

## Miracle of the monarch

As my father was a latter-day Pied Piper to my childhood contemporaries, so I am Nature Lady, apparently, to the youngsters in my present neighborhood. My friends were ever eager to accompany us on field trips, at which times Dad would identify various flora and fauna for our edification, even if his terms were not exactly scientific. "The hull shootin'-match" of spring arrivals sprouting on sunny banks were labeled Mayflowers, and, if pressed for details, he'd scratch his shoulderblades against a gray ledge and counter: "Since you're so all-fired curious about proper names, trot off to the lib'ry and check. Dollars to doughnuts you'll remember that way."

Still, we managed to recognize the edible brookside reeds from those of cattails and flag; to distinguish buckwheat flowers by the road, and teaberries, hazelnuts and black birch. Now that I list them, most of these delights appealed to taste as well as sight. My father hadn't much book learning but he was far from ignorant, and he encouraged our library membership. "The inquiring mind's the one that learns," he would loftily quote, and it was years before I realized he didn't coin that phrase.

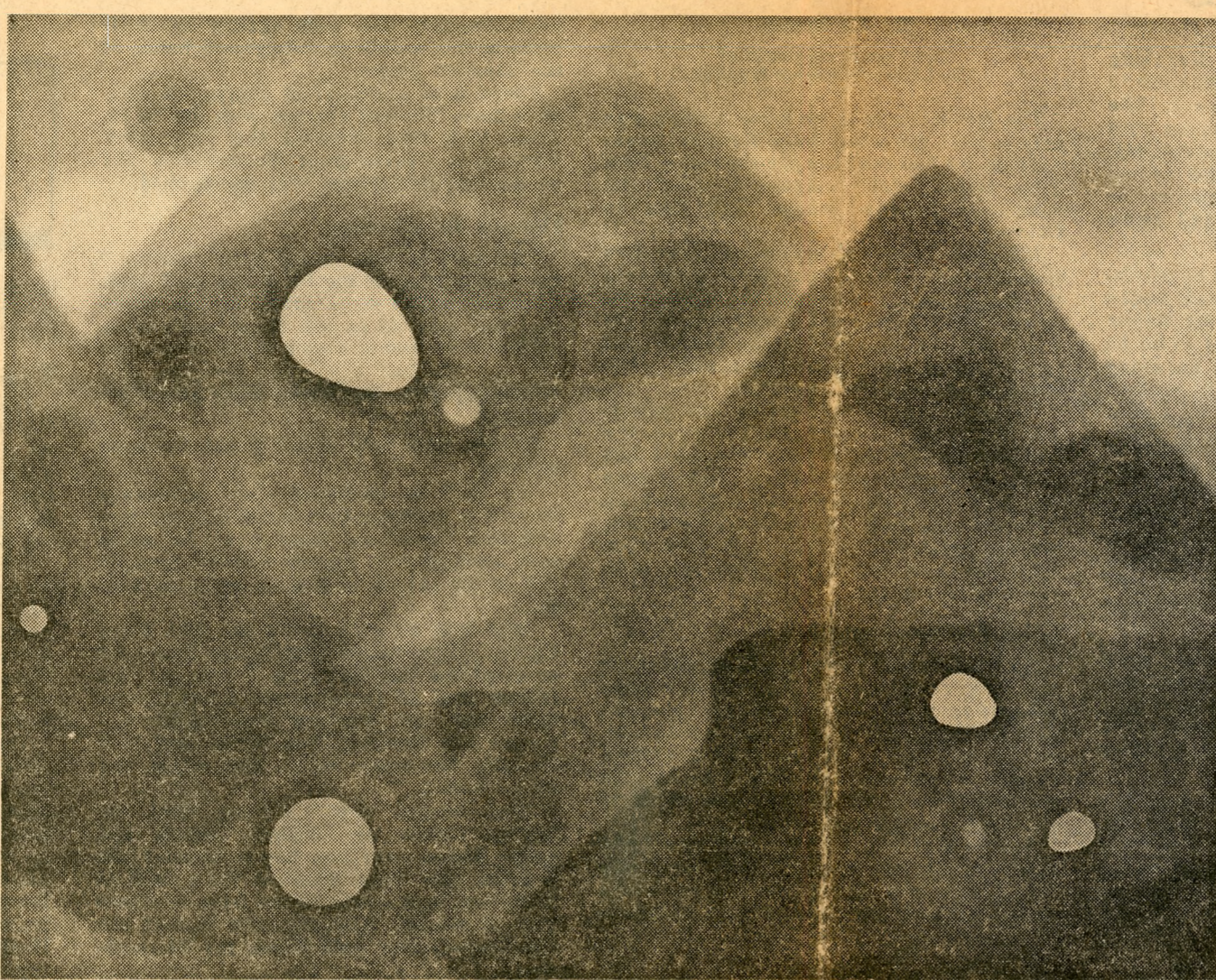
"Don't let it fool you, that's a cat-bird mocking a robin," he would correct. "Listen and tell me what he says." When we did he would weigh our answer judiciously, then suggest: "How does this sound—'Gon-na rain! Gon-na rain!'" His interpretation made such sense we discarded our uncertain assumption, yet with no feeling of having been mowed down. Much that I know of nature had its initial provocation from him: I only went a bit farther, building with book-blocks on his foundation.

