# Practical Self-Help

A NEW REVELATION

## What the World Needs.

Published by the
SELF-CULTURE SOCIETY,
Chicago and London.

# PRACTICAL SELF-HELP.

*Dear Friend,*

*I have perused this book with both pleasure and profit, and am convinced that you will do the same.*

*Please read it at your earliest convenience, and return, so that I may pass it on to others, and thus help the good cause which it represents.*

*Yours very truly,*

.....

.....

Self-Culture Series, No. 10.

A NEW REVELATION.

...PRACTICAL...

# Self-Help

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS.

*"To serve mankind is to serve the higher needs of Self."*


..... BY .....

**An Active Member of the Self-Culture Society.**



...Published by...

THE SELF-CULTURE SOCIETY,

Chicago and London.

1901.

# PREFACE.

The following letter is self-explanatory:—

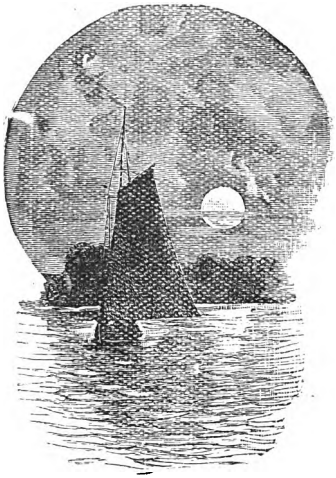
"Self-Culture Society,
Chicago and London.

Through a long association with you, I fully realize the great importance of the grand work in which you are engaged, and being desirous of adding my mite toward the betterment of the human race, I most cordially dedicate this volume to the Society with the understanding that I am to bear the expense of the first thousand copies, which are to be sent to addresses supplied by me.

The book will then become the property of the Self-Culture Society, and the remaining portion of the first edition, as well as any subsequent editions which may be called for, are to be disposed of to the general public at a reasonable price, so as to further spread the light of truth and knowledge.

Wishing the society a continuation of the success which it so richly deserves,—I am, very sincerely,

An Active Member."



# TABLE OF CONTENTS.



*NOTICE.*—The American method of spelling has been used throughout this Book.

# Be Kind to One Another.

BE kind to one another!
Th' alchemist's magic stone,
That turn'd to gold the dross of life,
Is love, and love alone!
How many now who fret and weep,
All minor griefs might smother,
If men would but this maxim keep:
Be kind to one another!

Be kind to one another!
Sweet words and gentle looks,
Set free the love streams of the soul,
As spring unlocks the brooks:
But pride and coldness seal the heart
Of good men from each other;
If you would learn men's nobler parts,
Be kind to one another!

Be kind to one another!
Life is too short to waste
In foolish vanity and strife;
Time flies with ruthless haste.
Death soon with an impartial hand
Will level foe and brother!
Oh! Prize the hours you may command,
Be kind to one another!

B. W. Bidwell.


"To live and care for others is a well-considered means of self-defence."

THE essential difference between the savage and civilized man may be summed up in the one word —culture. And the best guarantee of the permanency of civilization is our schools and colleges, though these institutions are not of themselves sufficient to maintain a high state of civilization. Knowledge that is more or less forced upon one is quickly forgotten, and has little influence upon the character. It is the education of the self, the development of the mental faculties, that alone enables a man to fulfill his rightful destiny. Moreover, the increase of knowledge opens to him avenues of joy that are closed to the ignorant. The noble thoughts and deeds of bygone generations beckon him to emulation, and before the gaze of a cultivated observation the world is seen to be full of beauty. Thus self-culture is the first duty of all to whom life is something more than mere existence, and who desire to enjoy the pulsating bliss with which Nature has surrounded an ungrateful and indifferent humanity. Self-culture is the one inalienable possession of man. Riches may take to themselves wings and position may be lost, but nobility of character and the treasures of the intellect are not dependable upon the fickleness of fortune.

Ignorance is the bane of our race, the mother of superstition, cruelty, and vice. The glowing light of knowledge alone can dispel these evils and usher in the golden age of which our poets and philosophers have sung and dreamed. Upon each of us individually lies the responsibility of fulfilling our part in the grand order of the universe. We, the children of these latter days, are called upon to maintain the nobility and the liberty of life so hardly won for us by our forefathers, and to transmit to our descendants the glorious heritage undimmed and undefiled.

Man is, or should be, the noblest of created things, his sphere of action is the broadest, his influence the widest, and to him is given Nature and Life for his heritage and his possession. He holds dominion over the outward. He is the rightful sovereign of the earth, fitted to subdue all things to himself, and to recognize no superior. Yet he enters upon the scene of his labors a feeble and wailing babe, at first unconscious of the place assigned him, and requires years of tutelage and discipline to fit him for the high and austere duties that await him.

The art which fits such a being to fulfill his highest and best destiny is the first and grandest of arts. Human culture is the art of revealing to a man or woman the true idea of being—their endowments—their possessions—and of fitting them to use these gifts for the growth, renewal and perfection of the individual. It is the art of completing a person, and includes all those influences and disciplines by which the faculties are unfolded and perfected.

The past has been unavoidable and necessary to produce the present, as the present will necessarily produce the future state of human existence.

