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ETHEL
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By HATTIE BASSETT

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DEDICATION

TO THE GLORY OF THE ONE
“IN WHOM WE LIVE, MOVE,
AND HAVE OUR BEING.”

PREFACE

This volume contains a newly-told story of the subject that never grows old—Love. Its mechanism is unique and its thread of love and healing, closely twisted, is unbroken. The author has striven to express infinite Good—minus “evil communication” and corrupt manners. The good exhibited in so-called fiction is possible in metaphysics, and when it is lived, as it most assuredly will be before the millenium, it will indeed be a “heaven of rest.” In writing a story without a villain the author endeavors to give much toward leavening mortal thought. To cling to this idea steadfastly diminishes the length to the classification of medium short stories, yet the characteristic of saying the most in the fewest words is maintained.

HATTIE BASSETT

ETHEL ERNESTINE

CHAPTER I

The scholastic year had just closed. Commencement at the University was past and Ethel Ernestine had returned from school to her humble home in a progressive hamlet in northern Texas. She was a semi-orphan in her latter teens, preparing to help keep the wolf from the door of the family, the mother of whom kept the needle and the shuttle busily plying regardless of her declining age. In reality, so far as her strength was concerned, there is nothing in age; her strength was neither old nor young, for it came from above.

Miss Ernestine's scholarship was now beyond a common school education and she made excellent marks of distinction for the past few years. Among her literary attainments was her specialization in expression, which seemed at that time to be her natural bent. Shortly after her return, catarrh of the head and throat developed with her, the treatment of which incurred a very great additional expense. According to the laws of materia medica she was forced to exercise the utmost care and caution, also exceedingly close management and sheer economy in other matters on an already meager salary, which circumstances prevented her further attendance in school.

She organized and maintained a large expression class for some three or four years. In the meantime, the two brothers, younger than herself, had grown into manhood and were qualified to earn more than their support, therefore her salary was no longer necessary to

ETHEL ERNESTINE

the family's existence. With her current receipts she went to Galveston, Texas, to secure a more modern treatment of the catarrh, and, thinking the gulf breeze would perhaps be advantageous, she sought recuperation.

She selected a private boarding house in which she resided for several months. The proprietress, Mrs. Brantley, a tall, elegant character, both cheerful and attractive, graciously introduced the new-comer to her accustomed guests. Among these favorite guests were a young lady stenographer and a number of salaried young men, one of whom was an internal revenue officer who occasionally paid his special respects to Miss Ernestine. All who knew her encouraged her company because she seemed always possessed of a jaunty spirit as well as appearance, was pleasantly conversive at the table, their general hall of recreation, and congenially instructive in the drawing room. If she lingered for a little pastime she cleverly participated in the general chats of the crowd. She fostered a fair knowledge of the uppermost questions of the day and discussed them with delightful interest in pure, convincing remarks. The young men discerned in Miss Ernestine's active frame of mind that she was determined never to try to lift one person up by dragging another one down, and that such a procedure would neither benefit herself nor either one of those in topic. They also recognized her polished judgment and often told her their secrets, asking advice concerning their beauships as if her opinions were a mental "Balm of Gilead."

Miss Ernestine's stay could not be prolonged. With the regrets of her many friends in the city she returned home. Her accomplishments and departure were the subject of comment at Mrs. Brantley's. The hostess manifested remarkable energy in business, and cheery entertainment for her friends. It was through her tact

ETHEL ERNESTINE

that Mr. Paul Patrick, the revenue official, and Miss Ethel Ernestine were given a chance of becoming endeared—nor did they refuse the chance. During the latter's delay he had studied her being from every standpoint of character that he knew, and after her leave he missed her association more than he was willing to confess.

Within three days Mr. Patrick received his usual regular orders from Washington, D. C., to do duties at another shipping point. He spent some months more in the service of the government, after which he resigned to enter the occupation of a planter in Nashville, his former home, a desirable place in which he contemplated making his permanent abode. His social hours were spent with Miss Jean Justus, with whom, according to rumor, he had experienced, for a long time, a mutual obligation for future companionship. He was very prosperous in business, but to carnal mind manifested an increasingly restless temperament. Notwithstanding the long acquaintance with Miss Justus since early childhood, Mr. Patrick felt a discordant difference widening the already false expanse of personal admiration. On the other hand, he concealed in every respect a sentiment in which he felt an indescribable tenderness between himself and another, for whom he had a stronger longing to see—an aspiration unchangeably seeded in his consciousness.

This model of adoration was not the home girl, his familiar every-day friends, relatives, or his so-called business affairs. Forests, fields, streams, mountains, railroads, cities, and other features of the physical universe separated their temporal bodies, but not their thoughts, for thoughts issue from an infinite Intelligence, rendering them inseparable, and yet, Mr. Patrick was not concerned. He knew not whether she was still on

ETHEL ERNESTINE

this plane of life, or had passed to the next one. At times he wished to see her, but again and again in his permitted reveries, he burned his own letters before his secretary could mail them. He even cancelled the orders he sometimes gave for a long distance call. By and by he took a vacation and had planned to spend a part of it in a casual visit in Texas. While packing his traveling cases for the journey a card came from a gentleman friend in Galveston. This friend accidentally (providentially) mentioned Miss Ernestine's being in a Virginia resort, Mrs. Brantley informed them. It was very indefinite news although Mr. Patrick boarded the next train for Virginia. He knew not where, or for what, the thirty days would be spent.

CHAPTER II

In Virginia at some mineral wells there was a quiet, quaint, and restful little village which operated the modern conveniences of a small city. A certain hotel here was famous for its cultured guests. Paul Patrick unhesitatingly registered, hoping apparently to spend hours of quietude and rest.

Many guests assembled in the parlor awaiting the dinner announcement. There was a general introduction and all was gaiety. At this meeting this young couple who star in this story greeted each other cheerfully and cordially but with seemingly no more and no different interest than if they had been mere acquaintances. After a reminiscence of their pleasures at the Brantley home there seemed to be little fascination for Mr. Patrick, also business reasons seemed to

detract from his interest and his visit at the resort was short.

By the first of the next month we find our distinguished story stars miles and miles apart. Mr. Patrick returned to his office and Miss Ernestine to departmental work in western Oklahoma. To the former's unanticipated pleasure he learned that cards were out announcing the marriage of Miss Jean Justus to a foreigner. After a time he hoped to establish communication with Miss Ernestine. Therefore, he wrote the following letter and enclosed the said announcement in order to substantiate the said fact, as he thought it necessarily should be proven:

“My dear Miss Ernestine:

My enjoyment possesses the most exceeding felicity that has come to my memory for many years, perhaps the most decided of all my years, a real enjoyment in which I am making a desperate effort to assure you that the friendship between Miss Justus and myself was not a serious one. I am refusing to entertain any doubt in my mind that your consideration, regardless of what it has been in the past, will be freed from the difficulty which no doubt uninvitingly mars my happiness. I am anxious to give you this information again, even if our association were to remain closed, because your motives are far greater than appreciable; you are truthful to a fault—if it could be so. Your superiority overshadows me. Ethel, you called the expressions of my sublimest convictions blandishments, and ignored them, but I would that we might experience and sustain an affection for each other equal to the one you imagined existed between me and some one else. I can't multiply meaningless words. - May I hear from you soon?”

“Yours most sincerely,” “PAUL.”

ETHEL ERNESTINE

Ethel Ernestine did things promptly, if she did them at all, so in a few days the postman brought Mr. Patrick a reply but not the comfort that his self-confidence expected. It read as follows:

“Dear Mr. Patrick:

The announcement and your letter are received. I feel no censure from your letter and it is certainly not my intention to return the smallest degree of reproof. The best consideration for us both is that the questions referred to in your letter remain dead and our acquaintance dormant. Such a consideration should be an easy matter for us both. My imagination was stimulated by your acknowledgment in Galveston. At one time Miss Justus’s regard for you was sought and encouraged. No one has appointed me judge of the seriousness therein; therefore, my judgment is, at least, suspended. The ancient Medes and Persians are still commended for their inclination to execute promises. This thought of commendation could apply to your promises as well. I had no legal or moral right to usurp the slightest hymeneal interest in you, even if our courtship surpassed the one in question; it was my duty to make the sacrifice, and my capability to perform my duty, when I know clearly what it is. In fact, it is not a sacrifice but a celestial privilege. It also becomes our duty to let our pleasures and displeasures be as they are now—uncovered and unkept. Please do not expect me to write you again, and do me the honor of not writing to me.”

“Most respectfully,”

“ETHEL ERNESTINE.”

From the contiguity of long erroneous custom when a particular state of matrimony is reached, the usual young man “tests” (?) the so-called love of his best

girl to see if she is "true" (?). Mr. Patrick prior to his letter, and besides his indications of fickle-mindedness, had chosen the method of neglect, that is, there was no sharing of joys or of sorrows, but to the seeming unchangeable mentality of Miss Ernestine there exists no human love, and true affection is not a "testor". The d(evil) and his angels "test" human beings, but divine Love never "tests" (?) His image and likeness, and the love that exists between people is the reflection of the highest Love there is. She was looking for the unusual man who accomplished results by the best means, and their communication ceased. When Patrick's efforts to hear from her again failed, he might, in the sense of searching, become the second "Gabriel Laganesse" and we might add, in pursuit of the second "Evangeline."

He wrote her the most touching letters but they were returned to him unopened. She had declined her position and he could not ascertain her address. He then visited her brother in Wisconsin and her sister in Florida, who were married, that he might gain their good will, and gather some information as to Miss Ernestine's whereabouts. It added to his discomfort to learn that her mother had passed on during his indifference. The idea of his disconsolation in this time of bereavement only increased his mental agony. Her relatives never encouraged him more than to tell him that she was in a training school on the western coast. They said they knew nothing about him, or his aims. They told him more in these words: "Ethel has no home, and we would not advise her for fear our plans would disturb her unnecessarily. She has handled a great many responsibilities since we married and if we had the opportunity we would make her burdens lighter instead of heavier." They laughingly remarked that: "The world

ETHEL ERNESTINE

might call her a disappointed old maid, but there are worse conditions than that, and the world's accusations had never harmed her, and she would never undergo slanderous and domestic troubles as long as she stayed single."

Back to Nashville Patrick went. His father had told him repeatedly, early in life, never to marry a jealous woman; but the father saw no necessity of telling his son never to give occasion for jealousy. As learned and gentle as Miss Ernestine was he knew that she was endowed with a keen discernment and a firm demand. Still, Mr. Patrick confided his disrepose to his mother and his sister, both of whom favored his suggestion of taking a western trip.

The training school received a new caller. Mr. Patrick sent the president his card requesting a private interview. The interview was short. This student merited a degree in the last term and sailed for Cuba as governess, in a small family, on a big plantation. Patrick could do nothing but return home. He now had less definite knowledge of Ethel than he had had since their first meeting. This was almost unbearable; he could not go so far from home again on account of his mother's age and her treacherous heart trouble. For several months he watched the ebb of life. The end of her mortal existence came, and without a human soul upon whom to lean for comfort, save relatives whose sympathies were with immediate families, Paul Patrick became parentless. Compensation, whether great or small, is the harvested product of our sowing, but he dismissed such thoughts from his mind by knowing that we select our own associates and he had not been as careful as he might have been. He did not know that in spiritual thinking divine Intelligence gives us our associations.

CHAPTER III

The Cubans hailed this juvenile genius royally. The means offered by Christian Science had healed Ethel Ernestine of many physical beliefs and ailments. She suffered no more from catarrh, grippe or general muscular debilitation. Her several years close study of the divine laws had given her the robustness of her buoyant youth and had banished every careworn evidence from her interesting countenance. Her manner of instructing was a delightful success and her work as a Christian Science Practitioner was now bringing wonderful things ("signs following") to pass; the Father's business was occupying the greater part of her attention and making pressing demands upon her so-called time, but years meant nothing to her—unless, perhaps, they meant untold good—for she loved her work intensely and fervently. During her very occasional hours for outdoor diversion she indulged in riding, rowing or swimming.

It was June. The tropical heat had kept them indoors all day. A party of young ladies, including Miss Ernestine, hastened to the river where they engaged in a favorite pastime—swimming in the bright moonlight. Miss Ernestine, so far as her personal presence was concerned, was soon to bid the swimmers and the swimming pool her fond farewell. Chattering and resting alternated with swimming. They lingered longer than was customary. Time passed so rapidly that they misjudged the hour, and, instead of dispersing, went back into the water. A swift tide was upon them unawares. With some difficulty the girls near the shore swam out, but the governess and a chum were seen to sink. The unprecedented shrieks of the company on shore were

ETHEL ERNESTINE

heard at the home a mile away, and told there was danger.

Meanwhile, Paul Patrick arrived at the plantation and was confidentially telling the manager, and a civil engineer, of his long search. His story was interrupted by the bewailing cries for help. Mr. Miles Madoc, the engineer, whose roadster stood ready at the gate, not having been garaged after the last trip, and the American stranger within their domicile, with one impulse stepped into the car and hurried to the scene.

The geographical surroundings of this particular pool were such that the waves remained insurmountable only for a few minutes. The waves of mortal mind dashed high, and fell hard, for Mr. Madoc was a Christian Scientist. He knew the powerful government of an almighty present Go(o)d and the powerlessness of an absent d(evil).

Through the channel of his treatment divine Love quieted the excitement, reduced the force of the waves, and sent a mammoth dog into the water to search for the forms of the two girls. Miss Ernestine's body had come to the surface and disappeared the third time. There were no moments for parley. Patrick could not swim. Madoc sprang into the water and in a few moments, with his pugilistic strength, brought Rosalee Marcella to the shore. He left her in care of the one infinite supreme Being whose laws are Life, Truth and Principle, while he plunged into the water again in search of Miss Ernestine, whose body could not be felt or seen.

He stood on the shoal for an instant waiting for the "still small voice" of omnipotent Mind to direct his course. Presently, the voice spoke in a righteous angelic consciousness and he heard a splash some fifty yards down stream. It was the big water dog, Fluno, (he was the namesake of an eminent lecturer) dragging the life-

ETHEL ERNESTINE

less form to the bank. The dog had fought a great battle, and no one could have expressed more genuine gratitude than his waggish capers manifested. Through his God-given strength, and God-given intelligence, and God-given love to help another being, omnipresent Mind's laws were fulfilled and the dog was conscious that he had done a great deed, but Fluno accepted relief of his burden.

Mr. Madoc placed the prostrate forms in a position which would allow an easy discharge of water from their heads, then turned to the friends near by, each one of whom stood watching in awe, waiting for instructions and prayerfully trusting that he might be able to cast out the d(evil). Miles Madoc's demeanor was faultless poise, his tones were perfect firmness. "Neighbors," he appealed, "you have seen the salvation of the Lord many times. This servant of Go(o)d has taught you who God is, and where He is; she has taught you how to pray and every one of you must use your highest understanding in your desire to restore them to activity, because our scripture commentator says: 'Prayer is honest desire'." To one reader he gave his pocket Bible; to another his "Science and Health With Key to the Scripture"; to another the "Scientific Statement of Being"; to another "The Daily Prayer", and so on until all the students began to know the omnipotence of a loving, living God. In fortifying them for the work, he told them that: "There is no place better than this place and no time better than this time, for us to demonstrate the power of Truth—'Now is the accepted time'. We are going to work on this spot until we see the glory of divine Life—whether it is His will to leave us our friends, or to pass them up higher," and he turned his face toward those in need.

There was a circle of silent workers. Miles Madoc

ETHEL ERNESTINE

walked a short to-and-fro with the zeal and courage of an orator on the floor of the Roman senate. A part of his treatment was audible. He alleviated fear; he sustained Truth by rejecting the lie; he implanted God's infinitude; he clung close to God and God's idea; he held fast that which is good; he rebuked every complaint from the physical senses; he established in his consciousness the scientific sense of every drop of water; of every spiritual idea constituting the spiritual body; of every purpose entering the human mind; and banished the offending errors of false beliefs that there is life, truth, intelligence, or substance in matter. Miss Marcella sat up, observed the situation and began to pray. The blood now circulated through the practitioner's body, and this group of seekers, preaching and living the gospel of salvation, left their vanity and ingratitude at the foot of the cross and raised their heads in sacred humility. Their answer was not a surprise for they were expectant.

CHAPTER IV

Seated on a small block of timber nearby sat Paul Patrick, whittling all the sticks in his reach and trying to appreciate the devoted affection of the natives before him. He knew nothing of Science and all he had heard was uncomplimentary. Of all the things which he thought he hated, he erroneously thought, it must be the Science of Christianity. He inquired about a doctor, but his inquiry was entirely unheeded. In fact he knew in his mind that Ethel was here no longer. He could not claim her soul, and he should exercise no right to claim her body. He remembered that she believed in

cremation and would not want her body taken far from where she left it. He accused and convicted himself for not having made her a charming governess of a happy home for her and himself years ago. There was nothing for him to do but sail on the first ship for home. He saw Rosalee Marcella sit up, and the rich natural color rush to her face. He resumed his conversation with the manager by saying: "The water did not effect her seriously."

"No," replied the manager, "the water has not effected her at all. These girls are safe. I have seen our engineer demonstrate Truth in numerous conditions. God is the real engineer that works through all of us. Madoc just understands it more clearly than we do. The knowledge of Go(o)d's laws has done miracles for us and all of us here, on and near the plantation, are seekers of these laws, Christian Science;" to which fact Mr. Patrick was mum, but his distrustful countenance proclaimed his antagonism.

Patrick heard a voice say: "Paul." He instantaneously stood straight, then thinking he mistook the sound he sat again and went on with his unsophisticated whittling.

Miles Madoc's thoughts were Go(o)dly thoughts that were not for an instant separated from divine, omnipotent Conscience. He stepped closer to the patient, took hold of her shoulders, lifted her up, and she stood. He said: "You are well. Go(o)d is with us in His powerful presence and we are all blessed."

She started to give Madoc the credit for this beautiful, dutiful obedience, but he would not allow an expression of error. He commanded: "Give credit where credit is due. It is not I who has been working; 'The Father works, and I work.' Human personality shall not come in to rob Him of the glory. Let every one of

us look to Him in our blessing as faithfully as we have in trouble, for this is the prayer that has been answered." Addressing his client for whom he plead so earnestly before the court of almighty Intelligence, he added: "These young ladies will help you with your clothing while I talk to a friend of yours who arrived from the States last evening. The stranger needs our fellowship and we are going to manifest what kindness we know to him."

Thus speaking, Mr. Madoc walked to the opposite side of the hedged inclosure to join Mr. Patrick and the men who came to offer their services. Approaching the men he asserted: "Let us be grateful that false belief could not drown these girls in the presence of Truth. They are active and rejoicing. There are some plans to be presented before we sever our meeting. Go(o)d is the source of our light and power which keeps our talents unburied and productive." Putting his arm around Patrick, he graciously invited: "Come visit with Miss Ernestine while we prepare for a business meeting. Your name was the first word she spoke and I am sure she has a welcome awaiting you." While the engineer was saying these words, tears filled Patrick's eyes and his voice, for he wept easily under beliefs of loneliness, despair, sympathy, and sometimes joy.

"A welcome," he uttered, "I have come to take her home."

"She always has a home—non-respecting locality. However, you will have to ask her about that," warned his host.

A short silence intervened, and they were in the presence of the recovered governess. She quickly extended her hand and exclaimed softly: "Paul Patrick."

The pursuer grasped her hand and held it with both of his as he rapidly told her his mission. The one thing

ETHEL ERNESTINE

he wanted to know was the answer to the question: "Ethel, will you give up your work, marry me, and go home with me?"

