KERSHAM MANOR.

CHAPTER III.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"The painful element in companionship is not difference of opinion, but difference of temperament."—JOHN MORLEY.

Mrs. Denison had not been a happy wife, but she seldom put her unhappiness into words. The facts of her history were very simple. A book-seller's daughter she had lived the first twenty-two years of her life in a large provincial town in the north of England. Here a young bank clerk had won her heart, and jilted her for a woman in a higher social position. Mr. Denison then came to the town and wooed her without knowing of her previous "disappointment." She was too shy, too reticent to do more than hint to him that she had suffered; and he was not a man to take a hint very quickly, even when she told him that she thought she could "never love again." Not till after the marriage did he discover that she had been actually engaged to another man; and he had never forgiven her for the concealment. He was of an intensely jealous disposition, and jumped at once to the conclusion that she still cherished an affection for her old lover. Perhaps she did. At any rate it took her years to forget the bitter words in which he reproached her for the past. Her growing affection for him died down to the roots, if even the roots were not utterly destroyed. Sometimes she felt a positive aversion from his words and ways.

She was a woman of higher nature than her husband. He winced a little now and then when this superiority made itself felt. He learned unconsciously to triumph in the power that his bitter tongue had brought him; for, from the moment when he reproached her with her love for another man, he gained unlimited power over her actions, if not over her mind. He could control her with a look. In deference to him she put aside her natural tastes, restrained an originally sarcastic tongue and rather hasty temper. It seemed as if she felt that she had wronged him, and wanted to make amends. She made him an excellent wife. But at heart she felt sometimes that she was dead.

As years went on and common interests increased the husband and wife tried to keep peace with one another. There was the child to occupy her: his ministerial work for him. But he never could induce her to teach in the schools, to take classes, "to lead in prayer," after the fashion of other ministers' wives. She visited the poor sometimes, and worked for them indefatigably. But she could not speak even to her own child about religion. Naturally reserved, she felt as if a seal had been set upon her lips. As long as her husband did not believe in her sincerity—and he still sometimes declared that he did not—she could not say one word. She became a remarkably silent woman. She wrote verses, mostly on religious subjects, now and then, and sent them to denominational magazines, but she never talked about these productions of her pen.

James Denison felt it very hard that she should sympathize with him so little, although he had done his best to prevent her from doing so. They seldom discussed the questions that were agitating his mind. As far as he knew, she was orthodox in all her beliefs. But nobody really knew what Margaret Denison felt. He was ready enough to imagine that she despised him for his vacillation, his fear of risking material interests for conscience's sake. If she would but remonstrate, he said to himself, he would know what to do. In this way he paid a reluctant homage to her judgment, which he secretly acknowledged to be better than his own.

He had not the least suspicion that she often longed to unfold her thoughts to him, but was afraid of a repulse. She had been repulsed, wounded, trampled upon so often, that she now only asked for calm. There is a stage of mental development in which emotion is shunned like a disease, and excitement looked upon as torture. When the nerves have been overstrung their owner shrinks as much from the vibration caused by pleasure as from that produced by pain.

Thus Margaret Denison shrank back even when her husband showed that he would now be glad of her sympathy or her love. She wanted to be let alone. If James would no longer taunt her with the past she could bear silence and solitude. Her heart had never recovered from the blow dealt to it one dreadful night, when, in the first anger of his discovery of her first love, her husband had threatened to send her back to her parents' home, to separate her from their new-born child. He had told her that she had shamefully deceived him. The acceptance of his condemnation had crushed her spirit. Some women will die of a sin sooner than of a sorrow. It seemed to her that she had been dying ever since.

The one sweetening element in James Denison's life was his love for his little daughter. He might sometimes be harsh and unjust to her, as indeed he was to everybody of his acquaintance, but he loved her tenderly all the time. He liked to have her beside him in the study, to walk with her, to teach her, and to read with her. He was almost more tender with her than was her mother; and, as a child, she was less afraid of him than of her mother, though in later years an increasing likeness of taste and temperament drew the woman and girl closely together. It was anxiety for her rather than for his wife that led him to conceal his true sentiments. He did not openly try to convert his daughter to his own belief; but by the unconscious working of one mind upon another Esther assimilated his ideas without knowing it, and was startled in later days to find them labeled "heterodox."