I thought of him last week when the children brought the exquisite pea-green chrysalis to my door for identification. They have me pegged, too, and I must admit I'm not above being flattered by their dependency—though they could learn for themselves if they cared to exert extra energy. Still, it's a good feeling to be needed, and I enjoy being a push-over for research; it's my own fault if they take for granted the fact that I will not rest till I find an answer "even if it takes all summer."

Though I did not immediately venture an opinion, a little bell rang inside my head, reminding me I had seen a picture of this wonder before and directing me straight to the proper book for research. It was indeed a monarch pupa they had brought me, attached to a twig, and looking certainly like "a glass house with gold nails," in which the insect would change over to butterfly in a matter of some two weeks. But as the outline and pigments showed stronger through the thin shell, the source pointed out, I ought to be alert for some real action. By all appearances the time was nearly at hand for the monarch to break through. His entire life-history was a series of miracles, but the greatest of all seemed imminent.

I studied the mummy-like creature hanging head-down in its casing, detecting wings, legs and antennae already revealed. *Chrysalis* is a Greek word meaning golden, and the pupa did bear metallic-looking gold dots on its wings. In the short span from morning, when the children delivered it, to evening, I noticed decided changes in pigmentation and general appearance of my prize. And on the following day twitches were discernible, attesting to life indomitable in that mummy case.

At ten-minute intervals I checked for progress, tapping the twig to the top of our rail fence for best observation, where the bright sun seemed to urge increasing agitation inside the shell. Just before noon there began a most strenuous struggle as



"WITHIN THE MOUNTAINS": Oil on canvas by Nemesio Antunez

long legs pumped to course blood through the body and burst the pupal shell. Then I watched a sorry-looking creature drag itself out—soft, moist wings crumpled close to its body—and with threadlike legs grasp the outgrown casing and hold there.

Still hanging downward, the butterfly waited for its skeletal parts to harden, helping nature along by vigorous pumps of wings which, once both pairs attained full size, briefly rested. How beautiful the monarch was with veins boldly outlined in black and rows of white dots repeating on black wing-borders. And that over-all, rich tone of brown, now full of life-juices. Sensing freedom, the butterfly walked delicately across the fence, spreading its wings wide to test their dry-firmness. Brand-new majesty then took off, calm and confident of divine right eternal.

Five minutes late the children came into the back yard. "You're too late," I sadly accused. "You missed a true miracle."

"What was it?" they demanded. "A monarch," I said, and somehow knew I failed to relate the marvel to them. The fact was, I was probably more exhausted than the butterfly which had struggled out of the chrysalis, now abandoned and unrecognizable in the grass at the foot of the fence post. My enthusiasm had been used up in the process. "He's on a branch of the willow, if you want to see him. But the best part is over."

There the veteran glider again rested, wings spread without fear, as though he hadn't an enemy in the world. He scarcely had; having fed on the acrid, burning sap of milkweed throughout his larval life, he had taken on something of the bitter taste of those leaves himself, and was shunned by predators.

"You wouldn't have given a plugged nickel for him half an hour ago," I said, turning to make sure my father had not said it over my shoulder.