Rosalee Marcella, a most trustworthy character, held the governess' left hand—said she was Miss Ernestine's maid—"I refuse to release her unless it becomes absolutely necessary."

Miles Madoc stood with his hand resting on Patrick's shoulder as he seemed to half jest: "In divine Intelligence and among 'peace makers' there are no secrets. Anyway, I am always my guest's valet and have a right to wait on him—if I don't repeat what he says."

Their attention was called by Mr. Stephen, a business man who was much concerned about how they should promote the work of the Science of Christianity after the departure of their American friends. They formed a deliberate congregation and selected Mr. Stephen to preside. They organized a Christian Science Society, elected officers, adopted suitable by-laws, chose a location, voluntarily donated seventy-five per cent of the building fund, and appointed a building committee to work with the Board of Directors. This Society would not permit Miss Ernestine to leave it until the building was completed and the members were more at ease with the Church government. She would be their active first reader and president of the Board until Mr. Madoc's return from his journey, and Miss Marcella, by taking class instruction while in the United States, would be able to enter into the practitioner's work. To accomplish these plans would require a period of several months.

CHAPTER V

Mr. Patrick remained in the meeting and listened to the proceedings very respectfully. He accepted their transactions as Miss Ernestine's answer that she would not accompany him home. It was true he had resolved to spend the rest of his life in the vicinity, at least, in which she spent her life, but he now saw the impracticability of his resolution and agreed to the suggestions of her and her associates.

As the years had gone by her disposition had most assuredly undergone a great change. He could not say it was for the worse; he was inclined to think it was for the better. A consoling thought was that the new arrangement of affairs would give him ample time in which to investigate the principles of this strange new cult of thinking. In behalf of their Science practitioner he acknowledged she was decidedly better off than he was. She was well as she could be, as happy as she could be, and as busy as she could be—and he was not.

The night was spent in this grove of sparsely native palms; it seemed that no eye had winked for sleep; daylight was dawning; each participant of the joyful demonstration was brimful (mind-full) of praise and thankfulness as the rising sun found them at their respective homes, and their spiritual mental feast had rendered them more worthy of a spiritual conception of a physical (?) breakfast.

On the second day our readers find themselves enwrapped in the complaisancy of the affable party on the voyage. Mr. and Mrs. Miles Madoc were on board—the ceremony uniting Mr. Madoc and Miss Marcella having been officiated by a chief magistrate two hours before setting sail from Havana. A magistrate was em-

ployed because he could more consistently conform to the laws of the land and the wedded couple did not wish to make a sectarian preacher's services essential to their citizenship. Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, their son, their daughter, and Mr. Patrick, were members of this band.

It was the Ambrose family in whose employment Miss Ernestine had been in Cuba, and nothing but endearment existed among them. Mrs. Ambrose claimed her governess for an adopted daughter, and in spirit she was, because, in the language of St. Paul they worked and lived in "The spirit of adoption"—adoption of fellowship, faith, and righteous deeds taught and practised by the early Christians. The Ambrose company was not intolerant, at all, of Mr. Patrick, but were rejoicing on the open deck, in Miss Ernestine's decision to stay in a foreign country in preference to falling into the hazardous life with one steeped in the opposite knowledge to all that she holds worth while. What would a few days of apparent anguish (even if she experienced any) be, compared with a lifetime disappointment? To their beloved governess there is no harmony outside of Christian harmony. They agreed with Mr. Ambrose, however, that Miss Ernestine's clear understanding was destroying even the possibility of future calamities and misfortunes. They knew that their thoughts would help her—if they were good thoughts—and perhaps help Mr. Patrick, too. At any rate they would improve their own sense of Go(o)d's reflection and take advantage of an opportunity, if one presented itself, to tell him some of the beauties and saving benefits of the Science of Christianity.

Mr. Patrick seemed especially recipient of their kind interest and hospitality. During the last few hours he absented himself from the rest of the group and Mr. and

ETHEL ERNESTINE

Mrs. Madoc started in search for him to invite him to a luncheon with them. They found him in his compartment, a victim of what he called "deathly seasick." Of course, their services were his services. He was not choicer of the methods, any help they wanted to secure or apply would be acceptable. So Madoc acted as a practical nurse, and his bride went to their room, took the Bible and "Science and Health," and obeyed God's command in reference to healing the sick. Under the application of the ever-present, ever-operating, and ever-beneficial laws of Go(o)d Patrick became restful, slept a long sleep, toward the close of day he arose and dressed for dinner. He was well. Not only well in body but he was possessed with a sense of heavenly satisfaction—a peace of mind he had never known.

At eight o'clock in the evening Paul Patrick wished to rejoin these new acquaintances for they were fast appealing to his admiration. He found them gathered in a Wednesday Evening Prayer and Testimony meeting. These meetings belt the terrestrial globe. Every hour in the day we call Wednesday, by the system of longitude and time, some nation in some land is praying and acknowledging Go(o)d before men. He was cordially requested to spend the evening with them, to which he gratefully assented. After the lesson was read each one, from the oldest to the youngest inclusive, spoke humbly and fluently concerning the blessings of an exalted spirit that was unfolded to them by means of the laws of divine Truth. Paul Patrick observed their sincerity and thankfulness. He knew very little to say but he could certainly express his deep sense of appreciation in at least three instances and he spoke in the highest terms of his healing of seasickness, Miss Ernestine's restoration, and the brotherly kindness of these devout people toward him and toward each other. "One needful vir-

tue," he continued, "characteristic of the Scientists I have met on this trip is that they pray for one another instead of finding fault and backbiting. If this is true of all the class of people who are interested in divine Science their mere acquaintance is indeed helpful."

CHAPTER VI

After the service Patrick and Madoc lingered on the deck in a conversation that extended far into the night, the result of which a strong mutual attachment existed in their consciousness.

"Madoc, I understand nothing about the way you people do things, and that makes no difference, but my thoughts go back to Miss Ernestine tonight," mused Patrick.

"Oh! our thoughts do, too. She is doing too much for humanity for us not to think of her. We have mentioned her a number of times today, because we are conscious that her prayer is with us."

"I would give millions, if they were mine to give, if she were by my side tonight and we were experiencing the blissful confidence that you and your bride are," said Patrick somewhat regretfully.

"Millions of what?" inquired Madoc, "Metaphysically there is nothing ours to give. All that we manifest in Truth is ours only in reflection—we may say ours in possession, but it is better to manifest wealth of spirit than wealth of materiality; the latter is fleeting; the former is individually ours throughout eternity; we want it first, our supply of happiness or whatever we need will follow."

Patrick's mind was not off the gift. "Millions of dollars, acres, goods, herds—anything if it were mine. You may preach me a sermon on manifestation if that is what it takes," he continued.

"I wish I could preach you a sermon. To my mind a sermon would be an instruction that would convert your consciousness from theories to the teachings of an established fact," insisted Madoc.

"I see now that Scientists do not pray to Mrs. Eddy, but I have heard that the religion separates families," came Mr. Patrick's objective tone.

"Did a Christian Scientist give you that information?" asked Mr. Madoc.

"No, I have not heard the Scientists say anything until this trip. I had no idea that Miss Ernestine knew them or their faith," answered the other.

Miles Madoc's mentality possessed very little respect for mortal mind's suggestions. He knew that Mr. Patrick was a college graduate and had read various philosophical theories, and yet, he lacked the basis of true reasoning, so he tried to interest Patrick in a practical way. "Suppose a man wanted to know a point in law, would he ask a person that never studied law for help, and accept the answer for authority? Or if a farmer wanted to know a fact in agriculture would he ask a person entirely out of the profession, and accept the answer for authority? Or if he wanted to learn a banking system, would he ask a non-banker? Is that the way we get information?"

To these questions Patrick shook his head agreeably and Mr. Madoc went on talking: "The Science of Christianity unites more families than it separates—some of them should be separated," was his defensive conception of his frank expression. "Scientists are aware that you hear a great deal from various believers

—great in the sense of quantity instead of quality. Science has brought the world to battle over the line of demarcation between reality and unreality. God is good, and all that He made is good, all that is opposite of good, or a good condition, is evil—the d(evil) and his angels. Evil is destructible, good is not. Go(o)d destroys d(evil). Go(o)d's image and likeness is the indestructible soul of man. This soul is the reflection of its Giver (Creator). Soul governs man when d(evil) is kept out of the way. Go(o)d did not have to make His work over, like many consider the allegory in the second chapter of Genesis. He did His work well and permanently. Go(o)d is not a persecuting, condemning Go(o)d. His nature is love. The d(evil) is the leader of persecution, but the d(evil) and his works never redeemed a human being—to redeem is not his mission. The works of salvation is with Go(o)d. Then the question arises: From what are we saved?"

“If the Scripture teaches anything at all it teaches that we are saved from the opposite of good (we are brought away from the belief in matter to the belief in Spirit) and have no other Go(o)d before us. Go(o)d is a reality because it is everlasting. The so-called opposite of good is not a reality because it is destructible. It has no power except what mortals are willing to give it, and the mortal giving is the evil power—‘enmity against God,’ Good. The task of living a Christian requires great effort. The Bible does not say that with a little bit of effort we shall enter the ‘straight and narrow way’ measured by the standard set up in those three chapters constituting the ‘Sermon on the Mount.’ But the Bible does say that ‘we shall love and serve the Lord with all our heart, with all our soul.’ To live a Christian will not be quite so hard when the majority

of people try not to offend, or accuse, or condemn. This same Principle holds good in civil law.”

“Those people who give offense come under civil law for correction. Many people disobey the civil law as unreluctantly as they do the divine law, and many religious people, if they had their way, would strike out the first amendment to our ‘National Constitution.’ Do you recall its contents?”

“I once knew the Constitution, but I do not recall its religious phases other than the freedom of believing what we like,” answered Patrick.

“It is that freedom that many would like to annul,” and, taking a pamphlet from his pocket he read: “‘Amendment. Article I. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religions, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.’ Nevertheless, we have a more wonderful statute than this in the promises that God’s government can not be overthrown.”

“I thank you for your time and explanation,” said Mr. Patrick. “You must tell me something more before we reach our land. You have known Miss Ernestine more recently than I have. Perhaps you understand the incomparable difference that I feel existing between her thoughts and mine.”

“In reality there is no difference at all. Go(o)d governs our human (?) affairs. Our purposes must be consistent with the highest Intelligence and in this respect we gain the sense of likeness; only the mortal sense seems different. The purposes in the lives of young people and non-Scientists are radically different from the purposes of Scientists and the best of matured judgment. Purpose is taken into account of every action

—the quality of purpose. Nicodemus was a believer; his approach to Jesus at night would not have been rebuked if his purpose had been right; in fact, it was purpose that Jesus rebuked instead of the time of approach. This thought reverts back to reality and unreality. Miss Ernestine's present purpose in life is to help eliminate matter—the beliefs of corporeal sense—instead of encouraging them in their despotic control over the universe, including man, and in my opinion her close associates will necessarily have to learn enough to cooperate with her."

"I have given you the metaphysical likeness of her soul and your soul. The carnal difference is: she has proven her salvation, while yours remains to be proven. Her consciousness is 'purity cleansed from the flesh,' that is, her mind rejects the belief that there are two equal powers; it rejects the belief that d(evil) overcomes Go(o)d; it rejects the belief that the sinner may be saved of his sins, but the Christian is not saved from sickness—sick health, sick temper, sick business, and sick thoughts. This renewed mind is the 'image and likeness' of God that embraces the fact of Go(o)d; this mind embraces the knowledge that God is the only power, and that He is inseparable from His creation; it embraces the knowledge that His children are His 'image and likeness' in thought, otherwise we could not say: 'Our Father which art in heaven, etc.' This mental change is the 'new birth' the one Jesus meant when he taught we 'must be born again.' She has been born again, while you have not. The 'new birth' refers to the real man, and not to the physical (?) man. Did Miss Ernestine tell you the story of Dr. Rattlehead?"

"She did not. You tell me," insisted Mr. Patrick.

"Jesus illustrated the condition of thought by parables. Miss Ernestine tells the story of Dr. Rattlehead

to show an erroneous condition of thought in regard to disease; the disbelief is as applicable in any other trouble.”

“A patient lay for months lingering his life away under the treatment of *materia medica*. Dr. Adam directed the patient in observing the laws of disease, advised the medicine, his food, and his rest under which the patient gradually grew worse. Dr. Rattlehead, a neighbor doctor, heard that the patient diagnosed his own case by believing a snake was in his stomach and paid the patient a friendly call, found the sick man low and relatives in distress. They thought he was dying—and perhaps he was. Dr. Rattlehead said to the man: ‘Your case has not been properly diagnosed. I believe I can cure you.’”

“The patient asked in a broken voice: ‘W-h-at do you th-ink i-s the mat-ter with me?’”

“‘You have a snake in your stomach,’ diagnosed the Doctor, catering to the mind of the patient.”

“‘Now, wife, I knew it. D-idn’t I te-ll you th-at was the trou-ble with me?’ He spoke to his wife as if he were deciding the case beyond doubt.”

“‘Dr. Adam says he has done all he can for my husband so if you can do him any good we want you to do it,’ petitioned the wife.”

“‘It will be necessary for me to go home to get a remedy that I happen not to have with me but I will be here again in about two hours to put you on the mend,’ explained Dr. Rattlehead.”

“On the appointed time Dr. Rattlehead arrived. ‘I prefer to nurse the man a while by myself, in order to keep him quiet and to watch the effects of my medicine. The family is dismissed to rest until you are needed,’ advised the Doctor and they obeyed his commands.”

“The Doctor gave the patient a medicine that pro-

duced violent vomiting and while the patient was vomiting the Doctor slipped, from a can concealed in his pocket, a small snake into the vessel of vomit. When the patient was at ease the Doctor said: 'There is your snake. You have vomited it up'."

"The patient saw the snake and told them he felt better. He began to mend and was soon normal and at hard work. This disease was objectified. If we could objectify all diseases they would have the same relation to mortal thought which must transform its beliefs in evil to beliefs in good," persisted Mr. Madoc.

"When Ethel told me good-bye, in her calm, sweet manner, she made this statement: 'The Principle that governs courtship should govern the course throughout life,' what did she mean by that? She would have told me but I could not question her then," inquired Patrick.

"For our patterns through life Go(o)d has given us a perfect model for us to attain unto even if it requires the whole of eternity to reach it. Miss Ernestine deals with models, (thoughts—not lime and water). The model man is the spiritual man—Go(o)d's 'image and likeness.' The model courtship is a courtship without discord. And the courtliness displayed in the model courtship should continue and grow more genuine throughout the course of life. Courtship resulting in marriage is only the beginning of that affection which should become stronger as the years go by, instead of weaker. If discord occurs in courtship it is likely to occur throughout the course of life unless it is corrected by conversion and reformation. Thoughts that tend to reform in one epoch of life will bear good fruit in all the succeeding epochs," recited Mr. Madoc.

"Those are beautiful thoughts but it is the 'straight and narrow way and few there be that find it.'" acknowledged Patrick.

“More are finding it than once did. There are no grander lessons in story or in song, than those Miss Ernestine has taught these inhabitants,” defended the engineer.

Each new phase was giving this non-Scientist food for thought. The stillness of the passengers on board told the men it was time to retire. Mrs. Madoc shrank from interrupting her husband because she knew he was about his Father’s business—the business of reflecting good.

“Patrick, if you care to read or to investigate the Truth you may have my ‘Science and Health’ until we prepare for landing,” offered Madoc. Patrick readily accepted the book and their parting greeting was a kindly “Good-night.”

CHAPTER VII

Paul Patrick was not sleepy but he went to his room and began to read. The book was the thing he wanted, although he would not ask for it because he saw that each Scientist owned one and often referred to it. At that moment if he could have been transferred to a steamer bound for Havana he felt certain his visit would have been prolonged. He found many favorable surprises as he read. The book could not be scanned like fiction. He had never heard a sermon equal to the chapter on “Prayer”; he had not heard a parallel discourse to the chapter on “Atonement.” That was as far as he read.

“These Christian Scientists puzzle me. Immense churches everywhere are filled by thousands of brighter people than I am—there must be something to it. They translate most appalling scenes into sublime grandeur.

ETHEL ERNESTINE

To them there is no depth, or heighth, or ripple of either air or water, or color of the deep gray sea, or the clear blue sky, that does not contain God's handiwork. They see no horribly intolerant circumstances that could not be overcome by 'ever-present remedy of Go(o)d over d(evil).' Then, their love for Ethel, if for nothing else, is enough to reward my attachment to them the rest of my life," soliloquized the planter.

They were soon to reach an American metropolis. Mr. and Mrs. Madoc would tour through eastern cities to Boston; the Ambrose family would join eager relatives and he would take a limited special to Nashville.

The several intervening months following this event held in store dark, discouraging days in which Paul Patrick had sufficient time in which to retrace; vindicate, or abandon his standard of connubial ideas. His business was prosperous; his friends were numerous; his social standing was high and respectable; Miss Ernestine wrote letters of friendship as often as she promised to do; and yet, there was something lacking; he was not putting into life, or getting out of it a satisfaction worthy of the name. He could not write Ethel scientific letters (no other kind would be at all proper) because her spiritual discernment would recognize deception and ignorance regardless of how it is clothed. He would be honest; therefore, he went to the Science Reading Room to purchase "Science and Health," thinking that was the only book expounding the doctrine, but on learning that there were nine or ten collateral volumes he bought all of Mrs. Eddy's writings—not so much that he might accede to its teachings, but that he might see what it is all about. This occupied amply his hours from business and while he was seeing what it was about he was becoming a Christian Scientist.

It had been much longer than usual since he had heard

ETHEL ERNESTINE

from Cuba and for the first time he took his stenographer slightly into his confidence in regard to foreign letters for he had not dictated his communications except those in business.

“Ethel Ernestine,” repeated his stenographer as in deep thought. “What do those words mean?” She had a quaint habit of delving into the meaning of people’s names to see what their ancient significance was. In her estimation those definitions were still attached to those names. If they were true then they are now. She referred to a complete dictionary at hand and read aloud: “‘Names for women. Ethel, noble; Ernestine, earnest,’ both noble and earnest are characteristics indicated by her name.”

“She is much endowed with those characteristics, but I have never known such literary attainment as that,” commented the planter as he dilatorily smoothed his wavy hair over his head with both hands.

“I did not know it either, for words did not seem to have deep literal and spiritual meanings until I read the Science of Christianity; we may call it spiritual attainment instead of literary attainment,” confessed the young lady, disclosing a fact which he had not discovered, and which she seemed not ready for the public to know.

However, he left his desk, stood by the dictionary that he might investigate for himself. He read a number of familiar names—many meaning good, some meaning bad. He turned to the names for men and read aloud his own name: “‘Paul, little, small; Patrick, noble.’ That is a singular consolation that my name and hers possess the same qualities. ‘Miles, soldier; Madoc, good; Ambrose, immortal; Brian, strong; Alfred, counselor;’” whereupon, in answer to the postman’s whistle he

ETHEL ERNESTINE

turned to the door to receive a handful of mail. It contained a letter from Galveston—type-addressed.

“What does this mean?” he asked. Opening it and with rapid glances explained: “She has finished her engagement in Cuba and has located in Galveston. Why did she not tell me?”