The past has produced a repulsive, unorganized, ignorant, and, to a great extent, miserable state of

society. The present, however, has been made to develop all the materials requisite to produce an attractive, enlightened, happy and successful future for the entire human race if they will only appreciate the importance of the grand work of the Self-Culture Society.

The change from the ignorant and miserable present to the enlightened and happy future can never be effected by violence or through feelings of anger and ill-will toward any portion of mankind, but through the acceptance and development of great fundamental truths, declared to the world in the spirit of peace, kindness and charity, and explained with untiring patience and perseverance by those who have been enabled to acquire a practical knowledge of truth as it applies to human nature and society.

I have perused with exalted pleasure, and great personal benefit, the different books in the Self-Culture "Reading Course," beginning with that inspiring volume by Dr. G. B. Moore on "Practical and Scientific Self-Culture," and can clearly see how, by adopting these most plain, simple and common sense measures, it becomes easily possible to change all that is now wrong in the world, and in society in particular, to a state of ideal existence, which cannot help but be most beneficial to everyone.

Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power is a pageant, but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. The enthusiasm of ardent and forcible minds appears to be madness to those who are dull and indifferent, but the pleasure that genius inspires is the greatest remuneration that one can receive for their efforts and exertions. Nature and life present perpetual subjects for thought, and the person who collects, concentrates, and employs his or her faculties

upon these subjects for the purpose of finding the truth is a thinker, a philosopher, and is rising in dignity and true usefulness.

Whoever seeks truth with an earnest mind, no matter when or how, belongs to the school of the intellectual. There is but one true elevation of human beings, and that is the exercise, growth and energy of the higher principles and powers of the mind.

Man has two hands; one should be to lift himself upward and onward with, the other to help onward his fellow-man, who may be less favored than himself. The reason why there is so much want, ignorance and crime in the world is because people are not helpers. Nature has given mankind a rich abundance of everything, and will give us more if needed. All that is wanted is mutual help. If we want anything we appreciate being helped. Then let us help others. Those who have money should help those who have none to earn some for themselves. Those who have knowledge should help their less favored companions to acquire a thirst for the true and good, and help to give them an opportunity to quench it with truth and progress.

Those who have any spare time should find out the many ways of helping the needy and deserving, even without money and without price.

The Self-Culture Society and its members especially commend themselves to the rising generation; to young men and young women who are entering upon life with good resolves, and who want help and advice in directing and strengthening their principles.

A longing for self-improvement is particularly desirable in young people, not only because their natural powers are unwasted, and they have all the opportunities of life before them, but because the habit of seeking self-improvement, formed in youth, remains

with the individual through life, enriching the mind and heart with fresh treasures, and raising him or her into closer sympathy with all that is wise and good.

A terrible mistake is made by the persons who are content with what they have already achieved, for to cease to grow is to begin to decay. We live in an atmosphere which rusts our goodness directly we neglect to keep it bright. The period for introducing a permanent rational system of society, based upon the ascertained laws of Nature, for remodeling the character of men and women; and for governing the human race in unity, peace, progressive improvement, and happiness, is rapidly approaching, and no power can long resist the change.

This change will uproot and utterly destroy the old, vicious and miserable system of ignorance, poverty, and crime.

## THE FOLLOWING CONDITIONS ARE REQUISITE FOR A MAN'S HAPPNIESS:

1. To have a good organization at birth, and acquire an accurate knowledge of all the organs, faculties, propensities and qualities.

2. To have the powers of producing at pleasure whatever is necessary to preserve the organization in the best state of health, and to know the best mode by which to produce and distribute those requisites for the enjoyment of all.

3. To receive from birth the best possible cultivation of all natural powers—physical, mental, moral, and practical—and to know how to impart this knowledge to others.

4. To have the knowledge and the inclination to promote, continually and without exception, the happiness of all fellow-beings.

5. To have the inclination and means to increase continually our stock of knowledge.

6. To have the inclination of enjoying the best society, and more especially of association at pleasure with those for whom we feel the greatest regard and affection.

7. To form our character so as to express the truth only, in look, word and action, upon all occasions; to have pure charity for the feelings, thoughts and conduct of mankind, and to have a sincere good will for every individual of the human race.

8. To be without superstition, supernatural fears, and the fear of death.

9. To be associated with those who are in union with the laws of Nature, and to know the best means by which in practice to combine all the requisites to form such society.

10. To realize that it is man's highest blessing to be able to think and reason for himself.

We desire that a most perfect union shall exist, and with a view to aiding that desire, to form local societies wherever a half-dozen or more earnest men and women of kindred views can be brought together.

Let those associate for instructive and beneficial purposes, by providing harmless and attractive pursuits, by seeking to improve each other by a discussion of the laws of Nature, as they relate to health and happiness, and to prove by their lives that virtue and right conduct are the best guarantees of social happiness and an ideal existence.

Each and all, both as individuals and as members of the Self-Culture Society, are to view life as a service, and endeavor to do all the good that is possible.

Each branch society is to gather together a library of helpful books, the works of the great and good men and women who have written so earnestly, or fought so bravely, to win the blessings which we now enjoy.

