

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

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There is one thing the student of mind is told when first taking up metaphysics which he forgets right away, and picks up again but slowly after hard and bitter experiences for lack of the knowledge.

It is that we are all the children of one common Parent who careth for each and every one of us with equal tenderness, and is no respecter of persons, but rewards us each according to our deserts. The student who has heard this platitude all the days of his life, now hears it again, but the words take no deeper hold than ever.

He begins to treat for disease and sickness and sorrow by utterly rejecting them as unrealities—ugly figments of a mind in error, and soon finds that as he treats for physical infirmities he must treat also for the causes of them, the sins that bear a scientific relation to them.

As a practitioner he deals with ultimates; that is he mentally tells the extremest fact to his patient. He mentally tells his patient that he is not paralyzed or deaf or otherwise diseased. He tells him he is not treacherous or mean or malignant, though helpless limbs and closed Eustachian tubes and treachery are written large and claim the whole ground.

He knows that in order to be successful he must tell the highest good as already accomplished—according to Bible command, to pray as if he already had the blessing.

He is puzzled by being obliged to state what is directly opposite to the seeming at first but by and by finds that as every artizan and artist keeps an ideal constantly in mind and works

toward it and nothing short of it, so he must keep in mind the freedom from evil conditions which a perfect being would have. Then he works out or externalizes that idea of health or freedom upon what is called a patient's body. Thus with sinfulness or disease or foolishness, he deals as non-existence.

He begins to think it strange that he is compelled to talk to the sinner exactly as to the saint, and it sometimes surprises him to see that a right out-and-out sinner takes the silent lessons with better results than the pious deacon; that is, he gets well twice as quickly and does a hundred times more to advance the healing Truth for others.

The practitioner nevertheless refuses to externalize into his own actions a consistent agreement with his silent argument. He is afraid to identify himself with his formerly weak neighbor, lest his own name or character be harmed or hurt by such companionship.

He is horrified and indignant to find that the Good Father of all has blessed the sinner's work with power beyond his own, and all the jealousy of his nature is aroused. But when this is aroused against the works and worth of one—even the humblest among his co-workers, he finds himself getting bitter and suspicious toward all the sect. For jealousy is cruel as the grave and will not rest till one has begun to suspect "even them of his own household" of designs against his honor and rightful place.

Now then, the ardent student of science is all at sea. Denying mentally, when called upon to treat disease the causes of such diseases or the sins of character, and affirming the perfection he desires to see brought to pass, he knows he is denying for the whole race what he denies for one.

But while he is treating his patient A, he is half calculating how he can circumvent B, and keep him from growing into such high favor with the public. He concludes it can best be done by public defamation of character or abilities or motives, perhaps, or he may think some quiet subtle work done by agents, to destroy the rival's growing favor, will work the best.

He is very unhappy now—just as unhappy as he ever was before he knew the science which promised so much. And not a single plan succeeds. He begins to doubt the power and goodness of the Good of which he talks so much, and gets to believing in the power of another Force, because his jealous whims are thwarted. He thinks the poor patient, now so successful and happy—once so sorrowful and immoral,—is aided and abetted by this Force whose name is Evil. Evil is no longer non-existence and the good the all to him.

And as he thinketh in his heart so is it upon him. He has begun to taste the fruits of Evil. For he believes in it. Patients begin to desert him, friends get no inspiration from him. He plots and schemes just like people of the old world out of which he came into knowledge of the saving Truth, and everywhere is harassed and beset by troubles just like the old world's people.

Now the first lesson kept in mind would have saved him all this. In our Father's house—that is this kingdom of blessedness into which the metaphysician enters,—there are many mansions, that is, there are places enough for all, and equally good places, each with the other. All that is asked of those who enter into this house of blessedness is that they each be faithful over the least of the duties that belong to them, to by

and by be rulers over great things. The least of the duties sometimes means going right on and seeing, without envyings or jealousies, people whom we would not have chosen set over us in favor, accomplishing greater things than we, taking as it would seem even our own meed of praise from us.

It is a hard passage through which we pass, and the manner of our passing through that one crucible is measure of our excellence.

If we stand the test our reward is wonderful. If we keep right on faithfully about our little work and do it with all our heart and mind and strength, nothing doubting, helping with encouraging smile every report of others' success, stifling back the least rise of the thought, "It is better than mine"—or, "Surely they will get a better name than mine," we shall save ourselves all that bitterness and weariness and terror through which some of our workers are going now.

We shall rise by merit of doing the Best we know. Doing the best is serving the Best. And—beautiful Truth—the Best is the Father of all, the perfect Intelligence, who governs all, and rewards all who serve. That is, if we serve the Best by doing it, the Best will come to us—better than we can ask or even think.

With long life will it satisfy us. And with riches and honor and blessings will it lade us. The tongue of an enemy cannot hurt, nor the pestilence destroy.

Be not envious. Rejoice and again rejoice. Remember the first lesson.

The talent of success is nothing more than the doing what you can do well without a thought of fame.—Long-fellow.