Paul Patrick sat at his desk quite a while in meditation trying seemingly to fathom the depths of this one letter. Since he and the young lady were both reading Science they might discuss some subjects scientifically. He read for his secretary's hearing: “ ‘Paul, you will pardon me if I write thoughts that are uppermost on my mind, for I know of nothing else to write. Our Wayshower often used comparisons to show us the way and you have appeared in my consciousness today by way of a comparing thought: Gold is the most valuable metal; it is the most malleable; it is attractive and beautiful; fire and chemicals do not destroy it; men work, dig, and fight for it; it may go through the most severe processes but it remains gold; being free from dross, all of gold is good gold (one quality). God called His reflection of intelligence (His image and likeness) man—not the muscular man but the thinking man—the spiritual man. Man is the most valuable of the reflected powers; being capable of enduring both triumphs and adversities, man is the most malleable; the spiritual man is attractive and beautiful; fire and chemicals do not destroy him (the soul); men work, dig, and fight for the spiritual man (soul, right principle); mentally he may go through the most severe processes, but he remains soul, mind, spirit; being the image of a perfectly good Father (Conscience) he is a perfectly good man (Consciousness). This good intelligence can not be lost; it can not sin, or die; it can not sicken or fear; it is the golden soul, uncontaminated and indestructible. Do not

answer this question to me but test your own life out by this frequent self-examining question: Am I gold?" "

Hesitating as if perusing the thought he remarked: "That must be a treatment she has given me for I feel its gold effect."

"Well, she gave it to herself before she gave it to you," replied the stenographer.

"You are correct, her mind is forced to possess it in order that she might apply it to another one," agreed Mr. Patrick.

"It is a deeper thought than mere possession. It is the mind-quality itself. That is good understanding to know God is self-existent, eternal Life. That which could take life must itself have life, and of necessity must itself ultimately be Life which is more than possession. The very understanding of it constitutes her mind," insisted the girl.

CHAPTER VIII

In his library that evening Paul Patrick went over the contents of this letter with his sister, Mrs. Brian Alfred. She is an amicable character. Her husband had passed on, her children were married, and she kept a comfortable, congenial home for her and her brother. She longed for the time when Miss Ernestine could join their home circle, giving her the privilege of looking after a sister-in-law's household comforts with the same harmonious attentiveness that she did for her brother. Miss Ernestine's time being spent in active practice she had no time for homekeeping.

Pleasantly entering into her brother's secrets and

plans she listened as he read: “ ‘God’s blessings are His affectionate hugs and kisses. The wind and the sunshine kiss the earth only to utilize their Go(o)d-given power, and their kisses are permanent infinite blessings. The air and the rain bless all that they benefit, in showers of spiritual kisses. Go(o)d’s ‘image and likeness’ reflects a mental spiritual attitude that blesses everybody. These blessings coming through the channel of the spiritual man are divine hugs and kisses—divine blessings. They are the caresses of good will, brotherly love that all men must give and receive in the eternal sharing of good reciprocal thoughts. These affectionate hugs and kisses in forms of blessings constitute the zenith of His influence. Similar loving embraces leave my consciousness continually to bless all upon whom my thoughts rest, and the same feeling returns unto me from them. I must manifest and experience these spiritual blessings. They are the real caresses to me. What we say counts very little. Words are vain and void but the feeling that makes us anxious to give these spiritual blessings—the feeling that makes us ready to redeem a person by placing a check on his thinking—works versus words—is worth everything’.” Looking at his sister he waited for her comment.

“Paul,” said Mrs. Alfred, “that is a sweet thought refinely expressed. Miss Ernestine lives so constantly in communion with God that she has to express it. Her strife is to know nothing but metaphysics and it should be the strife of all mankind. In the millenium all will be metaphysics,” she remarked as if she were joking at the thought of such a distant future.

He joined in her humor by saying that: “I am not quite ready for the millenium.”

Mr. Patrick and Mrs. Alfred were now trying to demonstrate calmly the Truth of being. Their hopeful dis-

ETHEL ERNESTINE

positions had never inclined them to worry, even when they felt a serious disappointment they tried to see the spiritual laws in operation.

“Sis,” addressed Paul to Mrs. Alfred, for that was her pet name, “how would it suit you to live in Galveston?”

Without waiting for an answer, he told her his reasons. “My clerical work will be finished soon. I am retiring from business and can attend to my affairs almost as well if I were in Galveston. The coast would be a nice place to live. I would see Ethel at least twice a week at church.” This last statement was the main one, and he waited for her reply.

“Paul, that plan has come into my thought, too. Our family ties would not hinder us. The relatives we have left here are settled and happy and we could come back as often as is necessary. If you arrange to live in Galveston it will suit me completely. Suit yourself first. You have been a real brother to me and in this case your welfare has the first consideration.”

“You dear, unselfish sister,” and he drew her to him and thanked her with a strong coddle.

“That is alright, Paul. No one could be more unselfish than you have been with me. We have many friends here, but we will not lose them by making more there,” was her encouragement. “I do not object to moving at all if you think she cares for you.”

Paul thought the time had come when his sister should know more about Ethel and it was no one’s duty but his to tell her. It was a privilege of an untiring subject.

“Sis, our judgment must be righteous judgment and information. Ethel cares for everybody but not in the old sense of personal selfish flattery that depends on changeable physical feelings. My prayer is that we have risen above the material emotions and I am not

ETHEL ERNESTINE

seeking her attachment for me in a material sense. She is still young and has years of usefulness here, but I want to be close enough to her to keep sectarian folks from doping her with drugs when she fights her last battle. It does not make any difference at all, to Ethel's spiritual growth, what others have in mind for her but it does make a vast difference what she has in mind toward them. It must be a righteous, forgiving, Christian mind; this is my attitude toward her. I am not demanding a mutual thought, or action. In the realm of right living the Christ idea has perfect freedom. The Ambrose family would come to her relief any day, but there is a 'wideness in God's mercy' that gives us an unselfish nearness to those we love, and I had rather help her than to see others do it. At present, I can not say that our companionship is needful. Her life is full of good, and our needs are already fulfilled. Prior to her knowledge of the Science of Christianity, at a time when she needed me most, I neglected her, that is, to all observers I cancelled her from my list that she might find comfort where she could. That will never happen again on my part. She never harbored or practised the slightest tinge of resentment, or revenge, but one of her limitations is, to mortal sense, that she don't get over injuries as fast as they come. She has been escorted by as excellent beaux as a girl ever tried to entertain and she never quarreled with one in her life. She quits rather than quarrel."

"Can you not see that Go(o)d was governing you both, and your affairs? Tell me why you did not bring her home from the Islands?" persuaded the sister, kindly.

The brother continued: "The only peace of mind I have is that Go(o)d was in it all, and ruling. Providence looks after its own and no wrong can invade the

ETHEL ERNESTINE

channel of right. In the Islands she knew too much divine Principle to come. She promised to come home when the Cubans could work independently, and she kept her promise. She has always known the difference in love and a make-believe love—I didn't; she knew the difference in spirituality and sensuality—I didn't. She seemingly never had to overcome those d(evils) but she is doing much to destroy them in all mankind. Across the Gulf I knew no Science; I could not believe my eyes; the lies other people told about Science caused my impetuosity and I was easily put off. Sis, I can't leave the impression that Ethel has been engaged to me for all these years. She has never been engaged to anybody. She believes in long acquaintances, rather than long engagements. She believes that when people agree to become married the next thing they should do is to hear the civil ceremony. I don't dispute her correctness, and I haven't any grounds in the world that anyone else can even write her a sweetheart letter."

"Paul, you know I think she and you are ideals but since you have told me all these good qualities I want to understand another question. Is she the girl you once told me was jealous?"

"Yes, she is the one. I am glad you reminded me of that. A part of the jealousy of which I accused her was her conviction of the right Principle. Of the other part she has been healed. 'Whatever blesses one blesses all.' Her healing of that came with a healing of mine. When I was healed of what the world calls promiscuous courting, the jealousy disappeared from her mentality. Ethel is over-modest—due partly to her innocent rearing. No, I cannot say it was over-modesty; the perfect child cannot be *over* in anything, but the lack of something in the imperfect child gives trouble; it might have been the lack of modesty, or something else, in me that

made me misunderstand her. She performs miracles every day; her work on the Islands is wonderful; she taught Miles Madoc more than his class teacher taught him, and yet you would know nothing of it from her. She claims no credit for anything. Her left hand knows nothing of what her right hand does. I am leaving tomorrow evening to answer this letter in person and will see about the moving—will let you hear later when to expect me.”

CHAPTER IX

Miss Ernestine lived in the leading hotel and officed in a suite of rooms in a building within a short distance. Mr. Patrick arrived in the city, registered at the same hotel during her afternoon office hours. To mortal sense she experienced a strenuous week—some stubborn cases—and had not been to bed for four successive nights. To spiritual sense and to her real self she experienced nothing but glorious victories for Go(o)d. From his call her phone rang a number of times without a response, for she had an errand in the city. It was late in the evening when Mr. Patrick succeeded in making a date. He felt as if he must see her, if only for a few minutes. His coming was a merry surprise to her and she met him immediately in the parlor. He had never seen her so winsome and attractive; he knew her winsomeness was the reflection of Spirit, for she spent no extra time in improving her personal appearance; moreover, she thought that mortal mind made dress one of the false gods of the lower world.

She gave account of herself and asked him courteously concerning himself and Mrs. Alfred. Paul drew his

ETHEL ERNESTINE

chair close to her in order to gaze on her countenance, as if it would supply him with a mental feast.

“Ethel,” he began, “I am in no special hurry to-night, for I shall be in the city several days, perhaps, but your time, I see, is precious. Your help may be demanded any minute, so for this time let us be business-like, then if you can spare me more time, all right; if not, all right.”

“Business suits me exactly. And it shall be the Father’s business—the business of reflecting Go(o)d. Will you agree?” added the practitioner.

“Most heartily. I want no other reflection,” he assented.

“Mr. Patrick—”

“Ethel,” he interrupted, repeating the words, “‘Mr. Patrick’ sounds terribly cold and stiff for a desirable climate like this. Can we discard enough formality to-night to be ‘Ethel’ and ‘Paul’?”

“Propriety is a fine virtue. It is a spiritual quality, so let us be governed by the rules of propriety. Can we, as infinite models of idea, discard enough propriety to be ‘Ethel’ and ‘Paul’ ” she reasoned.

“Propriety is important. However, it might depend on conditions. In this case it depends on our mutual esteem. The rules of propriety cannot be disobeyed in public or in private, yet it seems to me that we can express more love by saying Ethel and Paul—at times when I have come for that expression. Then the question arises, how much love is it proper for us to express?”

“The ‘how much’ of an absolute abstract subject is immeasurable because it is infinite, then the proposition is: Can we better express the infinite by the use of the Christian name than by the surname?” she enjoined.

“I am afraid we are forced to leave that problem unsolved and adopt the Christian names for tonight, as terms of endearment for my epigrammatic love toward you that prompts me to disregard time, distance and money to get to see you. Please permit me to assume all the inconsistencies and consider that propriety cannot bar those genteel terms appropriately used in your specific dignity. Tell me what you started to say—or we may be side-tracked from the more essential business,” was his gentle reminder.

“Paul” (he smiled deeper at her obedience to his wishes), “may I tell you something first—and perchance I shall want to tell you something last—that will be a woman having the first and last words, as she is often temporally accused.”

“Tell me anything you like. Remember that it must reflect good. Go on; I am listening,” he urged.

“This is good and I hope you will deem it good. I am going to plead with you to pay me a great compliment tomorrow.”

“‘Tomorrow.’ Why do you ask me to wait till tomorrow?” interrupted Paul.

“It can’t be done until tomorrow, and you said you would not hurry tonight,” she smilingly demanded.

“I’ll be good and keep my promise. Tell me your scheme.”

“Oh, you are making me feel awkward about it, but my scheme is that you attend church tomorrow—some church, I shall not designate which one.”

“I fail to see your awkwardness. Give me your reasons.”

“My reasons are good, too,” she replied. “It really does mean a great deal to me at this particular time. Unfortunately we have in the church a woman who has

ETHEL ERNESTINE

disobeyed the desires of the members by allowing a certain disreputable human to become her regular escort. The affair has brought untold, and untellable, slanderous criticism upon the church and its members. The man in the case never attends any church. If he had had even a moral understanding of respect for the woman—say nothing to the dishonest thought in his own self-righteousness—he would have resisted the temptation to seek her company in order to protect her reputation. He would have endured all sorts of humiliation rather than see her become a disfavored subject. However that may be, his selfish plan was to raise himself in the eyes of the people by courting her (pretending not to know that such a procedure would lower her in public opinion's estimation), rather than the restitution of his own character first. The practice of this viciousness is common, but it is far from Christian. If there were a state of total depravity, he would class in that state. I am not the judge, nevertheless the fruit a tree bears is the manifestation of the tree. The way in the Science of Christianity is to cling to Go(o)d and His idea, condemning to death the belief in matter—d(evil), not the so-called victim.”

“There are many reasons why it behooves Christians to be sincerely careful. There is a sentiment here that a person is better off spiritually if he attends some church than if he attends none, regardless of what the one church may be. I shall cherish your going as a royal, princely compliment to me, if for nothing else. Have I made this plain enough for you to see my reasons?”

“Ethel, it is my turn to feel awkward, and I hope to overcome that feeling as readily as you did. I have been a regular attendant at the Science Church since I

left you in Cuba. Those Scientists helped me while we were on the water. I am going with you to church. My going to church is a compliment to myself if it compliments anybody. I accept your reason, though. It does reflect good. I did not tell you of my going to church because I wanted my actions to speak," continued Paul, as he took a "Science and Health," showing its much use, from his pocket. "My sister attends with me. You would not believe if I were to tell you how assiduously and persistently we have studied, but it is pleasurable beyond any measure of comparison; we revel in the thought that the plan of redemption is revealed in the world."

"You agreed to stay on the good line. If you think Go(o)d can't be believed you are malpractising. The 'still small voice' told me many times that you are an interested reader, but not the church-going part. Do you suppose you could have told me anything which would have rejoiced me more?" she asked.

"I suppose not. To me it involves all the difficulties between me and salvation and all the difficulties between me and you. I do not mean my mere attendance. I mean my acceptance of Christianity. I could not be a regular listener to a faith that I could not sanction. I have enlisted to help lessen sin according to my understanding. This is Go(o)d's business and you can help me clear some of it tonight." His listener started to say something, but he waved his hand, placed it on the arm of her rocker, promptly demanding: "Wait a minute. We are not going to scold. I am searching. I must know Go(o)d and Go(o)d only. Is there one 'jot or tittle' of one single phase of our past associated experiences that you cannot pardon and be happy about it? When a human being emerges into the saving graces

ETHEL ERNESTINE

offered by divine Science he feels as if he had taken a new lease on life—and he has—and at each spiritual uplift he renews his lease. I feel a new lease tonight. If there is an offense from me, trying to hold you in unforgiveness, that is the d(evil) I want to destroy first.’’

There was a short silence. Conscience was supplying the answer.

“I intended to ask you to tell me,’’ said Paul, “but a consciousness higher than either of ours reveals to me that those barriers have vanished. I now feel an exalted freedom from those weights, a freedom that I want you to feel.’’ He paused again. “It comes to me this instant that you do feel free, and have for a long time, from our past troubles.’’ Silence reigned for several minutes, for he found no words to say. Tears of joy filled his eyes and his soul as he waited for the voice of Truth. Presently he expressed harmony’s victory in another thought: “Ethel, I know that while I have been talking you have been taking up the cross. Nothing could be more appropriate for you to do. I cannot try to express my gratitude. I’ll hear anything you have to say. You must talk to me, because I have not heard you for a long time.’’

She began; her voice was euphony itself—a new voice accompanies the “new birth.’’ “Infinite Intelligence does find ways of expressing itself. It is compelled to express, for expression is one of its laws. Otherwise, it would not be infinite and its knowledge would have never come to us. I am elevated to a more complete, conclusive freedom every hour. Your discernment is correct. My understanding teaches me to destroy whatever crosses when I see d(evil) weights and barriers appearing as realities; we do not rejoice that they are

ETHEL ERNESTINE

vanished; we rejoice that it was not true; it was a lie about the Truth being there. One of our lecturers gives this expression: 'We mortals linger at the pool of Bethesda, watching for the troubling of the waters instead of watching for Christ, who makes us whole.' I am divinely blessed in every new joy. Nevertheless, I claim nothing for my own. It is the same with us that it was with St. Paul, who wrote: 'The grace of God has made me what I am.' The reward is no more an answer to my destroying the crosses than it was to your obedience, because obedience is taking up the cross, too. Suffice it to say that Go(o)d works, and we work, the purpose of which is stated in Rev. 4:11. 'For thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.' Paul, you are exceedingly humble and unselfish tonight. How about my offenses toward you? Are they lurking around like hungry foxes devouring sweet grapes?"

"I don't know your offenses. They never reached me. They can't be a topic for our discussion. Offenses are not a good topic anyway unless they are destroyed, and all ours are destroyed."

"That is good business," responded Ethel. "What is the next topic?"

"If you will allow me to mention my preference of topics, I will say that we have a wedding and you go home with me as Mrs. Patrick."

Miss Ernestine promptly objected to this subject, saying: "It is not a good one and cannot be retained on the docket."

"Will you please tell me why?" came Paul's question, courteously but seriously.

"Paul," said Ethel, and as she spoke Intelligence again almost told him her decision, "I am going to ask

ETHEL ERNESTINE

supreme Wisdom to reveal the reason. He can do it perfectly where I would fail. I am not able to handle it tonight. It requires more thought than to rebuke a temporary lie. What is your second preference?"

"Please admit the second topic," he pleaded. "I want your approval of our moving to Galveston. Sister and I have considered it. There is nothing there that we cannot leave. I am retiring from office-hour business. The one reason of our coming is that I can see you at least twice a week at church. Can know more of your interests, that is, your location, if you are permanently located, and your work." He had no idea what she would say and refused to speculate by guessing.

She was thoughtful and answered him in a thoughtful, business way. "I do not know what your sacrifice is. However, I do know that if 'divine Life, Truth, and Love is established in us,' there never exists but one consideration. That consideration is applicable to any and all circumstances and conditions. It answers the question: Can I glorify God more by moving, or will God receive a greater victory from my moving? In solving this problem we must abide in service to Him. Aside from this purpose we are aimless--without a purpose."

"You have taken personality out of the problem for me, and I see a beautiful view of 'the straight and narrow way.' I wonder if I can walk therein. That puts new thought into the subject. But I shall not be satisfied to not move," he argued.

"Then if moving will satisfy you, you can honor God more in satisfaction than you can in dissatisfaction. Go(o)d makes all the moves that are made, and He is not a dissatisfied Go(o)d, or He would be known by another name." Her thoughts were clamoring to dem-

onstrate the truth of what she was saying in both their consciences.

“Continue the treatment,” persisted Paul, “by answering the question: Can you honor Go(o)d more by our coming?”

“Very well,” she said. “We must think of it in terms of spirituality—if Go(o)d is to be answered. He is not going to let my work be hindered. Your spiritual growth might be faster if I could see you oftener, and your spiritual growth would be my spiritual growth—that is, the help we give our fellow man comes back to us in the form of help. Although it would not do to see you too often, it would spoil your independence.”

They stopped the argument here to enjoy the joke of Paul’s pretending to see the application of the last statement to his refused question. They thought best to resume that treatment in their next meeting, and with mutual thanks for the evening they parted.

