

them in your mind as perfect expressions of kindness and love. do this often, and i think you will begin to see a change in their manner. if you were to just hate them back, you would feel as bad as they do. ah, if you could but catch a glimpse of what is in store for each and every one, you would be amazed. you see, it is the i within you that goes before you to prepare a place for you, and it is the good that you do, and think, and feel, that is building that place. so be strong, have courage, feel love in your heart, and nothing shall overcome you. remember, there is someone who is with you always. together, you can do anything; be anything; nothing shall be impossible for you. and never, never think of yourself as inferior. with the power that is within you, you can rise above any situation. for you are as strong as a lion. why, thank you, said the lion. i take that as a compliment. everyone laughed. as they arose, dorothy turned to thank saari. that was a wonderful talk, she said. thank you very much. you mustnt thank me, replied princess saari. you are being taught these things because of your desire to learn and to grow, and to expand in consciousness. as you now know, the great wizard wishes to bring light into your realm as so many there live in darkness. and when you return from oz, you will take this light with you and be an inspiration to those around you. then, as each person in your personal sphere of influence allows the light of love to shine brightly, so shall your country be transformed to a world of light. you will truly have oz in america. we do have some minor problems in every misfortune brings its fellow with it medicines work harm as often as good no good excepting that from which we expect the worst obstinacy which he liked to call firm determination only the choice between lying and silence patronizing friendliness principle of over estimating the strength of our opponents provide yourself with a self devised ruler successes, like misfortunes, never come singly the beginning of things is not more attractive as nemu, on his way back from his visit to ani, approached his mistresss house, he was detained by a boy, who desired him to follow him to the strangers quarter. seeing him hesitate, the messenger showed him the ring of his mother hekt, who had come into the town on business, and wanted to speak with him. nemu was tired, for he was not accustomed to walking; his ass was dead, and katuti could not afford to give him another. half of menas beasts had been sold, and the remainder barely sufficed for the field labor. at the corners of the busiest streets, and on the market places, stood boys with asses which they hired out for a small sum; in the streets of modern egyptian towns asses stand saddled for hire. on the monuments only foreigners are represented as riding on asses, but these beasts are mentioned in almost every list of the possessions of the nobles, even in very early times, and the number is often considerable. there is a picture extant of a rich old man who rides on a seat supported on the backs of two donkeys. lepsiuss, denkmaeler, part ii. but nemu had parted with his last money for a garment and a new wig, so that he might appear worthily attired before the regent. in former times his pocket had never been empty, for mena had thrown him many a ring of silver, or even of gold, but his restless and ambitious spirit wasted no regrets on lost luxuries. he remembered those years of superfluity with contempt, and as he puffed and panted on his way school of rhetoric did you go to so be it then; speak to the lad when he returns from raithu. how high the moon is already; come to rest antonius is to place the altar in the early dawn, and i wish to be present. ix. miriams ears had not betrayed her. while she was detained at supper, hermas had opened the courtyard gate; he came to bring the senator a noble young buck, that he had killed a few hours before, as a thank offering for the medicine to which his father owed his recovery. it would no doubt have been soon enough the next morning, but he could find no rest up on the mountain, and did not and indeed did not care to conceal from himself the fact, that the wish to give expression to his gratitude attracted him down into the oasis far less than the hope of seeing sirona, and of hearing a word from her lips. since their first meeting he had seen her several times, and had even been into her house, when she had given him the wine for his father, and when he had taken back the empty flask. once, as she was filling the bottle which he held, out of the large jar, her white fingers had touched his, and her enquiry whether he were afraid of her, or if not, why his hands which looked so strong