

He is vaguely, uncomfortably conscious of inadequacy—in friends, money, health, education, or in his life work.

Also because he does not *see*.

Chafing at the monotony, limitations, or poverty of his lot, he has never opened his eyes wide enough to take a clear survey of the wealth awaiting discovery in himself and his surroundings.

Some years ago a number of people left England for South Africa. They came out to where they could get land in plenty and at a low price. They expected to make a success of farming. But the land was poor, unresponsive, stony.

Year by year they repeated the same efforts in the same way. Year by year they were disappointed. They grew disheartened, disgruntled, disgusted with the country. It was no good. Some died, others moved away, the rest struggled on in poverty.

Their children had no luxuries and scant opportunity, but with the merry heart of childhood, they saw chances to play; they invented games and found their own playthings on the farm.

One day a traveller with the sympathetic heart and seeing eye passed that way and perceived the children. He came near and found them playing with stones. He took a second look, went into the house, and asked where the children found the stones.

"On the farm," he was told. "That crop was plentiful on this land, and it was about the only kind that was."

"Might he have some?"

"Oh yes, all he liked, if he liked," rather contemptuously.

Selecting a number, he took them to a skilled worker to be cut, to another to be polished. Finally he sailed for Europe again, carrying with him gems from the world's richest *diamond mines*.

Because they did not know, could not see, the farmers of Kimberley said the soil was too stony to yield them a living. Plodding blindly along in the dispiriting ruts of poverty, farming with their bodies and not with their minds, they saw only stones, impediments.

*And all the time their children were playing with diamonds!*

Everybody has hidden treasure in his life, awaiting the seeing eye. You have. Your diamonds are your undiscovered, undeveloped, more or less dormant abilities of hand and brain. Perhaps you are farming these as blindly and unskilfully as did the South African farmers theirs.

Possibly you never even stopped to think how many and of what sort these life jewels of yours were.

Do it now. Study yourself. Help the boys and girls as they go through school to study themselves, body and mind, intelligently.

Roughly, people fall into two classes: those who work most happily in the world of Idea—the thinkers, workers with the mind; and those who find themselves happiest in the world of Things—the doers, workers with the hand.

From the first class come the professional men and women, preachers, teachers, writers, lawyers, physicians, inventors, organizers, statesmen, financiers, industrial leaders and all those whose occupation demands as a first requisite the patience, aloofness, and devotion to hard, silent work necessary to thinking the way to clear convincing conclusions which are the preliminaries to action.

The second and larger class gives the producers and conservers of material wealth, raw and manufactured, food, clothing, shelter, roads, conveyances,