CHAPTER X

Early after breakfast on Sunday morning Mr. Patrick phoned Miss Ernestine to know what her program was for the day. Her calls were keeping her in her private office; she could not even attend church; she would give him some time again in the evening. He attended the eleven o’clock service; found a splendidly growing membership and enjoyed the spontaneous hospitality which was manifested. Time never drags with a Christian Scientist; there is too much to learn. Mr. Patrick was as busy as anybody; he was glad to have the time till evening to read and to study.

ETHEL ERNESTINE

On the appointed hour this observable couple appeared in the parlor. "How broad is your firmament?" greeted the practitioner.

"You must first explain the meaning of 'firmament,' then I will answer you in some stumbling manner," he said as he placed her chair and motioned for her to be seated.

"That is not a stumbling-block; you cannot stumble over it; the real law is to rise. Our commentator says on page 505 of 'Science and Health, With Key to the Scripture,' that the 'Spiritual understanding by which material sense is separated from Truth is the firmament.' Then it follows that our understanding, separating the false from the true, the real from the unreal, is our firmament."

"Ethel, you are a fine teacher. I have never gotten it that way. My firmament is much broader than it was twenty-four hours ago. Material sense is another name for evil, and it is separated from Go(o)d because it is not a part of Go(o)d. I can understand that far and thank you for your good thoughts. What is the first mile post in the premise?"

"This separated material sense has no power, because Go(o)d is ever present, ever powerful, ever active, and ever beneficial," essayed his helpful counselor.

"Good!" exclaimed her student. "I think my thought is following you thus far, but I fail to discern the post a mile ahead. What is the second post?"

"This separated, unpowerful thing is not real, so the second mental post in thought to be proven is unreality; if the real is infinite and supreme, where is there any room for the unreal? The unreality post is the hardest one to reach, but is absolutely necessary. Our spiritual commentator calls it 'fundamental,' and says on page

466 of 'Science and Health' that 'Truth is real and error is unreal. This last statement contains the point you will most reluctantly admit, although first and last it is the most important to understand.' When you have gained and mastered this post you will have arrived at your rightful destination—will have reached your goal, heaven-harmony," she concluded.

"Ethel, you have transported me throughout a most peaceful journey; the law bidding me to rise has had its effect. Let me see if I get your route. From a firmament (separated sense) to the false sense must be seen unpowerful, thence to the unreality up to heaven's door."

"Yes. For thoroughness we may change the expression to firmament, thence to the all-powerful, thence to reality into harmony (heaven)," reiterated his teacher.

Paul substantiated the thought by saying that "The seeker can come into the presence of Go(o)d if he has faith and obedience enough to take God at his word."

"By the way, I have missed the symptoms of your cigars?" spoke Ethel, with a question mark in her tone.

"They were not mine; they did not belong to my real self. I can't smoke if I wanted to; I was healed. That Science party, as it brought me across the Gulf of Mexico, also brought me across the miserable Gulf of Unbelief; and you were with me in spirit; my soul never left yours over there. Miles Madoc healed me of smoking when he healed me of seasickness—that is, it was through his channel of understanding that God healed me. Where the reign of Truth is established we do not find tobacco in any form; even mortal law condemns it as a food. It is a wonderful demonstration, too; but listen, Ethel, we appreciate those victories and our appreciation is going to aid us to win new victo-

ETHEL ERNESTINE

ries, so I am insisting that you resume the unfinished business we left last evening. Have you forgotten it or shall I start your thoughts by repeating my question? It is one of which I never tire, not even to mortal sense."

She acquiesced to his suggestion; her first statement was: "In supreme Intelligence there is no unfinished business."

"Which way is it finished? Will you move to Nashville, or I to Galveston?"

"It cannot be the former," she affirmed.

"Then it must be the latter," he responded. "I am coming to Galveston that we may be the best of friends and perchance some day I can do you a neighborly kindness. I am not going to throw any hindering stones in your path, for you are overcoming the world (overcoming sin) in your practice, and so is everyone who is practising Christianity. I realize that people are often hindrances to one another's good, but that is not my aim. I can live more peaceably through life to know more of your whereabouts. I want to be near you when you are fighting your last battle. Someone will have to do something with your remains—I prefer to be that one. Ethel, will you grant me these pleasures?"

"Why, Paul, you are outlining an error, and your outlines almost tempt me to wish that they could be executed, which would be my pleasure if that battle were a present one and if it were Go(o)d's directing, but that is living too far ahead, borrowing too much from the future. I have asked for grace 'just for today'—my daily bread. I do have the consciousness that those battles will be cared for—they are already cared for. You have the exquisite pleasure of helping me today, and when tomorrow comes it will be another to-

ETHEL ERNESTINE

day, and when the next day comes it will only be a today; there is no future, it is only the present. The one prevailing law is divine Mind, whether it be in thought or in deeds, is the law of help, aid, action, service. You are coming to Galveston that you may honor God more than you do in Nashville. Now, we must pursue this purpose a little further. In what way can you honor Him more, or what are the things you could do here that you could not do there?"

"Other than my thoughts of you my mind is vague; I know not," answered Paul.

"I shall gladly grant your service to me in judging me and the service rightly. In my humility I need all the righteous judgment that God's children can bestow upon me. In my hungering for spiritual food I must serve others if I would be served, heal others if I would be healed. In fact, He is perfect and infinite; He does not need something added to Him to make Him complete. He holds completeness within His omnipotence. Our service to Him is our service to mankind. 'For as much as you have done it unto the least of these, you have done it unto me,' saith the 'Lord of Hosts.' The final conclusion is, then, that you can serve Go(o)d by serving mankind better by the way He leads, in His plans, and with His permission."

The seriousness of this phase inclined Miss Ernestine to walk the floor and rebuke error aloud, as she often did, but it was a public parlor and she refrained from leaving her chair.

"Ethel, my mind is not so vague; I am beginning to see that I can gain more and apply more of the healing mind by moving, and since that is my salvation, my eternal life, and my individual place and problem, I am moving. How my thanks go up to divine Intelli-

gence for His service to me through your thinking. I could embrace you for that redemption, and I do not understand why I should not embrace you." Paul's tone was half-despairing.

"When we are thankful we are happy, and vice versa. We must not only have good in our consciousness, but the consciousness itself must be good; keep physique out of the way—embrace the thought in your thought, then your thanks to Him will rest on me," she explained.

"How much higher do you want to be lifted?"

"As high as Intelligence is," was the rejoinder. "There is no state of over-righteousness. The harmonious adjustment is mere righteousness, so we have no fear of going too high in consciousness. We must always manifest the spirit of seeking the highest, otherwise a greater temptation might come upon us. A seeking mind is a mind that strives to know the right, followed by a strife to do the right, in all things. Without this strife error remains uncovered until Go(o)d, through some unseen channel, reached the consciousness. Whatever good is revealed in answer to this strife is a revelation from God. Therefore, God is the source of all true knowledge. Higher than that we cannot go; lower than that is discord."

"That is fine gospel; please help me with another thought. I am going out in the morning with a real estate man to select a residence," said Paul. "Do you know a choice location?"

"I have not a competent knowledge of a residence district, but Go(o)d is here close somewhere to direct you to a good place. Don't you know Go(o)d's reflection is the only man there is. He is a good one, too. He is real estate himself, because His mission is not

only good but fixed and substantial. If you don't believe reflection is a good man, try him and see." Miss Ernestine spoke these words with even more increasing radiance than she had manifested previously.

"'God rewards them that diligently seek Him.' You make me ashamed for not more diligently seeking Him," muttered Mr. Patrick as he dropped his glance to the floor. "Do you ever get away from good?"

"How can I? And why should I?" were her next searching questions. "Go(o)d is not separate; it is an unmixed solid, permeating the universe, and without it all would go to pieces—become vapor—nothing."

"Do you ever see the movies?" he asked.

She was compelled to argue for Good, but it really was not she; it was the Conscience within her. "Very occasionally. I am hard to please in a show. It must maintain two facts to interest me. First, Spirit overcoming matter; and, second, an acknowledgment of that power in scientific terms. There are several of that kind on the screen, such as 'The Third Degree,' 'The Mayor of Filbert,' etc. They exalt the divinity of the Creator, and people who see these plays are better citizens because they have a desire to overcome temper, hatred, malice, and such like."

They rose as with one accord and strolled along the aisle to the elevator, where they chatted "Good-by," but made no specific engagement for the morrow.

CHAPTER XI

The practitioner's office hours closed at five o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Patrick was there waiting to walk to the hotel with her and to tell her his arrange-

ETHEL ERNESTINE

ment; as he could get a certain train in a couple of hours, he expected to leave the city earlier than he at first intended. On leaving the office building he invited her to dine with him at five-thirty, which she did. He had spent the day investigating homes, had bargained for a valuable residence not very far out and not very far from the Church. Although it was not the distance merely that he admired, for he owned a first-rate Cadillac and he and his sister were both fine chauffeurs. He liked the conveniences otherwise and knew Mrs. Alfred would be comfortable and contented. They would be citizens of Galveston in a fortnight.

“If my career in this city proves as gratifying as it has during the past three days I shall soon be blissful enough for the next plane of life,” jested Mr. Patrick.

“Real gratification depends upon whether or not we allow d(evil) to eclipse our Go(o)d, which is present in all times,” admonished Miss Ernestine.

“Mortals grow terribly selfish. Here I am consuming this entire momentous occasion by talking about my own selfish ideas and plans. Why do you allow me to do that? Ethel, I would much rather hear something about your affairs than to exhibit mine to the exclusion of all yours,” asserted Mr. Patrick, almost condemning himself for usurping the time.

“That will not do, Paul. You cannot malpractise yourself,” persisted Ethel. “You were not discussing your affairs selfishly. Temporarily put aside all adjective attributes of Mind and know that Mind is God—consider the noun attributes; ideas emanating from Him are incapable, exempt from malpractice. I thought you were giving me an extra deal for rejoicement with you. You were adding much to Go(o)d’s interest. Since no one is disadvantaged by the transaction I am thoroughly

rejoiced in your choice. True ambition creates more occasion for more good. I could not be a Scientist and be non-felicitous in the conquest of Spirit over matter by the achievement of others. Moreover, while you were telling me the plans of your consciousness there were thoughts busily plying in my own."

This was a greater surprise than Patrick could hear without demanding her confession. His manner was so searchingly inquiring that she proceeded unembarrassed. "During my stay on the Western coast my voice yielded to treatment of Science and I sang songs in a few keys quite entertainingly, but I am deficient in piano music. Mrs. Alfred can give me piano lessons when I can spare the time, in order for me to play my own accompaniment to the church hymns. That will give me an excuse to come out to see you once in a while." Her eyes were not resting on Paul as she finished this last sentence, but his were resting on her.

"Excuse," he repeated. "Will that be necessary? I intended to hear the plan to which you alluded if I missed the train, but now I am willing to go. We will hear more plans later." Bidding her a hasty farewell in the lobby, he was gone, knowing he would see her again ere many days passed by.

Paul thoughtfully kept his promise to let his sister know of his arrival and she drove to the station to meet him. Things had gone on beautifully during his absence. At the dinner table they lingered over the tea-cups to live in the confidence of a mutual welfare.

"Paul, you look as invigorated and refreshed as if you had played for a long vacation," petted his sister as she patted him on the head.

"Vacations don't produce that effect. You are seeing

ETHEL ERNESTINE

the reflection of a spiritual uplift," answered her brother.

"Ethel receives a dozen calls a day or more. She is in demand all day and frequently the nights. I only talked to her in three different engagements, and they were not long ones. All her conversations are scientific, practical applications of a righteous consciousness, and I enjoyed her society immeasurably. There is not a vestige of a fading youth, or worry, or disease in her appearance, and she does not let those suppositious complaints come into her consciousness."

"I hoped you would bring her home with you," was his sister's next encouragement.

"Sis, that time has not come, and it may never come. Ethel thinks that we can honor God more or do more good in the world by remaining single. If her consciousness tells her differently it will be different, if not it will stand for what it is."

"She is correct in wanting to demonstrate the rightness of conscience. In our diversity of gifts we can't all do the same work," acceded his sister. "Sometimes evil tempts me to want to govern life in my own hands. I wonder what you will do living alone when I have passed on. You know I am several years your senior."

Before she had finished her sentence Paul put his arms around her neck, begging her to not borrow anything from the future. "It does not belong to us yet. Grace for today is our 'daily bread,' and 'daily bread' (grace) will sustain us when tomorrow becomes today. We never live alone. God is within and without—on the inside and on the outside. He is the existence that we claim and will care for His own."

"What a redeeming thought that is. I am going to live it." Looking straight into the eyes of her brother,

ETHEL ERNESTINE

she expressed her observation: "You have obtained a great blessing."

"No one is more conscious of that fact than I am, and I am trying to do likewise in passing the blessing to you."

"'What blesses one blesses all.' It has already come to me in double fold." Her voice was full of the kindness of gratitude.

Paul Patrick was steering ahead in his ideas. He was determined that his sister should understand him. At least she should not be blinded to the purpose of his plans. To her sense of thinking and judging, his words waxed eloquent as she listened to his utterances. "Love is not human sentiment holding one quality one hour and another quality the next hour; loving one person now and another one after while is human partiality seeking to win favor from the physical man by personal conceit. Divine Love is impartial. The transient, changeable likes and dislikes belong to what the world calls material business of 'falling in love' with people and then 'falling out.' There is no bigger d(evil) than the human conception of 'falling in love.' There is no such thing in heaven-harmony. Its very subtlety is more vicious than the sins of the wildest vampire, because it is more general. There is no virtue in the old sentiment of a 'graceful form,' and the 'luster of eyes,' and an 'illustrious forehead,' unless they are manifestations or the evidences of the fruit of the immortal Christly deeds; even then it is Spirit that should be recognized and praised and not the hypnotic sense. Love is given that mortals may grow into it by accepting the truth about God and man, and proving every step of the way—proving the way is the work which follows our understanding. All the love there is is Di-

ETHEL ERNESTINE

vine Love we reflect toward fellow beings because we are the 'image and likeness' of God, who, according to the scripture, is Love. People who think they 'fall in love' mix it up until they show nearly as much anger as they do love. False sentiment or changeable human notions will not heal the carnal mind of sin and disease. They are not an element in the consummation of good. Ethel knew they were untrue years ago, but she could not make others see them false till she learned it in the Science of Christianity, and even now God reveals it through her silent treatment."

"Spiritually speaking, she is mine and I am hers, because God's love unites our being. No serpentine tempter will ever cut the ties that cement our souls in one. I have not declared this devotion to her because one of two things must be overcome: Either I am not ready to make the avowal or she is not ready to receive it. Go(o)d is guiding and guarding our readiness, and I am perfectly happy and contented in the consciousness of the situation. In the lofty sense of love, men and women do loving deeds and do them more lovingly. It is not my intention to intrude on her time. I am anxious for her to carry on her practice, and it keeps her too busy to accept callers. Neither is she healing the sick by attending social functions; her sweetest communions with God are when she is alone with God."

Mrs. Alfred objected to nothing he told her. She had implicit faith in all his plans and purposes. She and her brother were industrious in the domestic details of moving. The yard man was to move with them and live on the place. The allotted days passed by and soon they were cozily housed in their new home.

CHAPTER XII

Paul Patrick was handsome, rather tall, erect, well-proportioned, and walked with a springing movement. His inclination was versatile; at home he was a prince; on the street he was a sociable friend to both boys and men; in business he possessed a rare intuition. He had been in the city hardly two weeks when he was selected head of the First National Bank. Mrs. Alfred was kind, vigorous, and learned. They entered the church work steadfastly and other than the services they seldom saw Miss Ernestine; however, she was their practitioner, and in this fellowship she knew much of their vocation and they knew much of hers. Mrs. Alfred never felt that the young lady was a stranger, neither did anyone else who ever came into her presence. Her quietude, dignity and propriety, animated by incorporeal Intelligence, produced within her personality a sweet, patient attitude which seemed to her friends like perpetual peace. She manifested the same energetic spirit everywhere they saw her—a spirit that never grew wearisome. She found no time for her music lessons she planned from Mrs. Alfred, but once in two, three or four months, when she became hungry to hear musical harmony, she spent an evening or an afternoon in the Patrick home. Mrs. Alfred's firm, soft touch and talent made her rendition exquisite. Mr. Patrick sang a very extraordinary tenor. Months and months passed by compatibly. Paul Patrick had not pressed his matrimonial claim upon the object of his affection. He was supremely happy in the consciousness of two facts; first, the Father's wisdom was caring always for all their relations to Him, and to each other; second, that every obstruction between him

ETHEL ERNESTINE

and Ethel which might have possibly prevented their marriage had been overcome. Finally, one magnificent October evening, Miss Ernestine, experiencing a subsidence in the requests upon her for treatment, sought the society of Paul and his sister. She made her wishes known to Mrs. Alfred, who, having no special program on hand, gave the former an urgent invitation to dine with them. Miss Ernestine, with the utmost gladness in her mind, complied with the invitation. She and Mrs. Alfred were in the latter's parlor enjoying the hymns and singing the favorite ones. Their voices were mellow and blended together in such catchy, beautiful strains that the dullest sense of chords could not have failed to have been awakened had it been tangible. The table was spread. Paul's hours were overdue from the bank; he was expected home. He came.

At this step in the story an awful thing happened—too awful for words if it could be omitted. It is told to the shame of those who try to ascribe reality to false belief—matter. Mr. Patrick was drunk—beastly drunk. Neither of the women had ever known him to drink, so they were slow to discern that the trouble was intoxication.

Miss Ernestine was not an extreme dresser; her neatness was more properly called extreme. She looked superb in blue, and on this occasion she wore a Copenhagen messaline containing a dapper design of the Trojan wall in white, an amber topaz brooch, and a touch of old rose in her blue beads. Her complexion was not "made up"; it was a soft, natural texture without a blemish. Her spiritual presence fairly beamed. If the charms of personal appearance had power to destroy the d(evils) of animal magnetism, the sight of her would have sobered Mr. Patrick's mortal mind, but the only

antitoxin to mortal mind is immortal Mind, yet the visible application is never made, for mortal mind is neither real nor universal, hence cannot come into the perfect realm. He would have suffered any torture in preference to presenting himself in her company in this predicament. Notwithstanding he had two or three times previously found her in company with his sister, the idea of her being present on this particular evening was remote from his thoughts. It was not that she was unwelcome; his own condition being outlandishly unspeakable, and his limited sanity too weak to heal himself, he became exasperated. The d(evil) which seemed to have dominion over Paul's admirable nature made him use the most wicked threats in the roughest language imaginable. His fusilage of abuses was directed and centered on the prime consoler of his being.

If Miss Ernestine claimed to be in any classification of thinkers at all, she claimed to be a prohibitionist. Her expression of horror flitted by like a flash. In emergency she often began treatment by a rigid self-examination. "There are three of us, professed disciples of Jesus. Can either of us prove it? It is evident that Mr. Patrick and his sister will not take up the heavy cross. Does Go(o)d have a representative present? Who of us will it be? Has the Almighty and the All-Wise commanded His children to do His work and then withheld His power—punishing them for the weakness, in His refusal of the proper weapon—Spirit? Jesus commanded: 'Feed my sheep.' Can I do it?"

At the outburst Mrs. Alfred began weeping, scolding, and entreating all in the same breath. Her sense of the disgrace was inconceivable; she reclined herself on the couch. Miss Ernestine stood near her a minute to reason and in a clear, undisturbed voice spoke to her,

saying: "Don't find a fault in him. His soul is the same perfect soul it has always been; the perfect soul must overcome the 'sinful soul' that the scripture says must die. If you feel as if you have not the understanding to destroy the 'sinful soul,' leave your brother to Go(o)d. Pray that I may do the work of Him 'who sent me.' Just in the proportion that we know Go(o)d is real and all, and His suppositious opposite is unreal and none, we prove we are His children." Then the seeker of supreme Truth sat at the library table, and, resting her elbow on the table, covered her eyes with her hand.

