and continually diversifying relations, it can be easily observed, that the borders of villages were extended from time to time, either peacefully or through conquest, and their enlarged opportunities developed new functions in both sovereign and subject. Village united with village, or the weaker were subdued by the stronger; alien communities became dependencies, and the whole was solidified into what may be termed, by virtue of its extent and importance, a state or realm.

The process, it will be observed, was at first one of aggregation and in this respect the evolution of society has followed a well recognized natural law, viz., that of *aggregation* and *segregation*. When the state had reached a certain stage through centralization and successive additions to its domain, it became necessary to recognize not alone the welfare of the state itself, but the units composing the state. Thus the state became reactionary and a more or less defined policy was demanded covering the relations of state and subject. A segregation or division of interests became imperative to the continued life of the state itself, as well as a matter of policy and utility on behalf of the subject. Many influences, which cannot be recounted here, have been at work to make predominant at one time the interests of the state and at another time the interests of the people; but the fact remains, nevertheless, that the principles of aggregation and segregation are those about which have revolved the fortunes of nations and peoples.

It would be interesting to trace the varying attitudes of the home and the state, as affected by the mutations of government, throughout the entire period of authentic history, but such a treatment here is scarcely germane to this chapter. The forms of government during these centuries have been

confined largely to three types (and their variations), the patriarchal, monarchical, and democratic, of which the last two still persist among civilized peoples and in which the interaction of family and state is most notable. Under the constitutional monarchy of England and the democratic government of the United States the home is probably accorded a higher function than under any other dominion. The rule of the state is beneficent because it is the collective expression of the homes; the homes are exemplary because they are under the fostering influences of wise laws and wise rulers, and are allowed the fullest development of their free activities.

If, then, it is true that a state is but an aggregate of homes, whose purpose is the highest possible development of the individuals composing that state, how significant is the relation and duty of the family to the public weal! The home becomes the natural unit of all that is highest and best in the body politic. It is the arbiter of public morals, the leaven of social purity, the center of inspirational life, the dispenser of noble charities, and the censor of national ideals. The stream can rise no higher than its fount and so the supreme test of national life lies in the homes of the people. The safety and perpetuity of government can rest no where else. From a disregard of the common interests of the homes by the state comes national strife and contention, industrial unrest, economic waste, social malcontents, destruction of the unity of interests, and a thousand and one lesser evils that betoken retrogression if not actual decadence.

At various periods throughout history efforts have been made to formulate theories respecting the ideal state. Plato's *Republic*, the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, and Edward

Bellamy's *Looking Backward* have been noteworthy attempts in this direction,—all of which are characterized by lines of thought more fantastic perhaps than philosophical. Many attempts have also been made in the economic literature of the present century to present conceptions of the state, with all its interrelations, more in accord with the prevailing scientific spirit. All of these have brought their contributions to the perplexing problems of government and social economy and in their main themes have given emphasis to the home as a potent factor in civic progression and reform.

The problem of the relation of labor to capital, the assimilation of races, education, religion, charities, the coalition of wealth, taxation, territorial aggrandizement, the whole range of relations, in short, arising out of the effort to combine into a composite whole the militant interests of the people, must engage the attention and the studious consideration of the home equally with the state. Such consideration should not only be reckoned a *duty* but a *privilege* of citizenship. Every fireside has the right to intelligently co-operate in its own defense, and to promote its own interests and well-being as long as it is not in derogation of the rights of others. It owes a large duty to itself but it also owes a large duty to its environment. It must radiate an influence for law and order that will make possible the further development of itself and insure its perpetuation. The highest principle for the government of the home, as for the government of the state, is the seemingly paradoxical one of the *unselfish development of self*. In other words, it is but the application of Immanuel Kant's supreme rule of morals, "So order your conduct that it may, if possible, be in harmony with the rights of all men."

How best to secure this intimate co-operation of the home and the state so as to insure the highest results, is the vast problem of modern society. Perfection of development in either cannot be hoped for because it is not a quality of finite things. But notwithstanding this the rule of our duty is clear. The mutuality of action for home and state must, at least, be in the direction of the highest ideals of individuality and collectivity. The collective effort must go hand in hand with the individual effort, else all is disharmony and divided interest. The fortunes of the home are inseparably bound up with the interests of the state and a development in either means a corresponding development in the other. The enlightenment or degradation of the home means the enlightenment or degradation of the state. How important then must be the duties of citizenship!

Order is said to have been God's first law. It is the unifying and harmonizing principle of being. No department of the universe, whether it be animate or inanimate, whether it be a mighty cataract, a storm at sea, the grouping of the stars, the structure of the lily, the pulsing of the emotions, the prattle of a child, is unencompassed by it. In this respect nature is the prototype of the home. Order must prevail there as the necessary condition of safety. The harmonious relations of husband and wife, the obedience of child to parent, the exercise of the domestic virtues, are lessons of the home that cannot fail to conduce to better citizenship. The state is the protector of the home much in the same sense that the parent is the protector of the child. It protects life, property, good name; it punishes the lawbreaker and expunges viciousness. In both cases the duties are reciprocal. Just as the child owes obedience to the parent, so the home owes obedience to the state and both by example and precept should seek to extend the virtues

of law and order. If the child comes out of his home training properly imbued with the duty of obedience he is far advanced in his qualifications for exemplary citizenship.

In the state having a representative form of government the law-making power is vested, very largely, in legislative bodies whose representation depends upon issues of public policy. This gives rise to political parties, which in turn oftentimes force special legislation to the detriment of certain classes'of subjects. Class legislation usually defeats the highest ends of the state and is followed by a train of evils vitally touching the common welfare.

Especially is this true if it is manipulated by selfish and unscrupulous party representatives. Wise legislation is enacted for the benefit of the *whole* people, not for a favored few, and when it falls short of this, public office ceases to be a public trust.

The question of legislation and administrative office, therefore, becomes one of the utmost importance to every home within the confines of a state. It touches economic interests connected with everyday life, significant alike to the bread-winner, the capitalist, and the savant, because it demands above all else the exercise of the strictest integrity in dealing with the sacred rights of the people. It is necessary, then, to a proper fulfillment of these important functions that those selected for that purpose be men of wisdom, prudence, and a high sense of public duty; whose eyes are not dimmed by avarice and whose fidelity to the interests of the lowly is not impaired by official exaltation. When this idea permeates the homes and finds permanent lodgment in the convictions of oncoming generations, we may expect a heritage of civic benedictions that is now scarcely conceivable.

The indirect influence of the home on national life is probably as far-reaching as its direct influence. Without going into a discussion of the sources of the inspirational life and health-imparting touch of the well ordered home, it needs but little power of observation to recognize its beneficent mission in any community. Health, education, affectional natures, the graces of mind and heart, frugality, a sense of the true, the beautiful, and the good in life and art, patriotism, material necessities, and even luxuries are all proper endowments of the home. Contact with these means elevation, a quickened sense of duty, impulse to renewed endeavor, a striving after higher ideals. And so the unconscious work of the home goes on, leavening the community and transmitting its influence to other and wider spheres; sending out streams of charity; fitting its members for careers of usefulness and honor in society.

The nation that is shortsighted enough to ignore the homes of the people builds on a foundation of sand; and the homes which divorce themselves from all interests of social and national import are inviting an inevitable thralldom for themselves and their posterity. To the ideal state, the home, pure, safeguarded, happy, is its glory and its crown. Without it, national achievement would be empty and worthless.

Philosopher and poet are alike in the verdict, that the safety and perpetuity of any nation lies in the homes of its people.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,

What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the napping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

—Longfellow

The Nation's Need of Men.

If the experiment of government by the people is to be successful, it is you and such as you who must make it so. The future of the republic must lie in the hands of the men and women of culture and intelligence, of self-control and of self-resource, capable of taking care of themselves and of helping others. If it falls not into such hands, the republic will have no future. Wisdom and strength must go to the making of a nation. There is no virtue in democracy as such, nothing in Americanism as such, that will save us, if we are a nation of weaklings and fools, with an aristocracy of knaves as our masters.

There are some who think that this is the condition of America to-day. There are some who think that this republic, which has weathered so nobly the storms of war and of peace, will go down on the shoals of hard times; that we, as a nation, cannot live through the nervous exhaustion induced by the financial sprees of ourselves and others. We are told that our civilization and our government are fit only for the days of cotton and corn prosperity. We are told that our whole industrial system, and the civilization of which it forms a part, must be torn up by the roots and cast away. We are told that the days of self-control and self-sufficiency are over, and that the people of this nation are really typified by the lawless bands rushing blindly hither and thither, clamoring for laws by which those men may be made rich whom all previous laws of God and man have ordained to be poor.

In these times it is well for us to remember that we come of hardy stock. The Anglo-Saxon race, with its strength and virtues, was born of hard times. It is not easily kept down; the victims of oppression must be of some other stock. We who live in America, and who constitute the heart of this republic, are the sons and daughters of "him that overcometh." Ours is a lineage untainted by luxury, uncoddled by charity, uncorroded by vice, uncrushed by oppression. If it were not so, we could not be here to-day.

When this nation was born, the days of the government of royalty and aristocracy were fast drawing to a close. Hereditary idleness had steadily done its work, and the scepter was already falling from nerveless hands. God said: "I am tired of kings; I suffer them no more." And when the kings had slipped from their tottering thrones, as there was no one else to rule, the scepter fell into the hands of the common man. It fell into our hands, ours of this passing generation, and from us it will pass on into yours. You are here to make ready for your coronation, to learn those maxims of government, those laws of human nature, without which all administrations must fail; ignorance of which is always punishable by death. If you are to hold this scepter, you must be wiser and stronger than the kings; else you, too, shall lose the scepter as they have lost it, and your dynasty shall pass away.

For more than a century now the common man has ruled America, How has he used his power? What does history tell us of what the common man has done? It is too soon to answer these questions. A hundred years is a time too short for the test of such gigantic experiments. Here in America we have made history already—some of it glorious, some of it ignoble; much of it made up of the old stories told over again. We have learned

some things that we did not expect to learn. We find that the social problems of Europe are not kept away from us by the quarantine of democracy. We find that the dead which the dead past cannot bury are thrown up on our shores. We find that weakness, misery, and crime are still with us, and that wherever weakness is there is tyranny also. The essence of tyranny, we have found, lies not in the strengfth of the strong, but in the weakness of the weak. We find that in the free air of America there are still millions who are not free—millions who can never be free under any government or under any laws, so long as they remain what they are.

The remedy for oppression, then, is to bring in better men, men who cannot be oppressed. This is the remedy our fathers sought; we shall find no other. The problem of life is not to make life easier, but to make men stronger, so that no problem shall be beyond their solution. It will be a sad day for the republic when life is easy for ignorance, indolence, and apathy. It is growing easier than it was; it is too easy already. There is no growth without its struggle. Nature asks of man that he use his manhood. If a man puts no part of his brain and soul into his daily work—if he feels no pride in the part he is taking in life,—the sooner he leaves the world the better. His work is the work of a slave, and his life the waste of so much good oxygen. The misery he endures is nature's testimony to his worthlessness. We cannot save him from nature's penalties. Our duty toward him may be to temper justice with mercy. This is not the matter of importance. Our duty toward his children is to see that they do not follow his path. The grown-up men and women of to-day are, in a sense, past saving. The best work of the republic is to save the children. The one great duty of a free nation is education—education, wise, thorough, universal; the education, not of cramming, but of training; the

education which no republic has ever given, and without which all republics must be in whole or in part failures. If this generation should leave as its legacy to the next the real education, training in individual power and skill, breadth of outlook on the world and on life, the problems of the next century would take care of themselves. There can be no collective industrial problem where each man is capable of solving his own individual problem for himself.

In this direction lies, I believe, the key to all industrial and social problems. Reforms in education are the greatest of all reforms. The ideal education must meet two demands: it must be personal, fitting a man or woman for success in life; it must be broad, giving a man or woman such an outlook on the world as that this success may be worthy. It should give to each man or woman that reserve strength without which no life can be successful, because no life can be free. With this reserve the man can face difficulties, because the victor in any struggle is he who has the most staying power. With this reserve, he is on the side of law and order, because only he who has nothing to lose can favor disorder or misrule. He should have a reserve of property. Thrift is a virtue. No people can long be free who are not thrifty. It is true that thrift sometimes passes beyond virtue, degenerating into the vice of greed. Because there are men who are greedy—drunk with the intoxication of wealth and power,—we sometimes are told that wealth and power are criminal. There are some that hold that thrift is folly and personal ownership a crime. In the new Utopia all is to be for all, and no one can claim a monopoly, not even of himself. There may be worlds in which this shall be true. It is not true in the world into which you have been born. Nor can it be. In the world we know, the free man should have a reserve of power, and this power is represented by money. If thrift ever ceases to

be a virtue, it will be at a time long in the future. Before that time comes, our Anglo-Saxon race will have passed away and our civilization will be forgotten. The dream of perfect slavery must find its realization in some other world than ours, or with a race of men cast in some other mold.

A man should have a reserve of skill. If he can do well something which needs doing, his place in the world will always be ready for him. He must have intelligence. If he knows enough to be good company for himself and others, he is a long way on the road toward happiness and usefulness. To meet this need our schools have been steadily broadening. The business of education is no longer to train gentlemen and clergymen, as it was in England; to fit men for the professions called learned, as it has been in America. It is to give wisdom and fitness to the common man. The great reforms in education have all lain in the removal of barriers. They have opened new lines of growth to the common man. This form of university extension is just beginning. The next century will see its continuance. It will see a change in educational ideals greater even than those of the revival of learning. Higher education will cease to be the badge of a caste, and no line of usefulness in life will be beyond its helping influence.

The man must have a reserve of character and purpose. He must have a reserve of reputation. Let others think well of us; it will help us to think well of ourselves. No man is free who has not his own good opinion. A man will wear a clean conscience as he would a clean shirt, if he knows his neighbors expect it of him. He must have a reserve of love, and this is won by the service of others. "He that brings sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from himself." He must form the ties of family and friendship; that, having something at stake in the

goodness of the world, he will do something toward making the world really good.