They will by these means soon discover the extent of their own knowledge, and learn what is most desirable to know. It will give them a love and a reverence for positive and exact knowledge which could never be attained in any other way. Each one should instruct themselves and teach others, and in a short time they will be in a position to deliver lecture courses, which will add honor and dignity to the cause we have at heart.

Our only antagonism is error, abuse, and falsehood; and our object is constructive—to lay a solid substratum as the foundation of a society which will be permanently useful and in every way beneficial.

Our aim is to destroy error and substitue truth—to remove evil and replace it by the good, the beautiful, and the true, and thus promote human happiness and well-being.

These objects will be found in the following code:—

1. The exposure of errors in societary arrangements; errors in education and training, and the substitution of *true principles* in their place.

2. To show that human happiness can only be secured by entire obedience to the natural laws of well-being; by the culture of love; the practice of truth and justice, and by the performance of worthy and noble actions.

3. To promote self-culture upon a sound scientific basis, and to establish branch societies in all parts of the world for the use and general improvement of members through a knowledge of the duties of life, as expounded by a study of the order and operations of Nature.

4. To not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by promoting that of others. He who labors wholly

for the benefit of others and, as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions.

5. To teach that the *right use of the present moment* is the best possible preparation for happiness in the future; whether that future be in the life of the individual, in the life of the race—that is, of our posterity—or in any future life.

6. To make the best of life—that is, to secure the greatest amount of happiness for ourselves and our fellow-men by a study and knowledge of the laws of life and of well-being, the laws of matter, and the laws of social existence.

7. By precept and example to secure for society the highest point of perfection, a noble and happy existence, by living a life that will clearly demonstrate its superiority over any which has hitherto prevailed.

8. We pledge ourselves to each other in an endeavor to make ourselves as useful as possible, and to study each other's welfare and happiness by cultivating a love for truth and knowledge; and to so act as to gain the love, confidence, and respect of our friends, and to merit the esteem of all who know us.

9. To teach that it is barbarity to inflict suffering, either directly or indirectly, upon any sentient being except in self-defence, and that the affliction of suffering for purely selfish ends, such as sport, fashion, or profit, is debasing and morally wrong.

10. To aid in abolishing the hideous crime of vivisection, which consists in cruelly and wantonly dissecting living animals, thus inflicting upon them needless agony.

The public know little of the extent of this moral ulcer, its wantonness, uselessness, and wickedness. It

is a blot upon civilization, unsurpassed in the annals of the world, and should be at once and for ever abolished.

These are our objects. We believe self-knowledge to be the keystone to all right action and true happiness. It is the necessary equipment of all voyagers across the sea of life. Only by a knowledge of our capabilities, and by their right use, shall we be able to make the most of our lives.

There are potentialities asleep within the self which remain unrecognized by the majority of mankind, only awaiting the magic word of a positive command to be awakened from the state of lethargy to the realization of supremacy and power. Men toil unceasingly in the conflict with opposing forces; and year after year the wayside is strewn with the sad spectacle of wrecked human lives who have given up their existence in the unequal struggle. Others continue to face the difficulties that arise in their pathway; yet they go forward with frail and faltering footsteps, dominated by the paralyzing belief in their own weakness, and having a misconception of the obstacles which always confront them. How often we meet with difficulties which oppress the heart and cause the will to waver, when, if we only knew, we could arise in the dignity of selfhood and speak the word which would set free the latent energies of mind, and give power to conquer all things which bar the way to liberty and progress. We are often unconsciously swayed by the hypnotic suggestions which other minds create, and we yield to the binding influence of race beliefs which we have inherited from the generations of the past, so that the highest part of our nature sleeps, not dreamlessly, but as one fettered by the chain of circumstances which he cannot break. We have been taught from the days of our childhood that there are forces external to us which are hostile to life, and that we dare not lift the hand of defiance against them, or arise and

assert the supremacy of self, lest the imaginary walls of environment will surround us more closely, and the forces we oppose cause us to suffer more deeply. But the chains of centuries are being riven at length; the night of ignorance gives way to the full dawn of Truth's bright day; the dreamer awakes from the bond that comes of darkness, the will is set free, his thoughts soar in the limitless empyrean, he casts off the shackles of false environment, and emerges into light and freedom. The forces which were once cruel and relentless are now obedient servants; the conditions which once retarded progress are now used as stepping stones to higher realms of attainment. The will is now the sovereign upon the throne, altar of truth, the doorway to highest achievement.

The golden opportunities that are allowed heedlessly to slip by will never return. We only pass this way of life once. To waste time is to bring ruin and disaster upon ourselves. We all have the chance of success, but not all of us make use of it.

The sleep of ignorance is fatal to happiness. Knowledge is necessary to all enjoyment, and an increase of knowledge increases the source of happiness.

Cultivate yourself, and not only will you enjoy life more, but you will thereby become of use in the world. The weak, the puny, the insignificant, become so by neglect. They who do the work of the world are those who by wise obedience to Nature's laws fit themselves for the task.

> "The wish to know, that endless thirst
> Which e'en by quenching is awak'd,
> And which becomes, or blest or curst,
> As is the fount whereat 'tis slak'd."—T. MOORE.

