

If we could look from the dizzy heights of the swallow, as it skirts its way through the blue skies, we should see below us sunny hills and shady valleys dotted with fields of waving grain. Quiet little villages would peep out from beneath the trees and towering cities with their whirl of machinery and clang of bells would send 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 noisily into the dock while the wharf swarms with a surging crowd. All is peace and prosperity - all is life and energy.

Who painted this beautiful picture? Was it Millet? or does the brilliant coloring denote Turner's masterhand? Ah no! you would give to those great artists a genius they never had. No hand 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 sway of sovereignty, with 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. "We rule by obeying Nature's powers" says

Fremyson. Man with all his boasted pomp and pride is the handswant of his mistress 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 garners his wheat. The wheat is ground to flour, taken to the kitchen where the housewife with her busy fingers puts with it yeast and water, kneads it, sets it to rise, bakes it, and there comes forth from the oven the crisp brown loaves that satisfy and build up her little ones. Is it any wonder that they feel they have gained a mastery over Nature in using her to fulfil their needs; and yet, have they not simply given her a chance to work out her own plans? Bacon says "Man can himself do nothing but move natural bodies to and from each other, Nature working within has done the rest." Not one 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 proper food within its reach? Did not the miller put so place his wheel that the stream might grind his grain? Did not the housewife but give the tiny yeast germ the opportunity when she put them with warmth and moisture? And has 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, unconscious growth? Have you seen the teacher as she drills him and not thought that she depends upon Nature as her best assistant; for she only brings him mind food while Nature digests and assimilates it. From the child to the man is a bound not to be passed in a single hour, or a single day, or a single year, but hours, days, years - years of weary toil and labor with Nature as the guide. If it takes all these years to make a man, how many centuries would the growth of a service require, for

Both grow in the same way, require the same nourishment. Little did Lucretius, when 500 years ago he defined chemistry as the making of gold and silver, imagine what it would be in 1900. The alchemist as he bent longingly over his crucible - eagerly watching for the shining metal that was to bring him all that was good in this world, would have thought his fondest hope but the merest dream could he have seen pictured there the results of his little experiment, could he have seen future generations adding to it little by little, experimenting here, theorizing there, planning, thinking, analyzing, synthesizing, making combination after combination of elements until chemistry became one of the greatest sciences in the world. Yet its whole growth has come from moving things. The only difference between the alchemist of old and our modern chemist is that the one worked blindly, the other has learned the art. The one knew not the why and the wherefore, the other can hit way clear through the mysteries. Yet chemistry is but a small portion of the science of the world. Every science, every art, all knowledge must enter 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 imbibing good principles? Just as the brown silybust cannot grow into the green stalk and fragrant flour without proper sustenance, so cannot a man be pure and good if, instead of ennobling ideals, he be harboring vile thoughts, vile desires, vile principles. We are mirrors in which are pictured our surroundings, the influences brought to bear upon us; and if in those mirrors may be seen all that is good and true, we may know that we have placed good materials within the reach of Nature and she has combined these into our harmonious, tractable whole.

Thus it is the world over. From the meanest sordid act to the highest flights of imagination there is still the one invariable antecedent of moving something. The man who prepares the food that gives the strength to mill the finest flour, the best books, the grandest sermons, is doing the same thing as the who receives that strength. Then why shall Mr. Post look down on his brother, the baker and why shall sober-matter-of-fact curl his lip at Imagination? They are all doing the same thing. True, each has his own sphere but all are working with Nature to contribute to the world's

welfare by moving something.

Thus are man and Nature working side by side - both servants, both masters. And yet you say "how small is our portion - simply to move things and Nature completes our unfinished task." True, in comparison, it is small but know thou - that upon that little depends the whole system of civilization.

Thou learn to move things. Be not a stumbling block to be pushed out of the way by the energetic 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. Act with intelligence. Know that you are doing the best your circumstances allow and then push on with that steady energy that makes men and women - that makes the world what it is today a world of enlightenment. 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 world there are still plans to be made, experiments to try, inventions to work out. Like the sun in its course, like the stars in their orbit, we must work and forever.

Oh thinking, working, worrying would
 there is still room for higher life, for
 nobler thought. Think on, work on, but
 cease thy worrying. If thou must
 things aright thou mayest leave the
 rest to Nature.

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