

Empty houses were always the first to be occupied by the enemy—they gave him cover.

The reading of crime (and the portraying of it in the pictures) leads to the thinking of it, becoming familiar with it, treating it lightly, and finally, alas! in many cases the committing of it.

If we persist in *mis*-using a limb it deteriorates and develops disease, *e.g.*, eyes used in a bad light, sight fails; vocal cords used wrongly, result in "clergyman's throat."

So, if we use our *brains* wrongly (given to us for use in that which is good) by filling our minds with evil, we can hardly be surprised if disease develops, in a very literal sense "the fruit of their thoughts" is bestowed on all men. Surely, we may develop the happier side of the argument—that the concentration of the mind on that which is *good* will tend to health—and benefit the whole physical system. We do not think of ice when we want to get warm.

"Who can hold a fire in his hand—by thinking on the frosty Caucasus" (Rich. II).

But how can it be done?—this thinking good thoughts? The primary answer is in the collect already referred to, "by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit."

One word about the prefix "auto" we hear in connection with suggestion. *We* must wish, desire, want, and in that way have *the will* to have right and good ideas and thoughts.

One of the speakers at the Church Congress said, "who would dare to assert that the power of suggestion was possible for man to wield, but impossible for God"! Such suggestions from such a source what limitless results arise before one. He will enable us stay our minds—"imagination" upon Him. He will bring thoughts to our remembrance.

Do not let us omit to lay in a store of good things to think of when we have opportunity; beautiful views of nature (try and impress them on your mind's eye—sketching, however imperfect, helps to do this); beautiful pictures, describe them to yourself if not to others, deeds of heroism, of unselfishness, fine characters should be deliberately dwelt upon, with a view to recalling them later. We cannot so easily be occupied with the evil if the mind is trained to see the good.

Let us daily choose the good, so that we may turn away from beholding the evil.

Also, remember to "forget yourself." Why does a man when he retires from his business, which has long prevented him from thinking of himself, so often "go to pieces." Is it because, having ceased to be occupied with others, he has fixed his thoughts on *himself*; and such an unworthy subject for thought causes deterioration?

As nurses most of us admit that our busiest times were our healthiest—when heart, hands and head (thoughts) were full of the health and welfare of others.

Perhaps we shall only reach the Land-of-Always-Well when we have quite learnt how to forget our-

selves; but we might at least start in that direction and see how it agrees with us!

"If thought can reach to Heaven
On Heaven let it dwell—
For fear thy thought be given
Like power to reach to Hell."
* * * *

"For think, lest any languish
By cause of thy distress—
The arrows of our anguish
Fly farther than we guess."—*Kipling*.

Does the vibration set up by a thought travel like an ever-widening eddying circle—touching unknown minds—like a stone dropped into a large lake? Does this in any way account for the fact that many people can worship better in a crowd than alone; alas, perhaps my thought has travelled and disturbed the worshippers near me—we know that thoughts or suggestions remain in one's mind for many years. Do they only do that? Who can tell? Kipling infers that they may "remain in wall, or beam or rafter."

Am I even now being touched by the thoughts of those who inhabited this room before me? Perhaps!

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

ONE MAN IN HIS TIME.*

This extremely able and interesting book should not be passed over by any of our readers who can appreciate a good thing. Like so many virile stories, its setting is in the United States, and the central dominant figure is Gideon Vetch, Governor of Virginia. Democracy had won, and this "poor white trash," born in a circus tent, so people said, a demagogue of demagogues, had been elected Governor. To Stephen Culpeper, as to many of his set, this was a very bitter pill to swallow. The placid flow of his life had hardly been disturbed, except for the war, so long as he could remember. This obnoxious thing had come about so unexpectedly that people, at least the people that Stephen knew and esteemed, were still trying to explain how it happened.

Stephen was a fastidious young man, and it further disturbed him that he could be disturbed by Patty Vetch, the Governor's daughter, who had been practically "cut" by society the evening before the story opens, at a charity ball. She had been snubbed by what he complacently thought of as "our set."

The girl, in her scarlet dress and bobbed dark hair curling on her neck, her provoking blunt nose and grey-green eyes, he heartily disapproved of, but he couldn't help looking at her. If she had been a picture on the cover of a cheap magazine, he told himself sternly, he should never have bought it. If a red bird had flown into the heated glare of the ballroom Stephen's gaze would have fol-

* By Ellen Glasgow. (John Murray.)

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