Paul Patrick was half-sitting, half-leaning on the end of the table, and when the guest occupied the chair near him he noticed her patience; his emotions were touched and there came a short lull in his harangue, yet in his further utterance he called her a liar, a thief, a murderer, accusing her of nearly all the crimes in the d(evil)'s catalogue. He spoke evil all by himself, for the practitioner saw nothing but God and His idea. Once this evil threatened to kill her, but it could not stay in her presence, for she knew "what it was and what it was not." As it made that threat its claimed victim shuffled down on a rug. The two women neither moved nor spoke. A half hour passed, and Paul sat up sober, but full of remorse.

"Ethel, in the name of mercy, what has happened? What have I done?"

"I am not repeating things that are not Go(o)d's business."

Thoroughly conscious, though uneasy, he asked: "What have you done?"

"Nothing," she instantly answered.

"What has God done?" he persisted.

Miss Ernestine spoke softly: "Some day when Truth is more established in us we may speak of it. Do not talk to me tonight. I am too busy." There was an unusual kindness in her voice; it sounded to him like a redemptive spirit from the heavenly shore—the shore of harmony. He beckoned to his sister to pursue him and they withdrew to his bedroom.

Mrs. Alfred had not asked to be excused from her guest, so she explained to her brother in a few minutes what had transpired and they started to rejoin their visitor. They descended the stairs to the wide landing, then stepped back as they heard a stamp of feet and a violent ring at the door. They remained in the dark while Miss Ernestine went to the door.

"I—s Mr. Pat—rick h—ere?" stammered a coarse voice.

"I think Mr. Patrick is here. Will you come in?" invited Miss Ernestine in her quiet, graceful way.

"N—aw, I'll not c—ome in. Tell—him J—ones would like to see him," gruffly muttered the man.

Miss Ernestine nodded her assent and tripped upstairs. Patrick, of course, heard the man and as she approached him he cried in a subdued tone: "Tell him any excuse you want to, Ethel. I can see no one except you tonight." Under her protest he agreed to meet Mr. Jones in thirty minutes, so this was the message she took to the door and repeated the invitation to come in. He hesitated, then sat in a big chair near the door.

The man seemed to want to say something, so he began: "For years Patrick and I were revenue officers. Today I accidentally found him in the bank. He didn't want to drink with me, but I made him take a dram. It flew to his head and by the time he started home he

ETHEL ERNESTINE

was tipsy. I thought I would come out to see him. He never did drink much. He can't stand much badness since he got lined up with this Christian Science stuff. I wonder where he got onto that—although he is a fine fellow; they don't make 'em any better. We could have a warm time tonight if he will go." The man suddenly stopped talking. His being was changing from unreality to reality. He began to cast positive glances at Miss Ernestine, then ventured more remarks about Mr. Patrick.

"When Patrick was a very young man he had a sweetheart that he will not talk much of. She was a fine girl. I always thought they should have married, until she went West and crazy over this Science. I have no use for it," he added, shaking his head.

There was a calm. Miss Ernestine was silently rebuking every complaint from both sinful mind and body. She had covered the whole ground of creation and creation's spiritual laws. Paul knew what was occurring, for the "signs following" a spiritual knowledge are the proofs of that knowledge. Jones was feeling the healing warmth of a presence he had never felt before.

"Lady, are you Mr. Patrick's niece?" inquired the man after another silence.

Her smile grew a little deeper as she explained: "No, I came out as a friend to the Patricks to spend the evening, and to hear Mrs. Alfred play some hymns."

Another silent wait and Mr. Jones was sober enough to become amazed at the cultured atmosphere in which he found himself. "I beg pardon for visiting at a late hour—I'll see Patrick in the morning."

Since he had been in the house he had done most of the talking. When he started to go, Miss Ernestine

walked to the door, endeavoring to detain him in order to see Go(o)d's deed more perfectly finished. She asked: "Have you been in the city long?"

"Exactly two days," said the man, somewhat perplexed at his culpable ignorance in making this untimely blunder. After a moment's hesitation he regained courage in which he said, as if in an effort for amends: "Tell the Patricks I beg their pardon for intruding; especially for coming out here drunk. It gets me into more trouble than anything in the world and never does pull me out of mire."

"Has it occurred to your mind that drinking is an evil, that you are in the wrong?" asked the practitioner, as she watched him in replying.

"Oh, yes; decidedly," agreed the man.

"You know we do not usually correct ourselves unless we are conscious that we are in the wrong. A mistake must occur to us or we see no correction to make. We can only act upon what is in our consciousness; if we are receptive to laws of Justice we can improve our consciousness," she commented in such patient calmness that the sobered man began to stare at her, to listen to her wisdom.

"It's harmful to me and to everybody in contact with me; it's humiliating to my wife and a reflection on my children," he confessed.

"Would you like to be rid of it?" was her next startling question.

"I most assuredly would. I feel tonight as if I could never drink another drop."

"Sometimes the only thing we have to do to be rid of grossness is to be willing. We are not required to give up what is good for us to have—it is the unwill-

ETHEL ERNESTINE

ingness that we must let loose. Did you ever hear the story of Amy Gracia?"

"Miss—if you can spare the time I should like to hear it," for a hungering for righteousness appeared in his mind.

"Be seated, Mr. Jones. I like to repeat that story." As she spoke they occupied the chairs. "Amy Gracia was a living example who was willing to make a complete surrender of all her unwillingness in exchange for a 'new life.' She was a wild, miserable, unkind, acrimonious creature whom nobody loved. She gathered armfuls of the choicest flowers from her neighbors' yards without permission; she appropriated for her own use things that did not belong to her; she gossiped, slurred, disparaged and depreciated to and against anyone who might chance to be the current subject; she joined others entirely by self-invitation. Her parents decided they would move away. Her acquaintances were glad to think they would see the child no more.

"In the course of two or three years, to the regret of the villagers, the Gracia family came back. The problem with these villagers was: 'What would they do when they were forced to tolerate Amy?' In the meantime Amy had seen a new light. She had corrected her disagreeable habits; she had reversed her obnoxious manners; she greeted everybody with a smiling face and a cheerful thought; her presence was captivating at home and abroad; she was a favorite gamester with the children; she was thoughtful of the sick; she sought to lend a helping hand even where she was least welcome. When acquaintances asked her rude questions concerning her reversed disposition she was not offended. She merely explained that what acquaintances thought of her failures and misfortunes had not disturbed her and now

she was decidedly stronger fortified—what they might say of her fortunes and successes would not disturb her either. As she had reversed her character, the people were forced to reverse their opinions; thus to them Amy grew wonderful. They considered her the most beautiful girl they knew. That is the story of a ‘new birth’ begun in human conscience, in which willingness for the wrong disappeared. Amy Gracia received it; her mentality was ‘born again.’ To reverse an evil means to divest our mind of evil and fill the vacancy with good. The test question is: What are we willing to do?” was Miss Ernestine’s final deduction.

“I thank you, lady, for relating that story. I’ll think of it many a time. I already begin to feel the effects of it, because I fear I have committed an irreparable injury to Mr. Patrick today,” mused the man, much improved in reasoning.

“If we love our friends we will never lead them astray or entice them to degradation. Love is not guilty of that sort of work,” affirmed Miss Ernestine. “Loving our friends causes good deeds to happen. The spiritual interpretation in our textbook says, on page 286, ‘In the Saxon and twenty other tongues *good* is the term for God. The Scriptures declare all that He made to be good, like Himself—good in principle and in idea.’ If the opposite of Go(o)d has an equal power, then we have another god before us.”

“You may be right about it, but it stings me because that way of looking at it makes me an enemy to Patrick—a thing I would not be in my right mind for the world,” added Mr. Jones.

“The right mind is the one we want always to keep,” she enjoined.

Jones, laughing at what might be inferred by the

expression "right mind," said he would see Patrick in the morning, then went away. He walked away straight and firmly. The further he walked the better he felt. A miracle had been performed. He knew not how or why. (Miracle, from the Greek word *semeion*, means signs—signs of divine power.)

CHAPTER XIII

Mrs. Alfred and her brother at first felt horrified by the coming of Jones. He seemed to them an intruder, but he was not, because Go(o)d led him there to be benefited. During the last occurrence Mr. Patrick realized that his conviction (if he possessed any) must be firm and courageous. His convictions of being regenerated—his departure from sin—his love for Ethel. He deserved no leniency; he was asking none; he quickly came downstairs and placed a chair, in which he sat facing one dearer to him than his own life.

"Ethel, I am going to express more love toward you, both in words and in deeds, because there is more mine to express. Minutes have been hours. I thought you never would let Jones go. I was almost selfish enough to have seen him go without an uplift. Still, I am glad he is healed. Why have you not told me that fine story of Amy Gracia?"

"I supposed you recognized 'the new birth' and did not need it. Anyway, it never came into my consciousness when we were talking. Why did you not want to see your friend?" was her reply.

"Friend? Jones my friend? In what? The word 'friend' in that connection sounds odious. The things I once endured I now hate," reflected Paul.

ETHEL ERNESTINE

“It is not the ‘image and likeness’ that you hate. Don’t fasten repugnance to the reflection of Good. There is a difference in what we understand to be real and our associating with people submerged in such odious beliefs,” warned Miss Ernestine.

“My time and attention are not his tonight, and I have cried too much for him to see me,” said Paul.

“It is not any harm to cry. You let him see you drunk. I can’t see why you would object to him seeing you cry,” wondered his sister.

“Ethel would object to my rehearsing to him why I am crying,” argued Paul.

“Yes, and she no doubt objects to the error that allured you to drink with him, too,” sighed Mrs. Alfred. “Come, children, let us eat dinner and call it a midnight lunch,” she suggested.

“I am not reflecting material hunger. I’ll say good-bye. You and Paul eat your lunch,” said Ethel as she closed her books preparatory to going home.

“Ethel, my guest room is yours. Spend the night out here. You must eat and sleep,” urged Mrs. Alfred gently.

“No, I thank you. It is later now than I intended to stay. I must go to my room. My burden is too heavy.” As she spoke these words a golden light streamed slantingly downward, enveloping her in its rays.

Paul’s weeping flowed anew as if his heart-of-mind would break. He came to her, put his right arm across the top of her chair, his left hand resting on the left chair-arm, and leaned close to her as he tried to give and receive a comforting word. “What is your burden, Ethel? You have done all the Father sent you to do?”

“I do not know I have done all, Paul; the world has

plenty of woes—plenty of poor unfortunate beings who do not know their Father—‘Our Father which art in heaven.’ ‘The harvest is white and the laborers are few,’” argued the practitioner seriously, yet very un-dejectedly.

“My dear little lady,” coaxed Paul, “the spiritual meaning of the word *tried* is trusted, purified, or separated. In the language of Job, ‘God has tried you and you have come forth as gold.’ You are pure gold in my estimation. You are not to take the world on your shoulders. The Father will let you master all the responsibility He gives you. Eat something with us, then if you must go home I’ll drive you. We can’t allow you to go alone.”

The supernatural light remained as it came. Ethel was neither fearful nor surprised. She was engulfed in the happiness that accompanies spiritual power. Without replying, she followed him to the table, ate a short course with them, after which she asked them to excuse her that she might go to her room to work alone.

They would not excuse her on those terms. Paul was positive, but spoke kindly, “I cannot permit you to go home unaccompanied, Ethel. It is not prudent.”

“Prudent,” she echoed, as if she wanted an explanation.

“Yes, prudent,” repeated Paul firmly. “I know I have not been prudent tonight, though you told me not to talk to you.”

“Listen,” Ethel demanded. “You cannot malpractise yourself concerning what you have been. I most humbly beg your pardon for repeating that word. I did not intend any resentment or rebuke. Accept my apology for the insinuation, if it sounded like one. I am trying to see that there is nothing opposite prudence

which is always good; in the realm of good (prudence) there is no imprudence.”

He didn't wait for her to finish the statement. “Don't beg my pardon for anything. Your apologies are coals of fire upon my head. Come with me in the car. I'll try to see you safely home.” She bade Mrs. Alfred good night, and when they were seated in the car Paul inquired tenderly concerning her comforts: “If this light remains with you, what are you going to do?”

“At present I have no idea. Go(o)d will lead me in the right way. I used to think when I read about God leading the Children of Israel out of Egypt that He took Moses by the hand and walked before him. Now I know that thought-emanations from divine Mind lead us all the time. We have the promises many, many times. You remember in Prov. 3:6 we read, ‘In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths’—notice it is all thy ways, not a part of them. I am trying to acknowledge Him; that is my part of the condition in the promise.”

“Suppose you move in with us. My home is yours; my service is yours. We will do anything to help you. I want you to feel that freedom about it. Ethel, do you realize you can come to us any time, if you will, or if you need our help? All my residence is at your disposal; not only that, but my devotion is yours. Will you accept one or both of them?”

“Be careful, Paul, not to make my cross heavier. You can do a greater deed for me than to give me a shelter. The time has come when I need a practitioner. You can give me your scientific prayers. I will be forced to do whatever comes into my consciousness. I am not afraid. The light represents understanding; it means good.”

“I am trying to make your cross lighter, or eliminate it entirely. I am unprepared to do the work of a practitioner in this case, for I am too full of fear. You have had my prayers during our whole acquaintance. I am sorely penitent over my failure today. Only tell me one thing—that you will forgive me in not holding this drunken spree against me,” pleaded Paul.

“I hardly know how to tell you any more than I have told you tonight. If I could hold it against you I am sure I would; I am a great deal more sure that Go(o)d’s laws will not let me hold aught against you. How could I help to free you from an evil if I were holding an evil upon you? Will it be necessary to prove more than is already proven, that what I thought was my honest good will toward you has been, is, and always will be, with you?”

“No further proof is required. You have made me happier by putting it in those words. Unchangeable good will is love. Had I not felt your influence I could not have longed for you and sought you as I have.”

“Paul, the proper throne for all relief is Go(o)d and Him only; leave me out of the affair,” she begged, “and answer the question: Has God forgiven you? How about your atonement with Him?”

“God has forgiven me. His instruction to me comes with the healing and says, ‘Sin no more.’ I shall never commit that offense again. My atonement was made perfect when I was healed, but to leave you out of the affair would be leaving you out of my life, and I can not do it. Your pardon is necessary to my peace of mind,” persisted Paul.

“All right. If a great God like our God can afford to pardon you, I can afford to pardon you, too. My pardon is very insignificant compared with His. Go(o)d

spoke through the consciousness of Jeremiah, saying: 'Am I a God at hand, and not a God afar off? Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.' Now, if you have your own pardon, quit malpractising yourself, look to Go(o)d, and you cannot keep from manifesting good," was her metaphysical reply.

"I thank you, Ethel, with all my soul. You have done your part today. When I did not take a stand against Jones' insistence to drink I was weighed in the balance and found wanting. That grievance is healed; still I can't claim to guard error close enough to never be attacked on this plane of life by some form of error, neither can anyone else. My love for you is not found wanting in the balance."

"Paul, that is true metaphysically, but in this instance it has not been proven. Your evil in the balance made its attack on me. Go(o)d was present, and like Daniel among the lions I am unharmed. To mortal mind (evil mind) that subtlety which seems to appear in the balance of Spirit often rebounds. The error we allow to creep in on one side will appear when least wanted and least expected," she explained.

"Ethel, I find no fault with you. I make no demands for your forgiveness, because you are compelled by the laws of God to forgive me, or your unforgiveness would, as you say, appear sometime to prevent your healing. I can see that the good mind is clear of unforgiveness; it is going to be hard for me, until your need is met, to pretend to work. Promise me that you will let me hear from you often," pleaded Paul as he stopped the car at the hotel.

"You are not going to be uneasy about me; God-given devotion casts out fear. The laws of Conscience

constitute the only way out of discord, or the continuance in harmony. There are three chapters in Matthew which sectarian believers think were not meant for us, but they were intended as much for our instruction to-day as they were intended for the students two thousand years ago. They are a treatment to the seeker of Conscience. The fifth, sixth and seventh chapters. Study them as you have time and you will feel better." She saluted a good-night in military style and hastened up the steps into the building. He drove faster home than he had come, for her presence was precious to him. His morbid mistake, or the fear it had engendered, was killing him. He drove several blocks from his shortest route in order to avoid passing a man, sitting on a curbstone, whom he thought was Jones.

CHAPTER XIV

Morning came. "How was Ethel when you left her, Paul," inquired Mrs. Alfred as they came to the breakfast table. "She felt well and not at all disturbed. She doesn't fear anything—not even death. In fact, I think she sees a complete harmony after she leaves her body and cares not how soon she makes that transition—although she did not intimate it. When Miles Madoc found me on the steamer I did not want to get well. It was discouragement or fickle-mindedness with me. It is understanding with Ethel. She thinks it is harder to live than it is to die. I have not reached that point. My fear is that when the light leaves her she will go with it."

"Oh, Paul, don't think that! Those thoughts never

ETHEL ERNESTINE

would keep her here and we need her. Error is trying to make you give up. The love Ethel manifested for you last night is holding you in protection. In the chemicalization error comes to the top, passes off in effervescence. You know effervescence does not hurt anybody.”

“Sis, what a fine thought you are giving me. I am glad you see it that way. It helps me.”

“Were you up quite a while last night after you came in?” she asked.

“Yes, a while. Ethel gave me three chapters for reference to read when I had time. I had time before I retired. The fifth, sixth and seventh chapters of Matthew. They help me. You read them today,” said Paul in a suggestive manner.

He had planned to leave the house on early schedule time and go by the office of Miss Ernestine to see if the visible light yet enwrapped her. The “still small voice” of Conscience told him it did, but the light worried him; he was not satisfied. Just as he was ready to start, Mr. Jones appeared at the door, demanding to see him. “Patrick, I see you are in a hurry, so I will not delay you long. I absolutely had to see you,” he confessed.

“Talk fast. What is it, Jones?” commanded Patrick.

“Well, to make a long story short, a bewildering event occurred last night. I felt that dreadful thing called delirium tremens coming on me and I wanted to be with you, but before I left your sitting room I was sober. Before I reached the hotel I was as light as the air—cured. I tried to drink several times and I can’t taste the stuff. Besides that, I am regenerated—all made over like Amy Gracia—I tell you I am a different man. I don’t understand it, Patrick. Do you?”

“Yes, I understand it,” answered Paul, “but I can’t break my appointments to tell you. To be plain with you, Jones, all I can say will be about the Science of Christianity. If you are yet prejudiced toward Science you stand in the same relation to the spiritual world that St. Paul stood when he started in his legality (?) to Damascus to persecute the Christians. You have no papers, but if the Constitution of this great land of ours legalized it, the officers would have your support, which is similar to the Roman idolatry and infidelity characterized in the persecution. When Jesus was healing the sick there was a man who had suffered thirty-five years, and a woman eighteen years with infirmities. The Master said: ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.’ Don’t you suppose he included those poor sick mortals who had spent all their life, strength and substance to get well? If they were not heavy laden, who were? Did they not give medicine a fair trial? Jones, I love your soul. If you will let me, I’ll give you a cup of fresh water in Christ’s name and you will feel the peace that passeth all understanding. God used Paul’s brilliancy and wealth for His own glory. He would use yours if you would let Him. Come back to see me at eight o’clock this evening; we will have it all out in the biggest visit we have ever known.”