CHAPTER I.

# THE VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS.

"Do little things now, so shall big things come to thee by and bye asking to be done."—Persian Proverb.

ATOMS are the component parts of worlds and their contents, and moments combine to make the centuries.

Trifles are the factors of life itself, so of happiness, comfort, and success; and we would especially bring to the attention of the youthful and unthinking, the important fact that little things shape and direct our daily habits, and these fix themselves into character almost as unalterable as the hardened rock.

As seemingly insignificant a matter as a pebble, on a water-shed, may divert a rivulet from one course into another, so that between where it goes, and where, but for the pebble, it would have gone, lie mountains and valleys, the breadth of a continent, the scope of thousands of miles; a simple cobble being its divertor from one ocean into another.

So, in a moral sense, a single trifling habit may be the cause of failure. It may be the pebble to turn one away from the path of industry, integrity, prosperity, success, and honor, into that of misfortune and disgrace.

Learn to realize that little faults, as idleness, procrastination, indifference, carelessness, neglect, prevarication, unfaithfulness, and dishonesty are your mortal enemies, and shun them as you would a pestilence.

Learn to believe that little indulgencies of such a kind are thieves, that unawares to you will be sure to rob you of your moral strength, dig out from under your character the foundation of your honor, and steal away from you the possibility of your success.

It is said that the most important discoveries, some of which brought their authors to fame and fortune, were suggested by trifles which most ordinary men would not have stopped to notice.

Parallel to this, an important fact seems to be that most men of foremost rank in greatness attained learning, skill, ability, and fame, not as the result of early advantages in either schooling or legacy, but by persevering effort in spare moments, often against poverty and the most disheartening discouragements, hindrances which they had to overcome by simple grit and Self-Help.

The desire to accomplish great results often leads into habits of indifference in regard to the little things that seem so insignificant, but which are in reality of the utmost importance. The miner who leaves home and friends, with visions of nuggets as large as walnuts floating constantly before his eyes, fancying that when the proper locality is found he will only need to stoop and scoop up these nuggets by handfuls, will be apt to overlook the fine golden dust that shines and sparkles before him, for it must be patiently washed and separated from all meaner elements; and, worse still, he is likely to search for a life-time without discovering the enchanted land where nuggets are waiting for him, while the despised grains of gold are all the while accumulating in the hands of those who have rightly estimated their value.

No great or worthy work has ever been accomplished without the most diligent attention to petty details, the "little things" that go to the making up of great ones. Napoleon was a perfect master of

detail. With all the ambition, all the daring, a brain to plan, and an arm to execute, he never forgot the most minute arrangements or the smallest items of expense or the least articles of equipment. Without his marvelous memory, his close attention to all that, to a less sagacious man, would have seemed unnecessary drudgery, he would never have left so splendid a record of achievement as that which now adds vital interest to the pages of the history of his time. Turner, the great landscape painter, of whom England must always be justly proud, was no less a slave to detail. Although compelled from his extreme poverty to do a vast amount of the real hack work pertaining to his chosen art, he never allowed himself to slight the smallest trifle. It made no difference whether his task was agreeable or disagreeable; whether it consisted of designing covers for almanacks, or finishing the mediocre works of other and lesser artists; all was done with his whole heart, mind and talent. Small wonder that such singleness of purpose should command success.

Goethe says: "I respect the man who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut," and the lack of attention to little things is in a great degree responsible for the badly constructed foundations. Little habits grow imperceptibly into irredeemable ones. The child who cannot determine what he wants grows to be the man who is altogether lacking in decision of character. The youth who allows himself to drift about, will hesitate and halt between two opinions when the real issues of life are at stake. The habit of being earnest, prompt and

decided cannot fail to be of service, and those who have never realized its value should lose no time in coming to a wide-awake condition in regard to it. Sydney Smith is of the opinion that "in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can."

It is too true that valuable years are often allowed to pass, while we think and ponder and ask advice. Nothing is more common than the lament, "If I had known five years ago what I now know!" and no more erroneous impression takes possession of humanity than that which imbues persons of weak calibre with the conviction that if they "had known" something, which at the time they only surmised, all would have been well, and prosperity would have come knocking at their doors. The man of decision offers a vivid contrast to the individual who "would have" done great deeds, or who is just about to electrify the world. He is prompt in thought and deed. He wastes no time in rose-colored anticipations or funereal regrets. He is always armed for the fray, and ready for the call to action.

"Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another," said Jeremy Bentham. "As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue." As we look indifferently upon the snowflake

alone, apparently powerless to harm us, so we fail to note the presence of habits that must, when reinforced with others of their kind, prove sufficiently powerful to sweep us from the path we had intended to follow.

Carelessness in regard to pennies will result in unwise expenditure of larger amounts—that is if the careless youth ever comes to possess wealth. The waste of odd minutes is equivalent to a waste of hours, days and months that, sensibly employed, might work radical changes in one's position in life. If there be a doubt in your mind as to the truth of this statement, prove it by devoting thirty minutes a day to study of some sort, science, language, literature, or any field of research which may possess interest for you. At the end of a month, if you have adhered to this plan and have done even a little every day, seat yourself with pencil and paper, and give yourself a brief examination concerning your gain during that time, and you will be surprised at the result obtained.

