

home to tell his mother of his success. when daubeny had first come to saint winifreds, he had been forced to go through very great persecution. as he sat down to do his work he would be pelted with orange peel, kicked, tilted off the form on which he sat, ridiculed, and sometimes chased out of the room. all this he had endured with admirable patience and good humour; in short, so patiently and good humouredly that all boys who had in them a spark of sense or honour very soon abandoned this system of torment, and made up for it as far as they could by respect and kindness, which always, however, took more or less the form of banter. it is not to be expected that boys will ever be made to see that steady, strenuous industry, even when it fails, is a greater and a better thing than idle cleverness, but those few who were so far in advance of their years as to have some intuition of this fact, felt for the character of daubeny, a value which gave him an influence of a rare and important kind. for nothing could daunt this young martyr not even failure itself. if he were too much bullied and annoyed to get up his lesson overnight, he would be up by five in the morning working at it with unremitting assiduity. very often he overdid it, and knew his lesson all the worse in proportion as he had spent upon it too great an amount of time. without being positively stupid, his intellect was somewhat dull, and as his manner was shy and awkward he had not been quite understood at first, and no master had taken him specially in hand to lighten his burdens. his bitterest trial, therefore, was to fail completely every now and then, and be reproached for it by some master who little knew the hours in your civilization. one man, beloved friends, who was not afraid to come forth from the masses. as i have said before, if you think with the masses, believe with the masses, then you have lost your individuality. then you become one with the masses. seek the truth and stand by it, my children. use your intelligence. that is why your creator gave it to you. place no limitation upon yourself, but realize that you are this great power and intelligence that rules the universe. therefore, locked within you are the powers that shall manifest all that you need. you need only to unlock them through the love and understanding you are seeking. what, my friends, do you think is the greatest power in the universe love is the greatest power, replied dorothy. you have spoken truly, my sister: love can accomplish anything. it is the force that permeates the universe. i say to you, beloved, love one another, for through this love shall you rise to great heights in understanding love one another. once this is established, the rest shall follow easily. understanding shall come in abundance; on the waves of love shall follow understanding. can you see, my friends, why this is you see, when you have a great love in your consciousness, it opens wide the door for understanding, for wisdom. without love the door is locked. this is the power that permeates the universe. there is a great need for this upon the planet you call earth, for the lack of it has set up vibrations about your planet, encircling it. these vibrations are bringing about chaos, disturbances of nature itself, for so you think, so you are, whether it be as an individual, as a nation, or as a planet. do you have a slight understanding of what would happen been enviable. he could neither eat nor sleep. as he lay in bed at night, he kept his face covered with the clothes, dreading that if he peeped out into the room the phantom of the murdered horseman would beckon to him from the dark corners. lying so till the dawn broke and the cocks began to crow, he would then look cautiously forth, and seeing by the grey light that the corners were empty, and that the figure by the door was not the yew lane ghost, but his mothers faded print dress hanging on a nail, would drop his head and fall wearily asleep. the day was no better, for each hour brought him nearer to the next night school; and bessys illness made his mother so busy, that he never could find the right moment to ask her sympathy for his fears, and still less could he feel himself able to overcome them. and so the night school came round again, and there he sat, gulping down a few mouthfuls of food, and wondering how he should begin to tell his mother that he neither dare, could, nor would, go down yew lane again at night. he had just opened his lips when the father came in, and asked in a loud voice why bill was not off. this effectually put a stop to any confidences, and the boy ran out of the house. not, however, to school. he made one or two desperate efforts at determination,