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Now I know every girl wants to know her future so last Sunday I took seventy-five little copies of the Book of Psalms to my club of girls, gave each one a copy to mark and keep, and told them that every girl could find her future in the little volume.

These were the problems asked and found answered in Psalms:

What am I going to be?

Shall I be successful in my ambition? (Find out how many times in Psalms failure is promised to the ungodly and success to the right living person.)

How may I know I am safe?

How may I be protected?

I am uncertain—helpless and discouraged. What shall I do?

Am I going to be always in poverty?

I have enemies—I am trying to live right—they are trying to injure me. I am under the power of a certain man or woman. Will these enemies crush me?

The Book of Psalms is full of splendid answers to these questions.

I am the victim of gossip, of dishonest slander. What effect will this have on my life?

Shall I be educated?

Shall I have good friends?

Others are jealous of me and are trying to crowd me out. What shall I do?

Shall I have a happy future?

These are vital questions in the minds of most girls. They are all wonderfully answered in the Book of Psalms. Our girls were astonished when they found the answers. By the way, the Psalms are full of promises of happiness to those who live right.

Now I want to relate an experience of this winter.

A woman advertised for a position as housekeeper to bachelors or widowers. She was rooming in a private rooming house. Men answered in person her advertisement. This woman also made the acquaintance of lonely young girls on the streets and in places of amusement and invited them to her room. The girls were so pleased to find a woman who would befriend them. She then advised them to have their fortunes told at a certain place. Then evenings she took them to places where they could meet men friends. It was so strange that the fortunes told them came true.

A LITTLE TALE OF A BIG LOVE

In the middle of the eighteenth century the English began to make delftware in Staffordshire. At that time John Wesley visited the place and this was an item in his journal: "I met a young man by the name of J. Wedgwood who had planted a flower garden adjacent to his pottery. He had his men wash their hands and faces and change their clothes after working in the clay. He is small and lame, but his soul is near God."

I am getting this story from Little Journeys and will quote a few of the ideas that Hubbard relates in the tale. "Josiah Wedgwood was in love, madly, insanely, tragically in love! And he was liberating that love in his work. Hence he planted a flower garden and of course the flower garden was for the lady he loved. Love must do something—it is a form of vital energy—and the best things it does, it does for the beloved."

Thomas Wedgwood, the father of Josiah, was a potter and Josiah worked hard throwing clay on the potter's wheel when he was only nine years old. He learned to read at his mother's knee. At nineteen he wrote this in his diary: "My apprenticeship to my brother is expired. I have my trade, a lame leg, and the marks of smallpox—and I never was goodlooking anyway."

He was sick, lame and penniless. He felt that he was a burden to his brothers and sisters.

About this time a splendid squire and his daughter Sarah rode over to the Wedgwood potters.

In the kitchen, propped on a bench, sat Josiah, worn yellow and wan, all pitted with purple smallpox marks. The girl looked at the young man and asked him how he got hurt.

She went to her father's saddle and got a copy of Thomson's Seasons and

gave it him and stroked the sick boy's head and said she hoped he would soon be well.

And Josiah—he was speechless, dumb—his tongue paralysed.

The room swam and then teetered up and down, and everything seemed touched with a strange, wondrous light. And in both hands Josiah Wedgwood tenderly held the copy of Thomson's Seasons.

Gladstone said it was smallpox that drove Josiah Wedgwood to books and art. The dregs of the disease settled in his leg and made it necessary to be amputated. It was a calamity that prevented him from growing up to be an active, vigorous workman; but it sent his mind inward and drove him to meditate upon the laws and secrets of the art of pottery. It gave him new perception and grasp. Josiah kept Thomson's Seasons three months, then returned it for two reasons he said. First, he had committed it to memory and second possibly another one might be sent him instead.

He returned to his work in the pottery but instead of making stone jugs, he experimented on glazes. He covered a wooden box with tiny pieces of ornamental "porcelain" and sent it to Sarah.

Sarah wrote a note of appreciation. Later her father ordered two more boxes and sent ten shillings. Josiah now spent all of his spare time experimenting with new clays and colors and sent ladies and knife blades and spoons to the squire. Josiah's brother criticized his new experiments. The squire sent some of the pieces to a Sheffield cutler and the cutler wanted to engage the services of a young man so talented that he could make a snuff box with beautiful leaves modelled on it. But Josiah's brother would not let him go.

When he was twenty-one he went to see the Squire and his daughter. When he returned he determined to get away from his brother and branch out for himself.

Sarah's life to him was a great living presence, and all of his plans for the future were made with her in mind. Brown butter crocks were out of the question now. It was blue plates covered with vines and roses and he even had visions of a teaset covered with cupids and flying angels.

He soon went into partnership with a man named Whieldon who furnished the money. Wedgwood invented a mill for grinding stone, and experimented with every kind of rock he could find and be-

came a great modeller. In a year he had saved up a hundred pounds and Sarah had written: "I am so proud of your success—we all predict for you a great future." He soon went to see the Squire on "important" business and the Squire turned him down. He told him he was a fool to expect to marry his only daughter—no contract of marriage with a lame potter from Burslem for her! She would some day be heiress to ten thousand pounds and must marry a man who could match her dowry.

On such matters daughters sometimes do not agree with paternal opinions. She told Josiah in secret that he could some day match her dowry. "Match my dowry, Josiah—you can do it."

He saved a thousand pounds and started a business of his own at Burslem. He wrote Sarah that "Burslem shall yet be a symbol of all that is beautiful, honest and true—we shall see! I am only a potter, yes, but I'll be the best one that England has ever seen." And he began by planting a flower garden and it was at this time that Wesley wrote: "His soul is near God."

Wedgwood worked—nothing was quite good enough—it must be better. Orders came in from nobility for dinner sets and the English middle class began to adopt

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