After the letters of invitation had been received early in the summer, Mrs. Denison began to pack. She always began this operation a couple of months before the removal, which took place in August, so that there should be no tremendous rush and bustle at the end. These "flittings" every two or three years were burdensome to her, but she had grown up amongst people who were so proud of "the Itinerancy," as they named their system of periodic change, that she classed her private dislike to it amongst her sins. As to Esther, she was delighted with the prospect of a removal. For her elders there was always some suspense and anxiety of mind to be borne before the new house could be inspected. "The minister's house" was taken and furnished by the "Circuit," as each congeries of congregations under one head was called, and the minister's wife was in no way responsible for the varying degrees of comfort and convenience which her family might enjoy.

Luckily for Mrs. Denison, her æsthetic faculty had not been largely developed. She had simple tastes, and was well content to accept what was given to her by the wife of the chief official of the congregation—the "Circuit Steward" was his proper designation—upon whom it devolved to see that the household linen was sufficient and that the cups and saucers would go round. Of course these matters depended on the size and the wealth of the congregation, who paid expenses. Hence came much picturesque variety into the preachers' lives. Mrs. Denison had known what it was to leave a really fine house, "well found" in everything, and take up her abode in a badly-built cottage in the country—a veritable cottage with brick floors and damp walls, where she caught a cold, the effects of which lasted for the rest of her life. She was used to these changes now. But there was still a little tremulous anxiety as to what the next house would be like, and a patient resignation to unknown drawbacks, which nobody had thought it worth while to describe in letters to her beforehand.

I write of nearly thirty years ago. The standard of comfort and culture has now been raised all over the country. Even tiny village congregations, I am told, look more sharply after the temporal welfare of their pastors than they did in those far-off days. But in Esther's youth she and her parents had hardships to bear which a later generation would not think of putting up with. She had learned a little trite philosophy from her various experiences: "to take things as they came," "to be thankful for what she had," "to think of persons who had neither food nor home," and similar axioms of which none of us take much heed in later years. Mrs. Denison was not a woman who made complaints. Mr. Denison's head was always in the clouds; and if his feet were caught in the briers, or torn by jagged stones, he did not seem to think it necessary to talk about the pain.

Nevertheless, if it had not been for that little tragedy of ruined happiness, and that overhanging doubt about the future, which nobody put into words, the Denisons' lives would have been tranquil and content enough. But with the fair vessel of Love wrecked on the one hand and Faith going down upon the other, what was left of the gallant little fleet of hopes and joy, with which this man and this woman had started forth in the morning of life together?

CHAPTER IV.

WOODBURY.

"Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire."
WORDSWORTH.

The journey to Woodbury seemed endless to Esther.

The Denisons arrived at their destination about six o'clock on a dull evening in September. There was a long drive from the station to the house in which they were to live. Esther had to be admonished to keep still, for she could not contain her excitement, and jumped up and down on her seat as if she were set with wires. "Oh, look, mother, what beautiful trees! Mother, do you think there will be a large garden, and a room for me to play in as well as a drawing-room Oh, I hope that there will be a cat!"

The grief of Esther's life at present was that she had been forced to leave her favorite tabby behind. The congregation obligingly provided cats.

The cab drew up at a tall, narrow, red-brick house, wedged in between two larger ones in a side street, with windows looking straight out on the pavement. There were two narrow white steps to the narrow yellow-brown door, on which a brass knocker was painfully prominent. There was no need to knock, however; the door was at once opened by a charwoman in the rusty bonnet peculiar to the species. Mrs. Denison heaved a sigh of relief at a vision of lights in the background; she had known what it was to arrive at the new house and find that the steward's wife had forgotten to order fires and food.

Mary Ann, an importation painfully secured and carried away from her "belongings" in Gloucestershire, alighted first, and began to help the cabmen and charwoman with the luggage. The bulkier boxes had been sent beforehand, and were blocking up the narrow hall. The charwoman bobbed a curtsey to the new minister and held out a friendly hand. "Mrs. Sims," she said, affably introducing herself, "and a joined member, sir, these fifty years."

"Very glad to see you, Mrs. Sims," said Mr. Denison; whereupon Mrs. Sims shook hands with his wife and daughter, and nodded from superior height to Mary Ann.