When an American citizen has reserves like these, he has no need to beg for special favors. All he asks of legislation is that it keep out of his way. He demands no form of special guardianship or protection. He can pay as he goes. The man who cannot has no right to go. Of all forms of greed, the greed for free lunches,—the desire to get something for nothing,—is the most demoralizing, and in the long run most dangerous. *The flag of freedom can never float over a nation of deadheads.*

Then, again, education must take the form of real patriotism—of public interest and of civic virtue. If a republic be not wisely managed, it will fail as any other corporation would; it will only succeed as it deserves success.

The problems of government are questions of right and wrong; they can be settled only in one way. They must be settled right. Whatever is settled wrong comes up for settlement again, and this when we least expect it. It comes up under harder conditions, and compound interest is charged on every wrong decision. The slavery question, you remember, was settled over and over again by each generation of compromisers. When they led John Brown to the scaffold, his last words were: "You would better—all you people of the South—prepare yourselves for a settlement of this question, that must come up for a settlement again sooner than you are prepared for it. You may dispose of me now very easily," he said; "I am nearly disposed of now; but this question is still to be settled—this negro question, I mean; the end of that is not yet."

This, John Brown said, and they settled the problem for the time by hanging him. But the question rose again. It was never settled until at last it was "blown hellward from the cannon's mouth." Then it was found that for every drop of negro blood drawn by the lash, a thousand drops of Saxon blood had been drawn by the sword.

Thus it is with every national question, large or small. Thus it will be with the tariff, with finance, with the civil service. Each question must be settled right, and we must pay for its settlement. It is said that fifteen per cent of the laws on the statute books of the States of the Union stand there in defiance of acknowledged laws of social and economic science. Every such statute is blood poison in the body politic. Around every such law will gather a festering sore. Every attempt to heal this sore will be resisted by the full force of the time-servers. Such statutes are steadily increasing in number—concessions by short-sighted legislatures to the arrogant monopolist, the ignorant demagogue, or the reckless agitator. This must stop. "They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin," or with ignorance, or with recklessness. "The gods," said Marcus Aurelius, "are at the head of the administration, and will have nothing but the best."

"My will fulfilled shall be;
In daylight or in dark.
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
Its way home to the mark!"

It was the dream of the founders of this republic that each year the people should choose from their number "their wisest men to make the public laws." This was actually done in the early days; for our first leaders were natural leaders. The men who founded America were her educated men. None other

could have done it. But this condition could not always last. As the country grew, ignorance came and greed developed; ignorance and greed must be represented, else ours would not be a representative government. So to our congresses our people sent, not the wisest, but the men who thought as the people did. We have come to choose, in our lawmakers, not rulers, but representatives; we ask not wisdom, but watchfulness for our personal interests. So we send those whose interests are ours; those who act as our attorneys. And just as the people do this, so do the great corporations, who form a large part of the people and control a vastly larger part. And as the corporations command the best service, they often send as their attorneys abler men than the people can secure. And so it has come about that demagogues and special agents make up the body of lawmakers in this country, and this in both parties alike. They represent, not our wisdom, but our business. They are the reflex of the people they represent; no better, and certainly no worse. Those whose interest lies in the direction of good government alone are too often unrepresented.

In this degree republican government has failed. For this failure there is again but one remedy—education. If the people are to rule us, the people must be wise. We must have in every community men trained in social and political science. We must have men with the courage of their convictions; only education can give real convictions. We must have men who know there is a right to every question as well as many wrongs. We must have men who know what this right is; or, if not knowing, who know how the right may be found. Very few men ever do that which they know and really believe to be wrong. Most wrongdoing comes from a belief that there is no right, or that right and wrong are only relative.

Professor Powers has said: "We are no longer guided by wise men. We are guided by wise men's wisdom after we have reviewed it and decided that it is wisdom. An increasing proportion of our people are fairly independent in their thought, and vigorous in their assertion of their convictions. These men—common human men—without their knowledge or consent, come into the world charged with the awful responsibility of managing interests compared with which the tasks of the old gods of Olympus were but as children's play."

If representative government is ever to bring forward wisdom and patriotism, it will be because wisdom and patriotism exist and demand representation. In this direction lies one of the most important duties of the American university. Every question of public policy is a question of right and wrong. To such questions all matters of party ascendency, all matters of individual advancement must yield precedence. There is no virtue in the voice of majorities. The danger of ignorance or indifference is only intensified when rolled up in majorities. Truth is strong, and error is weak, and the majorities of error melt away under the influence of a few men whose right acting is based on right thinking. Right thinking has been your privilege; right acting is now your duty; and at no time in the history of the world has duty been more imperative than now.

When Queens Ride By

by Agnes Sligh Turnbull

Jennie Musgrave woke at the shrill rasp of the alarm clock as she always woke–with the shuddering start and a heavy realization that the brief respite of the night's oblivion was over. She had only time to glance through the dull light at the cluttered, dusty room, before John's voice was saying sleepily as he said every morning, "All right, let's go. It doesn't seem as if we'd been in bed at all!"

Jennie dressed quickly in the clothes, none too clean, that, exhausted, she had flung from her the night before. She hurried down the back stairs, her coarse shoes clattering thickly upon the bare boards. She kindled the fire in the range and then made a hasty pretense at washing in the basin in the sink.

John strode through the kitchen and on out to the barn. There were six cows to be milked and the great cans of milk to be taken to the station for the morning train.

Jennie put coffee and bacon on the stove, and then, catching up a pail from the porch, went after John. A golden red disk broke the misty blue of the morning above the cow pasture. A sweet, fragrant breath blew from the orchard. But Jennie neither saw nor felt the beauty about her.

She glanced at the sun and thought, It's going to be a hot day. She glanced at the orchard, and her brows knit. There it hung. All that fruit. Bushels of it going to waste. Maybe she could get time that day to make some more apple butter. But the tomatoes wouldn't wait. She must pick them and get them to town today, or that would be a dead loss. After all her work,

well, it would only be in a piece with everything else if it did happen so. She and John had bad luck, and they might as well make up their minds to it.

She finished her part of the milking and hurried back again to the overcooked bacon and strong coffee. The children were down, clamorous, dirty, always underfoot. Jim, the eldest, was in his first term of school. She glanced at his spotted waist. He should have a clean one. But she couldn't help it. She couldn't get the washing done last week, and when she was to get a day for it this week she didn't know, with all the picking and the trips to town to make!

Breakfast was hurried and unpalatable, a sort of grudging concesion to the demands of the body. Then John left in the milk wagon for the station, and Jennie packed little Jim's lunch basket with bread and apple butter and pie, left the two little children to their own devices in the backyard, and started toward the barn. There was no time to do anything in the house. The chickens and turkeys had to be attended to, and then she must get to the tomato patch before the sun got too hot. Behind her was the orchard with its rows and rows of laden apple trees. Maybe this afternoon–maybe tomorrow morning. There were the potatoes, too, to be lifted. Too hard work for a woman. But what were you going to do? Starve? John worked till dark in the fields.

She pushed her hair back with a quick, boyish sweep of her arm ad went on scattering the grain to the fowls. She remembered their eager plans when they were married, when they took over the old farm—laden with its heavy mortgage–that had been John's father's. John had been so straight of back then and so jolly. Only seven years, yet now he was stooped a little, and his brows were always drawn, as though to hide a look of ashamed

failure. They had planned to have a model farm someday: blooded stock, a tractor, a new barn. And then such a home they were to make of the old stone house! Jennie's hopes had flared higher even than John's. A rug for the parlor, an overstuffed set like the one in the mail-order catalogue, linoleum for the kitchen, electric lights!

They were young and, oh, so strong! There was nothing they could not do if they only worked hard enough.

But that great faith had dwindled as the first year passed. John worked later and later in the evenings. Jennie took more and more of the heavy tasks upon her own shoulders. She often thought with some pride that no woman in the countryside ever helped her husband as she did. Even with the haying and riding the reaper. Hard, coarsening work, but she was glad to do it for John's sake.

The sad riddle of it all was that at the end of each year they were no further on. The only difference from the year before was another window shutter hanging from one hinge and another crippled wagon in the barnyard which John never had time to men. They puzzled over it in a vague distress. And meanwhile life degenerated into a straining, hopeless struggle. Sometimes lately John had seemed a little listless, as though nothing mattered. A little bitter when he spoke of Henry Davis.

Henry held the mortgage and had expected a payment on the principle this year. He had come once and looked about with something very like a sneer on his face. If he should decide someday to foreclose–that would be the final blow. They never would get up after that. If John couldn't hold the old farm, he could never try to buy a new one. It would mean being renters all their lives. Poor renters at that!

She went to the tomato field. It had been her own idea to do some tracking along with the regular farm crops. But, like everything else, it had failed of her expectations. As she put the scarlet tomatoes, just a little overripe, into the basket, she glanced with a hard tightening of her lips toward a break in the trees a half mile away where a dark, listening bit of road caught the sun. Across its polished surface twinkled an endless procession of shining, swift-moving objects. The State Highway.

Jennie hated it. In the first place, it was so tauntingly near and yet so hopelessly far from them. If it only ran by their door, as it did past Henry Davis's for instance, it would solve the whole problem of marketing the fruits and vegetables. Then they could set the baskets on the lawn, and people could stop for them. But as it was, nobody all summer long had paid the least attention to the sign John had put up at the end of the lane. And no wonder. Why should travelers drive their cars over the stony country byway, when a little farther along they would find the same fruit spread temptingly for them at the very roadside?

But there was another reason she hated that bit of sleek road showing between the trees. She hated it because it hurt her with its suggestions of all the passed her by in the endless procession twinkling in the sunshine. There they kept going, day after day, those happy, carefree women, riding in handsome limousines or in gay little roadsters. Some in plainer cars, too, but even those were, like the others, women who could have rest, pleasure, comfort for the asking. They were whirled along hour by hour to new pleasures, while she was weighted to the drudgery of the farm like one of the great rocks in the pasture field.

And–most bitter of all–they had pretty homes to go back to when the happy journey was over. That seemed to be the strange and cruel law about homes. The finer they were, the easier it was to leave them. Now with her–if she had the rug for the parlor and the stuffed furniture and linoleum for the kitchen, she shouldn't mind anything so much then; she had nothing, nothing but hard slaving and bad luck. And the highway taunted her with it. Flung its impossible pleasures mockingly in her face as she bent over the vines or dragged the heavy baskets along the rows.

The sun grew hotter. Jennie put more strength into her task. She knew, at last, by the scorching heat overhead that it was nearing noon. She must have a bit of lunch ready for John when he came in. There wasn't time to prepare much. Just reheat the coffee and set down some bread and pie.

She started towards the house, giving a long yodeling call for the children as she went. They appeared from the orchard, tumbled and torn from experiments with the wire fence. Her heart smothered her at the sight of them. Among the other dreams that the years had crushed out were those of little rosy boys and girls in clean suits and fresh ruffled dresses. As it was, the children had just grown like farm weeds.

This was the part of all the drudgery that hurt most. That she had not time to care for her children, sew for them, teach them things that other children knew. Sometimes it seemed as if she had no real love for them at all. She was too terribly tired as a rule to have any feeling. The only times she used energy to talk to them was when she had to reprove them for some dangerous misdeed. That was all wrong. It seemed wicked; but how could she help it? With the work draining the very life out of her, strong as she was.

John came in heavily, and they ate in silence except for the children's chatter. John hardly looked up from his plate. He gulped down great drafts of the warmed-over coffee and then pushed his chair back hurriedly.

"I'm goin' to try to finish the harrowin' in the south field," he said. "I'm at the tomatoes," Jennie answered. "I've got them 'most all picked and ready for takin'."

That was all. Work was again upon them.

It was two o'clock by the sun, and Jennie had loaded the last heavy basket of tomatoes on the milk wagon in which she must drive to town, when she heard shrill voices sounding along the path. The children were flying in excitement toward her.

"Mum! Mum! Mum!" they called as they came panting up to her with big, surprised eyes. "Mum, there a lady up there. At the kitchen door. All dressed up. A pretty lady. She wants to see you."

Jennie gazed down at them disbelievingly. A lady, a pretty lady at her kitchen door? All dressed up! What that could mean! Was it possible someone had at last braved the stony lane to buy fruit? Maybe bushels of it!

"Did she come in a car?" Jennie asked quickly.

"No, she just walked in. She's awful pretty. She smiled at us."

Jennie's hope dropped. Of course. She might have known. Some agent likely, selling books. She followed the children wearily back along the path and in at the rear door of the kitchen. Across from it another door opened into the side yard. Here stood the stranger.

The two women looked at each other across the kitchen, across the table with the remains of two meals upon it, the strewn chairs, the littered stove–across the whole scene of unlovely disorder. They looked at each other in startled surprise, as inhabitants of Earth and Mars might look if they were suddenly brought face-to-face.

Jennie saw a woman in a gray tweed coat that seemed to be part of her straight, slim body. A small gray hat with a rose quill was drawn low over the brownish hair. Her blue eyes were clear and smiling. She was beautiful! And yet she was not young. She was in her forties, surely. But an aura of eager youth clung to her, a clean and exquisite freshness.

The stranger in her turn looked across at a young woman, haggard and weary. Her yellowish hair hung in straggling wisps. Her eyes looked hard and hunted. Her cheeks were thin and sallow. Her calico dress was shapeless and begrimed from her work.

So they looked at each other for one long, appraising second. Then the woman in gray smiled.

"How do you do?" she began. "We ran our car into the shade of your lane to have our lunch and rest for a while. And I walked on up to buy a few apples, if you have them."

Jennie stood staring at the stranger. There was an unconscious hostility in her eyes. This was one of the women from the highway.

One of those envied ones who passed twinkling through the summer sunshine from pleasure to pleasure while Jennie slaved on.

But the pretty lady's smile was disarming. Jennie started toward a chair and pulled off the old coat and apron that lay on it.

"Won't you sit down?" she said politely. "I'll go and get the apples. I'll have to pick them off the tree. Would you prefer rambos?"

"I don't know what they are, but they sound delicious. You must choose them for me. But mayn't I come with you? I should love to help pick them."

