

THE MINING ENGINEER

A man walked into a practitioner's offices and said, "I am a mining engineer. I made my pile down in Mexico some sixteen years ago. So I came up here to New York and established myself, bringing my wife and our several children; the latter to be educated, and my wife and I to live out our lives in comfort, peace, plenty, and happiness. I had a fairly large income from my mines, all producing, and a large sum in hard cash.

"The war came on about fourteen years afterward, and my mines were confiscated, and bandits cleaned out whatever was left. My income ceased entirely. However, I had plenty of cash on hand, and this being untouched, I saw no occasion for being alarmed. Of course, I had by this time lost all my connections with mining interests; therefore to get back into that business seemed entirely out of the question, so I cast about to see what I might turn my hand to. In a short time I found a man and went into the contracting business with him. I put in the money and he put in the experience. In less than two years, he had the money and I had the experience. The net result is that I am completely ruined. I am just about to be dispossessed; the butcher, the baker, and the candle stick maker have all shut down on me; my credit is a thing of the past, and I have nothing left but two or three dollars in my pocket, which is all that stands between us and starvation. There seems no way out for me now except to shoot myself and let my wife and family have my insurance. Even that must be done quickly lest I default on my premiums and the insurance lapse. Can you do anything for me? I know nothing whatever about Christian Science, but my wife has been studying it a little, and it is because of her insistence that I am here. If you can do anything, do it."

The practitioner looked at him and said, "Well, Mr. — we shall call him Jones — that is a pretty tough story, but after all, it is just the human mind trying to befool you, for however true it may seem to you at this time, it is a fact that you are the son of God in the Kingdom of God, are under the protection of the Most High, and have right at hand, though unseen at the moment, whatever you require for your needs, and vastly more. God takes care of the sparrows, the trees, and the flowers, and everything else; even the very hairs of your head are all numbered, and this being so, He will surely take care of you. Cease listening to the insistent talk of the carnal or human mind, and instead, turn to God and listen to what He shall say to you, and you will hear His voice, and He will direct you into the paths of peace, plenty, health, happiness, abundance, and work also."

Then for some three-quarters of an hour the practitioner expounded some of the things of Christian Science to him, telling him that unto him a child had been born, unto him a son had been given, or the Spirit of God rested upon him and its name was called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, and that the government was not upon *his* shoulders, but upon the shoulders of the Christ, the Spirit of God; that this Kingdom of God was at hand, that he was actually in it, and dependent upon God and not upon people or material things.

He left the office feeling better. He was not even able to pay his fee (which was quite all right). At about three in the afternoon he returned, and this was his story:

“When I left your offices I didn’t know what to do, but I thought I would gravitate homeward, and so started for the subway. As I passed along the street suddenly a voice spoke to me and said, ‘Present that letter.’ Now, when I left Mexico I was given a letter of introduction to a president of a trust company, by Don Jose Limantour, Finance Minister of Mexico, but I had never presented it. Why should I have done so? I was independently well to do, had plenty of money, plenty of friends, and needed nothing, so I simply carried it around with me in my pocket. For some sixteen years I had carried it about, expecting some day when I was downtown that I would present it. Each night I took it, with other papers, out of my pocket and laid it on the bureau, and the next morning put it back into my pocket. Now I took it out and looked at it. The envelope was worn at the edges, and turned brown. The envelop itself had become soiled, but inside the letter was intact, clean, and not unfresh looking. I threw the envelope away and started downtown. When I arrived at the address, I found that the trust company had disappeared and had merged with another, and that the president was now the Chairman of the Board of the merger and at a new address, to which I went.

“In his offices I handed the letter to his secretary. He did not send for me, but walked out of his private office himself and, grasping me by the hand, said, ‘I am so glad to see you, Mr. Jones. Any friend of Senor Limantour’s is a friend of mine.’ He led the way into his offices, sat me down by his desk, and as he chatted he read the letter of introduction carefully.

“Then he turned to me and said, ‘I see you are a mining engineer. Are you by any chance footloose and fancy-free at this moment, and able to take on a big piece of work?’ I answered that I was, whereupon he called up someone on the telephone and after a moment’s conversation turned again to me and said, ‘This morning Mr. So-and-so (mentioning a well-known man) called me on the telephone and asked if I could recommend a mining engineer to go down to South America, but I told him I knew of no one. Now I have just communicated with him and he wishes you to go over at once to his offices, which are only a few doors away, so although I should greatly like to talk to a friend of Senor Limantour’s, nevertheless I should be doing you a great injustice if I delayed your call upon my friend nearby.’

“I left immediately and went to see this other man who, with his mining syndicate, is internationally known, and in about half an hour I left with this contract (showing the practitioner) which is for one year, to be renewed for one more if necessary (and this was afterwards done). It requires me to go at once to Venezuela to examine a great gold-mining property. All my expenses are paid, I receive a salary of \$1000 a month, and I have had \$11,500 placed to my credit for current and incidental expenses.”

This was the beginning of the further successful career in the mining engineer’s life. He carried this contract out to the entire satisfaction of the syndicate, then went to British or Dutch Guiana on a similar quest, and subsequently opened a great copper and gold mine in Newfoundland. At present he is again in some foreign country and one of the most successful mining engineers in the world.

Again we say, “Who is so great a God as our God?”