"If you goes into the best parlor, sir," remarked Mrs. Sims confidentially, "you will find Mrs. Fairbairn waiting. The Circuit Steward's lady, you know, sir. That's her carriage and pair a-walking up and down the street. And Miss Fairbairn's with her. And the Chapel Steward's in the dining-room."

Esther had already made a dive into the kitchen, where she saw a bright fire and an imperturbable cat on the hearth. Mr. Denison looked at his wife.

"You had better go to Mrs. Fairbairn while I speak to Mr. Neave," he said.

Mrs. Sims sniffed significantly. "Mrs. Fairbairn's not a lady as likes to be kept waiting, mum," she murmured behind her hand.

Mrs. Denison shrank a little from her impressiveness, which she dared not for the life of her rebuke in a "joined member"; and was ever afterward called proud by Mrs. Sims. "Come into the drawing-room first, James," she said almost entreatingly. Well she knew that visits from Circuit Stewards' wives were not to be lightly treated. Mr. Denison assented with a sigh. "Why don't they let us have the house to ourselves?" he almost groaned as he followed his wife into the little drawing-room. "Not but what it's kind of them to come!"

A very magnificent personage (in Esther's eyes at least) awaited them. Mrs. Fairbairn the wife of a wealthy corn-merchant, who held an official position in the chapel, had condescended to be present when the minister arrived. She was a handsome woman, dressed in satins and velvets. She had prominent, fine dark eyes and black curls, fastened to her temples by combs; her manner was gracious and propitiatory. She had brought gifts with her of poultry and eggs and butter, and evidently desired to be very kind; but it must be confessed that Mrs. Denison wished her away just then. In fact, Mrs. Denison felt herself at a disadvantage. She was dusty and tired with her journey; her old gown, her Paisley shawl, seemed faded and old-fashioned beside Mrs. Fairbairn's newer finery; she knew that her bonnet, with its border of pleated net and love-ribbon, its silk "curtain," and its large ribbon bows tied under the chin, was somewhat limp and shabby, and that it had a trick of slipping ever so little to one side. Her long sable boa was a little torn, and her gloves were visibly mended. Now Mrs. Denison was not a slovenly person, and she was vexed to be seen in this plight; but then she had been traveling all day, and it would have been unreasonable to expect her to travel in good clothes. Being also very shy, she sat almost silent, wishing that Esther would come in. Esther had far more aplomb than her mother.

Esther came at last, with her ugly mushroom hat at the back of her head, showing all the little curls that in these days would have been cut short and fostered into a "fringe," but which were then only deemed "untidy." The circuit cat had proved less phlegmatic than her appearance indicated. She had of late, moreover, chiefly inhabited the coal-hole. The consequence was that Esther's pudgy little paws were very black, and decorated by several brilliantly red scratches. She shook hands unwillingly with the visitors, whom she was not at all glad to see, and then hung over the back of her mother's chair, moving uneasily from one foot to the other.

"How old are you, my dear?" asked Mrs. Fairbairn, who had not found the minister's wife very communicative.

"I'm eleven," said Esther, fidgeting more than ever.

"Eleven! What a big girl she is, Mrs. Denison, I'm sure. I hope she is good and useful to you."

"She is a good child," said Mrs. Denison with a momentary smile. Esther felt aware of a sudden glow of pleasure, and looked shyly at Mrs. Fairbairn from under her long eyelashes to see whether the Circuit Steward's wife were not very much impressed by this piece of information. Visions of dying shortly and having her life written as that of a phenomenally good young person flitted across her mind.

Mrs. Fairbairn, however, went on speaking without another glance at Esther. "I am sorry to see," she said solemnly, "that Mr. Neave has brought his naughty little granddaughter with him this afternoon. I saw her as I came in, and I took the opportunity of telling her that she was a very naughty girl. She mimicked my daughter to her face at the Sabbath school last week. I told her that if I were her grandmamma I should give her a good wipping; and she actually laughed and said how glad she was that I was not her grandmamma. Don't let your little girl make friends with her, please, Mrs. Denison. I just thought that I would put you on your guard."

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Denison, with rather a startled effort after gratitude. And then the visitors took their leave.

"They seem nice, plain, quiet people, those Denisons," Mrs. Fairbairn said when she was in the carriage with her daughter. "But law, Caroline, how shabby she is! I wonder if she'd be offended if I offered her a piece of stuff out of your grandpa's shop?"—Mrs. Fairbairn's father was a draper. "She really isn't fit to be seen. And so old-fashioned."