“God bless you, Patrick! You are the only person that ever told me he loved my soul. I didn’t know one belonged to me. But I’ll not blame others for not doing the good that I have never done either, for it was as much my business as it was theirs. He is making the same demand of me to do right that he is of you. I am not prejudiced to anything. I thought of leaving the city, Patrick; but I’ll stay and do exactly what you

ETHEL ERNESTINE

say," he eagerly assented. This intervention consumed Patrick's spare minutes. He asked his sister to drive him to his work, visit Ethel to let him know how she was feeling, etc. Mrs. Alfred joined heartily in the request. He soon stepped out of the car at the bank. "Sis, remember we must have a personal report instead of the phone today," he instructed as he backed away from the car.

Mrs. Alfred found a great surprise at the hotel. Miss Ernestine had not closed her eyes in sleep. The light was with her. She had moved her office into the room adjoining her bedroom and had employed a maid who would look after material needs. She thought it wise to do her work at the desk, by the aid of the maid and the phone. She was not alarmed or disconcerted in the least—she was merely being led to avoid idle spectators.

Mrs. Alfred studied the situation. "Ethel, your cheerfulness is a rebuke to me," she said.

"You are cheerful, too," returned Miss Ernestine. "The reign of Conscience established in our consciousness, setting us free from the bondage of sin and disease, makes us cheerful."

"Mr. Jones thinks he was completely healed of the whisky habit last night and was at the house by the time we had eaten breakfast to tell Paul about it. He made an engagement to come back tonight. You should have heard Paul preaching the gospel to him. Once I grew afraid Paul was too severe, but the more he preached the more scientific he became," related Mrs. Alfred.

"Was Mr. Jones receptive?" asked the practitioner.

"Yes, and very grateful, too," answered the other.

"Ethel, Paul is manifesting a great deal of anxiety for you. Sometimes people make mistakes—one in a

lifetime—God is not going to let him make that one again. He loves you dearly.”

“I am going to help him overcome the anxiety. I am also asking divine Conscience to guide us and I know He will. When His children ask for bread He does not give them a stone. When there is a difference between two persons both of them need treatment—the one in the wrong needs the healing prayer, the one in the right needs the prayer of sustenance and praise, that he may hold out faithfully until they are both blessed in the correction, yet I cannot say that Paul and I have had a difference. Does he consider it similar?”

“I think not; but, my dear, you have benefited us in a way we can never repay. We would be glad to do more for you if you will accept it. If the maid does not want permanent employment, Paul and I will meal at the hotel and I will be your maid. The yardman may look after himself for a while; the change will be good for us anyway,” offered Mrs. Alfred as she arose to go.

“Now, your generosity rebukes me. I have never heard it equaled. Go(o)d leads us in making good offers; also in accepting them. My benefit toward you needs no repay. It is already paid. Wait until I finish this note,” she said. A minute later she gave Mrs. Alfred the note, asking her to give it to Paul.

Mrs. Alfred drove directly to the bank, had a short interview with Paul, and handed him the note, which he read aloud: “Paul, your work is too strenuous for you to devote much of your thinking toward me unless I were sick or in great distress. For the present, please permit me to suggest your method of helping me. You and Mrs. Alfred abide implicitly in my management of

my own case. If I find I am on the wrong road I shall obediently turn to the right one. Fear hath no dwelling here. I am knowing you cannot be apprehensive. Keep your promise to meet Mr. Jones. Your help for him means help for you and glory for the source of all Go(o)d," slipping the note into his pocket as he finished its reading.

At eight o'clock Mr. Patrick and Mr. Jones were seated in the former's library. "Patrick," began Mr. Jones, "I have done more clerical work today than I often do in a week; have been well and joyful all day. Do you reckon I'll ever want any more whisky? I hope the appetite will never come back to me, because I can be of so much more use to myself, my family and my friends. I am serious about it, Patrick. I am disgusted with myself for having insisted on your drinking that dram. How did you get by with it?"

"I cannot confess to all the details. The lady who spent last evening with us is a Christian Science practitioner. Drink and its concomitants are d(evil)s. She turned her consciousness of Go(o)d's laws in rebuke against the d(evil) and I was healed."

"Do you say Christian Science did that?" interrupted Jones.

"No, I say Go(o)d did it. He is the only healer. The Science of Christianity presents a knowledge of God's laws like grammar presents a knowledge of the laws, or rules, of language. The practitioner, working under divine Wisdom, applied the laws and I (my consciousness) obeyed them. She did the same for you (your consciousness) and you obeyed them."

"Do you believe that God performs miracles as He did two thousand years ago?" interrupted Jones the second time.

“There is no belief in it, or theory. It is practical knowledge and proof. We know He does. We see His mighty work every day. Do we not need miracles as much now as we did then? If Jesus’ teaching was only an epoch in history, what was the purpose of the epoch? Was God partial enough to send His son to a select race and discontinue the plan of salvation to all the succeeding ages of humanity? Could we attach the thought of supremacy to such a God? What is the meaning of the word miracle as used before prejudiced scribes copied from the parchments into a new translation called the Bible?”

“Oh, my goodness, Patrick! I never would stand up under an examination like that,” ejaculated Jones.

“I’ll make it easier for you. What is your idea of God? That is, what does He look like, where does He stay, does He sometimes allow good and sometimes bad, with what class of people and under what circumstances does He govern?”

“Why, you are worse than Socrates. I don’t suppose I could answer a single question intelligently. Moreover, I could not prove my answer if I gave one.”

“Then why will you not accept the teaching of a Principle that sets forth Go(o)d’s practical government of all things, including man? God spoke through the consciousness of Isaiah that His creation was not and is not in vain,” continued the questioner.

“I did not know Christian Science does these things—presents these laws,” said Jones, becoming more thoughtful.

“The first chapter of Genesis is a true record. The second chapter is an allegory. God is Good. All that He created is good. He did not make you drink to see what He could do with you afterward. He had nothing

ETHEL ERNESTINE

to do with your drinking. You did that under another belief. But He had something to do with your healing. He was good enough to save you for His own great glory. Salvation is the law; anything that is good is good forever—everlastingly good.”

“Hold on, Patrick. You are going too fast. Here is my good hat. Will it be good forever?” asked Mr. Jones.

“Your hat is only the manifestation—an effect—of a cause, a good idea of a hat. That idea will be an idea forever and be a good idea, a good cause. This idea was not mine, neither was it yours. We did not originate any idea within ourselves, because our muscles, brain included, physically analyzed, are water and lime. Water and lime cannot issue ideas. It is heathenism to believe they can. Divine Mind in which ‘we live, move, and have our being,’ issues good thoughts—ideas. Bad thoughts are in the d(evil)’s realm; they have no power to change good ideas. Hence, if d(evil) has no power to change Go(o)d, and Go(o)d is omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient and omnibeneficent, the d(evil) becomes a myth—Jesus called it a lie. A lie is something that is not true. If d(evil) is true, Go(o)d will have to be the lie, for they are opposites,” thus Patrick ceased his argument.

“How should I begin to try to learn some of this gospel, Patrick?” asked Jones.

“The first, best step to take is to go to a Science Reading Room, buy a copy of ‘Science and Health With Key to the Scriptures,’ and read it as a companion Commentary with the Bible. Then read any literature that expounds metaphysics, begin to put it into practice as soon as you begin to understand. Anybody who is not prejudiced and will read will find ‘a new heaven

and a new earth,' will see the universe, including man, in a different light, and begin working out his salvation by 'casting out d(evil)s, healing the sick, cleansing the leper,' etc. The very first person he has to correct is himself in order to practise what he preaches. Mrs. Eddy got her information from the Bible. Jones, it will make you a gentleman at home and everywhere. I was in a company on an ocean steamer in which there was a middle-aged couple who had been married some twenty summers. Their interchangeable courtliness and kindness was as great as if they were a new groom and bride. It was not frivolous flattery. It was genuine courtliness. They seemed to live the spirit of a host and a hostess toward each other. I have noticed that feeling among Scientists a number of times since. Nobody but those trying to obey the laws of Christianity have the privilege of living in that constant Christian atmosphere; it makes a glorious home. It is a sort of constant attitude of 'my dear Alfonso, and my dear Gaston.' "

“ ‘To point that living way,
To speak the Truth which makes men free,
To bring that quickening life from heaven,
Is highest ministry.’ ”

“ ‘The living way’ is the eternal way to live; ‘the Truth that makes us free’ is the healing Spirit of Christ; ‘the quickening life’ is the eternal life of harmony. What ministry could be higher than the redemption of the world from its evil ways?’ ” concluded Paul.

“Patrick, I saw another strange thing last night—so strange that I would not tell anybody because there might have been something wrong with my eyes. The

moon was bright and I felt so well that I sat on a curbstone a while to think of these miracles, and a car passed me. It was not moving very fast, but I did not notice the car much. There was a dim golden light seemed to hang from mid-air and surround the people or one of them in the front seat. Was there a peculiar reflector on that car, or what do you suppose that was?" wondered Jones.

"I have no idea," answered Paul (he was telling the truth, inasmuch as the light was a puzzle to himself as well as to Jones). To have committed himself in one instance would have forced him to have disclosed the identity of the girl Mr. Jones knew went West; therefore, as Ethel did not make herself known the night before, he could not afford to for her, so Jones was none the wiser.

"I say right here this is a fine experience for me. The healing is not by itself; the spiritual part of it that satisfies my soul, and if I can live a different man it's worth everything. That friend of yours must be a wonderful healer—practitioner is the word, ain't it?"

Paul nodded his head in the affirmative.

"Is she a married woman, Patrick?" asked Jones with increasing curiosity.

"She is very much married to healing the sick," replied Paul with a jest in his voice and an inclination to avert the allusion, because he was confidential with only those who could help him metaphysically.

"Patrick, you are a big dunce! Why don't you marry the girl? Of course, you will always have a chance to marry on account of your looks and your money, but she and you would make a stunning couple both in appearance and usefulness—if you could see it that way."

ETHEL ERNESTINE

“I thank you, Jones; you are very encouraging.”

“Encouraging—nothing. You are foolish when it comes to matrimony.”

“I agree with you absolutely, Jones. I am perfectly foolish, but I am going to be wiser some day.”

“You have been making that speech a long time. Let me know when you do. I want to send you a lot of good wishes. The hour is growing late. I am mighty glad I saw you. You certainly have my thanks for your time and explanations. I’ll get the book tomorrow if I can find one.” Patrick, giving him a journal and showing him the directory, shook his hand in a cordial “good-bye.”

CHAPTER XV

The next morning Mr. Patrick called at the office of Miss Ernestine before going to his regular work. He presented to Eva James, the maid, his card, requesting a short conversation with Miss Ernestine, which she granted. Mr. Patrick, being half a head taller than his companion, could lean toward her and slightly forward in a graceful and sympathetic posture. This he did as he proceeded with his mission. “Ethel, I see you are feeling and looking fine, but my purpose is business.”

“Go(o)d’s business,” she corrected pleasantly.

“Certainly, Go(o)d’s business. This light has come to you as a guide. Do you still have a sense that your burden is too heavy to sleep?” he asked kindly.

“I have no sense of a burden at all. I cannot sleep because I am not reflecting sleep under the influence of the light,” answered Ethel, the confidence of which she hoped would destroy his seeming gloom.

“Could you not glorify God as abundantly as you do now if you were Mrs. Paul Patrick?” She hesitated and he followed the first question with a second: “What would prevent you?”

“I would hope to honor Him more in continued experience free from discrepancies. You know, Paul, I do not endure discord very well.”

“Then you have not forgiven me for my uncouthness the other night, Ethel; that is what I have been feeling with irresistible fear.”

“I did forgive you, but to think of being or becoming your wife the injuries of those brutal threats reverberate; to mortal sense I am hurt, but not from the sense caused by the evil of intoxication. It is a different consideration—a more grievous supposition. One false belief of a married life is that it is a human lottery. You (your consciousness) are not uncouth, neither is fear irresistible. You and I are perfectly agreeable to our reciprocal likes and dislikes, yet I shrink from the thought of making it possible to be accused or for you to find fault with me. I may manifest plenty of faults, but they are not healed by abuse. If abuse had been a redemptive element all the world would have been redeemed. My understanding gives me harmony as a better route to eternal Life.”

The light shone brighter and her spiritual being became unrepudiable, yet Paul realized that a chasm occasioned by wounded feeling to mortal sense waxes deeper and harder to cross. “Ethel, our discipleship has to be proven again. You do not know how much I am trying to heal the breach. You agreed we should speak of Go(o)d’s business. There is no hurt in his business and no ‘human lottery.’ I would actually be hanged rather than abuse you. Are you afraid something will

happen in our married life that will cause you a world of trouble—a something that can't possibly be? There is no fear in my mind that I'll ever knowingly give you one worry. You are not afraid to risk me. I cannot endure any such false belief. Faith overcomes fear," was his metaphysical statement.

"Paul, what do you think that has to do with the light?"

"I cannot be sure about the light. In my opinion the light will accompany you until we are married, or until one of us passes on."

"If your opinion is true we will have to appeal to another practitioner for help. I cannot handle."

Paul was not discourteous. He merely wanted to know her thoughts. "Why can't you handle it?" he demanded concisely.

"It touches me too completely. It is too vital. I'll employ help. An action involving a lifetime is different from healing the sick," she acknowledged, and yet maintaining her patience, because real Christians find nothing in Deity to discourage them; the law and the promises of eternal Life are in their favor.

"I will employ help, too. Have you a preference whose counsel I shall ask? The help will come when you surrender. Can you be obedient?" added Paul.

"Make your own selection—only you must get a good one. I am more solicitous in the right procedure than you can judge. Be assured that I am going to obey my mental guidance. My strife is to reflect Go(o)d," was her final supplication.

"Ethel, is there anything I can do, or any channel or avenue, personally, morally or philosophically, through which I may come completely into your lovable graces—into constant companionship while we are on

this plane of life? You surely have a stubborn thought that you are not admitting. You have a 'Yes' or a 'No' in your consciousness. Which is it?"

"Paul, I have neither a 'Yes' or a 'No.' Please don't be impatient with me in a time like this. The avenues of Love are all open. There are many considerations in points of suitability. I am not an entertainer, or a cook, or a housekeeper. Those diversities are fine within themselves, but I could not be efficient and learn to do so many various things. I know of nothing to do for anybody except to love them, which is just a part of the practical work of life. This is my part and I am glad to do it. 'Love and Love's work must fit.' "

"I have acted upon my highest understanding to reach those open avenues. Pardon me if I have given you another burden. I know you will keep your promise. If our meat and bread ever depends on your cooking it, I will tell you how and be patient with you until you learn it."

"Under those conditions it ought not to be hard to work," retorted his hearer in laughter. It had been their custom since their first introduction never to allow the parting thought to be an unpleasant one, and it was not their desire to deviate from as comforting a practice as this one had been. With the new plan in view the conversation ended.

The Ambrose family, who had claimed Miss Ernestine for an adopted daughter and who had heard from her regularly, have resided in Tampa, Florida, for many months. "Wife," said Mr. Ambrose (for that was a pet name he gave her, and in a spiritual sense peculiar to himself he used it becomingly), as they were seated

ETHEL ERNESTINE

at their breakfast table, "I cannot keep my mind off of Miss Ernestine. I believe she needs us."

"Why, father, I could hardly prepare breakfast. She has been in my consciousness ever since I woke. I know she wants us."

"That is the way I feel about it. The children are in college. What do you say to our closing up the house and taking the first train to Galveston? We might spend a month if it is necessary. If we are not especially needed, our visit will do no harm. We will go if you want to."

"I shall be glad to go if you are willing. I will need to think fast to get things together."

"All right, we will both think and both work. I'll help you," co-operated her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose worked together instead of working apart. They loved to please each other; they loved to confide in each other's intelligence; they loved to confess their regard, with the heavenly source thereof.

In the twilight of the evening following Mr. Patrick's pressing endeavor to gain his suit with Miss Ernestine, he and his sister started to consult the former's special practitioner, though there was no appointment. Mrs. Alfred, not having seen Miss Ernestine since early the day before, suggested they call to see her a few minutes. Paul appreciated an excuse to see Ethel the second time that day. They were enjoying a merry visit when a porter ushered two newly-arrived guests to her office. The knock on the door silenced their voices. Miss Ernestine heard them announce to Miss James the word "Ambrose." She was at the door in an instant to greet them. They were Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose from Tampa. Mr. Patrick also recognized them—was delighted in their coming.

ETHEL ERNESTINE

“Ethel, did you try to get us early yesterday morning?” asked Mrs. Ambrose.

“Yes, I see I did get you without wiring or phoning. I prayed that you would come.”

“We heard the mental call and could not stay away. We are glad we came, too,” said Mr. Ambrose.

“Yes, after tonight we will give your maid full pay and excuse her for a week so I can be your maid,” planned Mrs. Ambrose.

After exchanging some remarks concerning the recent events, they began to talk of at least a night’s rest before assuming any duties. “Father, we have seen our girl now. Suppose we get settled until tomorrow. We will have longer visits by and by,” suggested Mrs. Ambrose to her husband.

“Let me have a say in this ‘getting settled.’ My car is here and both of you are going out with us and make our home your home while you are in Galveston,” proposed Mr. Patrick.

“You certainly are. There is nothing else to do,” joined Mrs. Alfred.

“We might stay too long. It would be an imposition,” reasoned Mr. Ambrose.

“There is no imposition. It is my plan and my pleasure,” urged Paul.

“Ethel, what do you think? Is it too far from you?” referred Mrs. Ambrose, who stood with her arm around Ethel.

“Oh, that plan is capital. We can at least try it for a day or two,” arbitrated Ethel. The company acted accordingly.

Mr. Patrick escorted the Ambroses to their room, saw that their mortal needs were supplied, then went to the

ETHEL ERNESTINE

telephone to obtain another communication from Miss Ernestine.

“Ethel,” he addressed, after the connection, “this is Paul talking. We are so grateful over these great people being with us that I could not wait longer to thank you for coinciding with my invitation. They have been my friends, you know, ever since we crossed the Gulf together. He has an excellent understanding and is my special practitioner for a while—has already agreed. Does that meet your approval?”

“My approval! You are carrying out my idea to a letter.”

“I thank you. We will be led to carry it out spiritually, too. Good-bye,” and he replaced the receiver with another encouraging fulfillment of right thinking in his consciousness.

CHAPTER XVI

Gratitude reigned in the lives of these people; a week passed by without special development in their seeming problems; God performed wonders through the spiritual consciousness of Miss Ernestine among her calls for help in relieving sin, sickness, poverty, and discord. Mrs. Ambrose assisted her. Mr. Ambrose was an interesting comrade to Mr. Patrick; he kept himself busily roving among the three places—the bank where Paul worked, the Patrick residence, and his wife’s charge with Ethel. Mrs. Alfred was a veritable entertainer, rejoicingly uniting in the harmony and welfare of all concerned. Two or three recent letters were received from Cuba about the splendid prosperity of the church there, and Mr.

ETHEL ERNESTINE

Patrick received a letter from Mr. Jones expressing his thankfulness for the Science of Christianity. The letter said in part: "This Science teaches people to conduct themselves in such a way that they do not need to live a half century before they can live at peace with God and man." He also begged pardon for irreverence and condemnation of the life-giving power of which he knew nothing. The letter says further that ('Science and Health,' on page 264) 'Spiritual living and blessedness are the only evidences by which we can recognize true existence and feel the unspeakable peace which comes from an all-absorbing spiritual love.' I believe this with all my heart. The way I was living it was no wonder I was ignorant of the Christianity of people who were living better than I was. Patrick, what that practitioner did for me that night can never be paid for in dollars and cents, but I don't want her time and talent bestowed on me as a matter of charity. Give her this hundred-dollar check I am enclosing. I have paid more than that into materia medica for no service at all, but the hundred may help maintain the dignity of her profession and prove I don't want something for nothing."