A man rarely secures a good position because of some one prominent good trait, or any one superior faculty which, independent of auxiliary ones, entitles him to consideration. The faithfulness in little things begets faithfulness in affairs of moment, and the wise employer looks to the minute occurrences of the day in forming his opinion as to the fitness of the man who is "on trial" to hold the position. The man who attends to every duty every day, who will not allow any arrears to accumulate, who gives his best attention to the smallest items, as well as to the greatest requiring his supervision, will succeed where the careless man, who is above considering little things, will starve.

How many lives have been rounded to perfect symmetry through the influence of a word in season; the inspiration caught from reading the right book at

the right time; the resolve to follow a good example; all apparently trifling leadings, but how prolific of good results! Sir Joshua Reynolds declared that he was first inspired with a zeal for the study of art through reading an account of a great painter, written by Richardson. Haydon, after reading of the manner in which Sir Joshua had climbed to such splendid heights, determined to follow in his steps. Of these "Discourses" of the great painter (Sir Joshua Reynolds) Homer said: "Next to the writings of Bacon there is no book which has more powerfully impelled me to self-culture. He is one of the first men of genius who has condescended to inform the world of the steps by which greatness is attained. The confidence with which he asserts the omnipotence of human labor has the effect of familiarizing his reader with the idea that genius is an acquisition rather than a gift, whilst with all there is blended, so naturally and eloquently, the most elevated and passionate admiration of excellence, that upon the whole there is no book of a more inflammatory effect," which goes to show that real inspiration was put into the book, and it fulfilled its mission in inspiring others. Franklin was wont to attribute whatever helpfulness he had developed to the influence of Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good," while Samuel Drew was proud to acknowledge that his life and business habits had been modeled according to the life and theories of Franklin. Chateaubriand attributed much of the inspiration which led to his later renown to Washington. Of this great and good man's influence, he says: "Washington sank into the tomb before any little celebrity had attached to my name. I passed before him as the most unknown of beings. He was in all his glory —I in the depth of my obscurity. My name probably dwelt not a whole day in his memory. Happy, how-

ever, was I that his looks were cast upon me. I have felt warmed by them, and will be the rest of my life. There is a virtue even in the looks of a great man."

The man who is all noble, truly honorable, and imbued with an honest love of his fellow men, is a powerful agent in the building of the characters of others. The little, kindly deeds which his great heart prompts him to do are of great import to those with whom he associates. Professor Tyndall speaks of the friendship of Faraday as productive of energy and inspiration, and says: "His work excites admiration, but contact with him warms and elevates the heart. Here, surely, is a strong man. I love strength, but let me not forget the example of its union with modesty, tenderness and sweetness in the character of Faraday." By so little a thing as our predilections for certain men Sainte-Beuve passes judgment upon us. "Tell me," he says, "whom you admire, and I will tell you what you are, at least as regards your talents, tastes and character."

It is habitual irresponsibility concerning little things that fixes upon one, before he is aware of it, a lax, unmethodical way of doing business, pursuing one's studies, or even in taking needful rest or recreation.

The man who forgets to lock the vault before leaving the office of his employer will forget to give to himself a strict account of his own earnings. The individual who carries the correspondence of to-day over to add to to-morrow's, simply through disinclination to exert himself, will fail to look properly after his own interests or those that are entrusted to him, and will be likely to spend the latter half of his life bewailing the pitiful lack of "chances" from which he has suffered. Had he, from the outset of his career, followed the advice of Sir Walter Scott he would not have progressed so readily from sins of

omission to sins of commission. That worthy gentleman and author, when asked to advise a youth who had just obtained a situation, wrote: "Beware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you from not having your time fully employed. I mean what the women call dawdling. . . . Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion."

Many of the greatest discoveries that have aided so materially in the world's progress may be traced back to some occurrence which would to the uninquiring mind, or the listless, careless individual, seem but a "little thing," too insignificant to be worthy of note. Had not the janitor of the cathedral at Pisa left a lamp swinging where the boy Galileo chanced to notice it, no other suggestion of a pendulum by which time could be measured might have come to him. A spider's web, in like manner, awakened in the brain of Captain Brown the idea of how a suspension bridge might be built. The apparently inconsequent act of cutting his children's names in the bark of a tree, by which means Laurens Coster amused his little ones more than 450 years ago, was in reality the origin of the marvels that have since been done in the printing of books. While Coster was busily employed cutting the children's names the idea occurred to him that if the letters were each made on its own block and inked, the impressions that could be made from them would be superior to letters made with the

pen, while the work could be done much more rapidly. The blocks were made and tied together, then with the aid of John Gutenberg, Coster printed his first pamphlet. Coster died, and his secret must have died with him but for John Gutenberg, his former hired man, who, with the money supplied by John Faust, of Strasburg, succeeded in printing a number of books so well and so cheaply—for that day—that Faust, for his share in the enterprise, was accused of having sold himself to Satan. The outraged enemies of the devil—the virtuous people—would have burned him had he not frankly confessed, and fully explained the secret of the wonderful printing. A mere trifle resulted in the invention of the phonograph. Said Edison: "I was singing to the mouthpiece of a telephone when the vibrations of my voice caused a fine steel point to pierce one of my fingers held just behind it. That set me to thinking. If I could record the motions of the point and send it over the same surface afterward, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants the necessary instructions, telling them what I had discovered. That's the whole story. The phonograph is the result of the pricking of a finger."