"She may have better things for Sunday," said Miss Fairbairn. "But I don't know that it matters much. I don't think that a minister's wife ought to dress well. It doesn't look as though she were spiritually minded."

"Spiritually minded or not, I like to see a woman in a good gown," said Mrs. Fairbairn, whose heart was kind in spite of her occasional pomposity.

Meanwhile, Mr. Denison was making the acquaintance of his other visitors.

Mr. Neave was a tall, spare man, with long, white hair, deep-set eyes with red rims, a pendulous chin, and an irresolute mouth. He wore rusty black clothes with a loosely tied white cravat, and walked with a stick. His manner was exceedingly grim. But his hands, like Esther's were not so clean as they might have been. He looked the typical Dissenting minister much more than Mr. Denison; but he was a builder and joiner by trade, and reputed to be nearly as rich as Mr. Fairbairn himself.

The teatable was already spread in the dining-room. Here Mr. Denison stood gravely conversing with his guest, until Mrs. Denison and Esther presently appeared upon the scene.

Esther looked round with infinite curiosity for "The naughty girl." She had often heard of the genus, but failed hitherto to come across a specimen. What was it like, to be a really naughty girl, a definitely wicked person? If anybody had spoken of Esther in the terms used by Mrs. Fairbairn, Esther felt that she would have gladly sunk into the earth. But Mr. Neave's granddaughter looked at her with laughing eyes, not at all as though she were impressed by the gravity of the situation.

Phillis Wyatt was the name of the naughty girl. Esther looked at her with a mixture of repulsion and respect. In five minutes she was in love with her. Phillis's little hand had stolen into hers under the table-cloth as they sat demurely side by side at tea. And Esther's heart could not resist this invitation to friendliness, although she had not yet exchanged half a dozen words with her visitor.

Phillis had a delightful woodland air about her. Her fair, fine brown hair waved about her head in innumerable short, soft curls, of whimsical lightness and waywardness. Her eyes were hazel, more remarkable for brilliance and power of expression than for actual beauty. They were set in hollows of purple shadow that spoke of uncertain health, and the sharply cut little face was very colorless. The mouth was Phillis's most perfect feature. The lips had a bowlike curve and a charming upward curl at the corners, melting imperceptibly into the delicate cheek. It was this mouth, with all its beauty, that betrayed her. It was a naughty, scornful, unamiable little mouth: a lurking defiance seemed always ready to issue from those curving lips. She sat quietly through the meal of tea and bread and butter, replying only in monosyllables to Mrs. Denison's kindly remarks. She made her most memorable speech when the minister spoke to her in his officially ministerial way, asking her whether she liked going to chapel.

"No," she said bluntly; "I hate it. I don't often go."

Mr. Neave betrayed some uneasiness. He said that Phillis was in very poor health, and was not often able to sit through the whole service. "She had fainted last Sunday night in chapel and had to be carried out—"

"I pretended to faint," said Phillis to Esther quite audibly. "I was so tired of the sermon." There was a shocked silence, and Mrs. Denison began to think that the Fairbairns were right in their estimation of Phillis.

The roguish eyes looked searchingly into Esther's but meeting only a puzzled response, were gravely dropped again.

Mr. Neave hurriedly interposed some question about the next Sunday's services, and the children were let alone. But after that speech he seemed rather in a hurry to get away, and made an excuse about the girl's cough, and the danger of the night air. "She wanted to see your little girl," he said to Mrs. Denison, half smiling, and blinking his red eyes. Mrs. Denison did not look charmed. As the children had withdrawn to a sofa at the farther end of the room, he sank his voice and began to offer excuses for his granddaughter's behavior. "She's an odd little fish, with a queer temper," he said; "but she's so delicate that we let her have a good bit of her own way. She's very weak; I doubt if she'll live to grow up.

"Yes, I shall," said Phillis decidedly, from the sofa. She had the ears of a ferret and the eyes of a lynx—facts which her grandfather was liable to forget. "I don't mean to die until I have enjoyed myself a little; I don't enjoy myself now."

The old man looked fretted and disturbed. "We'd better go," he said rising from his chair rather abruptly. "You'll be wanting to unpack your things, Mrs. Denison. Say good-by, Phil."