Jennie considered. She felt baffled by the friendliness of the other woman's face and utterly unable to meet it. But she did not know how to refuse.

"Why I s'pose so. If you can get through the dirt."

She led the way over the back porch with its crowded baskets and pails and coal buckets, along the unkept path toward the orchard. She had never been so acutely conscious of the disorder about her. Now a hot shame brought a lump to her throat. In her preoccupied haste before, she had actually not noticed that tub of overturned milk cans and rubbish heap! She saw it all now swiftly through the other woman's eyes. And then that new perspective was checked by a bitter defiance. Why should she care how things looked to this woman? She would be gone, speeding down the highway in a few minutes as though she had never been there.

She reached the orchard and began to drag a long ladder from the fence to the rambo tree.

The other woman cried out in distress. "Oh, but you can't do that! You mustn't. It's too heavy for you, or even for both of us. Please just let me pick a few from the ground."

Jennie looked in amazement at the stranger's concern. It was so long since she had seen anything like it.

"Heavy?" she repeated. "This ladder? I wish I didn't ever lift anything heavier than this. After hoistin' baskets of tomatoes onto a wagon, this feels light to me."

The stranger caught her arm. "But–do you think it's right? Why, that's a man's work."

Jennie's eyes blazed. Something furious and long-pent broke out from within her. "Right! Who are you to be askin' me whether I'm right or not?" What would have become of us if I didn't do a man's work? It takes us both, slaving away, an' then we get nowhere. A person like you don't know what work is! You don't know–

Jennie's voice was the high shrill of hysteria; but the stranger's low tones somehow broke through. "Listen," she said soothingly. "Please listen to me. I'm sorry I annoyed you by saying that, but now, since we are talking, why can't we sit down here and rest a minute? It's so cool and lovely here under the trees, and if you were to tell me all about it–because I'm only a stranger–perhaps it would help. It does sometimes, you know. A little rest would–

"Rest! Me sit down to rest, an' the wagon loaded to go to town? It'll hurry me now to get back before dark."

And then something strange happened. The other woman put her cool, soft hand on Jennie's grimy arm. There was a compelling tenderness in her eyes. "Just take the time you would have spent picking apples. I would so much rather. And perhaps somehow I could help you. I wish I could. Won't you tell me why you have to work so hard?"

Jennie sank down on the smooth green grass. Her hunted, unwilling eyes had yielded to some power in the clear, serene eyes of the stranger. A sort of exhaustion came over her. A trembling reaction from the straining effort of weeks.

There ain't much to tell," she said half sullenly, "only that we ain't gettin' ahead. We're clean discouraged, both of us. Henry Davis is talking about foreclosin' on us if we don't pay some principle. The time of the mortgage is out this year, an' mebbe he won't renew it. He's got plenty himself, but them's the hardest kind." She paused; then her eyes flared. "An' it ain't that I haven't done my part. Look at me. I'm barely thirty, an' I might be fifty. I'm so weather-beaten. That the way I've worked!"

"And you think that has helped your husband?"

"Helped him?" Jennie's voice was sharp. "Why shouldn't it help him?"

The stranger was looking away through the green stretches of orchard. She laced her slim hands together about her knees. She spoke slowly. "Men are such queer things, husband especially. Sometimes we blunder when we are trying hardest to serve them. For instance, they want us to be economical, and yet they want us in pretty clothes. They need our work, and yet they want us to keep our youth and our beauty. And sometimes they don't know themselves which they really want most. So we have to choose. That's what makes it so hard."

She paused. Jennie was watching her with dull curiosity as though she were speaking a foreign tongue.

Then the stranger went on:

I had to choose once, long ago; just after we were married, my husband decided to have his own business, so he started a very tiny one. He couldn't afford a helper, and he wanted me to say in the office while he did the outside selling. And I refused, even though it hurt him. Oh, it was hard! But I knew how it would be if I did as he wished. We would both have come back each night. Tired out, to a dark, cheerless house and a picked-up dinner. And a year if that might have taken something away from us–something precious. I couldn't risk it, so I refused and stuck to it.

And then how I worked in my house–a flat it was then. I had so little outside of our wedding gifts; but at least I could make it a clean, shining, happy place. I tried to give our little dinners the grace of a feast. And as the months went on, I knew I had done right. My husband would come home dead-tired and discouraged, ready to give up the whole thing. But after he had eaten and sat down in our bright little living room, and I had read to him or told him all the funny things I could invent about my day, I could see him change. By bedtime he had his courage back, and by morning he was at last ready to go out and fight again. And at last he won, and he won his success alone, as a man loves to do.

Still Jennie did not speak. She only regarded her guest with a half-resentful understanding. The woman in gray looked off again between the trees. Her voice was very sweet. A humorous little smile played about her lips.

"There was a queen once," she went on, "who reigned in troublous days. And every time the country was on the brink of war and the people ready to fly into a panic, she would put on her showiest dress and take her court with her and go hunting. And when the people would see her riding by,

apparently so gay and happy, they were sure all was well with the Government. So she tided over many a danger. And I've tried to be like her.

"Whenever a big crisis comes in my husband's business–and we've had several–or when he's discouraged, I put on my prettiest dress and get the best dinner I know how or give a party! And somehow it seems to work. That's the woman's part, you know. To play the queen- "

A faint honk-honk came from the lane. The stranger started to her feet. "That's my husband. I must go. Please don't bother about the apples. I'll just take these from under the tree. We only wanted two or three, really. And give these to the children." She slipped two coins into Jennie's hand.

Jennie had risen, too, and was trying from a confusion of startled thoughts to select one for a speech. Instead she only answered the other woman's bright good-bye with a stammering repetition and a broken apology about the apples.

She watched the stranger's erect, lithe figure hurrying away across the path that led directly to the lane. Then she turned her back to the house, wondering dazedly if she had only dreamed that the other woman had been there. But no, there were emotions rising hotly within her that were new. They had had no place an hour before. They had risen at the words of the stranger and at the sight of her smooth, soft hair, the fresh color in her cheeks, the happy shine of her eyes.

A great wave of longing swept over Jennie, a desire that was lost in choking despair. It was as though she had heard a strain of music for which she had waited all her life and then felt it swept away into silence before she had grasped its beauty. For a few brief minutes she, Jennie Musgrave, had sat beside one of the

women of the highway and caught a breath of her life–that life which forever twinkled in the past in bright procession, like the happenings of a fairy tale. Then she was gone, and Jennie was left as she had been, bound to the soil like one of the rocks of the field.

The bitterness that stormed her heart now was different from the old dull disheartenment. For it was coupled with new knowledge. The words of the stranger seemed more vivid to her than when she had sat listening in the orchard. But they came back to her with the pain of agony.

"All very well for her to talk so smooth to me about man's work and woman's work! An' what she did for her husband's big success. Easy enough for her to sit talking about queens! What would she do it she was here on this farm with me? What would a woman like her do?"

Jennie had reached the kitchen door and stood there looking at the hopeless mele about her. Her words sounded strange and hollow in the silence of the house. "Easy for her!" she burst out. She never had the work pilin' up over her like I have. She never felt it at her throat like a wolf, the same as John an' me does. Talk about choosin'! I haven't got no choice. I just got to keep goin'–just keep goin', lie I always have–"

She stopped suddenly. There in the middle of the kitchen floor, where the other woman had passed over, lay a tiny square of white. Jennie crossed to it quickly and picked it up. A faint delicious fragrance like the dream of a flwer came from it. Jennie inhaled it eagerly. It was not like any odor she had ever known. It made her think of sweet, strange things. Things she had never thought about before. Of gardens in the early summer dusk, of wide fair rooms with the moonlight shining in

them. It made her somehow think with vague wistfulness of all that.

She looked carefully at the tiny square. The handkerchief was of fine, fairy like smoothness. In the corner a dainty blue butterfly spread his wings. Jennie drew in another long breath. The fragrance filled her senses again. Her first greedy draft had not exhausted it. It would stay for a while, at least.

She laid the bit of white down cautiously on the edge of the table and went to the sink, where she washed her hands carefully. Then she returned and picked up the handkerchief again with something like reverence. She sat down, still holding it, staring at it. This bit of linen was to her an articulated voice. She understood its language. It spoke to her of white, freshly washed clothes blowing in the sunshine, of an iron moving smoothly, leisurely, to the accompaniment of a song over snowy folds; it spoke to her of quiet, orderly rooms and ticking clocks and a mending basket under the evening lamp; it spoke to her of all the peaceful routine of a well managed household, the kind she had once dreamed of having.

But more than this, the exquisite daintiness of it, the sweet, alluring perfume spoke to her of something else which her heart understood, even though her speech could have found no words for it. She could feel gropingly the delicacy, the grace, the beauty that made up the other woman's life in all its relations.

She, Jennie, had none of that. Everything about their lives, hers and John's, was coarsened, soiled somehow by the dragging, endless labor of the days.

Jennie leaned forward, her arms stretched tautly before her upon her knees, her hands clasped tightly over the fragrant bit

of white. Suppose she were to try doing as the stranger had said. Suppose that she spent her time on the house and let the outside work go. What then? What would John say? Would they be much farther behind than they were now? Could they be? And suppose, by some strange chance, the other woman had been right! That a man could be helped more by doing of these other things she had neglected?

She sat very still, distressed, uncertain. Out in the barnyard waited the wagon of tomatoes, overripe now for market. No, she could do nothing today, at least, but go on as usual.

Then her hands opened a little; the perfume within them came up to her, bringing again that thrill of sweet, indescribable things.

She started up, half-terrified at her own resolve. "I'm goin' to try it now. Mebbe I'm crazy, but I'm goin' to do it anyhow!"

It was a long time since Jennie had performed such a meticulous toilet. It was years since she had brushed her hair. A hasty combing had been its best treatment. She put on her one clean dress, the dark voile reserved for trips to town. She even changed from her shapeless, heavy shoes to her best ones. Then, as she looked at herself in the dusty mirror, she saw that she was changed. Something, at least, of the hard haggardness was gone from her face, and her hair framed it with smooth softness. Tomorrow she would wash it. It used to be almost yellow.

She went to the kitchen. With something of the burning zeal of a fanatic, she attacked the confusion before her. By half past four the room was clean: the floor swept, the stove shining, dishes and pans washed and put in their places. From the tumbled depths of a drawer Jennie had extracted a white

tablecloth that had been bought in the early days, for company only. With a spirit of daring recklessness she spread it on the table. She polished the chimney of the big oil lamp and then set the fixture, clean and shining, in the center of the white cloth.

Now the supper! And she must hurry. She planned to have it at six o'clock and ring the big bell for John fifteen minutes before, as she used to just after they were married.

She decided upon fried ham and browned potatoes and applesauce with hot biscuits. She hadn't made them for so long, but her fingers fell into their old deftness. Why, cooking was just play if you had time to do it right! Then she thought of the tomatoes and gave a little shudder. She thought of the long hours of backbreaking work she had put into them and called herself a little fol to have been swayed by the words of a stranger and the scent of a handkerchief, to neglect her rightful work and bring more loss upon John and herself. But she went on, making the biscuits, turning the ham, setting the table.

It was half past five; the first pan of flaky brown mounds had been withdrawn from the oven, the children's faces and hands had been washed and their excited questions satisfied, when the sound of a car came from the bend. Jennie knew that car. It belonged to Henry Davis. He could be coming for only one thing.

The blow they had dreaded, fending off by blind disbelief in the ultimate disaster, was about to fall. Henry was coming to tel them he was going to foreclose. It would almost kill John. This was his father's old farm. John had taken it over, mortgage and all, so hopefully, so sure he could succeed where his father had

failed. If he had to leave now there would be a double disgrace to bear. And where could they go? Farms weren't so plentiful.

Henry had driven up to the side gate. He fumbled with some papers in his inner pocket as he started up the walk. A wild terror filled Jennie's heart. She wanted desperately to avoid meeting Henry Davis's keen, hard face, to flee somewhere, anywhere before she heard the words that doomed them.

Then as she stood shaken, wondering how she could live through what the next hours would bring, she saw in a flash the beautiful stranger as she had sat in the orchard, looking off between the trees and smiling to herself. "There was once a queen."

Jennie heard the words again distinctly just as Henry Davis's steps sounded sharply nearer on the walk outside. There was only a confused picture of a queen wearing the stranger's lovely, highbred face, riding gaily to the hunt through forests and towns while her kingdom was tottering. Riding gallantly on, in spite of her fears.

Jennie's heart was pounding and her hands were suddenly cold. But something unreal and yet irresistible was sweeping her with it. "There was once a queen."

She opened the screen door before Henry Davis had time to knock. She extended her hand cordially. She was smiling. "Well, how d'you do, Mr. Davis. Come right in. I'm real glad to see you. Been quite a while since you was over."

Henry looked surprised and very much embarrassed. "Why, no, now, I won't go in. I just stopped to see John on a little matter of business. I'll just--"

"You'll just come right in. John will be in from milkin' in a few minutes an' you can talk while you eat, both of you. I've supper just ready. Now step right in, Mr. Davis!"

As Jennie moved aside, a warm, fragrant breath of fried ham and biscuits seemed to waft itself to Henry Davis's nostrils. There was a visible softening of his features. "Why, no, I didn't reckon on anything like this. I 'lowed I'd just speak to John and then be gettin' on."

"They'll see you at home when you get there," Jennie put in quickly. "You never tasted my hot biscuits with butter an' quince honey, or you wouldn't take so much coachin'!"

Henry Davis came in and sat in the big, clean, warm kitchen. His eyes took in every detail of the orderly room: the clean cloth, the shining lamp, the neat sink, the glowing stove. Jennie saw him relax comfortably in his chair. Then above the aromas of the food about her, she detected the strange sweetness of the bit of white linen she had tucked away in the bosom of her dress. It rose to her as a haunting sense of her power as a woman.

She smiled at Henry Davis. Smiled as she would never have thought of doing a day ago. Then she would have spoken to him with a drawn face full of subservient fear. Now, though the fear clutched her heart, her lips smiled sweetly, moved by that unreality that seemed to possess her. "There was once a queen."

"An' how are things goin' with you, Mr. Davis?" she asked with a blithe upward reflection.