If Helmholtz had not been stricken with typhoid fever it is doubtful if his poor and scanty savings would have been spent in the purchase of a microscope, yet the precious instrument guided him into paths where fame awaited him. It was so little a thing as a child's tiny hand that once saved Holland from inundation. A little boy discovered water trickling from a small hole in the dyke. He dared not run for assistance lest the opening should become a breach through which the water would rush in to the destruction of the city, so he stopped the leak with his tiny little

hand, holding it steadily through hours of waiting in the loneliness and darkness of night, until he could make himself heard, and resign his post to older, but no more courageous, people. A trifling circumstance saved Holland another time. The engineer, whose men were working at the dykes, was sorely tempted to attend a feast given in his honor as he was to be married shortly. He reflected that there might be danger if he were absent when peril to the State was imminent. After an instant's hesitation he decided that his duty lay at the dykes. The feast could take care of itself, the dykes could not. As he approached the wall, which was steadily giving way, the men raised a lusty shout of joy, for they were fast losing hope. With ropes fastened about their bodies, the engineer and several of the men were lowered into the surf. A cry was instantly raised for more stones and mortar, as the entire wall seemed to be giving way. At this crisis, when the reply, "There are no more stones," resounded above the roar of the waters, the engineer cried: "Take off your clothes and stop the holes in the wall!" With superhuman energy the men forced the rolls of clothing into the gaping holes, and their labor was not in vain. When all seemed lost the wind suddenly changed, the waters receded, and Holland was once more safe. So little a thing as the possession of a cat, and the right employment of that possession, laid the foundation on which Sir Richard Whittington's success was built.

"We call the majority of human lives obscure," said Bulwer, "presumptious that we are! How know we what lives a single thought retained from the dust of nameless graves may have lighted to renown?" While Johnson says: "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any. Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good."

CHAPTER II.

# RECEPTION OF NEW TRUTHS.

"Truth illuminates and gives joy."—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TRUTH is said to be precious as a diamond; but it has a value that no diamond can have—the power of continually unfolding into new and higher forms. We cannot compute its worth and lock it up like a precious stone; we may rather regard it as the seed that contains within itself the promise of continuous harvests for the ever-increasing needs of future generations. Frugally should we preserve it, liberally should we dispense it, prizing it for what it has been and is, but still more for what it is capable of producing.

The naturally strong conservative feeling of man is never more strikingly displayed than on the occasion of the promulgation of a New Truth in the world. It comes before the public quite friendless; often for a long time it stands in a miserable minority of one. It struggles hard to gain a footing; is jostled about rudely, jeered, despised, and ridiculed; and its promulgator is, perhaps, characterized as a quack, an imposter, or a maniac. If the new truth is calculated to interfere rudely with the gains of any established class, then woe to the man who has ushered it into life; let him then be fully prepared to encounter the hardest possible measure of calumny, abuse, and persecution.

The majority, however, do not feel quite so strongly as this. They are passive compared with the others. Walter Savage Landor's description of the Critics' reception of a New Book, not inaptly applies to them:—"They rise slowly up to it, like carp in a pond when food is thrown among them; some of which carp snatch suddenly at a morsel, and swallow it; others touch it gently with their barbe, pass deliberately by, and leave it; others wriggle and rub against it more disdainfully; others, in sober truth, know not what to make of it, swim round and round it, eye it on the sunny side, eye it on the shady, approach it, question it, shoulder it, flap it with the tail, turn it over, look askance at it, take a pea-shell or a worm instead of it, and plunge again their contented heads into the comfortable mud. After some seasons, the same food will suit their stomachs better."

Such persons are generally satisfied to be led and influenced by those whom they are accustomed to follow in such matters; and the question they ask is similar to that which was once put on the distinguished occasion of the promulgation of a great New Truth in the world: "Have any of the rulers or the Pharisees believed it?" If the answer is "No," then they have generally no more to say to it, and go on contentedly in their old way till greater light reaches them.

It is somewhat humiliating to look back to the period at which some of the great truths, now universally recognized to be true, were ushered into the world, and to note the reception which they met with; nor is this retrospect altogether without its instruction to even a comparatively enlightened age. The truths to which we refer are now so clear and demonstrable, that we are disposed to look upon him as a fanatic or ignoramus who would venture to doubt them. And yet there are, from time to time, other new truths coming up, meeting with the same obstructions and denunciations; truths which

have not yet been able to overcome the obstinate adherence of the mass of mankind to that which is established; but, in reference to which, probably some future age will be disposed very much to question our enlightenment for ever having resisted or doubted them. Posterity, however, only very slowly comes up with the Thinker or Discoverer; and generally, it is not till he is dead that full justice is done to the purity of his motives, or the philanthropy of his designs.