Phil offered her hand rather sulkily. Esther was going to kiss her, as young creatures will kiss whenever they meet; but the child turned her head away with such an air of not desiring the salute that Esther desisted, abashed. But just as the visitors were going, Phil looked back and smiled so archly that Esther forgave her. It hardly needed the whisper, "Come and see me soon, and I'll show you my books," to make Esther radiantly aware that she had found a congenial spirit of a tricksy sort.

"A sad specimen of a spoiled child," said Mr. Denison, more for Esther's benefit than because he thought so, when Phillis was gone. As a matter of fact, he was greatly taken with Phil's bright eyes and saucy speeches. So were all men. Miss Phil was a confirmed flirt at ten years old. Mrs. Denison was wiser. "I should be sorry to hear Esther talking in that silly way," she said, calling in the powerful engine of quiet ridicule to her aid. "When the poor child is older she will know better."

"May I go to see her soon?" asked Esther, palpitating with anxiety, and unable to keep a prudent silence.

"I think not," said Mrs. Denison.

Esther burst into sudden passionate tears, the fruit of fatigue and excitement. "It's all—all—because of what Mrs. Fairbairn said about her," she sobbed; and then shivered with fear of what would follow—a severe reprimand, perhaps, for neither father nor mother possessed a naturally tranquil temper.

But Mr. Denison did not catch the words, and Mrs. Denison understood and sympathized with the child's nervous excitement more than she would have liked to allow. "You had better go to bed; you are tired," she said. "So am I—we are all tired. You need not cry about it, Esther. Come away with me and we will unfasten your box.

It was against her principles to caress the child after an outbreak of what was, indeed, nothing but "naughty temper"; but she helped her to undress and kissed her very lovingly when she was in bed. And when Esther was asleep the mother came in once or twice to look at the flushed cheeks on which the long lashes were still wet. Once, during these visits, the child began to mutter and turn in her sleep; Mrs. Denison bent down to catch the words. Esther's emotional disposition gave her anxiety sometimes. Had she got into one of her states of nervous midnight terror?

But Esther was dreaming of very mundane things. She opened her eyes for a moment and saw the kindly face at her bedside, then fell off to sleep again, murmuring a sentence of her dream. "Oh, mother," she said, "I wish the Circuit badn't given us such a cross cat!"

Mrs. Denison was reassured.

(TO BE CONTINTED.)

Did Horses Ever Cry?

Did you ever see a horse cry? asks a writer. Many people believe that horses do not weep, but those who have had much to do with these faithful creatures know that on several occasions they will shed tears, as well as express sorrow in the most heartbreaking manner. In the west where the hardiness of the ponies causes the riders to almost overlook the necessity of providing for their needs, it is quite common when the weather is extremely cold to leave an unblanketed pony tied up for two or three hours when the temperature is nearly zero and while its owner is transacting business. In this case the suffering is evidenced by the cries, which are almost like sobs, and unmistakable tears freeze on the cheeks like icicles.

When a horse falls in the street and gets injured, the shock generally numbs its senses so much that it does not either cry or groan, but under some conditions an injured horse will solicit sympathy in the most distinct manner. I remember a favorite horse of my own trod on a nail long enough to pierce its foot. The poor thing hobbled up to me on three legs and cried as nearly like a child in trouble as anything I can describe. The sight was a very touching one, as was also the crippled animal's gratitude when the nail was pulled out and the wound dressed.

Born to good luck—that is born with tact.

Whatever can be known of earth we know,
sneered Europe's wise men in their snail-shells curled;
No, said one man in Genoa,
and that No out of the dark created this New World.

A COMING AFRICAN WAR.

The King of Mashonaland will Have to be Taught a Lesson.

The Matabele of South Africa have never been defeated in battle. War and pillage are their business, and they think themselves invincible. On the eve of war with the Imperial British South Africa Company, they proclaim that one Matabele warrior can defeat four Englishmen. When the tyrant who rules them was told by a missionary that "God is greater than you," the thunderous response "You lie," was shouted back by the regiments around the King. They have yet to test their valor and strength in a struggle with white men, and are likely to emerge from the conflict with diminished ideas of their importance.