"We studied about monarchs," the oldest girl informed me. "Swarms of them migrate south every autumn, even to Mexico—and there's evidence some have tried to cross oceans. They rest on bushes and trees along the way at night, and the places where they stop over are famous for it."

It was an A-recitation.

R. H. GRENVILLE

"Still you missed the miracle," my heart cried out to her. "It couldn't be contained in a book."

"If you give it sweet water you can tame it," she continued. "Our book had a picture of one perched on a man's finger, sucking nectar from some kind of flowers."

But Janie, the little sister, was looking at the butterfly without a word. Finally she said softly, "I wish I'd been here. It must have been really special."

The children watched the insect for another moment, then left for more exciting occupations. All but Janie. She remained, quietly watching the monarch, whose brown wings fanned rhythmically. One moment he was there; the next moment he had risen and was sailing slowly across the garden, down to the wild field beyond, from which he would soon take off on his long southward flight.

Only when he was a minute speck in the distance did I become aware of Janie's hand nestled moistly in my own.

ALMA ROBERTS GIORDAN

## Aubergine

Of all the jewels of the marketplace,  
The russet and garnet glow, the gold array  
Of pears and squash and apples, and the dark  
Blue blush of plums,  
This chiefly caught my eye.  
The market woman, her impressive width  
Of snow-bright apron flashing in the sun,  
Marked "Aubergine," not "Egg-plant," on her sign.  
And so, my heart was won.

We shop for satisfactions of a kind  
Not always measured by a platter's span.  
That smooth-skinned amethyst that heavily  
Lay on my palm, was such.  
Of course I mean  
To make it serve some culinary end,  
But not immediately, oh not before  
I've drawn from its deep-lacquered loveliness  
The calm enjoyment of a connoisseur.

R. H. GRENVILLE

## Try tenderness

Written for The Christian Science Monitor

For one to walk through life without encountering some friction in daily affairs may seem impossible. But by controlling his thinking and therefore his behavior one can largely avoid friction. In fact the tenderness that springs from love for all mankind brings a healing touch to human relationships.

The Apostle Paul taught this throughout his ministry. He urged Christians to be alert to destroy every thought which encroaches upon one's natural expression of love and creates personal conflict.

Ephesians 4:31 records Paul's words: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another."

Students of the Bible are inspired by the tenderness Christ Jesus displayed to others, the gentleness that embraced multitudes. Although he was stern in denouncing hypocrisy, this did not prevent his knowing all people as God's perfect children. The Master understood God to be Spirit and everyone to be in reality the beloved child of God, the expression of Spirit, Love. Jesus' exalted view of man as spiritual, rather than material, enabled him to heal and save people and to walk forth from the grave himself.

The discovery of Spirit's supremacy and the perfect, spiritual nature of man led Mary Baker Eddy to found Christian Science, a religion which teaches one how to make the truth practical in everyday life. Through a clear understanding of God and His spiritual expression and the consistent practice of Love, one may demonstrate the healing power that is inherent in the Christ, Truth.

In "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," Mrs. Eddy writes (p. 63): "In Science man is the offspring of Spirit. The beautiful, good, and pure constitute his ancestry. His origin is not, like that of mortals, in brute instinct, nor does he pass through material conditions prior to reaching intelligence. Spirit is his primitive and ultimate source of being."

Modern living presents many opportunities for one to heal conflicts with tenderness. Perhaps there is no relationship in human experience as conducive of friction as marriage. All the weaknesses of two people, the worst dispositional traits—and the best—are sooner or later brought to the surface.

If one has allowed himself to adopt a rough exterior which sparks with every difference of opinion, he will be forced through suffering to chip away the coarse, mortal traits and bring forth the gentleness of his true identity.

When tenderness is recognized as equally vital to marital happiness as fidelity, marriage will become more harmonious. This fact was vividly proved in the experience of a young student of Chris-

tian Science. Newly married, she began to nag her husband about his untidiness. She felt justified, for she considered a neat, attractive home important to both of them. At first he complied with her wishes, but as her demands became unreasonable, he objected. Finally he left home for two days.

His absence shocked the wife into facing her unpleasant disposition. She realized that she was expressing a trait which was no part of her true nature as the expression of Love. But she also saw that her habit of nagging could not be broken by mere wishing. She had to heal herself scientifically.