Galileo's discovery of the motion of the earth was felt to be an awful innovation on the old convictions of men. He had the daring audacity, this man of science, in opposition to the long-received dogma that the earth stood still, to allege that the earth moved and revolved on its axis. The then-existing notion was that the world was limited to this "dim spot which men call earth," with its twinkling stars set about it only as so many little ornaments to please the eyes of the ant-like humanities moving on its surface. Galileo dared to conceive and to prove that this orb was but as a mere speck in the creation of Nature, and that the utmost verge of man's imagination was but the threshold of her works. He was thrown into a dungeon for his heterodoxy; but the truth could not be stifled. "Still it moves," was Galileo's inmost conviction. And, thanks to the progress of thought, the sublime heterodoxy of Galileo is now one of the accepted triumphs of human intellects, one of the most glorious victories of science and Truth. Still nearer to our own day, the truths of geology, now acknowledged as such by all enlightened men, were tabooed as dangerously heterodox, because they were not supposed to tally with the views which were accustomed to be held and taught. "Supposed," we say, for the most learned of all sections are now at one on this point, and we have teachers now occupied in eloquently enforcing the new truths of geology.

Christopher Columbus's discovery of the New World was one of the issues of Galileo's thought. He promulgated his theory of the existence of a western continent, and how was it received? It was "rejected as the dream of a chimerical projector." Columbus was, however, fully possessed by his idea, and wandered about from court to court for many years, for help to carry out his idea. At last he succeeded, by the aid of a monk and a doctor; his expedition sailed, and the New Truth was established. Everybody then cried: "How easy! Surely, no one could have doubted it!" So did the courtiers also observe, when Columbus showed them how an egg could be made to stand upon its end!

Dr. Harvey's promulgation of the true circulation of the blood was received with shouts of derision by his contemporaries. They had been taught that the arteries carried air, not blood; and the New Truth was an overthrow of all their preconceived notions, which was not to be borne. He was lampooned and satirized; lost his practice, and was disowned by his medical brethren. It was a dangerous and subversive doctrine, which must be put down! And yet the New Truth was fully established in its own good time.

It is not quite a century since Sir Walter Scott, in one of the "Quarterly Reviews," pronounced the scheme of lighting towns by means of gas to be so fanatical, that the man who proposed it was only fit for the restraints of a lunatic asylum. At a still later date, when it was proposed to lay down a line of railway from Manchester to Liverpool, an eminent engineer pronounced that "no man in his senses would attempt a railroad over Chat Moss." William Grey, one of the first writers on the advantages of a system of railway communication, was thought to be insane by his friends, and his proposals were generally scouted as altogether absurd. Even as late as 1825, the "Quarterly Review," in an article on

the proposed Woolwich Railway, said: "What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stage coaches? We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum. We trust that Parliament will, in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which we entirely agree with Mr. Silvestre is as great as can be ventured on with safety." The short commentary on this is, that the mail trains on the Great Western Railway now travel regularly and safely at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Brindley's project of carrying canals across valleys upon lofty aqueducts was equally laughed at by engineers and scientific men. One of these, on being called in to consult with Brindley in reference to the aqueduct across the Irwell, at Mancester, shook his head, and remarked that "he had often heard of castles in the air, but never before was shown where any of them were to be erected." But Brindley, though originally a common wheelwright, and so unlettered that he could do no more than write his own name, had got possession of an idea; and the Duke of Bridgewater having faith in his genius, he was encouraged to proceed in spite of the sneers of scientific men, so the aqueduct was built to span the Irwell.

But, perhaps, the most interesting case of all is that of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamship. As early as the year 1793, he communicated his invention to Lord Stanhope, in the hope that the English Government would enable him to carry his discovery into effect. But it was not till the year 1807 that he finally succeeded by the aid of an Ameri-

can Minister, Mr. Livingstone. While his boat was building at New York, it was the object of sneers, contempt, and ridicule. "As I had occasion," says Mr. Fulton, in his own narrative of the event, "to pass daily to and from the building yard while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered, unknown, near the idle groups of strangers gathered in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense, the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditure, the dull, but endless repetition, of 'the Fulton Folly.' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path." At length, the boat was built, launched, and the first experiment of its steaming powers was to be made. There were abundant predictions of failure, of course. The boat, however, moved away from the shore, then the machinery came to a stand, for it was yet far from perfect. "To the silence of the preceding moment," continues Mr. Fulton, "now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself on a platform, and stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage. I went below, and discovered that a slight maladjustment was the cause. It was obviated. The boat went on; we left New York; we passed through the highlands! we reached Albany! Yet, even then, imagination superseded the force of fact. It was doubted if it could be done again, or if it could be made, in any case, of any great value."

The admirable invention of the electric telegraph

has also forced itself on the public notice and approval, in spite of great indifference and hostility on the part of public men. Mr. Rowland constructed his first electric telegraph at Hammersmith, in 1816, and shortly after he urged it upon the notice of the Government. Mr. Barrow, who was Secretary to the Admiralty, replied, "that telegraphs of any kind were then wholly unnecessary, and that no other than the one now in use would be adopted." "I felt," says Mr. Rowland, "very little disappointment, and not a shadow of resentment on the occasion, because everyone knows that telegraphs have long been very great bores at the Admiralty."

