

than to receive." In this matter giving doth not impoverish, but maketh us rich indeed. The world never loves a miser, whether he may be a miser with regard to his silver or his gold, or a miser in a higher sense than that. He may be a miser in that he does not extend his kind words and perform kind deeds for his fellowmen. We have built monuments for heroes, for unselfish men and women who threw themselves into the thickest of the fight to save the nation, to save the home and to save the community. Everybody, no matter what his life may be, loves the unselfish man or woman. And hence, when we begin to forget ourselves, everybody begins to remember us and speak benedictions over our head, and so if we would be happy, we must make others happy. If we would help the world, we must lose ourselves and as heroes and heroines rush in to assist by throwing out the life line over the dark waters of human struggle, and help to rescue those who are going down in the vortex and the storm. Selfishness is the root of all the evils in this world. Selfishness hurled Lucifer, the son of the morning, down from heaven and made him the king of devils in hell. Selfishness has brought discredit among men and women, nationally and ecclesiastically. Nations have been destroyed, millions of lives have been lost on the train of selfishness. Homes have been destroyed and friends have become separated and estranged by this curse, selfishness.

Thoughts are Everything.

Now how are we to overcome this? I want to say to you that the greatest, the most potential instrument that we can bring to bear in the building up of character is thought. It all starts with thoughts. Thoughts are things. Thoughts are forces; the most powerful in the universe. What shall be the character of our thoughts? If we are jealous, if we give way to hatred, to malice, to rage, to anger, we are having what some would call a brain storm, or as others would say, we are in a mental thunderstorm. They sour our whole disposition, ruin our lives, blast our hopes, destroy our prospects and make us utter failures in ourselves, and we are helpless in the way of assisting others. I have heard people say, "Oh, the milk is sour this morning, I guess it was the thunderstorm that did it." Yes, and when you permit yourself to become a grouch, or shall I say mad, you sour your disposition and ruin your life. But you might object to the word mad, but I will not apologize for it. I have seen men and women get so angry that they were really mad. I mean by that crazy, irresponsible for what they did or said. Now suppose they were raging and tearing away for a moment or so, you would then say they were in a fit of anger; you must overlook it. But suppose that moment grew into hours, days, weeks and months, would you not conclude that I had used the proper word, mad, or crazy, for you would have them put in the asylum for the insane. Now, some people are only crazy a moment, some are crazy five minutes, some are crazy an hour, and some are crazy for a lifetime.

One act performed under this insane condition may divide friends for life, may wreck homes, may blast hopes, and a whole life may perish, yea, many lives may be destroyed by reason of the word spoken or the acts performed during the insanity of one hour. And thought was the foundation for all this battle and war that terminates in death in this life, and goes on to reach a settlement some time, somewhere, after the tears of ages have been shed in the great beyond, which we call eternity.

Love Must Be Tended Well.

There are other thoughts upon which we build, the palaces of love, sympathy, pity, kindness and patience and these palaces we erect by the power of our thoughts. We build our own home in which we are to dwell, whether it is a home of malice or love, or harshness or of pity. Life is a