Henry Davis was very human. He had never noticed before that Jennie's hair was so thick and pretty and that she had such

pleasant ways. Neither had he dreamed that she was such a good cook as the sight and smell of the supper things would indicate. He was very comfortable there in the big sweet-smelling kitchen.

He smiled back. It was an interesting experiment on Henry's part, for his smiles were rare. "Oh, so-so. How are they with you?"

Jennie had been taught to speak the truth; but at this moment there dawned in her mind a vague understanding that the high loyalties of life, after all, relative and not absolute.

She smiled again as she skillfully flipped a great slice of golden brown ham over in the frying pan. "Why, just fine, Mr. Davis. We're gettin' on just fine, John an' me. It's been hard sleddin' but I sort of think the worst is over. I think we're goin' to come out way ahead now. We'll just be proud to pay off that mortgage so fast, come another year, that you'll be surprised!"

It was said. Jennie marveled that the words had not choked her, had not somehow smitten her dead as she spoke them. But their effect on Henry Davis was amazingly good.

"That so?" he asked in surprise. "Well now, that's fine. I always wanted to see John make a success of the old place, but somehow–well, you know it didn't look as if–that is, there's been some talk around that maybe John wasn't just gettin' along any too–you know. A man has to sort of watch his investments. Well, now, I'm glad things are pickin' up a little."

Jennie felt as though a tight hand at her throat had relaxed. She spoke brightly of the fall weather and the crops as she finished setting the dishes on the table and rang the big bell for John. There was delicate work yet to be done when he came in.

Little Jim had to be sent to hasten him before he finally appeared. He as a big man, John Musgrave, big and slow moving and serious. He had known nothing all his life but hard physical toil. Heaviness had pitted his great body against all the adverse forces of nature. There was a time when he had felt that strength such as his was all any man needed to bring him fortune. Now he was not so sure. The brightness of that faith was dimmed by experience.

John came to the kitchen door with his eyebrows drawn. Little Jim had told him that Henry Davis was there. He came into the room as an accused man faces the jury of his peers, faces the men who, though the same flesh and blood as he, are yet somehow curiously in a position to save or to destroy him.

John came in, and then he stopped, staring blankly at the scene before him. At Jennie moving about the bright table, chatting happily with Henry Davis! At Henry himself, his sharp features softened by an air of great satisfaction. At the sixth plate on the white cloth. Henry staying for supper!

But the silent deeps of John's nature served him well. He made no comment. Merely shook hands with Henry Davis and then washed his face at the sink.

Jennie arranged the savory dishes, and they sat down to supper. It was an entirely new experience to John to sit at the head of his own table and serve a generously heaped plate to Henry Davis. It sent through him a sharp thrill of sufficiency, of equality. He realized that before he had been cringing in his soul at the very sight of this man.

Henry consumed eight biscuits richly covered with quince honey, along with the heavier part of his dinner. Jennie counted them. She recalled hearing that the Davises did not set a very

bountiful table; it was common talk that Mrs. Davis was even more "miserly" than her husband. But, however that was, Henry now seemed to grow more and more genial and expansive as he ate. So did John. By the time the pie was set before them, they were laughing over a joke Henry had heard at Grange meeting.

Jennie was bright, watchful, careful. If the talk lagged, she made a quick remark. She moved softly between table and stove, refilling the dishes. She saw to it that a hot biscuit was at Henry Davis's elbow just when he was ready for it. All the while there was rising within her a strong zest for life that she would have deemed impossible only that morning. This meal, at last, was a perfect success, and achievements of any sort whatever had been few.

Henry Davis left soon after supper. He brought the conversation around awkwardly to his errand as they rose from the table. Jennie was ready.

"I told him, John, that the worst was over now, an' we're getting on fine!" She laughed. "I told him we'd be swampin' him pretty soon with our payments. Ain't that right, John?"

John's mind was not analytical. At that moment he was comfortable. He had been host at a delicious supper with his ancient adversary, whose sharp face marvelously softened. Jennie's eyes were shining with a new and amazing confidence. It was a natural moment for unreasoning optimism.

"Why that's right, Mr. Davis. I believe we can start clearin' this off now pretty soon. If you could see your way clear to renew the note mebbe . . . ."

It was done. The papers were back in Davis's pocket. They had bid him a cordial good-bye from the door.

"Next time you come, I will have biscuits for you Mr. Davis." Jennie had called daringly after him.

"Now you don't forget that Mrs. Musgrave! They certainly ain't hard to eat."

He was gone. Jennie cleared the table and set the shining lamp in the center of the oilcloth covering. She began to wash dishes. John was fumbling through the papers on a hanging shelf. He finally sat down with an old tablet and pencil He spoke meditatively. "I believe I'll do a little figurin' since I've got time tonight. It just struck me that mebbe if I used my head a little more I'd get on faster."

"Well now, you might," said Jennie. It would not be John's way to comment just yet on their sudden deliverance. She polished two big Rambo apples and placed them on a saucer beside him.

He looked pleased. "Now that's what I like." He grinned. Then making a clumsy clutch at her arm, he added, "Say, you look sort of pretty tonight."

Jennie made a brisk coquettish business of freeing herself. "Go along with you!" she returned, smiling and started in again upon the dishes. But a hot wave of color had swept up in her shallow cheeks.

John had looked more grateful over her setting those two apples beside him now, than he had the day last fall when she lifted all the potatoes herself! Men were strange, as the woman in gray had said. Maybe even John had been needing something else more than he needed the hard, backbreaking work she had been doing.

She tidied up the kitchen and put the children to bed. It seemed strange to be through now, ready to sit down. All summer they had worked outdoors till bedtime. Last night she had been slaving over apple butter until she stopped, exhausted, and John ad been working in the barn with the lantern. Tonight seemed so peaceful, so quiet. John still sat at the table, figuring while he munched his apples. His brows were not drawn now. There was a new, purposeful light on his face.

Jennie walked to the doorway and stood looking off through the darkness and through the break in the trees at the end of the lane. Bright and golden lights kept glittering across it, breaking dimly through the woods, flashing out strongly for a moment, then disappearing behind the hill. Those were the lights of the happy cars that never stopped in their swift search for far and magic places. Those were the lights of the highway which she had hated. But she did not hate it now. For today it had come to her at last and left with her some of its mysterious pleasure.

Jennie wished, as she stood there, that she could somehow tell the beautiful stranger in the gray coat that her words had been true, that she, Jennie, insofar as she was able, was to be like her and fulfill her woman's part.

For while she was not figuring as John was doing, yet her mind had been planning, sketching in details, strengthening itself against the chains of old habits, resolving on new ones; seeing with sudden clearness where they had been blundered, where they had made mistakes that farsighted, orderly management could have avoided. But how could John have sat down to figure in comfort before, in the kind of kitchen she had been keeping?

Jennie bit her lip. Even if some of the tomatoes spoiled, if all of them spoiled, there would be a snowy washing on her line tomorrow; there would be ironing the next day in her clean kitchen. She could sing as she worked. She used to when she was a girl. Even if the apples rotted on the trees, there were certain things she knew now that she must do, regardless of what John might say. It would pay better in the end, for she had read the real needs of his soul from his eyes that evening. Yes, wives had to choose for their husbands sometimes.

A thin haunting breath of sweetness rose from the bosom of her dress where the scrap of white linen lay. Jennie smiled into the dark. And tomorrow she would take time to wash her hair. It used to be yellow–and she wished she could see the stranger once more, just long enough to tell her she understood.

As matter of fact, at that very moment, many miles along the sleek highway, a woman in a gray coat, with a soft gray hat and a rose quill, leaned suddenly close to her husband as he shot the high-powered car through the night. Suddenly he glanced down at her and slackened the speed.

"Tired?" he asked. "You haven't spoken for miles. Shall we stop at this next town?"

The woman shook her head. "I'm all right, and I love to drive at night. It's only–you know–that poor woman at the farm. I can't get over her wretched face and house and everything. It–it was hopeless!"

The man smiled down at her tenderly. "Well, I'm sorry, too, if it was all as bad as your description; but you mustn't worry. Good gracious, darling, you're not weeping over it, I hope!"

"No, truly, just a few little tears. I know it's silly, but I did so want to help her, and I know now that what I said must have sounded perfectly insane. She wouldn't know what I was talking about. She just looked up with that blank, tired face. And it all seemed so impossible. No, I'm not going to cry. Of course I'm not–but–lend me your handkerchief, will you dear? I've lost mine somehow!"

Overview of Mothers of Influence

Now I would like to help you catch the vision of Mothers of Influence, an organization founded by myself along with Marley Billings and Jen Goostrey.

We see something extraordinary on the horizon and women and especially mothers play a key role. Let me begin to unfold what we see by opening with an impression of contrasts.

I was flying home from speaking at a conference and as I was looking down at the cities below, I was thinking how tiny they looked from where I was. And for whatever reason, I tried to picture the Tower of Babel down there, maybe because I was trying to imagine a really big building. I pictured how massive that tower looked to the ones who were building it. I could imagine them standing at the base of it, looking up and going Wow! Look what we have built by the workmanship of our own hands! This is magnificent! We can see it must surely reach right up to heaven. We can just climb up there ourselves. And bring on the flood waters again. We've got it covered this time. We'll just climb our way to safety.

But then I tried to imagine it from God's perspective. I was just a couple of miles up, and from my vantage point, it was small and insignificant. Then the tower switched to another tower in my mind's eye– some of the tallest towers in the world are bank towers. And I pictured all the money in the banks piled up in gold bricks around the tower, and from my point of view, it was just a little speck down there. Then I tried to imagine how big the country was. I was maybe taking in 50 or 100 square miles. How far did the country go–for that matter, how big was 25,000 miles around the world! It was huge! And that

little bank tower and all its gold bricks became even more of a speck.

Then I thought of the earth which seemed so huge and imagined it next to the sun and the earth became a dot. Then the whole solar system was put against the Milky Way and our Solar System became a dot. Then the Milky Way was put against the universe, and the Milky Way became a dot. And that bank tower and the Tower of Babel became a tiny particle of nothing.

Then came the impression of the contrast. As I looked around, I saw light as far as the eye could see. And I thought of how we're taught the Light of God fills the immensity of space. Think of the comparison between the little tower of gold and this Light. We use different words for this Light: Spirit of the Lord, Truth, Living Waters that when we drink this water, we never thirst again.

The effect of this Light upon us, the fruits of this spirit are Peace, Love, Joy and Understanding. These are its gifts. The Light is a pearl of great price, that the merchant would sell all he had to possess it.

In earth's economy, the richest person is the one with the most money. In heaven's economy, the richest person is the one with the greatest capacity for this endless Light and thereby the greatest capacity for Peace, Love and Joy.

So the question at hand is how do we increase our capacity for Light so that more of it can be released in the world?

We see forces combining together to do works of darkness and destruction. What are the forces that combine together to release light?

We believe those two forces are Heart and Mind working in combination, or in other words, the more the heart desires that which is good and beautiful and true, and the more the mind is willing to comply with true principles and laws, the greater the release of light. Take away either half of the combination, and the light is blocked. Let me try and build my case.

We are a very mind-focused, academic-based culture. We lean heavily towards the Mind side of the combination. You know when you're in the realm of the mind because you can test and measure it. How far away is the sun? What is the population of New York? The mind feeds on facts and information. We associate Reason and Science with the mind which is about discovering the laws, principles and rules by which the universe operates. The mind demands proof and evidence. Science and Mind are good.

The heart on the other hand is immeasurable. How wide is joy? How deep is love? The heart is the place of desires, dreams and visions. The Arts–Music, imagery, Poetry and Story–warm and open hearts and travel to a place deep within us that words alone cannot reach. Hard-heartedness blocks Light.

There is an order to this combination. Notice the heart develops before the brain within the womb and emotions develop before intellect outside the womb. It appears Nature has reserved childhood for making impressions on the heart while it is open and uncluttered. And mothers are divinely gifted for this heart work.

As simple as this combination of Heart and Mind appears, the world has had a really hard time holding on to the balance. We lean towards one side or the other. Yet, history shows us that when Heart and Mind, Faith and Reason, Art and Science

combine together in balance, there is a burst of light on the world. We call these Golden Ages.

Let me show you what I mean as I take you on a brief tour through history.

Let's first go back to 5th century BC Ancient Greece which is known as the Golden Age of Greece. Here you find Socrates going around teaching people to think and question, functions of the mind. We see great dramatists such as Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes keeping the hearts of the people warm. Pericles is a wise ruler who has given the people wise rules to follow. But he is also a lover of the arts and he commissions buildings such as the Parthenon and the Acropolis that are built to the highest standards of math and engineering but also crafted by artisans who love beauty. Heart and Mind. Even their ruins still inspire us. The Ancient Greeks are known for their love of beauty and truth and they continue to influence the world 2500 years later.

Following a series of wars, the Greeks could sense their Golden Age was slipping and they started leaning towards the Mind to solve their problems. They reasoned that what they needed to do was to build large academies and teach the young men how to think and reason and persuade others. They hoped the academies would produce great leaders to lead them back to their Golden Age. But in the process, the heart was left behind. Not only did these academies fail to produce a single leader of note, the Greeks slipped into slavery, never to rise again.

Fast forward several hundred years. Now things have swung the other way and you find a people who are ruled by their hearts. The power players of the time are the storytellers and bards who know they can sway the people any way they want

with their stories and songs. The people are driven by their fears based in superstitions and false traditions. We call it the Dark Ages. Only half the combination so the light is blocked.

Now go forward a few more hundred years to the 14th century when the intellectual writings of the Greeks made their way to Europe by way of Italy, and there is this wonderful re-birth which is what Renaissance means and another Golden Age where, for a time, Mind and Heart, Faith and Reason, Art and Science combine together. Look at the shining stars of the 1400s and 1500s–Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Shakespeare, Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler, Martin Luther. We see Columbus and all the other explorers out looking for new worlds and possibilities. Light began to burst forth upon the earth.

And then, man looks around and says, "Man is magnificent! Look what we have accomplished by the workmanship of our own hands." And they leave God and the heart behind and enter a new Age of Reason.