During his lunch hour that day Patrick delivered the check. They discussed the contents of the letter. He listened to her instruction: "That amount is too much. The healing was too instantaneous for that price, even if it had come under cases of request. With Mr. Jones it is giving in return for receiving; with me it is receiving in return for giving. Spending Mind's money for Mind's needs never impoverishes Mind; moreover, Mind, Conscience, is enriched by every action it makes; it acts to promote good. Mind, Conscience, body and purse are all enriched by the same power—'operating

ETHEL ERNESTINE

unspent.' Divine supply is our purse, the same in earning as in spending, the same in being paid as in paying; 'the quality of mercy is not strained'; it has no power against it; divine Life cannot be self-existence without being self-supplying; realizing this, we know that 'all is Mind and its infinite manifestation,' " explained the practitioner, for she knew the Truth concerning her settlements, whether the money was passed from her or to her. "Paul, you may cut the check into halves. Return him fifty dollars with special thanks, deposit the other to my account."

"I shall be pleased with the privilege. I came by because I knew you would not accept all of it, and by way of parenthesis my errand gives me a chance of seeing how well you are," added Paul, justifying his coming unexpectedly.

Miss James, who was relieved that week of her duties, spent the greater part of the week in studying at the Science Reading Room. She became a reader of Christianity over a demonstration in applying laws of Go(o)d to a problem of supply. Step by step she accepted the scientific teaching and in many phases learned that her destitution devolved upon her own ignorance in condemning the very source of her existence—ignorance which must be eradicated if she expected to secure the blessings of ample supply through spiritual means. In conversation, after much study, she said: "I am beginning to see that in the first place Go(o)d gives comfort instead of the lack of comforts. Go(o)d's spiritual idea is exempt from discomforts. Spiritual manifestation is the law. The spiritual ideas in acknowledging Go(o)d in all His ways must manifest whatever he acknowledges. In Psalms we read: 'Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'

'God's promises are kept.' In the next consideration the human being must study himself in order to know his relation to God, and what he possesses to give in return for employment—what he can put into activity in order to take something out of it."

"You are correct," said her practitioner, "in divine supply there is an adjustment taking place, a meeting of needs without a deficit or a surplus. There is an adjustment effected by the proper giving work for accepting work. A surplus is as much an evil as a deficit. If human thoughts could have been as commonly thrown to the surplus side of the scales as they are to the deficit side, the surplus-d(evil) would have been as much a bugbear as the deficit-d(evil). Mortals at this time, in this age, having much or little to sustain them, do not acknowledge its source as Spirit nor recognize its substance as spiritual. In other words, whatever comes from God is godly. If he recognizes its divine nature, he must also recognize its inexhaustibleness. Whoever finds himself in dire straits has a very good sign that he is looking to matter instead of Spirit as substance and supply; perhaps to material forms as his object and purpose, instead of incorporeal and indissoluble forms."

During the intervening week Patrick and Ambrose were engaged in many dialogues regarding Miss Ernestine and her purposeful question as to the course in which we can most glorify Go(o)d? The latter's effort was to impart to, and to demonstrate in, the Mind of the former, an impersonal, impartial, substantiated counsel of omnipotent Truth.

"Patrick, be patient and considerate of Ethel. In our code of human relations men have much the advantage in this plane of existence. A man may see a lady

ETHEL ERNESTINE

friend two or three times and know a great deal more of her morals and what he would risk for himself by marrying her than she has a chance to know of his morals and what she would risk for herself. If you are fair and square, as I have every proof in the world to believe you are, you will have absolutely nothing to risk, but all for which you hope to gain in the consummation of your matrimonial desires; on the other hand, if you are unfair you will be woefully disappointed, because Ethel will not live under clouds of dishonor. She would give you no specific trouble, but you would have to live without her.”

“Under the pressure of discord or disagreement, spiritual understanding is a woman’s only defense, and if she has not the understanding to exterminate the error, she is helpless in correcting the mistake. Then, under the pressure of mortal mind’s methods, she either resorts to human endurance or retaliation, neither one of which is spiritual. There are two things above all else that we must necessarily know beyond all haze and talk: First, that there can be no legitimate cause for discord; second, that there can be no manifestation of fear, which is a lack of faith. There is no more redeeming or saving warmth of Go(o)d’s love in fear and discord than there is in arrant sin and disease. Fear, envy, and all the elements opposite to Go(o)d are cold, unredeemable and unredemptive; on the other hand, faith and the elements of Go(o)d abound in the warmth of His loving kindness. In my mind there is no greater glory to Go(o)d than a union of these two elements, faith and harmony (which goes without saying, minus the fear and discord). Ethel has seen too often the effect of a false belief of lust trying to operate in place of a true belief of reflected love. The false belief means infatuation to-

ETHEL ERNESTINE

day, infuriation tomorrow, each pretense leaving the field of error harder to conquer than it was previously. In addition to her observations, she looks backward upon her maidenhood as if it were a clean slate. She has committed no disgraces, no matrimonial engagements, no flirtation and no frivolous waste of time, although she has had chances to marry. She could have married an immensely rich and scholarly man, but she gave him no encouragement because he was unreliable; she never knew when he was telling her the truth. Her livelihood has been one of application to honest activities. She values things of the Spirit higher than those of matter, and when she takes a glimpse into the future she tries to see the same clean slate even more polished and brightened in order for it to shine in the minds of miserable beings to make them happy. There was a time when she would have thought of you, perhaps, although she would not have renewed her association with you if you had not searched your way through to the Science of Christianity. She has crossed a large part of the ocean of false belief into the flowing streams of Love's infinite good, which has transformed her being, renewed her mind into the regenerated consciousness announced by its Creator. When one's mind is thus renewed, that mind cannot degenerate into old beliefs any more than immortality can lapse into mortality, or intelligence into ignorance; that is, she cannot retreat backward over the part of the ocean of false beliefs; her friends must cross to her. That was the fixed gulf between the rich man and Lazarus—the gulf of Spirit to Lazarus; to the rich man it was false beliefs—sin, error, hell. Another practitioner would do well in Tampa. Six months ago Miss Ernestine declined an opportunity to move her office to Tampa because you had moved here on her account.

ETHEL ERNESTINE

The Cubans would rejoice at her locating with them permanently. There are many places she could go, but I realize she could never go away from your spiritual attitude toward her. There is really no trouble in the affair. All the trouble there is is borrowed, and it is giving way to the most perfect peace that man can conceive.”

The men were sitting in the porch swing, with their arms around each other. Mr. Ambrose noticed Paul's voice was full of tears, but he felt as if they were tears of joy instead of grief. “Patrick,” continued Ambrose, “I am sure you cannot be offended at what I am saying, because I love you sincerely. I should like very much indeed to be instrumental in making your pathway bright; if my discernment is correct, we will see Miss Ernestine become Mrs. Patrick before we leave here.”

“How could I be offended at such thoughts as you have expressed?” asked Paul between broken sighs. “To make my pathway brighter will be to eliminate any possible chance of discord on my part and the lack of faith on her part.”

“The elimination of those d(evil)s is what I am trying hardest to accomplish. They are both outside of harmony and outside of Christianity. If the government of Love is established within your mentalities you will never experience either danger. I have not the smallest degree of an inclination to pry curiously, but I might see the Truth clearer if you will tell me what provocation Ethel gave you for those accusations the night the light enveloped her.”

“Ambrose, it irritates me to think of that. I wish you would not mention it. She does not know what provocation is. She did not give me any.”

“I have no conception of what an intoxicated mind is like unto; I can't conceive of such ebullitions in this case. I would have no hope to press on if I could not see the power of Go(o)d over evil; that power of Go(o)d was present and was doing its work,” spoke Mr. Ambrose, resuming the scientific thought.

“In the Science of Christianity there are no offenses. They are relegated to the shore of false beliefs—as false as the thought of ghosts. In Luke 17:1 Jesus says: ‘It is impossible but that offenses will come; but woe unto him through whom they come.’ I feel as if I would not spitefully and intentionally offend anybody under any circumstances; it is my own offenses that I am failing to relegate. When I am so off my guard as to let the d(evil) come in on me, unpremeditated and unawares, to offend a being whom Go(o)d has sent into my life, it is more than my understanding can destroy.”

“In the realm of metaphysics it is already destroyed; offense could not enter her true consciousness, which is the image of Go(o)d; the Creator does not contain that kind of merchandise. You have relegated it to the shore of false beliefs, but you are giving it as much power under that name as you are giving to the true beliefs. The opposite to what is true cannot be true or hang on in its operation if we have no faith in it. The unreality has no existence in the realm of reality; the lie has no existence in the realm of Truth. It is not a part of you, or of Go(o)d, or of your God-given friends, and since Go(o)d is infinite there is nothing else for it to be a part. It has disappeared from consciousness, leaving harmony, the kingdom of heaven and all of us on the right shore,” interpreted the counselor.

“We do not need to conceive of d(evil). It is the cause and conception of evil that we have to destroy to

make room in our feeble minds for the conception of Go(o)d," argued Paul, unwavering from the base line of Principle.

"You are absolutely right in your application of the law of God. There is no power that can resist that law," agreed Mr. Ambrose.

CHAPTER XVII

Meanwhile Mr. Patrick was unable to carry on his work regularly at the bank. He felt a serious attack of regurgitation. At last he asked for a short absence and was driven home almost helpless. Miss Ernestine temporarily referred her patients to another practitioner in order to give her incessant thinking to the attack which d(evil) was making on Paul. She called Miss James back on duty. Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, being ready and capable nurses, were giving Mr. Patrick and Mrs. Alfred their entire attention. Mrs. Alfred thought their brother, Mr. Felix Patrick, of Nashville, should know Paul's condition and informed him by wire.

Apparently, to all mortal sense, Paul continued unconscious. Miss Ernestine knew that the testimony of Paul's water-and-lime body had nothing to do with his life; she knew that his spiritual soul was as conscious and alert as it ever was; she knew that every organ of his body was a spiritual idea of God and under the law of its maker was forced to obey its purpose; she knew that the supreme, infinite Creator could not set aside His creation to be ruled by a suppositious power; she knew that the water-and-lime man could not hold life in his own hands by dictating terms of health, because

ETHEL ERNESTINE

Go(o)d's laws could not be abolished; water and lime are important chemicals in God's universe, but as matter they possess no energy with which to germinate God's idea or to destroy the idea—they are not conscious embodiments. Jeremiah puts it: "I know that the way of man is not in himself. It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." She knew that the fetters of false beliefs must fall in the presence of the Truth that health and life are positive facts. She was not merely rehearsing certainties as if they were meaningless words; she was understandingly applying the Truth of what she was saying.

When Mr. Felix Patrick arrived that Saturday afternoon Paul did not arouse other than to recognize him. Felix knew they were Scientists. At times he would have liked to have possessed the faith they had, but he did not, so he said: "I have not come to criticize any methods you are pursuing, yet a doctor's examination will do Paul no harm and I shall be more satisfied to consult one. If you don't care to call a doctor, tell me a leading one and I will call him."

Mrs. Alfred, with the agreement that Paul was not to be drugged, gave him information of one, who came at once and examined Paul thoroughly. He announced: "Resting well, no pain, no fever, circulation fairly good, waste secretion fine—has great chance to be up soon." At Felix's request the doctor prolonged his visit and watched the patient rather closely. In about two hours he called Mr. Felix aside to tell him: "Your brother is dying. The heart is treacherous and materia medica has found very little to do in a case like this."

Circulation did seem to stop, and breathing was not visible. Mrs. Alfred collapsed, then immediately revived. Mr. Ambrose never left his mental post or Paul's

ETHEL ERNESTINE

bedside; his wife stood sometimes by him, sometimes by Mrs. Alfred, and sometimes at the phone getting Miss Ernestine's message: "Life is present; Paul is not dead. He can't die. Keep working, believing, and expecting living Life to act," came her voice. It was so calm and clear that relatives and friends sitting in the room heard it and were alarmed.

The doctor left the residence to secure an undertaker, who came to take charge of the body. When he felt the body he could not detect signs of life, still he had an acute sense of touch in handling the dead and Paul's flesh had the queerest feeling he had ever felt. He preferred waiting a little while.

A part of the time Miss Ernestine walked the floor of her office rebuking d(evil) aloud. This glorious light was at its brightest. She was not always conscious of the light, but she was at this particular time. The undertaker started again to examine the body, but he could not touch it. For an instant his vision left him. He felt a guidance that life was there. Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose abode in Ethel's discernment and understood God's spiritual idea is alive.

Another hour passed. The undertaker was near the bed, too. Mrs. Ambrose took down the receiver and immediately came the practitioner's voice again: "The only thing that is dead is death—the false belief. 'A bubble is air, full of air, and surrounded by air.' Paul is Life, full of Life, and surrounded by Life—living, active Life."

A soft silvery light enshrouded the bed and Paul awoke. The light slowly vanished and he spoke, repeating Mrs. Eddy's definition for obedience: "Never absent from your post, never off guard, never ill-

humored, never unwilling to work for God—is obedience.” (Miscellaneous Writings, page 116.)

“Patrick, you have been pretty low,” jollied the undertaker.

“My friend, that is just your opinion of it. My elevation is exalted. My spirit is higher than it has ever been. Eternal Life is the highest thought there is,” admonished Paul, as he raised himself up in bed.

By this time his brother and sister were near him, and watching Paul grow well and calm, they grew calm, too, begging him to rest and be quiet and to let them wait on him.

“You people are fine nurses. I have been in good hands that obey the spiritual hands—the significance of which is spiritual power,” Paul commented.

“God is mighty in thought and in action; we would have given up if our girl had not kept telephoning the steadfastness of divine Truth,” conceded Mrs. Ambrose.

“It’s no wonder we love her. It seems as if she has brought us out of all our wilderness of doubt and darkness into the promised land of faith and sunshine. We lean on her in all our trials; she is a comfort to us in sickness and in health; she is the channel for all we know concerning our salvation,” remarked Mrs. Alfred.

As soon as Paul was healed the cook slipped to the phone and fairly shouted: “Miss Ernestine, he is well and talking. Don’t it alarm you? They are all so glad over him and talking to him. I wanted to be first to tell you. I know you are happy as we are. Good-bye.” She then replaced the receiver and in her hilarity said: “Law, that woman must be fine. All she said was, ‘I thank you, I thank you,’ and just laughed and laughed in my ears. This is the best place I was ever in. It

ETHEL ERNESTINE

shore seems like heaven," disappearing to the kitchen as her merriment rang through the house.

"If it were not for that light I would send the car for her. I am well. There is nothing to prevent my going to see her," deliberated Paul.

"Don't go," interfered his brother. "I'll take the car. Go tell her the good news and how blessed we are. If she can come I will bring her back with me. The yardman will go with me." He suited the action to the word and was not long in making the trip, but she could not come. He told them the following message: "She says not to give her any praise at all. Keep personality out of the way, and not to rob God of the glory, 'lest a greater sin come upon us.' The other day she wrote to her Science teacher in Denver that gave her class instruction, and he is on the train to Galveston; she expects him any minute. I tried to remember her words and suppose you understand what they mean better than I do. Miss Ernestine looks surprisingly youthful and well, but the maid says she rarely eats or sleeps. Those are not bad indications, for she may eat to live and the maid may be used to people who live to eat. Amount of sleep is different, too. Her wakeful hours may be extremely few."

"I must relate a conversation I overheard. It's considerably on my mind and half vexed me. The hotel lobby was crowded with men dismissed from some business meeting. The doctor and the undertaker told in a few statements the straight story of this case. At first the doctor was excited, then said: 'The Science of Christianity is the only Christianity and the best movement there is in the world, but if I were to tell my patients that I might as well bring down my M.D. sign. I don't know how to earn a living in Science.

To get the benefit out of a conviction you have to live the conviction. The real Scientists live theirs to a large extent and their lives are testimonies of their faith; moreover, if I were as honest as Scientists are, I could not earn a living in materia medica. My wife was healed in Science, but we don't ever acknowledge it. It is no use to condemn the faith—we don't get any place with abuses; that advertises Science to the honest thinker who wants to think for himself. Preachers have tried condemnation for fifty years, but they have only blighted their own souls until they can't even stir up a revival. Although we can't admit it. The best thing to be done is to ignore the whole Christian Science movement and its followers.' He made some other assertions, the meaning of which I did not catch. That was a-plenty for me."

At the end of this recital Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, Paul and his sister were participants in boisterous laughter. To them he had told a huge joke.

"Paul, it does me good to see you laugh, but I am surprised at your fun. I had the impression that Scientists take their religion right seriously," said Mr. Felix, catching their jovial mood.

"We regard Christianity very seriously, but religion and criticism are not always Christianity, and our blessings through Christianity are too rapturous for any mournfulness, therefore our gratitude keeps us cheerful," explained Paul.

"How do you dispose of the common criticism that Scientists pray to Mrs. Eddy?" was the next point of interest.

"We dispose of it as Jesus taught us to do. He called it a lie. Mrs. Eddy was an inspired writer. Moses, the prophets, and St. Paul were inspired. No one thinks

of saying we pray to the earlier writers, yet we study their inspirations. All inspired Truth coming to the world to redeem humanity is a revelation from God. Persons through whom Truth is revealed are channels of God 'to seek and to save that which is lost.' Mrs. Eddy was the channel for the re-establishment of the laws of Christianity—laws inspired and revealed to save humanity—'to awaken to the practical nature of the divine idea' is the 'new birth'—a birth which has no death," concluded Paul.

"Those arguments are not objectionable to me. You must be an advanced student, and I begin to see why those criticisms sound ridiculous to you," acknowledged the visiting brother.

"The Science of Christianity is like all other great movements in one respect," justified Mr. Ambrose, who could seldom hear a discussion on that subject without adding his acknowledgment, "a proof that Go(o)d longs to express itself. Divine Science has come to us through a part of the highest intelligence that the race affords. All the electrical achievement, successful inventions, literary attainment, improved machinery, modern agriculture, new transportation, utilization of resources, accomplishments of fine arts, and all the other useful movements to mankind have come to us through some form of intelligence; ignorance is not a producer and could not have made anything. (It sometimes works in the opposite direction and that is why it is called evil.) That is a proof that Intelligence, Mind, when applied rightly, is the most useful thing there is, and is the highest source there is. These good effects also prove Intelligence, Mind, to be wholly good. They also prove their goodness by furnishing livelihood, or supply, for God's children. Thus we see back of effects, Intelli-

gence, or Mind, to be infinite Go(o)d. Mrs. Eddy, as well as other celebrities, was brilliant and learned."

Mr. Felix Patrick listened very attentively and when Mr. Ambrose had finished his statements the former admitted the legitimacy of these facts: "They are beyond me, and I am in the minority of this group," he also admitted.

CHAPTER XVIII

Miss Ernestine and her teacher were in her office—she at her desk and he in a comfortable rocker. She rehearsed her reasons for wanting his instruction.

"Miss Ernestine," he began, "I am sure you have gained the ground in understanding that enables you to say to your acquaintances, and especially your suitor, as many others have said: 'With all your faults I love you still.'" She laughed outright because she frequently did when she saw d(evil) disappearing. The man continued his reasoning. "That means more than it sounds, for if you are as 'Wise as serpents and harmless as doves' you can extinguish the faults before they extinguish you." He possessed a natural ingenuous cleverness for repartee that was inimitable.

