

ured by pounds, pressure or weight; a power which moves men. It vivifies the sluggard, and makes him instinct with life and ambition. It changes the loathsome sensualist into the idealist. It is the word or words spoken, weightless things though they be, that send him across oceans and amid foreign nations to work, to suffer, to die. These words, how tremendous their power! How they rankle, embittering a whole life! How they bless, sweetening another life! War, misery, anguish, death, all from a few words.

But whence this power? It is not in the words considered as a collection of sounds. Words uttered without feeling are powerless; they are but air, and carry no burden. He who would influence others for weal or woe must feel, must possess emotional memory and imagination. An imagination fired by feeling is the moving force which gives words their power. There is no power in logic. Two opposing minds will not convince each other by argument. But let the vivifying influence—feeling, emotion—be the burden borne along by words, and where argument failed, feeling and emotion succeed.

It is a trite saying of physics that the sunbeam clothes the flower of the field with its beauty, and tints the autumn leaf; but it is the imagination built on feeling which becomes the evidence of things not seen, and reads out of the ether waves, composing the picture of the flower, the burden of a Heavenly Father's love, and finds an interpretation of the physical phenomenon clothed with spiritual beauty in the words "Consider the lilies of the field," etc., and again, "If God so clothe the grass of the field," etc.

It may be a scientific fact that the wondrous beauty of sunsets of recent times is due to volcanic dust, but it is the imagination built on feeling which sifts out the finer vibrations from the gorgeous beauty, and reads out of them a message of power—a revelation of an immortality.

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"Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not."