The cause of the trouble is that King Lobengula, though he ceded to the chartered company the rich gold fields of Mashonaland, has resolved to assert his alleged right to plunder and enslave the natives of that district as his father did before him. Since the cession of Mashonaland the terrorized natives have had a respite; but on July 9 last, while a missionary was holding services almost under the shadow of Fort Victoria, an impi or native regiment of the Matabele fell upon the unsuspecting settlement, massacred the helpless people without mercy, burned their huts, and ran off with their women and grain. When asked to explain his conduct the King replied that he had relinquished no right to do as he pleased with his vassals, and when he wanted slaves or cattle, he should raid the Mashonas whether the British liked it or not. Since then he has established two impis in Mashonaland, has driven his cattle into the central part of Matabeleland, a sure sign that he means mischief; and the British are preparing for the struggle which they know is coming.

Some years ago Montagu Kerr, the first white man to cross Mashonaland, described the misery of its people. He found their huts perched on the hilltops and the narrow pathways to them barricaded. They were constantly looking for the coming of the enemy whom they were powerless to resist. They were an abject, broken hearted people, weakened, physically and intellectually, by the pressure of constant terror. They welcomed the coming of the whites as a blessing from heaven, and had begun to walk erect in hope and confidence, to till the ground, and sell their produce to the newcomers, when the old peril was so unexpectedly renewed last summer.

The Matabele are of Zulu origin though not pure Zulus. In the half century since their fathers left Zululand a large admixture of foreign blood has come into the tribe through marriage with the women they have captured. They are to-day the most powerful native nation in South Africa. Their only law is the King's will. Most of the able-bodied men are in the army, and every regiment can be called together at a moment's notice. Every young man is ironically called "a girl" until he has bathed his assegai in human blood. Their forays for many years were carried far north toward the Zambesi, and west through Bechuanaland; but their most hapless victims were the Mashonas, who, though once a powerful people and spread over a large territory, have been nearly exterminated.

The world was surprised, three years ago, when Lobengula at last consented to admit white colonists to Mashonaland. The subsidy offered him was tempting, and he swallowed the bait and let the white men in. Before the day that miners thronged into Mashonaland in crowds, only a favored hunter was now and then admitted to the King's domains, and a handful of missionaries, who had knocked at the doors for years, were the only permanent white residents. The King had followed the example of his father, who said to the envoy sent by the Transvaal Republic to ask that miners be admitted to the country: "Load up your wagons with these stones you say contain gold, and go. But don't you bring any Dutch women here, or any cattle, sheep, or goats. I won't have you building houses in my country."

Four thousand of the whites are there now, and they are going to stay. Of course the raiding and massacre of natives of Mashonaland, the part of Matabeleland that is now under civilized rule, will not be tolerated. If Lobengula persists in his foolhardy course, he will get a lesson that will destroy his prestige in the eyes of his people, and there will be one despot the less in Africa.

The Overzealous Suffragist.

Helen Waterson, a well-known and exceedingly clever female American suffragist, recently gave expression to opinions that will be slowly accepted by her own sex and may cost her some of the celebrity she has honestly achieved. Miss Waterson expresses herself substantially as tired to death of having women's work regarded as of interest because it is done by women. She would have women do what they can as well as they can and take the consequences, competing with human beings rather than with men and she emphatically rebukes the sisterhood for constantly crying out: "See this was done by a woman; did you think she could do it so well?" All this is good as far as it goes and the learned lady is standing on proper ground. The time is surely passing away when men shall make it a point to condescendingly acknowledge the ability of the other sex. It is a square, honest and legitimate struggle between the two great forces of society, but there is a slight difference in the cases which Miss Waterson in her enthusiasm appears to have entirely overlooked. She apparently overlooked the all important factor in such an argument that this is essentially an age of differentiation. Men have their peculiar pursuits and interests. Women as naturally are concerned with matters that do not appeal to the tastes or methods of the great I Am. In objecting to that feature in current journalism which gives a separate column or page to women she resents the recognition of her personality as if that distinction set her outside of the pale of humanity. If Miss Waterson stopped to think she would find she was engaged in an attempt to unsex her sex. But we will not permit it. Woman can never be regarded apart from her sweet femininity no matter in what work she is engaged. When she ceases to shine in that characteristic she fails in her vocation, and is of no value to the world or society.

Garner up pleasant thoughts in your mind, for pleasant thoughts make pleasant lives.