It was in this Age of Reason of the 18th Century that a tender-hearted, kind man arrives on the scene named Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi. He looks around and notices that for all the learning going on, it's not making anyone's lives any better. The people are miserable. Especially the children. The adults are so anxious for them to get into the Greek writings that they start hammering Greek in them almost as soon as they can talk.

A great desire grew in his heart. He wrote: "I wish to wrest education from ...cheap, artificial teaching tricks, and entrust it to the eternal process of nature herself; to the light which God has kindled and kept alive in the hearts of fathers and mothers . . . Love is the sole and everlasting foundation in which to

work."

He continued: "The primary law is this: the first instruction of the child should never be the business of the head or of the reason; it should always be the business of the . . . heart. It is for a long time the business of the heart, before it is the business of reason."

He was given charge over a classroom of orphans and started incorporating the tools of the heart–Story, Song, Pictures and Rhymes, even though he didn't have much to work with. Even then there were school administrators who stopped by. "Mr. Pestalozzi. Where are your test scores?" and Pestalozzi would say, "Look around! The children are happy! They're engaged in learning! They're teaching each other!" and he would be given the stern look of disapproval.

Through his work, Pestalozzi came to realize that the mother is the most effective educator of the heart. He wrote, "The eternal laws of nature lead me back to your hand, Mother." He faced bitter opposition to the idea his whole life.

One of his followers was a man named Friederich Froebel who also understood it was the mothers who were the most important teachers of the heart. The problem was the mothers were overworked and exhausted just trying to keep their families alive. He knew they weren't likely to add one more thing to their lives. But he noticed it was usually the oldest daughter in the family who had charge of the younger ones. So he thought, "What if we open a school and invite these older girls to bring their younger siblings and teach them together so that when they become mothers, they will be prepared." So he created the Kinder-garten or child-garden–a place to grow children. The first kindergartens were formed to train future

mothers. He felt it may take three generations. He, too, faced heartbreaking opposition.

Although Pestalozzi and Froebel felt like failures in their lifetimes, their writings continued to influence other educators into the 19th century, like Charlotte Mason who wrote, "We allow no separation to grow up between the intellectual and spiritual life of children, but teach them that the Divine Spirit has constant access to their spirits, and is their Continual helper in all the interests, duties and joys of life." She taught that True education is between a child's soul and God.

Maria Montessori was also influenced by Pestalozzi. On the opening day of her school in one of the poorest sections of Rome, she read from Isaiah: "Arise, shine, for the light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." At the conclusion of her speech, she added, "Perhaps it may be that this children's Home may become a New Jerusalem, which, as it is multiplied . . will bring LIGHT into education." She was criticized and asked what she meant, and she replied that she scarcely knew.

Pestalozzi also influenced Rudolf Steiner who created Waldorf schools.

And then something wonderful happened.

There was a group of intellectual giants–men and women–who were scholars in history, literature, nature, art and music. As they came to understand the importance of stories to warm and open children's hearts, they wrapped their great knowledge into stories for young people and loaded them with principles for happy living and fed children with desires for a love of the good and the beautiful and a faith in God. It's not uncommon to read in their prefaces things like: Dear boys and girls. I love you. I want you to be happy.

The years from around 1880 to 1920 are known as the Golden Age of Children's Literature–the balance of Heart and Mind, Faith and Reason, Art and Science.

Then something else wonderful started to happen. The mothers started doing what mothers do–they started gathering and organizing and forming study groups to re-learn the art of storytelling in their homes and there was a great storytelling revival in the early 1900s. Then, realizing the importance of educating a woman's heart and the difficulty for her to go away to college, the Delphian Society was formed in 1910 with the intent to bring college home to busy mothers who could only study a few minutes each day. The Delphian Reading Course was the equivalent to a bachelor's degree in Classic Studies and included a study of History, Literature, Art, Music and Nature as well as other subjects. Women formed study groups and met once a month to have conversations about what they were learning. Within a few years, over 2000 groups dotted the nation and were found in every major city.

Is it a coincidence that the generation that followed is known as The Greatest Generation?

And then came the 1920s and 30s and once again Man said, Isn't Man magnificent and an educator named John Dewey changed the course of education for decades to come. His intentions were revealed in a document to which he affixed his name in 1933: the Humanist Manifesto which declares: "Reason and intelligence are the most effective instruments that humankind possesses. There is no substitute." And by the way, There is no God.

We have entered another age of reason, of facts and information, scientific proof and evidence, test and measure.

And something has happened that Hans Christian Andersen warned would happen if the mind ruled in a little story he wrote about a Snow Queen. Our world has turned upside down–that which was bad is now seen as good and that which was good is now seen as bad; every fault is magnified and every good is mocked.

We hope you can begin to see why the call for more Math and Science, more rigorous academics, the introduction of academics at earlier and earlier ages and our obsession with test scores is actually fueling our problems.

We are trying the failed solution of the Greeks.

But here's what we can't stop thinking about. This is the extraordinary event we see just over the horizon. What if we can hold on to this height of intellect? They tell us knowledge is doubling every 72 hours! What if we can combine this height of mind with a proportionate depth of heart? Would we not expect to see a new burst of light upon the world and the entrance into a Golden Age unlike the world has ever seen?

Look at what technology has gifted us in just the last fifteen years to make this combination of Heart and Mind possible.

We have been gifted with the finest literature that has ever been written.

In the 10th century, a princess gave 200 sheep, a load of wheat, a load of rye, a load of millet and several costly furs for one copy of a German monk's writing.

In 1999, Internet Archive was formed for the purpose of digitizing every book that has ever been written and posting it online for anyone to read for free. There are now over 14 million books available in the online library and they are adding

a thousand books a day which gives us instant access to the thoughts and ideas of the greatest men and women who have ever lived. Part of that great harvest of books includes the Golden Age of Children's Literature as well as the writings of the heart educators enabling us to re-learn the lost arts of educating hearts of children which have disappeared in our obsession with the mind. Along the way, technology gifted us with a tablet to make the reading of these treasures convenient and portable.

We have been gifted with fine art.

In the 15th Century, when the great Florentine artist Cimabue completed his Madonna, the shops were closed, workmen dropped their tools, farmers left their tasks, the soldiers were released from the camp, all the people assembled in the streets; the artist was borne on the shoulders of the multitude, the picture was lifted up and carried at the head of a procession that marched with music and banners and tumultuous shouts toward the church, where the canvas was hung that all might feast their eyes upon its loveliness.

All that for one painting.

Today, I can do a Google search and pull up hundreds of thousands of masterpieces of art that have been hidden away in private estates, museums and palaces around the world.

We have been gifted with the Masterpieces of Music.

You Tube has only been around since 2005, but now I can pull up just about any great masterpiece of music and watch it performed by the finest musicians in the world. I get front row seats to the Bolshoi Ballet and the Metropolitan Opera. When I get ready to do my dishes, I can invite Leonard Bernstein into

my kitchen, along with his entire symphony orchestra and give him a playlist to play for me. In surround sound. Without charge.

The kings and queens of yesterday, with all their wealth and power, could not have had the kind of heart education now delivered to the humblest home, for free. This is an education fit for a royal generation of a Golden Age.

I see just one missing piece for this combination of heart and mind to happen. And for that missing piece I need to go back to the Golden Age of Ancient Greece. Scholars attribute the opening of this age to a poet named Pindar who awakened a desire for beauty in the hearts of the Greeks through his poetry. But who awakened that desire in Pindar? I found the answer in an old children's book. Pindar's teachers as a youth were two women–Clyrtis and Myrna–two renowned singers who sang songs into his heart.

What we need now is a generation of mothers who can sing songs into the hearts of their children and awaken their desire to feast on this great harvest of the ages that has just been delivered to their homes, free for their use. But who will sing the songs in the mother's hearts for it will be out of the abundance and treasures of their hearts that the children will be fed.

Tending to the hearts of mothers is why Mothers of Influence was created.

* * * * *

In the snowy mountains of northern Lebanon
There is a small grove of trees.
The people call it the Cedars of God.

The mountains were once covered by these trees.
They are extraordinarily strong and majestically tall.
The prized trees were revered and sacred.

Today there is only a remnant.
Cedars of Lebanon have special significance.
The righteous shall grow like a Cedar in Lebanon,
flourish, bring forth fruit.

The roots of the trees run exceptionally deep.
This slow and methodical growth anchors the tree
and keeps it connected to an underground spring.

Then begins the great climb upward.
Growing for thousands of years,
The towering trees stand as devoted sentinels.

As they age the crown begins to flatten and the
side branches form great reaching arms.
Ezekiel called it a 'shadowing shroud'–and
encircling shelter and refuge.

We are sisters, all part of the same forest.
We are pushing our roots deeper,
Striving upward in our learning,
and ever reaching outward to influence for good.

By small and simple things . . . are great things brought to pass

* * * * *

We see mothers picking up the work where it was left off a hundred years ago while we took a detour. We needed this

reign of the mind for technology to thrive and make it possible for the work to continue. Look at the labor saving devices given you to free up your time for this work–you can put your dirty clothes in a washing machine, push a button and walk away. You can put your dirty dishes in a dishwasher, push a button and walk away. You can put dinner in the microwave and 5 minutes later, you're ready to eat. Turn on a faucet and hot water comes out. The mothers of our 6000 year written history must look upon our generation with envy.

But where much is given, much is expected.

We are the first generation of mothers to arrive on the scene when all things have been prepared to usher in the next stage. The heavens are watching and the earth is waiting. Already we see mothers doing, again, what mothers do: they're gathering and organizing.

Like our symbol, the Cedars of Lebanon, we want to grow deep roots, strive upward and reach outward. We encourage the formation of Mothers of Influence chapters to accomplish this in small and simple ways. A woman can start a chapter even if she is the only member, but we hope she will invite others to join with her. We need each other for strength and support.

The story is told that many years ago, a young boy visited his uncle who worked in the lumber business. They were looking at the trees in the lumber camp when the boy noticed a very tall tree standing alone on the hilltop. Full of excitement, the boy showed his uncle the towering tree. "Look at that big tree!" he exclaimed. "It will make a lot of good lumber, won't it?"

To the boy's surprise, his uncle shook his head. "No," he said, "that tree will not make a lot of good lumber. It might make a lot of lumber but not a lot of good lumber. When a tree grows

off by itself, too many branches grow on it. Those branches produce knots when the tree is cut into lumber. The best lumber comes from trees that grow together in groves. The trees also grow taller and straighter when they grow together."

[told by Lloyd Newell, Music and the Spoken word, Feb. 26 2017. See Henry D. Taylor, Conference Report, April, 1965, 54-55; cited in Barbara A. Lewis 'Why is Unity Important?' Ensign, Dec. 2016, 49]

Women grow stronger and straighter when they have the support and encouragement of others. Invite older women whose children are grown, mothers with young children, high school daughters, single women who have no children of their own, women of all faiths and political persuasions, neighbors, co-workers and friends. We suggest you limit your group to 10 to 15 members so that all may participate and participation is key, as you will see. As you grow, branch off and form new groups.

The Delphian Society, which I'll talk about in a moment, declared: "Ten small discussional groups in the community will do more to create a new way of life than a hundred mass meetings with a thousand in attendance at each."

Mothers of Influence is about tending hearts: her own heart, the hearts of children, the heart of her home, and the heart of her community. By tending her own heart, she creates roots that are deep and sturdy. From the depth of her own soul, she begins to nourish the hearts of her children and others within her sphere of influence as she strives upward and creates a lifegiving home of becoming and belonging. And then, reaches outward to bless the community in which she lives.

We have selected the Delphian Reading Course as a primary

way to begin to gain an understanding of the world in which we live and deepen our roots. The Delphians believed there is no darkness, only ignorance. Knowledge is empowering. As mentioned earlier, this ten volume course is the equivalent of a Bachelor's Degree in classic studies and includes a study of history, literature, philosophy, poetry, drama, nature, art, ethics and music. Who can measure the influence of a woman with such understanding? As stated in Volume I, "...if a love for things worth while–the lasting and enduring thoughts and sentiments of men–increases, and the desire for wider knowledge is aroused, the hope and ambition of the Delphian Society shall have been largely realized.'

Just to clarify: While the spirit of the Delphian Society has inspired us, we are not attempting to re-create it. We are grateful for this wonderful resource with which we can begin to educate ourselves, but Mothers of Influence has its own objectives.

As you study, you set the pace for your own learning. One mother may only find 3 minutes to herself in the bathroom to read while another woman may have hours of leisure to fill. Our only recommendation is to commit to a habit of daily feeding your mind, even if you only read a single line of text some days. Our bodies need food every single day; our minds are no different. Some mothers may find the reading challenging. By daily study, her capacity will grow to meet the challenge.

We suggest that chapters meet monthly so that group members can come together and share what they've been learning. Recommendations for how this might look are given in the Mother's of Influence edition of A Mother's Influence where we have included suggestions from the original Delphian

handbooks. One change we have made is to not assign a set number of pages to read but allow group members to progress at their own rate. Delphians designed ways to help women practice formulating and expressing thoughts and ideas by heart. We feel that by following the practices laid out by the Delphian Society, women will become more articulate and confident and their voices will become voices of great influence, which was a primary objective of their study groups.

As Abigail Adams observed, "If we mean to have heroes, statesmen and philosophers, we should have learned women."

We can't express enough the power in taking on a study like this. Some years ago, a novel approach was attempted in dealing with the problem of homelessness. A college level humanities course was designed and made available to people living on the streets. The effect was miraculous. As they came in contact with ideas from the ages, they began to lift themselves out of poverty. The Clemente Project has had great success in many places in the world.

The Delphian Course has the same power to enrich your life. The joy and the sensation of the mind and heart opening up and expanding is beyond description.

A free digital version of the course is available here on the site along with study guide questions, or you may order a hard copy.

Now, as a mother's heart is filled, the natural effect is she wants to share what she is learning with her children and with others. But there is an art to it. As the branches of the tree being to spiral upward, we look to how to tend the hearts of children and home.