"Our Discoverer has set us an infallible example in peace-making and peace-keeping. She refused to be drawn into any controversy, but she lifted up the Christ-idea, applied the laws of Principle, and counseled the way through Truth. Of course, this is not a controversy. The problem will admit the application of her unadulterated example. Jesus gave it to us before she did, so the Lord must expect us to use it. Can we do

likewise? It was the Christ-idea that said, 'I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness.' How can we follow Him? How can we do His deeds if we refuse to think His thoughts? He called everything opposed to good a lie. We would never fail in following Him—in demonstrating Go(o)d—if it were not a suppositious consciousness of a power opposed to good. The testimony of the physical senses or any testimony that speaks evil comes under this supposed power, but the 'new creature' in Christ knows nothing except the evidence and testimony of Go(o)d. We have resolved in our hearts, with St. Paul, that: 'Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Now, if any one name in this list, or in any other list, belonging to the d(evil), gives us trouble, just that far it is separating us from the love of God, and we fail to accept our share of the kingdom of heaven—the kingdom of harmony. The 'new creature' knows that the Christ-idea is speaking through his consciousness to destroy all that is unlike the Christ-idea. This is healing. It is overcoming d(evil) with good. To reach the high goal of understanding the human will must surrender to the divine will, or we fail to become 'new creatures' whom, Jesus said, 'Can do the works that I do.' "

"It is always appropriate to discuss the sense of forgiveness. It makes more demands on us than any of the commandments. To forgive false senses, various forms of error and human shortcomings does not mean to merely overlook it, or pass it by undisturbed, or shyly sidle around its subtlety. There is no forgiveness

ETHEL ERNESTINE

aside from elimination; therefore, the destruction, in the mind of the practitioner, of whatever the wrong sense may be is forgiveness. No treatment is replete unless it contains the sense of forgiveness (destruction of evil). Our understanding is given according to the Father's forgiveness (destruction of error) in answer to our importunity. If we are forgiven much, we understand much; that is, false sense is destroyed in our consciousness; Truth fills the vacancy; understanding much, we love much; without forgiveness (destruction of false sense), we love little and are constantly committing blunders in the sight of Christian Principle. An increment in forgiveness (elimination of false sense) is also an increment in understanding and an increment in love and loving. The Master forgave by destroying sin. If we do likewise we will be 'faithful to rebuke, ready to forgive.' Standing by the Truth in the face of all that looks ugly and bad gains harmony. Sticking to our knowledge of Principle prepares our mind for greater intelligence. To Intelligence there is no disappointment, or decline, or disadvantage. Holding fast to the understanding which we have already attained gives us grace to attain a higher knowledge and grace to hold fast to a higher sense of God and man. Only upon His wisdom reflected are we able to stand above the conflicting foes of oppression, sin, et cetera. It is the Divine wending and permeating its being into the channels of our minds, persuading us that nothing can separate us from Go(o)d. The clear understanding of each declaration is standing where we arrive. It rents the misty veil. The d(evil) cannot stand where Truth stands, and the law is, we stand for Truth because it stands for us."

In the early part of the evening Paul thought he

ETHEL ERNESTINE

would like to consult Miss Ernestine's teacher and phoned her to see if he could make arrangements to that effect. It was agreed that at ten o'clock her teacher should go to spend the night with Paul, and Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose should come to the hotel. Mrs. Alfred and her visiting brother took advantage of the occasion for a long chat. His curiosity was aroused about Miss Ernestine, because he had been kept in the dark concerning her and Paul's recent acquaintance. He dared not ask Paul so soon after his recovery for fear their affairs had something to do with his illness, and yet he did not understand, for it seemed as if their mutual-ity had more to do with Paul's healing.

"Felix, don't hurt Paul's feelings. He is the finest man you ever saw. We would not have told you falsehoods about Ethel, but since you were not interested sufficiently to ask of her, Paul preferred to solve the problem in Christianity, because we are not ashamed of trying to do right. To accomplish what seemed to be his allotted task he committed himself to only three or four Scientists whom he thought might help him," excused his sister.

"I am not a Scientist—maybe I am a matchmaker. If she is the girl I have in mind she has virtues to which a man could cling forever and never be deceived. Paul ought to marry, settle down, and be sensible. Though he is right, he will help conduct a happy home or none at all. I once thought there is nothing to love affairs, but a better way to look at it is that the Christian love in the affairs is all there is in them. I'll be careful what I say. We folks in Nashville feel envious of you and Paul because we never see you. If I have my way you are both going home with me for a while."

"Paul is settled down—as you say. He has not gone

with any other girl since he was on the Western coast. I have cheerfully kept his secrets; that is the only way in which I could help him. We are proving our discipleship in that as well as in other circumstances. I think they will marry sometime."

"Sometime!" repeated Felix, shaking his head dubiously. "Did he go out there to see her? Why, that has been so long ago I had forgotten it."

"Not as long as it seems," reminded Mrs. Alfred.

The Ambroses knew that things were working together for Go(o)d and Go(o)d's glory. They and Ethel discussed divine laws, recent demonstrations, and how adequately they had been proven, until after one o'clock and the former retired. Toward the dawn of the morning the light enshrouding the latter disappeared and she grew stupid. She instructed Miss James to not wake her if she fell asleep; then she reclined on the bed with "Science and Health, With Key to the Scripture," by Mary Baker Eddy, in her hand, and without undressing, which had been her custom through several wakeful days and nights.

It was Sunday morning and at the breakfast hour Miss James found her employer soundly asleep and the book on the floor. She conferred with Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose concerning the matter.

"That is a fine report. We shall not disturb her this morning," was their further instruction to Miss James.

"I have one request to make—that you absent yourselves from church and stay near; so if I need you there will be no delay in coming in," expressed the girl.

"Certainly, we shall remain here close. However, let us have no fear. Love is in the world to cast out fear. The laws of Go(o)d have to be lived and lived to the extent that the human being may suffer death, if need

be, for His glory, rather than forfeit obedience to the laws," answered Mrs. Ambrose.

"Yes, and in true obedience forfeiture is translated back into Spirit. 'God brings back His own.' If we have no faith we are more asleep than Miss Ernestine is, because the faithless are spiritually asleep, which is worse than to be physically asleep. The Scripture says: 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' It does not mean the physically dead. Eternal Life is our Life. We are dead (or alive) in proportion to our knowledge of God. If we are alert to rise from the dead (the sense of evil), Christ will be our light. The darkness becomes dead. Dead things are no things. The only death there is, is the death of the mortal, temporal—evil," supplied Mr. Ambrose to strengthen Miss James in her reasoning.

The Patricks had experienced a most enjoyable and beneficial evening, also the morning. The teacher had set forth the facts of being; he had shown them the difference in "the law and the gospel"; he explained our reaching the kingdom of heaven by giving all power to good; he proved to them that infinite harmonious consciousness is heaven, a state of mind—not a locality; he showed them that the promises must be fulfilled through righteous thinking instead of through unrighteous thinking; that good is a positive fact; that the human will, surrendering to the divine, wins a victory for Truth; that no evil or lustful purpose can enter the realm of good; that matter cannot create and is not self-existent; that a fountain cannot send out "both sweet and bitter water"; that wrong-thinking and its manifestations are "the old man and his deeds"; that "God's will is sweetest when it triumphs at His cost"; that the Christ-idea, speaking through the human con-

ETHEL ERNESTINE

sciousness, is His cost—and we must not hinder such speaking.

They insisted on the teacher breakfasting with them. After the meal was eaten he suggested that he, and they, too, if they preferred, should be transferred to the other end of the line—that is, to Miss Ernestine's home.

“That is where I am going as soon as I am ready,” Paul assured.

“I am going. I should like to see her again before I leave,” joined Felix. They looked at their sister to hear what she intended to do.

“I would not think of anything else except going with you. Then if any of us want to attend church we may go from there,” concurred Mrs. Alfred.

They reached the hotel lobby at nine-thirty. Mr. Ambrose met them there and told them Miss Ernestine's orders; they ascended to her office quietly. When she was wakeful they wanted her to sleep; now she is asleep a mist of fear came over them, and they, like the disciples in the ship, wanted her to speak. Paul did not tarry in the office; he went promptly to Ethel's bedside, put his arm under her shoulders to lift her as he straightened her pillow. He tried to feel her pulse, but in his anxiety he failed to find any. His sorrowful outburst was such a vociferous wail that it brought the inmates close. Ethel aroused. In his violent lamentation he commanded his peace enough to say in rapid succession: “Ethel, are you passing on? Ethel, are you leaving me?”

“Paul,” came her soothing voice, “I am not passing. Wake me up. What's the matter? Soul and its infinite manifestation never regurgitates.”

“Ethel, I am well. Leave my treatment and work

ETHEL ERNESTINE

for yourself if you can. You were so lifeless that I thought you were dead. I can't live very long without you," coaxed Paul as he sat beside her on the bed to brace her while she was overcoming her numbness.

"Miss Ernestine, you are the apple of Paul's eye—the 'flower of his heart.' You mean a great deal to one another—more, I am afraid, than you realize. He expects nor requires nothing of you in return for his adoration, but takes everything good for granted. That is the truest Love I have ever seen. I would like to call you sister while I am here," persuaded Mr. Felix Patrick.

"Your adopted parents are willing; they will not give you away. Paul will be readily accepted as an adopted son," smilingly proposed Mr. Ambrose.

She either had not recovered or was manifesting symptoms of relapse into drowsiness, and Paul was watching her instead of noticing what was being said, for his discernment was that they barely reached her in time to heal her.

"Miss Ernestine," her teacher addressed her, "I have come over all the mental road from creation, and over the manifested road from Denver, to help. It seems as if there must be a short ceremony officiated. Are you willing? And are you ready?"

She stood as if to regain a natural wakefulness. Paul stood, too, and held her hands clasped in his against his breast as he declared his intentions of a firm resolution: "Ethel, I am reminded of David's saying, 'My tears have been my meat day and night while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?' I am not manifesting a greed for wealth—I never did. However, I am manifesting, decidedly, an insatiable greed for love in the form of prayer, and my prayer is answered.

When the Children of Israel reached a certain state in their salvation the Lord commanded them to possess their goal--their promised reward. My state of entitlement may not be very high or very clear, and I am not so sure of the divine command, but I have come to manifest possession and there are no secrets concerning it. 'Are you ready?' "

"Have you the proper papers in your pocket?" she asked, her gaze meeting his, which was like steel meeting steel in a pensive *tete-a-tete*.

"No, but I can get them," he affirmed, with a look of expectancy for an answer to his question.

"I am ready this very minute and object to waiting another one. This is an ideal crowd of witnesses."

"You will spare me enough minutes to get a license? We can't marry without it," Paul reasoned beseechingly.

"Paul, are you indulging in stratagem?"

"Ethel, let us be serious for once. Have all the fun you like; still I would much prefer you would refrain from making a joke of my question or from belittling my intentions, especially in the presence of company. However, if that is your attitude I shall neither see it nor hear it. You can express nothing opposed to Good." In spite of his seriousness a broader smile played over his countenance as the spirit of triumph prevailed with those present.

"I'll be serious enough to grant your preference by making it my preference. To me it is a jolly occasion; I know of no other sort. My anticipation of evil in our marriage has disappeared and an anticipation of genuine pleasure for both of us wins my consent. Telephone the clerk and the county judge to bring the

license and fill it out here. You can't leave me again until this wedding is over."

"I'll see to that and have it here in an instant," promised Mr. Ambrose as he occupied the seat at the phone to execute Ethel's plan.

CHAPTER XIX

Mrs. Ambrose ushered the party from the bedroom to the office, excepting the contracting couple. They sat on a low princess dresser.

"Miss Ernestine, shall I bring you some breakfast? You know you have not eaten much in sixty hours," entreated her maid.

"Not until this ceremony is said—I'll eat dinner," was the gleeful response.

"Sixty hours," repeated Paul, with a manner of searching inquiry for an explanation, which was a natural characteristic of him.

"She has heavenly 'food you know not of,'" remarked her teacher.

"Ethel, I did not expect to be newly alarmed about your physical condition, although my discernment told me all the morning to come to you. When I saw you my peace left me and I was as much dependent as you were in that awful somnolency. Your teacher and the Ambroses demonstrated Truth; at least my mentality could not have kept you here. I receive the benefit of their work by your staying with us."

"Paul, d(evil) had nothing to sustain it. God holds the law of good in his hands and he is the curative principle of every trouble, every circumstance, every

activity, and every motion. He invites us and, in fact, compels us to acknowledge Him in all our ways, then He directs our minds. He is directing mine just now that we must have a Christian ceremony to follow the civil one. My teacher can read the latter one. May I have your permission to speak to him?"

"Certainly, give him your plan. I am enthused by your thought of it. The chance of one ceremony rejoices me so much I am sure I would never have thought of the second one, though I am willing to listen to as many as our friends want to say."

Thanking Paul for his consent, she gave her teacher suggestions for the Christian service, immediately returning to her seat to await this happy event.

Our fair lady was dressed in the blue messaline she wore when the light enveloped her. "This is a beautiful dress and becoming to you. I admire you in it, notwithstanding the unpleasant memory it brings to my mind of that night."

"You are not going to malpractise yourself to me. Unpleasant memories must be erased. They should not come up into our thoughts. Don't worry about that any more. The infinitely pleasant part of the matter was that Go(o)d was there and did the work perfectly. Mr. Jones' awakening depended on that particular time. We were all blessed that night. The light came for our good. The deep truths of being have abounded in our minds because of the light. I told you my burden was too heavy for me to sleep. The thought that came into my consciousness that I did not confess was that I would never be your wife. Its assumed name was resentment. Yesterday I had to see that differently before I could be a clear channel for your health. I was obedient to the scientific sense of what I knew of God and

ETHEL ERNESTINE

man, therefore I am happy. My will is not my own; it belongeth to the Father who sent me. So let other occasions counteract that one. You must. We were clothed in Spirit as much then as we are now. Go(o)d predominates all the time, or He is just sometimes mighty and sometimes not."

"You were clothed in Spirit, but I am not claiming it for myself. I am too overwhelmed at present with Spirit to talk to you. No wonder I responded to your treatment yesterday," he mused, as he took her hand into his caressingly.

"We should not wonder at Go(o)d. It should be expected. If I remember correctly, you were overwhelmed that night by a healing. Were you not?" She wanted to leave the subject, yet she wanted him to see the better sense of it.

"Indeed, I was. You are right. When Spirit says this ceremony all our personal difficulties will have been settled on my part."

"That's good; they are already settled; the lie is not sustained by Truth," persisted Ethel. "Paul, there is a multitude of ways, actions and deeds in which we express love besides the common statement, 'I love you.' You are an artist in your expressions. I know you reflect divine Love and I cannot resist it. If I am so unfortunate as to find no ways by which you can realize a mutual affection, after today I will resort to the familiar phraseology and tell you often, 'I love you.'" Her tones were low and clear.

"Oh! Hush—hush; you are heaping coals of fire upon my head," he enjoined.

"If the clerk does not come soon I'll be asleep. I did not get my nap out."

As she completed this sentence Miss James came in

ETHEL ERNESTINE

with a cup of hot cocoa and a well-buttered piece of toast. "Mrs. Alfred told me to bring you something, and this was the best I could find at this hour," explained the girl apologetically.

"I thank you and her, too, Eva. That is too good to refuse. If the judge were here we would hear the—words—first." She began to eat as she talked.

The officials appeared as she finished the last morsel. The blanks were hurriedly filled. The proprietress had invited them to the parlor, and also to a wedding luncheon to be served at one o'clock. In the next scene of action the bridal party withdrew to the private parlor, where Paul and Ethel were married. When the judge in his quiet dignity had performed his civil duty the party resumed an additional poise. The teacher stepped in front of the married couple and read the completion of the following order:

Hymn 109 (read).

Tenets (read).

Rules for Motives and Acts (read).

Bible:	Science and Health:
I. Cor. 7:12-16	57:31-32
II. Cor. 6:14	58:31-6
I. Cor. 7:3	59:17-22
Luke 20:34-35	60:4-8, 16-23
Isa. 54:5	6:29-6
Hosea 2:19	65:25-28

Hymn 115 (read).

The Interpretation of the Lord's Prayer, from p. 16.

Benediction—Jude 1:24-25.

When the intimate group was again alone the groom embraced his bride and showered her face with kisses. "Divine Love, because it is true and everlasting, is the only 'Balm of Gilead,' counteracting human mistakes," philosophized Paul defensively.

Copious congratulations from the beloved guests were merry and spontaneous. They were followed by a reminder from Mrs. Alfred that "There is nothing to hinder the party from driving to eleven o'clock service, as it is fifteen or twenty minutes till that time."

"Ethel feels the need of sleep. Miss James and I will remain with her and you chaperone all who will go to church," was Paul's hospitable direction. "A good plan—I think I should like to see the church," assented the teacher.

"And if the luncheon is to be at one, we may stay out for a short drive around town, coming in about twelve forty-five," joined Mr. Felix Patrick.

"All right," hailed the others, and they were gone.

"It may be mental work I need to do instead of sleeping," remarked the bride to her husband when they were in the former's office.

"Your teacher is working for you and there is nobody's life hanging in the balance—no pressing need for your work—and we are not required to reach total abstinence from food and sleep while we are in the flesh. Lie on the bed for a while. I will sit by you and help with the mental work for you this time," persuaded the husband as he led her to the bed. Turning around, he sent Miss James for some oranges, a box of candied dates, and a glass of milk. Calls at the phone and the door kept Paul busy answering them until the maid returned. He pared Ethel an orange while she drank the milk, and the three of them ate the dates for

company. She slept about one and a half hours, woke naturally and ready to resume her practice. The group was soon to disperse. The teacher would get a train at four o'clock for Denver. It seemed an opportune time for Mrs. Alfred to accompany Mr. Felix for a two weeks' sojourn. She ordered that Mr. and Mrs. Paul Patrick be at the mercy of her plan and live in the hotel until she returned to receive them. Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, feeling that their mission had been fulfilled, could leave at six on a steamer direct to Tampa. They urged Mrs. Alfred and her brother to make the trip with them and rest in Tampa, which they did, leaving Paul and his wife to enjoy the ecstatic outlook of the new exaltation. The readers of this story may read, some day, its sequel, Paul Patrick.

The concept of spirituality may be likened to the concept of temperature. In physical science temperature is heat. Cold is not a true scientific term because it is negative; heat is positive and is considered much or little in measurements known as degrees. Physical scientists claim to have found a degree as low as two hundred seventy-three degrees below zero. From the established point temperature travels up the scale, so many degrees below, so many degrees above, freezing, boiling, and so on, their highest point being six hundred sixty degrees, they claim.

In the realm of spirituality evil is not a true term because it is negative; good is positive and is considered by deeds or conduct. In the spiritual scale, realizing that there is no such thing as total depravity, we start at the first conceivable degree, which is depravity, character of the lowest type, and ascend through the Christian translation of such as false beliefs, salvation, understanding, up to the 'image and likeness' of the

ETHEL ERNESTINE

supreme Creator. Dear reader, what is your abiding point in the spiritual-thermometer?

“Tamper not with idle rumor,
Lest the Truth appear to lie;
Carve thy life to hilted silence,
Wrong shall fall on it and die;
Tamper not with accusation,
Harvest not what thou hast heard;
Christ stood in the court of Pilate,
But He answered not a word.”

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