I wish I could look from the dizzy heights of the availed, as it streams its way through the thin sky, we should see below me sunny hills and shady valleys dotted richly with fields of waving grain. Quiet little villages would peep out from beneath the trees and towering cities with their stirs of machinery and clang of bells would crowd up to our ears a murmur of busy life. Far out in the distant harbor the stately ships come sailing in, the little steamers puff noiselessly into the dock while the workers swarm with a rushing crowd. All is labor and prosperity, all is life and energy.

Who painted this beautiful picture? Was it Mother? or does the brilliant coloring denote Turner's master hand? Ah me! you would give to their great artist a grandiose word. No, but that which framed the world could paint so wonderful a scene. It is not only a picture. It is reality. It is nature with all her array of grandeur, all her power of rule, still within the bounds of man. Here is Nature's power over man, man's power over Nature, value and utility combined. The rule by obeying Nature's power, says
Farming. Man with all his boasted power and pride is the handiwork of his master, Nature. But he is also the master who develops from her the glorious results of art.

Does not the mechanic, as he stands watching the ceaselessly whirling wheels, the swiftly passing shafts, feel his mastery over Nature? The farmer plows his fields, sows his seed, reaps his harvest and gains his wheat. The wheat is ground to flour. Taken to the kitchen where the housewife with her tiny fingers part with its yeast and water, kneads it, rolls it to roll, rolls it, and through long hours from the oven, the crisp, firm loaf that satisfy and build up his little ones.

Is it any wonder that they feel they have gained a mastery over Nature in using her to fulfill their needs, and yet, how they not simply give her a chance to work out her own ways?

Bacon says: "Man can himself do nothing but what natural forces do and from such forces working within has done the rest." Not our particle of matter can he create or destroy, he can simply move things—and it is this art of moving things that makes a man a master. Did not the farmer but give..."
his grain the chance to grow by placing from fold within its reach. Did not the miller
but to place his wheel that the stream
might grind his grain? Did not the house-
mistress but give this flax grain the
opportunity when she set their rich manure
and moisture? And have not Nature done all
the rest?"

But how have the farmer, the miller,
the housewife gained the knowledge necessary
to produce such results? By the same process.
They have supplied their minds with mental
food: Nature working within has done the rest.
Have you ever watched a child grow to manhood
and not seen the natural, miraculous growth?
Have you seen the teacher or the doctor him-
and not thought that she depends upon Nature
as her best assistant; for she only brings him
mind food while Nature digests and assim-
ilate it. From the child to the man is a
process not to be passsed in a single hour, or
a single day, or a single year. But hours, days,
years—years of many, toil and labor with
Nature as her guide. If it takes all these
gears to make a man, how many centuries
would the growth of a service require, for
[Handwritten text]

14th grow in the same way, require the same nourishment. Little did the alchemist who 500 years ago defined chemism as the making of gold and silver, imagine what it meant by 1900. The alchemist as he trusted longingly win his envious grasply watching for the shining metal that now to bring him all that was good in his world, must have thought his forlorn hope but the most dream amid he have ever pictured. The results of his little experiment, could he have seen future generations adding to it little by little, experimenting him, theorizing thence, planning, thinking, analyzing, synthesizing, making combination after combination of chemicals until chemism became one of the greatest sciences in the world. Yet its whole growth has come from mocking things. The only difference between the alchemist of the and our modern chemist is that the one worked blindly, the other has learned the art. The one knew not the ship and the rudder, the other can hit may clear through the mysteries. Yet chemistry is but a small portion of the science of the world. Every science, every art, all knowledge must come through this same channel.
So is it in the physical and mental world, but how is it in the moral? Does a man become good by imitating good principles? Just as the
brown flaxseed cannot grow into the green stalk and fragrant flowers without proper nurture, so cannot a man be pure and good if, instead
of imitating ideals, he be harboring evil thoughts and deeds and principles. We are mirrors in which are pictured our surroundings, the influence
brought to bear upon us; and if in those mirrors may we see all that is good and true, or may believe that we have placed good materials within
the reach of Nature and she has combined them into our harmonious, harmonious whole.

Thus it is in the world over. From the meanest
creatures and to the highest flights of imagination
there is still the one invariable antecedent of
making something. The one who prepares the food
that gives the strength to make the finest poems, the
best books, the greatest armies, is doing the
same thing as the who possesses that strength. The
why shall we look down on his brother, the tale
and why shal Soy.? Matter of fact enjoy his lip
at imagination? They are all doing the same
thing. Each man has his own sphere but all are
working with Nature to contribute to the world.


Welfare by making something.

Thus our man and Nature working side by side—both ardent, both masterful. And yet you say how small is our portion—simply to move things and Nature complete our unfinished task.

For, in comparison, it is small but keen
then—that upon that little depends the whole system of civilization.

Then Plan to move things. Be not a stumbling block to be pushed out of the way by the insatiable man who is doing something for the world. Make an art of it. Move the right thing to the right place at the right time. Let him intelligently. Know that you are doing the task your circumstances allow and then touch on both that steady energy that makes men and women that makes the world what it is today. Our progress must not stop here. We have not reached the high water mark of life. But must go on looking for higher and nobler ideals of perfection.

Oh, planning, experimenting, inventing work, there are still places to be made, experiments to try, incentives to work out. Like the sun in its course, like the stars in their orbit, we must move and progress.
Oh thinking, working, wandering world, there is still room for higher life, for noble thought. Think on, work on, but erase thy wandering. If thou movest things aright thou mayst learn the next to Nature.

Anna D. Fairchild.