A Mother's University has been created to help women re-learn the lost arts of educating hearts of children. Even if a woman has no children of her own, the things she will learn will add a measure of joy and satisfaction to her life and will bless all who are in her sphere of influence. The teachers and mentors at this University are the group of educators who lived a hundred years ago mentioned earlier who left their wisdom to us in their writings. These writings have only recently resurfaced. The study is designed as a 12 month rotation schedule so that you can learn line upon line, layer upon layer, drawing on what you're ready to take in the first time through and deepening the understanding each time you return as you spiral upward and outward. These writings are supplemented with articles and the research of educators today who confirm the wisdom of the past which will give you confidence as you move forward.

We recommend you set aside at least 15 minutes once a week to peruse the ideas found in the Mother's University. Keep notes of what you learn. The Mother's University is free online. When you come to your group meeting, share your experiences as you begin to apply the lessons in educating and warming hearts.

As your heart begins to warm and be filled, as well as your children's, your home will become the outward expression of what you treasure in your heart as you create a lifegiving home of belonging and becoming. As Maya Angelou wrote, "The ache for home lives in all of us."

We love Sally Clarkson who has had a twenty year ministry of helping mothers create lifegiving homes. She says, "Making a home is a functioning of making time to love." She had her first child at the age of 31. Having never changed a diaper or

spent one day babysitting, she had no idea how to be a mother or to build a home. But she learned. Her ideas are simple and practical with suggestions for each month of the year.

Even if you are single, living alone, you still need a lifegiving home to come home to; a home that nourishes, nurtures, and sustains life and beauty. And just a side note --single women and women who have not had children play a vital role in this work! If you are forming groups, please do not exclude them. While this is Mothers of Influence, we consider all women to have mothers' hearts because of an innate desire to nurture.

We recommend that you set aside a little time at the beginning of each month to look through Sally's ideas for that month and choose just one thing that you want to implement in your home. And when you come to your meeting, share your ideas with each other. Listening to the experience of someone else can be so inspiring and motivating.

And now, as the tree reaches maturity, it begins to reach outward to provide shade and refuge in the community. Learning that has no outlet grows stale. While we encourage political and civic activism and raising voices in regards to policy and lawmaking, the scope and vision of Mothers of Influence is as a cultural lift not as an activist organization and we ask that you not use the name Mothers of Influence in connection with worthy activities that are not part of our purpose and mission.

We encourage Mothers of Influence chapters to always be mindful of ways to add beauty and refinement to the community at large. As a group, and with your families, consider ways to serve such as planting flowers in the community, even if only a planter box, reading inspirational

stories to children in a homeless center or donating quality books for the children there, influencing the librarian to increase the number of wholesome and inspirational books on library shelves, placing fine art in public places, joining with other MOI groups and sponsoring talent shows, art galleries, putting on plays, bringing in guest speakers and musicians, writers and poets to inspire young hearts. Sponsor art and music contests for young people. Always keep your eyes open as to where you can plant a little beauty and add a little light to your community.

A lesson drawn from Robert Browning's Paracelsus is this: "There is an answer to the passionate longings of the heart for fulness, ... And the answer is this: Live in all things outside yourself by love and you will have joy. That is the life of God; it ought to be our life."

It's amazing what a little light can do.

A daring experiment run in 1982 during the war between Lebanon and Israel was referenced by Gregg Braden in a book called 'The Spontaneous Healing of Belief'. Researchers trained a group of people to 'feel' peace within. At appointed times on specific days of the month, these people were positioned throughout the war-torn areas of the Middle East. During the window of time when they were feeling peace, terrorist activities ceased, the rate of crimes against people went down, the number of emergency-room visits declined and the incidence of traffic visits declined. When the participants' feelings changed, the statistics were reversed. This study confirmed the earlier findings: When a small percentage of the population achieved peace within themselves, it was reflected in the world around them.

The study became known as the international Peace Project in the Middle East and the results were eventually published in The Journal of Conflict Resolution in 1988.

In the preface of an old 1892 book about the 15th century world of Henry V, it reads:

Old faiths had lost their inspiration. Old forms of government were breaking down. The very fabric of society seemed to be on the point of dissolution. It is however part of the irony of history that a great ideal too often finds its finest expression only when the period of decline has already commenced.

The remedy for present evils was sought not in the creation of a new order but rather in the restoration of an old ideal. To bring back the Golden Past must be the work of a hero who could revive in his own person its virtues.

Henry of Monmouth, deriving his inspiration from the past, was the champion of unity against the forces of disintegration.

Is this so different from the teachings of a humble carpenter 2000 years ago who taught: Tend to the kingdom within and all else shall be added unto you.

Being a champion of unity against the forces of disintegration is the work of Mothers of Influence. After the organization was named, we noticed the initials formed the word Moi and it made us think of Lancelot, in Camelot, singing: C'est Moi–'tis I! And so we ask: "Who can make a change in the world? C'est Moi! Tis I."

For as Confucius reminds us:
To put the world right in order
we must first put the nation in order;
To put the nation in order,

we must first put the family in order.
To put the family in order,
we must first cultivate our personal life,
we must first set our hearts right.

We hope you will join us! Go to mothersofinfluence.org and register yourself as a Chapter and begin to grow it. Or look for an existing chapter to join. Cedars of God planted around the world will provide an ever encircling reach of refuge and hope. We believe angels are standing by ready to assist you in this important work. A little leaven, a little salt, even a single candle in a dark room can make a difference. By small and simple things, great things will come to pass.

Excerpts from the Delphian Handbooks

Almost twenty years have passed since the inception of the Delphian movement, which had its beginnings in courses planned for the individual after the methods formerly followed in university study. For the past ten years this form of education has been conducted through the medium of nearly two thousands Delphian chapters reaching throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Delphian membership increases materially every month and each new year rivals possibilities undreamed when the movement was first conceived.

For those who are for the first time affiliating with this national movement and for all to whom Delphian comes as something hitherto unknown, it is thought desirable to issue this handbook, presenting the purpose of this great organization and indicating briefly the scope of its present activities. The limitations of necessity imposed upon a booklet of this size prevent the inclusion of any but the most direct and condensed information.

THE CHALLENGE

The most quoted sentence in one of the most widely read books of a decade states that civilization "has always been a race between catastrophe and education." It has been repeated so often because every thinking person recognizes it for a profound truth, and also because it has a challenge that this age joyfully accepts. We are all on the side of education, and we feel confident of the outcome. Especially are women, so recently made sharers in the direct responsibilities of

citizenship, asking how the race is going today and whether catastrophe has a chance of overtaking its competitor.

Looking at the crowded high schools, special schools and colleges, one is inclined to answer in a triumphant negative. More than twice as many students are in our high institutions of learning as were enrolled before the war, and the number increases every year. Education must be in small danger of being outstripped by catastrophe, if numbers are a measure of strength. But examined from other standpoints, the situation is not quite so hopeful. To being with, a large part of this increase in school attendance is only the natural consequence of our increase in population, though the proportion of those receiving high school and college training is greater.

Again, we must ask whether this education is adequate to the test before it. As that is only to be known in the future, "we have but faith, we may not know." And it must be admitted that when one looks for improved taste, manners and morals, and fearless leadership that should herald the triumph of our educated over the rulers of the darkness of this world, catastrophe does not appear so far behind as we could wish. Evidently the schools alone are not enough. The constructive thinkers who are graduated must find strong allies awaiting them. That is where the Delphian movement comes in. It keeps before busy women the ideals and the ideas of college.

THE GAGE OF EDUCATION

College is popular for many reasons, some of which have nothing to do with education, and still with progress from catastrophe. College is valuable because it can develop individuality, can establish among those who come to it as strangers the fellowship of a common interest in the things that

make life fine, and above all, can train men not merely to know, but to think.

The Delphian Movement was organized to bring these same advantages to the home-keeper, the business woman. Its methods are the college methods adapted to the busy woman's scheme of life, to the exigencies of a life where the pursuit of culture must be an avocation, and not as in college, one's chief business. The culture that will put civilization out of the reach of ruin is not an accumulation of facts, but a way of looking at life. The aim of the Delphian Movement is to cultivate in its followers the habit of bringing a new vision to bear upon familiar things, as well as to bring the unfamiliar into one's range of vision.

When Lord Lister brought to the medical profession, and through it to the world at large, a new conception of cleanliness, he added thirty years to the average span of life, so greatly was the percentage of recoveries from illness increased. Since the nature of sound-waves and of electric currents has been determined, it has become possible to listen to the speaker or the singer whose platform is a thousand miles from our seat in the audience. Yet the generation of 1800 would have indignantly denied being ignorant of cleanliness, and what is more commonplace than lightning and sound?

It is a long step from the Egyptian charm-doctor to the modern surgeon, or from the idea of Zeus the thunder-wielder to Franklin's kite, or Marconi's wireless. What the Delphian believes is that equal progress might be made in personal and social improvement if we could revise our habits of thought about them.

It is expected that the regiments of young people whom we send to school will find some helpful light on the problems waiting to be solved in the practical world. The task of each generation is more complicated than that of the preceding one. If youth succeeds in putting enlightenment a few steps further ahead of catastrophe it will be because it does not work alone; because there are enough of the mature and experienced who also have the saving attitude toward life; the determination to examine things in their causes, and trace them to their results.

ENTERING THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH

The Delphian Movement aims to keep women in the ranks of youth. So long as one believes that "the best is yet to be," and acts upon that conviction, years have no power to impose age upon her. They can only bring judgment to guide enthusiasm for new enterprises. "Divine discontent" is a precious gift of youth, and the impulse

> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire;
> Shatter it to bits, and then
> Remould it closer to our heart's desire

is the very soul of progress. It is for the mature to see that the remoulding is done without the preliminary shattering, which is always expensive. The culture we have inherited is faulty, but very precious withal. When we can make clear to the younger generation that we are aware of its flaws, and show them that we know how it came to be as it is, they will take us into their plans for changing it. The Delphian chapter provides definite plans and tangible means for realizing this ideal.

The loss to the world from the follies of youth is slight compared to what it suffers from the unused powers of the mature. Youth is not naturally contented with mediocrity. If

its aspirations are not to be abandoned, it must see maturity prizing ideals, making them real in everyday life. To live all one's days in "the common light of common hours" is not simply to accept the materialistic for oneself. It is to make those who follow uncertain whether anything really counts except the materialistic.

The Delphian Movement is based on the idea of developing and turning into practical channels, the power of the adult woman's mind. By the methods of higher education it aims first at the personal improvement of each member. Groups trained through self-expression to appreciation of the best, become powerful factors for the social progress of the community.

THE TEST

"Yes, that is good theory," some one may say, "but will it work out in practice?" The best answer to that is some account of how it has worked out, not in one chapter, but in hundreds in all parts of the country. The few examples that follow are typical.

How many of us read the theatrical news of New York, sigh to reflect that it is not only the center of our dramatic profession, but its circumference also, and then resign ourselves to confining our knowledge of drama to the movies?

Here in a far western city is a Delphian chapter, giving a playlet which was one of the successes of the Little Theatre in New York. Its members have familiarized themselves with the standards of drama in different times, and are presenting their own interpretation of a modern play. Who will have a keener understanding of dramatic values, those who watch even the best actors, or those who undertake to interpret a character by taking part in a drama?

Another chapter is meeting each week to read plays of Shakespeare, and finding this so worth while that they follow the same plan with Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer,' thus obtaining, as they testify, "a much better knowledge and understanding of the plays."

In a southern community, the Delphians presented Ibsen's "The Doll House." An eastern chapter gave the stately tragedy written by the earliest of dramatic masters–the Agamemnon of Aeschylus. They found in these something more than mere plays, something that made the terms of ancient drama or modern comedy at once more significant and of abiding interest.

In another state we join a group about a loop, on which a Syrian is weaving rugs like the many that are exhibited about the room. We perhaps examine them and see only lovely combinations of colors, representing a bird, a pitcher, a V or a black spot. But to the Delphians these things are symbols of ideas, not of objects alone.

To them the V is not simply the characteristic design of a prayer rug, but it represents the Niche in the sacred mosque at Mecca, wherein is deposited the Koran. The black spot beneath the point of the V is not a mere color contrast, but commemorates the stone given to Abraham by the angel Gabriel, originally white, but turned black by contact with sinful men of all the tribes of the earth. The tree is not an attempt to copy something beautiful in nature, but it typifies the tree of life, the immortality that rewards the faithful. The water jug, too, standing near the tree of life has a significance. Its message is, that after death the owner may use the water in it to wash from his eyes all evil he has seen on earth, from his ears all he has heard impure, and from his mouth all that he has

spoken. So he will be fit for immortality typified by the tree. These things, and many others concerning the process of weaving, the history of the industry, the way the lovely colors are produced, are being told to this Delphian chapter by the Syrian, who has brought his loom to illustrate his talk.

Let us follow this same chapter to another meeting. We shall find ourselves in a great hall of a prominent organization whose carpets and hangings are of dark blue velvet, with a ceiling which reproduces the sky's own blue and its towering clouds. Against the walls stand representations of Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns and pediments. Not a note is used, and the ease and fluency of the speakers, the simple, yet comprehensive presentation of the topics, show that they have not merely familiarized themselves with the subject, but made it their own, and so a lasting source of understanding and pleasure.

Now the room is quite darkened, and when the soft lights again are turned on, four statues appear, each on a white pedestal in the center of the room. The lovely Diana, the majestic Pallas Athene, Minerva, and the Caryatid from the Eretheum, reproduced by living models, every fold of the drapery true to the original, and the "deathless marble" perfectly imitated even in flesh and hair. The spectators fairly hold their breath as the rose, blue and violet lights play upon the figures. Those who were fortunate enough to be present were unanimous in their verdict: "The loveliest thing ever given in the city."

The pleasure and the knowledge that comes to the individual member from such activities as these are of incalculable value to the community. It was William James who remarked, even when he was lonely for the ordered beauty and age-old culture of France, Italy and England, that Europe had been made what it was because the people had stayed in their own towns and

villages, and worked tirelessly to make the most of all their beauties.

We shall have beautiful cities and tasteful homes, not when we can admire the masterpieces of Europe and of our own metropolitan galleries, but when we learn to "prize what we have" whether in Boston or Gopher Prairie.

