

The Body Invisible.

THE story of mankind is one which occupies the greatest part of literature. History covers what man has actually been. The study of nature covers what he does. Physiology covers what he is, and ethics covers the vast road of what he ought to be.

It has been truly said that mankind can only be studied properly by knowing man. Chaucer wrote: "My mind to me a kingdom is such present joys therein I find, that it excels all other bliss that earth affords." We acknowledge that as individuals we are ourselves the creators of our destiny, and as we "sow" so must we "reap." In order to sow good seed, we must fertilize and feed our minds. The mind cannot create anything, and it produces nothing until it is fertilized by experience and meditation. The improvement of our minds is surely a duty to society and as Carlyle wrote: "Do the duty which lies nearest to you, which thou knowest to be a duty. The second duty will already become clearer." Therefore, the first thing we must acquire is the ability to think, and according to our thoughts so shall we act.

"Think that day lost,
Whose slow descending sun,
Views from thy hand,
No noble action done."

Food for thought is mainly derived from what we read, see and hear. Attending a lecture one evening, the speaker referred to one of our great writers who divided readers into four classes. The first reader he compared with the "hour-glass," their reading being like the sand "it runs in and out, leaving not a vestige behind." The second class resembled a "sponge" which absorbed everything, but returned all in almost the same state, perhaps a little dirtier. The third class he compared with a "jelly-bag" which allowed all that was pure to pass through, retaining only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class he compared to the slaves in the mines of Galconda, who, casting aside all that was worthless preserved only the pure gems.

Reading should be done for improvement rather than for enjoyment and books of quality should be chosen.

"This books can do, nor this alone they give,
New views to life and teach us how to live,
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise
Fools they admonish and confirm the wise.
Their aid they yield to all—they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone,
Unlike the hard, the selfish and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd.
Nor tell to various people, various things,
But show to subjects, what they show to Kings."

Nature is concerned with our education; she teaches us through experience that everything has its teaching value and when life seems hardest, then we may be sure that what we regard as hardship is actually training of the greatest value. Real education is not limited to tuition in the various branches of learning, such as we are taught in the school curriculum. Education in its truest sense should train the whole character by building up a noble morality and dissembling the mind into accurate ways of thinking. Thought has been described by a great writer as an invisible force which carries its messages. The brain is the generator and receiver of thoughts which come from the thinker. The capacity of the brain to receive and generate our thoughts is controlled by what we think. The quality of the thoughts determine the nature of the vibration. For example, if our thinking is of a high and noble nature the nerve cells in the brain will vibrate at a high rate of speed, and coarse cells in the brain will shed and be replaced by finer and finer nerve cells, and the thinker will be compelled to receive and reproduce into the mind the nobler and higher thoughts alone.

On the other hand thoughts of a base and mean type, when

they enter the brain will result in the promotion of coarser nerve cells, capacity will be lessened and vibrations will be at a lowered rate. Finally only base and mean thoughts will come into the mind. The happiness of life depends upon the quality of thoughts; for this reason, the nobler the thoughts, the greater the action. And are not our thoughts told by our eyes? Their expression speak the language of the soul, but sight must always be reinforced by insight; any goodness, therefore, will be shown by the expression.

Nature has preserved the eyes to herself, that she may not be disguised or misrepresented. It is for this reason that the eye has been described as the pulse of the soul. And are not the eyes one of the senses which must be pleased in order to open the gateway to the heart, which has, in past ages, been described as an astrologer, that at all times divines the truth? It is the organ with an instinct which cannot be obliterated, and illuminates the feelings to the outer world, which our minds have accepted by thought.

Byron tells us, "All our actions take their hue from the complexions of the heart, as landscapes do their variety from light." Whatever our calling we should do in life what lies clearly at hand. Actions determine the worth of life. A right act is said to strike a chord through the whole universe, touching all moral intelligence. The soul is an invisible body, but it has organs, some of which belong to our character, as, in the physical body, the Eye belongs to vision, and the tongue to speaking.

Thinking and acting are the organs of the soul.

Be meticulous in choosing the virtues of which they consist—we ourselves are the collectors of the ingredients, and whatever we put into the soul, will be shown by our actions. The purer the ingredient, the nobler thought, and the greater the worth of the action.

"One ship drives East, the other drives West,
With the self-same winds that blow,
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales,
Which tell us the way they go.
Like the winds of the sea, are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life.
'Tis the set of the soul that decides its goal,
And not the calm, or the strife."

MARGARET B. MACKELLAR.

Bluebell Sunday at Kew.

Some glorious day in Maytime
Just travel down to Kew,
For a little country outing,
To see the Bluebell's blue.

You'll not be disappointed,
For, in sunshine and in shade,
The blue of those dear Bluebells
You'll see in every glade.

Birds are singing—flowers flinging
Their fragrance on the breeze:
Dancing shadows—quiet, still water,
Glorious Bluebells—lovely trees.

Oh, the beauty and the colour,
And the lights and shades that blend,
'Mid the silences of nature,
And the silent speech of friend!

And in that glowing memory
Of the blue sky bent above—
And the vision of the Bluebells—
You've seen God—and God is Love.

JESSIE HOLMES, S.R.N.
British Home for Incurables.

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