

ever necessary? Can aught of good result from so much of evil? We believe war is necessary even as the surgeon's knife is necessary, when the disease, deeply rooted, cannot otherwise be reached. Humanity is not a perfect body, each part harmonizing and working in accord with the whole.

Unbrotherliness or separativeness, the lust of power and possessions, are deeply-rooted evils which take strong measures to discover, and, in time, to heal or eradicate. War represents the surgeon's knife, used by Pain—not in anger or wild unreason, but with forethought, and intent to cure.

When men realize that they are united on every plane of being, the need for wars shall cease, and pain no longer prove a mystery; for the hidden Deity will stand revealed in all His beauty. Till then, life will be o'ershadowed by Pain and wild unrest, for so the Gods decree.

Know ye the morning glories which spring where the Love-God passes? Heard ye the laughing waters which whisper of love's strange ways? Saw ye the white clouds flying with messages love-laden? If not, of a truth "Ye must be born again;" for love is life, and its divine interpreter.

She loved him; her life, her thoughts, her very being, had been yielded to him unreservedly. Then he who held this priceless treasure played with it awhile, then threw it lightly aside, and went his way unheeding. She, in sad amaze that the sun of life had set in mid-heaven, faded silently ere the spring flowers could whisper hope. In another life, no doubt, she was taught the meaning of pain; but in this one the lesson was too hard for her to learn, so she fell asleep ere its mystery was discovered. And the man, what of him? Unheeding, too, he went his way; but Pain met him, and anguish proved his saviour.

Why did we choose earthly existence? Was it not to learn by experience that humanity is One Divine Being whose mission it is to restore and redeem. Pain and pleasure are opposite poles of experience. We learn from both. Joy and beauty are humanity's birthright; 'tis we who have sold our royal heritage for "a mess of pottage," and now we awake to find ourselves in a strange land, where joy is but an angel visitant sent to remind us of our olden home, where sin, pain and death were unknown, because men lived in Unity with each other, and with the Father of Lights, even the Spirit of Truth.

There are some who follow beauty, and find in it such deep abiding joy that unconsciously they have left the prison home of self behind, ere they know of their release. Happy souls, if they live to scatter beauty's offerings over life's pathway! For such as these pain proves but the shadow which