A NEW INTERPRETATION OF EDUCATION

But better than even these instructive and enjoyable programs is the attitude of the women who arrange them. They are turning knowledge of the subject into a living force in their everyday lives, and never a meeting but features art in practical fashion. They are pursuing Higher Education. Does that connote to you poring over abstruse subjects? Professor Arthur T. Hadley, president emeritus of Yale University, says that the collecting of information, whether in college or in kindergarten, is a childish pursuit; that the great task of education is that of training to think, to use one's mind in the business of living. Only when this practice is general can we hope for real social progress. In the meantime numberless groups are spreading the leaven of such ideas, and none more faithfully than the Delphians.

A whole booklet would be required to tell of the practical ways in which their trained power to observe and think has found expression.

As is to be expected, Delphian chapters co-operate with the schools. In various cities they have offered prizes for excellence in scholarship, in debate, or in composition. They have supplied reference books and purchased pictures. They have financed lectures on subjects of life interest and have invited

the school faculties to attend. They help support scholarships for deserving college students.

In the broad field of social progress that is included in public welfare there is scarcely a division in which Delphians are not active.

Hundreds of chapters have federated with the city and state Federations of Women's Clubs. In one of the larger middle-western cities, Delphians were elected to six of the seven offices of the City Federation. This is a testimony to the personal improvement which chapter activity promotes.

A chapter in a small city writes:

"We are recognized by the community as being not only the leading study club of our city, but as being representative of that part of the population interested in social welfare and civic improvement. In all community activities where such organizations as the Rotary or Lions Clubs are called upon to take a corporate part, Delphian is invariably included. We have been honored by being requested to submit lists of books to be purchased by the city library and to help in distribution of Christmas cheer to the poor."

From the east comes similar testimonies such as the following:

"The most satisfying result of our study is the greater initiative manifest among the members, and a greater appreciation of educational activities and women's movements. Several of our members belong to other educational societies and they gladly give the credit for their better grasp and presentation of subjects to the discipline gained through the Delphian work."

What is the Delphian movement, and what is the Delphian plan? To answer that it is a national organization for adult

education is insufficient. The educational agencies we have known have not had this vital connection with everyday activities. On the contrary we have always thought of graduation as "going out into life," and have expected it to mark a lasting farewell to all that school connotes. Though we have felt every day we live an increasing need of wider knowledge and deeper wisdom, we have not felt impelled to seek it by the school-room methods.

What we want is something to use in the place where we live and work, and not some abstract learning for the class-room.

What are the requirements for a life of usefulness and enjoyment? This is the question which, in different forms, man has asked since civilization dawned. It was for its wise answers to hard riddles that the Delphian oracle of ancient Greece won fame; and because this movement like the famous shrine is devoted to finding the wisdom that life requires, its originators chose the name Delphian. This typifies both the unending quest for knowledge and the answer to the eternal questions.

It requires no inspired prophet to tell what is the secret of the wider life we covet. For the many problems that confront us, we need understanding, and for the enjoyment of all the beauty in which the world abounds, we need appreciation.

Our schools give us the history of Assyria or of Poetry, but even the best colleges are not conspicuously successful in laying the foundations for understanding the forces that made Assyria's destiny, and, consequently, our own. Nor does the mastery of the periods of literature with dates and names ensure that we shall know how to find delight in great poetry, or recognize a good play when we see it; or even talk entertainingly about any of these.

How does the Delphian Movement bring to its followers the mental attitude indicated in this report?

"When one busy housewife finds time to call another over the telephone in order to discuss with her some phase of the Renaissance or a Bach fugue; or when the conversation over the afternoon teacups turns from personalities to modern poetry, or art, we may then truthfully say that the interest in cultural subjects has become an everyday habit instead of an occasional diversion. And this is what invariably happens when two or three Delphians are gathered together."

THE CHAPTER

To meet such needs the Delphians plan was formulated. At first it aimed only to give to individuals that cultural background that brings understanding and appreciation. Soon it was realized that practical culture must find expression in the group. "No man liveth unto himself," and even understanding and appreciation are barren achievements unshared. The chapter was substituted for the individual membership.

Each group is an independent unit, self-governing and self-directing within the general requirements of Delphian membership. The members are united in the common purpose to pursue higher education–that is, understanding and appreciation–and to bring about through these, personal improvement and social progress.

It will readily be seen that such an ideal will bring together the progressive women of a community on a broad, democratic basis. Those of various views learn to think together without thinking alike. The benefits both to the individual and to the community of such a group cannot be estimated.

THE METHOD

To reach a definite goal, one must follow a fairly definite road. The chapter described earlier, whose interest in art found such an inspiring practical expression, did not suddenly develop that ability; it was a fruit of systematic training. This is the initial step to all understanding and appreciation. The plays of our theatres, pictures man paints, the songs he sings, and the structures he builds are determined by the ideals he venerates in his soul, and the kind of life he must live in the workaday world. Consequently a survey of human progress is fundamental to our purpose.

A noted English scholar has said that "the most encouraging new feature of western civilization is the number of people who are genuinely asking themselves what they are doing and why they are doing it." The chapter activities of Delphians are designed to answer these questions as they apply to cultural pursuits.

THE PROGRAM

The Foundations of Our Culture

Woman has always recognized as her chief business the task of making the world a better place to live in. When Columbus discovered our country, he found the women of the Indian tribes cultivating the ground. The men were not concerning themselves with increasing the fruits of the earth, but with possessing themselves of what was to be acquired by force. In civilization as well as in savagery men strive for the means of living, and women make the living worth striving for.

Today the field in which women must work for this betterment is widened to include every department of modern society, and

the equipment that served five thousand, five hundred, or even fifty years ago is no longer adequate. Fifty years ago physicians fought malaria with quinine. Today the fight against that disease centres against the mosquito. So to make the social order whole and perfect, we must be sure we are using the right method. Delphian Chapter work includes an examination of the foundation of our culture.

The Building of Our Social Structure

A foundation is necessary to any building, but it determines only the general outline of the edifice. It gives no hint of what the finished structure will be like; what shining marble, lacy stone work, gleaming mosaic, cunningly wrought metal, glory of glowing glass may adorn the finished fabric; so the Delphian follows the thrilling epic of building the social order under which we live.

It is a narrative of varied and breathless adventure. To build our house of life, skin-clad barbarians moved out of their dark forests, became mail-clad knights of King Arthur's Round Table who vowed themselves to the quest of the Holy Grail. Or later, they flamed at the preaching of Peter the Hermit, and rode with floating banners to rescue the Holy Sepulchre. For this reason Marco Polo sojourned in the dim rich cities of Kublai Khan, Gutenberg invented the printing press, the great universities were founded, the cathedrals rose as visible and lasting emblems of the universal faith, erected not at a king's command, but by the people themselves and their God. For our house of life, too, the artists, Leonardo, Raphael, Titian, Michelangelo, Giotto, Bramante, Bunelleschi and a host of others made the Renaissance as glorious for the eye as did the scholars and the poets for the mind. Our government, our forms of worship, differ from those on which they were

founded, and our code of conduct for gentle-folk is one by which even such great gentlemen of antiquity as Pericles or Horace would have found strange. To trace their fashioning is as entertaining as it is instructive.

DRAMA

Throughout our survey of the making of our social order, ritual, ceremonial, procession, pageant and play are constantly in evidence. Strange as it may seem, the instinct which impels the savage to put on a hideous disguise of horns or feathers and perform a grotesque dance is the same one which clothed the knights in their brocades on the Fields of the Cloth of Gold, or inspires children to "dress up and play like" all sorts of things; the same one which has filled play-houses or picture theatres from the days of Aeschylus until today.

As soon as man begins to think, he begins to dream of the way he would like life to be. The savage who puts on the beast's horns and the civilized man who attires himself in cloth-of-gold to march in a procession, both enjoy for the moment the pleasure of escape from life as it is to life as they dream of it. There are two of the simplest expressions of the dramatic instinct. How this grows into the play that interprets life, and what has determined the kind of plays from Sophocles to Shakespeare and from Shakespeare to Shaw is another theme of discussions. Through this acquaintance with the art of drama and of the theatre–something a little different–Delphians learn to appreciate plays as literature and as productions for the stage or the screen.

ART

When you look with proper pride at our Capitol in Washington, do you know that it is Renaissance architecture,

and can you tell whether a pillar is structural or decorative? Do the terms Norman, Romanesque, and Gothic mean anything to you? Are you really happy looking at old masterpieces, or are you secretly puzzled as to why you are supposed to admire them? Do you know how Leonardo gave Mona Lisa her "enigmatic smile"? Can you tell a Romney from a Reynolds? No matter what you answer to these questions, you will find the Delphian study a "mounting stairway to surprise and delight" through discussion of the principles of beauty and the spiritual quality that makes great art.

The habit of observation is developed, and with it appreciation of "things we have seen a thousand times nor cared to notice." We find that now, as in the days of Phidias, or Tutankhamon, art cannot really be separated from practical life. Material for the study of this subject includes copies of paintings, the sculpture, and the architecture which have given western civilization its standards in these art, and the pictures are supplemented with discussions of the qualities that have made the original masterpieces.

By such training, the member prepares to enjoy the beautiful creations of every age and clime, including her own.

MUSIC AND POETRY

Music and Poetry are another theme of discussion, two arts originally inseparable and still closely related. There is hardly anyone who does not admit a fondness for music, or who is not interested in the history of art and the men who have made it. The development of opera from its beginning as an adaptation of Greek drama, to the present combination of gorgeous spectacle, moving drama and difficult music that make grand opera, is a chronicle of unfailing interest.

It is said that no one can be uninteresting who will spend ten minutes a day reading good poetry, provided it is done with understanding. The Delphian programs are designed to bring into the possession of Delphians the open sesame to this treasure-chamber of culture. Enjoyment of these two arts opens up the too little known realm of imagination and emotion, and makes the mind become "a mansion for all lovely thoughts."

FICTION–ANCIENT, MEDIAEVAL, AND MODERN

History records what man has done for the state; literature what he has done as a human being, an embodiment of hopes, fears, passions, aspirations, loves and hates. Man does not live to fight and enact laws. He fights and legislates that he may live more freely and fully. Great literature is the record of life. At first thought it would seem that it should be the commonest of all products, but the truth is that few human beings live to the full measure, and of these scarcely any can transfer the essence of life to a written record. Those whose voices have carried down the ages deserve an attention which men and women of today rarely give. They will give us understanding of both human life and what constitutes literary excellence.

Fiction is old in spirit, but modern in form. Story telling is as old as language itself, and the story teller has been the delight of all ages. However, fiction, as we commonly use the term, is scarcely two hundred years old.

Through the pleasant medium of mediaeval stories and the immortal epics, the Delphian plan completes its sketch of the cultural background of our civilization. It leads Delphians to discover the difference between the ancient tale, the mediaeval romance, and the modern short story. Its followers understand

why the novel is our most popular reading, and what makes great novels great. They have followed man as he constructed the framework for his living–his governments, laws and treaties. They have surveyed his aspirations to embody truth in beauty. They have scaled the heights to which his imagination soared and entered into the ecstasies and the abysses of his soul experience in music and poetry, and they have lived in sympathy the life of each age as its masters of literature revealed it. Henceforth all they see, read, and hear has meaning and "belongs" to some of the everchanging but eternal forces that make our world.

CHAPTER SUPERVISION

The Delphian plan does not cease with outlining a system of education and furnishing the material to carry it out. It includes keeping in close touch with both chapters and individual members.

As it has been frequently stated, the Dephian Society regards education as a means instead of an end. The end is the advancement of the individual and, through her, of the community. It follows then that all education must find expression.

From a chapter in a small western town, remote from any art galleries, comes the following:

"It is surprising to see the interest of our members on entering a room of pictures. You will hear such remarks: 'There is a Raphael,' or 'That is a Rubens, a Rembrandt,' or whatever it may be. What one reads and also sees stays in memory much longer than if only read."

Another chapter has applied the "wisdom of the ancients" thus:

"With our regular lessons we studied our immigration problem, our present laws and noted the progress of our new immigration bill, studying its provisions. We found several outside articles, one by Secretary Davis and one on racial dominance, which interested us. This was suggested by question for discussion in the program outline, "Egyptian Civilization Modified by Asiatic," and it has made the study of racial characteristics and influences more interesting all through the year's work."

DELPHIAN APPEAL

Often the question is asked: "Is the Delphian plan designed for the experienced or for the inexperienced person–for the college-trained or for those of lesser opportunity?" This organization includes the responsible, representative women of every community, whatever their previous training or club experience. It is significant to note in a chapter recently organized in one of our western cities, that all four of its elected officers were past presidents of the local women's club, while the chapter included others to whom club work was a new undertaking. In other words, those who have been for years giving out ideas seize eagerly an opportunity to take in still broader information. Being national in scope, avoiding religious and political differences, Delphian appeals to the progressive American woman who is ambitious to gain a keener insight into vital matters of her own generation.

THE UNFOLDING VISTA

Following the Delphian plan to its goal is something like riding to a mountain top on the cog-wheeled train which twists in and out of one tunnel after another, but is climbing all the while. Each time the train emerges from a tunnel or a cut, a view of

the valley below is revealed. Each time the travelers see a little farther, get a cleaner understanding of the topography of the valley where they have lived so long. So Delphians traveling up the paths of understanding come to know the relations one to another of those things which fit into what we are pleased to call "everyday life." And with this understanding, they are better equipped to guide their steps.

If we would improve a community, we must first improve the individuals who make up the community. Libraries, art galleries and museums would be wasted in a village where none could read or write. To make them of any use, the individuals must be brought to improve themselves. Progress is a personal matter after all.

PERSONAL IMPROVEMENT

So the real question is, "What will the Delphian plan do for me?" Is the chapter's work a true index of what they individual member may expect to achieve? The answer is emphatically yes, for the very essence of the Delphian plan is individual development.

Other organizations carry on their work by having the many listen to papers prepared by the few. The Delphian chapter programs are arranged to stimulate comment and discussion by every member.