Through daily prayer and study she replaced the false picture of herself and her husband as mortals with aggravating personal habits and saw man as Jesus beheld him; ever loving, just, orderly, joyous.

Soon the home situation changed. Her husband became more thoughtful and orderly, and she, in turn, found herself appreciating his many other fine qualities and telling him so. Without being aware of it, she herself had also changed. She was grateful, joyous, pleasant—and tender.

Science and Health declares (p. 59): "Matrimony should never be entered into without a full recognition of its enduring obligations on both sides. There should be the most tender solicitude for each other's happiness, and mutual attention and approbation should wait on all the years of married life."

## Long evening

Bring in the bittersweet, a spray to grace the gaunt and stiffer bayberry, the warm and cool in one bouquet.

How early now the evening falls with scent of leaves and drying balsam!  
Birchfire colors the shadowed walls.

A cricket—Tekere!—has come in scratching a bittersweet violin, singing of nooks beyond the window  
autumn sombre, December thin.

BURNHAM EATON

## Are morals out of date?

We are being challenged to think deeper today than ever before. Is it true that morals are out of date? Or are young people in particular just searching for sound, logical reasons for chastity, honesty, and moral integrity?

Is it possible that the search is for timeless spiritual laws that underlie moral codes?

If you are asking these questions—if you are puzzled by talk of "the new morality" or if you know someone else who is—the Christian Science textbook can help you.

In this book, Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, Mary Baker Eddy shows the solid spiritual basis for moral codes. She shows the close relationship of God and man—and reveals the scientifically Christian way to disarm evil with good.

You can explore Science and Health. It's a book for deep thinkers in the twentieth century.

Available in a Paperback Edition at \$2.25 from Clem W. Collins, Publishers' Agent, One Norway Street, Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A. 02115. Or ask at a local

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOM

## The beautiful, dancing dust

"Dust in the air suspended  
Marks the place where the  
story ended,"

says T. S. Eliot. Dust is beautiful, it is a film which settles each night, and covers the furniture in a delicate feathery snow. . . . Dust is beautiful, as I first discovered in childhood. I was taught to dust some of the furniture, and I stood in the hall one day with a duster in my small hand, pondering the oak bureau with my money-box on the top between brass candlesticks, the two oak chairs with carved shields on their backs, and the barometer which told us about the weather. . . .

The heavy iron-clad front door was half shut, but through the fanlight came a beam of living sunlight, streaming over the stone floor. . . . I stepped into the light and then out again, to view it. In this illumination a million little golden motes were dancing up and down. They did not fall, many of them floated upward, and as they moved they disappeared and then again became visible. More and more of these glittering particles danced before my eyes. The hall was alive with beauty, and I tried to catch the bright butterflies of light which slipped through my hands.

I called my mother to see them. She was not as excited as I, for she said quietly: "It is only the dust shining in the sun."  
I could hardly believe it; this diamond sparkle flickering in and out of the dark shadows and lines from

the sun must surely be gold. My mother did not understand; I felt superior in my private knowledge. So the dust which lay in a fine film, almost invisible on tables and chairs, was really a glittering medley of gold, too small for me to catch, too small to be seen unless the sun shone on it. In a dark room it was there, but I could not see it. Like God it was everywhere. . . .

There is a Russian tradition about this gold dust, a story told by Paustovsky, the writer. He speaks of a dustman in Paris who earned his living by sweeping out the little shops and workrooms of artisans. The rubbish he collected was burnt, but the sweepings of the jewellers' workrooms he kept. He sifted this dust, knowing that in it there would be minute flakes of gold. After many years he took his dust to a goldsmith, who sifted it and from the residue of minute flakes of the metal he made a small gold rose, a magical rose of great beauty. So, says Paustovsky, the minute grains of our casual words, our actions, our thoughts, our imaginations and perceptions are sifted by the dustman, Fate, to find the gold which will make the golden rose—a poem, a story, a song. For those who have the golden rose are lucky. They have plucked it out of the air, and the petals of dust are gold dust.—From "A Peck Of Gold," by Alison Uttley. Copyright, 1966, by Alison Uttley. Faber and Faber, London.



"SPRING": Oil painting by the Chilean artist Roberto Matta