Papers are ruled out, because Delphians are seeking practical culture. Very few women have to read a report every day, or even every week or every month, but all women are called upon to converse practically continually. Next to having something to say, the most important thing is to be able to say it well, and both of these are achieved through the practice gained in Delphian chapters. It is not inspiration on which we must

depend for ability to express ourselves clearly and with composure, but practice. Americans are notoriously poor conversationalists, the cultivation of ready speech and the acquiring of a background of cultural knowledge being sadly neglected.

Through Delphianism, month by month, year by year, one gains the knowledge which is the basis of literary judgment, and understanding of social and political questions. Through the following of the methods prescribed for conducting the chapter, one has this knowledge in usable shape.

Each member opens the conversation concerning her topic and invites informal discussion to which all contribute additional ideas or information.

Presently the habit of expressing oneself easily becomes settled, and unconscious. From ocean to ocean today are women who attribute their ease in public participation to the training received in Delphian chapters.

Who does not covet the ability to hold listeners in delighted attention by the power of mental poise, graciousness of manner, and command of adequate language in which to convey a wealth of ideas? This is one of the prizes which the Delphian movement offers the individual. With this, and inseparable from it, will be the understanding of current affairs, the ability to enjoy the best that literature and art can offer, and the vital interest in all things that make for the advancement of humanity.

"Suppose a man to be interested in any study whatever, either in promoting general education or eager to acquire knowledge himself. He will find, at every step he takes, that he is appealing to the authority of the past, is using the idea of former ages, and carrying out principles, established by ancient, but not forgotten thinkers. If he studies geometry he will find that the first text-book put into his hand was written by a Greek two thousand years ago. If he takes up a grammar, he will only be repeating rules taught by Roman schoolmasters and professors. Or is he interested in art? He will find the same thing in a far greater degree. He goes to the British Museum, and he walks into a building which is a good imitation of a Greek temple. He goes to the Houses of Parliament to hear a debate, and he enters a building which is a bad imitation of a mediaeval town-hall. . . . Such a man, the moment he takes a warm interest in anything–in politics, in education, in science, in art or in social improvements, the moment that his intelligence is kindled, and his mind begins to work–that moment he is striving to throw himself into the stream of some previous human effort to identify himself with others . . . .

"Let this be our test of what is history and what is not, that it teaches us something of the advance of human progress, that it tells us of some of those mighty spirits who have left their mark on all time, that it shows us the nations of the earth woven together in one purpose, or is lit up with those great ideas and those great purposes which have kindled the conscience of mankind . . . .

"The more closely we look at it, the more distinctly we see that progress moves in a clear and definite path; the development

of man is not a casual or arbitrary motion; it moves in a regular and consistent plan. Each part is unfolded in due order–the whole expanding like a single plant. More and more we see each age working out the gifts of the last and transmitting its labors to the next . . . .

"It is sheer presumption to attempt to remodel existing institutions, without the least knowledge how they were formed, or whence they grew; to deal with social questions without a thought how society arose; to construct social creed without an idea of fifty creeds which have risen and vanished before . . . .Progress is but the result of our joint public opinion; and for progress that opinion must be enlightened.

" . . . Let a man ask himself always what he wants to know. Something of man's social nature; something of the growth of civilization. He needs to understand something of the character of the great races and systems of mankind. Let him ask himself what the long ages of the early empires did for mankind; whether they established or taught anything; if fifty centuries of human skill, labor and thought were wasted like an autumn leaf. Let him ask himself what the Greeks taught or discovered: why the Romans were a noble race and how they printed their footmarks so deeply on the earth. Let him ask what was the original meaning and life of those great feudal institutions of chivalry and church, of which we see only the remnants . . . .

"Above all, we must look on history as a whole, trying to find what each age and race has contributed to the common stock, and how and why each followed in its place. Looked at separately, all is confusion and contradiction; looked at as a whole, a common purpose appears. The history of the human race is a history of a growth. It can no more be taken to pieces

than the human frame can be taken to pieces. History is a living whole. We must learn how age develops into age, how country reacts upon country, how thought inspires action and action modifies thought."

–Frederic Harrison

EXPLANATION OF DELPHIAN PROGRAMS

Delphian Programs are not 'lessons' to be 'recited,' but exercises in expressing one's thoughts. They are based on Delphian Text assignments and do, of course, train the memory and fix the facts of the assignment in mind, but Delphians should not lose sight of the fact that learning facts is not the end of Delphian activities, but only a means to the end of being a valuable and useful member of society.

Two arts which every modern woman needs are conversation and public speaking. Everyone needs to be able to talk well on a variety of subjects, and there are few women who do not in club, or church, or neighborhood meeting, need practice in speaking concisely and composedly on a given subject, while the attention of a whole group is fixed upon them.

The Delphian program trains members in these two arts. Questions in the study guide are to be used as a guide in preparing reports, or starting discussions.

If your group is all reading the same topic, then open the meeting with one person assigned to give a 3-5 minute summary of the topic for the day.

Otherwise, move on to the reports. This part of the program is a training in speaking before an audience. The text assignment is not to be recited, like a lesson, but made the basis of a three

minute talk on whatever the member found most interesting in that assignment.

The time for this part of the program will vary from half to three-quarters of an hour. Informal discussion may follow each report, or be postponed until all the reports are given.

The General Discussion is an exercise in conversation. During this period all members, particularly those who have not taken part previously, comment on any topic related to the day's program, or comment on the relation of the subject to the life and thought of today.

The leader then provides a five-minute resume of the program, recalling the most important points, emphasizing connections. It is an exercise in talking to an audience.

REGARDING TOPICAL REPORTS

The reason why so many reports given in literary clubs prove dull and wearisome might be offered with equal truth in explanation of much of the conversation which is heard on every hand. Neither the club member who is discussing a previously assigned subject nor the ones conversing give much attention to the matter in hand. Not only are the statements and observations mentioned commonplace in themselves but little or not attempt is made to render them more acceptable by skillful telling. To be sure, some people are so endowed with imagination and power of expression that the simplest incident may become the subject of charming narration, but, with the majority, thought and continued practice are necessary to the attainment of proficiency in speech.

The primary object of Delphian training is beyond question to develop a good historical background, preparing those who

follow it for intelligent citizenship. However, in addition to this, if faithfully pursued, it leads to ease in self-expression, whether required for public or private purposes. Little of one's active life is passed in making reports; much of it is spent in conversation. For this reason members are urged to employ the conversational method in chapter work.

Upon meeting a friend or stranger, one may soon exclaim: "Is this not a beautiful day"; the fact is self-evident and the hearer merely assents, whereupon the matter dropped. Suppose one were to say instead: "Days like this remind me of early spring in the interior, when sudden warmth and pussy-willows meant that winter was gone." Instantly several pictures have been called up in the mind of the hearer and even though the two have been heretofore unknown to one another, an enjoyable conversation is likely to ensue, because imagination and memory have been aroused. To observe that it is raining when water is being steadily precipitated is not likely to provoke enthusiastic comment and may even prove depressing; whereas, if someone begins: "In such as rain as this I had an unusual experience"–those present will either yield their willing attention or little groups will begin to exchange experiences encountered on stormy days. In other words, the simplest fact can be given a turn which instantly removes it from the commonplace and makes it absorbing. "Someone tickled my nose," would sound trivial enough; yet Max Muller, in his Memories implants it in our minds by explaining that his first remembrance was of his brother's awakening him by brushing something against his nose to tickle it. Immediately the reader searches his own memory for his earliest recollections, which is like to prove quite as inconsequent.

Suppose one to have been assigned the topic: The Geography of Egypt. Many a report on that theme has been given something like this:

Egypt lies in the northeastern corner of Africa. It is a small country. The Nile flows through it, emptying into the Mediterranean Sea. Each year the river overflows, making the land fertile. The delta is low; the valley is narrow and high cliff's border it as one ascends. Egypt was isolated in early times.

Sentences ad infinitum may be added, all in the same monotonous strain. It needs only a droning voice uttering such disconnected statements to put an entire roomful of people mentally to sleep and actually to bring such physical relief to one or two if the atmosphere be close.

Suppose, on the other hand, that one with the warmth and enthusiasm starts out: "The region which we know as Egypt is the bed of an extinct ocean, and, had it not been for the Nile River, it would be a desert, like the Sahara." That one sentence contains more food for thought than the entire paragraph above cited. Study to gain the ready attention of your audience with your first sentences. Having once secured it, even prosaic facts will be tolerated, whereas if those listening conclude at the outset that a report is going to be tedious, it is difficult later to get back the attention that has been released. A great entertainment circuit, whose playhouses reach into several states, makes this the test of applicants; that they be able to secure the attention of an audience in three minutes. Otherwise they are rejected. The psychology upon which such a rule is grounded has significance for us all.

Animated, enthusiastic people are everywhere welcomed. We say there is something contagious about them. That is

precisely what the word enthusiasm means: divine fire, which ignites something within us and opens the way to intercommunication of minds.

Unhappily, for fear of giving offense, poor work is tolerated month after month in many study clubs. While at the start, if members are inexperienced in similar endeavor, it is necessary to encourage and hearten them, it should soon be put squarely up to each organization: which plan shall we follow: spare everyone's feelings, day by day, and remain in mediocrity, or once for all, set foolish pride aside and resolve to show improvement, month by month? There is no question whatever but that a more brilliant report can be rendered by a beginner if permitted to write it out previously and read it; it is just as true that such a procedure gives little if any benefit in ease of expression, which ordinarily it bores all who listen. It is better to give one sentence without paper or notes than to read a brilliant report. The second method, followed for years, leaves one ultimately just as unprepared to rise to her feet and express an opinion when unexpectedly called upon to do so, whereas the one who is able to utter, but a sentence the first time will remember two or three the second and so on. Where papers are tabu, five months show an astonishing progress in ease of expression. Where members weakly insist that without them they are helpless, years will find them making slight advance.

It matters now how well adapted a course may be, how carefully prepared, how comprehensive, it is possible to cover a year's study and have little to show for the time so expended, either in historical familiarity or in fluency of speech. It is likewise possible to make such progress during a single year that acquaintances will begin to inquire what has happened.

The following suggestions have been found useful by those following them:

1. Since you are pursuing the Delphian Plan from choice and not compulsion, determine to get them most and not the least out of it.

2. Do not aspire to be brilliant nor be disturbed by the brilliancy of your associates.

3. Prepare in advance your report by doing the necessary reading and investigating. If it aids you, write out a report and see how long it takes to read it. Then destroy your paper and talk it, aloud if possible, so that your own ears can inform you as to how well or badly you are speaking. Talk your subject over in the family informally and discuss it just as informally at the meeting.

4. Continually increase your vocabulary by writing down new words that you find while reading magazines and books. Occasionally sit down by the dictionary for half an hour and learn the pronunciation and meaning of each. Make a point of employing such words in your own conversation. If you learn one new word weekly or daily, a year or two will find you with a much more complete vocabulary and you will no longer use the same adjective to describe cakes and sunsets, frocks and concerts.

5. Do not hesitate to take topics or have a part in impromptu discussion. Rather, embrace the chance to participate. Some day when an organization honors you by conferring an important office upon you, it will be easy and natural to rise to the occasion, and accept it graciously.

6. Invite criticism rather than resent it. You will derive small benefit from a mediocre chapter but much from one that is steadily and quietly improving.

7. Try to deepen your interest and enthusiasm in life generally. It intensifies your charm, whether at home or abroad. Impatient, bored people are in the majority; distinguish yourself by growing more and more animated-which never means to gush.

8. Have a definite time for reading and study, either one-half hour daily or a couple of hours occasionally. Even if subjects do not at first appeal to you, further acquaintance with them is sure to make them more interesting.

It often aids one to look upon a year's study as preparation for travel, which is far more likely to come about if one is planning and making ready for it. Although in school and college each may have pursue various periods of history, literature and the like, each decade brings new knowledge, new interpretations, and, to remain conversant with literary subjects, one must occasionally recover them.

It is quite as true in Delphian work as in any other that there are no lightning roads to brain development. Only by sustained effort do we gain anything worth while. If one will faithfully adhere to the plan indicated, the habit of regular study, reading and conversation about what is read will grow and make life more abundant.

Upon adults today rests the responsibility of the future. In homes where reading is a favorite occupation, the children naturally become readers. Each teacher can tell within a week which of her charges have had this rich environment. For one so blessed, five show pitiably its lack. Not only in the

immediate family but in the neighborhood a reading household exercises an influence. It is the hope and expectation of those who have made the Delphian movement possible that a circle of animated members in each community is bound to lead presently to higher standards in art, drama and music and that even in remote villages an influence may be exerted to procure better movies and to provide some good pictures, good music and good books by means of which the rising generation may be able to elevate its ideals and standards.

THEY HAVING TORCHES

Though personal improvement is the foundation of Delphianism, Delphians are ever mindful that living can never be a personal matter.

Who can estimate the value of these circles, which are multiplying throughout the country? Who can fail to see the possibility for the future in thus banding together earnest progressive women of each community? In one state there is in every town of three thousand or more people a Delphian chapter; broader vision, fewer prejudices, greater tolerance must necessarily follow in the wake of centres where enthusiasm for a higher plane of thought are being enkindled. The hundreds of practical ways in which Delphians are promoting social progress are one indication of the power of this idea. Everywhere are vast resources of the wealth that is most needed today, that of mind and spirit. The Delphian plan makes these available to their owners, and thereby enriches the whole community.

The symbol of the Torch Bearers has been set forth in poetry, painting and in stone; each passing the light received to those

who follow. We whose debt to the early Greeks is so tremendous can continue the work they began, and perpetuate the sentiment expressed in their own words:

"They, having torches, pass them to one another."

How Shall We Best Conserve Our Nation's Moral Forces?

An address delivered before the
National Congress of Mothers
by Elizabeth Harrison in Denver
June 12, 1910

" . . . let us see to it that the priceless efforts of childhood, priceless because they mean the development of inner power, are never ridiculed nor discouraged, nor set aside as worthless, but, rather, that they shall be encouraged . . .God never meant that any human life should be a failure. And could we carry true mother-love to all humanity no life need be a failure.

"Great is the work before us!"

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