New truths on all other subjects, moral as well as physical, have had similar difficulties to contend with upon their introduction. The proposal to abolish punishment by death for petty offences, was resisted in England for nearly 300 years. Sir Thomas More, who, as early as the year 1520, questioned the policy of putting men to death for petty thefts, etc., was at once fallen upon vociferously by all the lawyer class, who declared that any milder mode of punishment would "endanger the whole nation." The proposal to abolish military flogging was another reform which met with strenuous opposition by the officers of the Army and Navy. When it was proposed to limit the number of lashes to one thousand, they predicted insubordination, anarchy, and confusion. The number, however, was then reduced to fifty lashes, in obedience to the opinion of the public, not military men; and no such consequences ensued as were predicted. In like manner, Captain Maconochie's proved success in the treatment of criminals at Norfolk Island, on the mark system, obtained no exceptance with the inspectors of prisons, who reported against its adoption. It needs little discerning power to perceive that public opinion will

soon shoot ahead, and compel the adoption of more rational methods of treating criminals than those still prevalent. The proposal to treat lunatics on the mild system was long resisted by professional men in like manner, but was, at last, established in spite of all sneering and opposition.

Discouraging though these facts be, they are not to be wondered at. The opposition to new views must be regarded as altogether human, natural, and inevitable. The conservative feeling is useful, unless carried, as it often is, to the extent of inveterate prejudice and bigoted adherence to what is. It is proper that we should hold by the old, until the new has been proved to be the better. Only, let all new views have a fair hearing, and be tested, not so much by existing notions of things, as by their own intrinsic truth and worth. There always will be a strong Conservative party to prevent their too sudden adoption. Among such are always to be found the more aged members of society. Goethe has said, "that no man receives a new idea, at variance with his pre-conceived notions, after forty." This is, probably, putting the case rather too strongly; but, generally speaking, it will be found correct. You will very rarely find a medical man, for instance, beyond forty, ready to take up with new modes of treating disease, no matter how sufficient are the facts produced in its favor, nor old lawyers ready to advocate ameliorations in the criminal code—the most stubborn opponents of such measures having invariably been the old lawyers. Then, the general mass of men will be found on the side of the old and established notions—the power of testing and sifting new views being as yet a comparatively rare endowment. The number of those who will undergo the toil and labor of patiently thinking out a subject, is, in every country, comparatively

small. Hence, every new truth, no matter under howsoever favorable circumstances given to the world, must, for a long time, remain greatly in a minority among the mass of the people. It has to maintain a struggle, step by step, against obstinate opposition, and fight its way up to a majority through insolence and ridicule—this very opposition and ridicule being probably necessary to stimulate the infant truth in its growth to an ultimate unassailable vigor.

It must be confessed, too, that the increasing intelligence of our time is every day affording greater facilities to the reception of new truths. Young and inquiring minds are, above all others, open to these impressions; and as the young rise into manhood, the truths they have early imbibed become embodied in action. Increasing facilities are every day given to the utterance of new truths. The wide area which used to separate the thinkers of former days from the mass of the people, and prevented the general acceptation of these truths, is now traversed in many ways, but the chief method of communication between the thinkers and the people is the Press. Formerly a great thinker had but slender means of operating on the general mind. He was confined, as in a prison-house, and looked through his bars on the crowd without. He studied, explored, and discovered, but he had no means of distribution, and often the truth he had so laboriously achieved died with him. The case is greatly altered now. The thoughts of a great explorer and thinker are immediately transferred into the public mind by means of the Press, and some permeate the national intellect. Editors are invaluable as distributors of the stores of intellectual wealth. They are the retailers, and sometimes the originators of thought, which, dropped day by day, and week by work, into the public mind, influences, in the most

extraordinary manner, the popular will and actions. If the Press, as a whole, would only take a bolder stand for truth, much more good could be accomplished.

New truths, then, have, on the whole, a much better chance of being listened to now than at any previous period; and the day would appear to be not remote, when the number of thinkers shall have so increased, as to give every new idea a fair chance of being listened to with attention and respect; when new opinions shall be considered, not for the purpose of studying how best to confute them, but to discover how much truth there is in them, and how they may be rendered the most promotive of the well-being and happiness of our species.

If I were to express in a line what constitutes the glory of a state, I should say it is the free and full development of human nature. That country is the happiest and noblest whose institutions and circumstances give the largest range of action to the human powers and affections, and call forth man in all the variety of his faculties and feelings. That is the happiest country where there is most intelligence and freedom of thought, most affection and love, most imagination and taste, most industry and enterprise, most public spirit, most domestic virtue, most conscience, most piety. Wealth is good only as it is the production and proof of the vigorous exercise of man's powers, and is a means of bringing out his affections and enlarging his faculties. Man is the only glory of a country; and it is the advancement and unfolding of human nature which is the true interest of a State.

CHAPTER III.

# MENTAL TONICS.

"Strength of mind is exercise, not rest;
The mind is the measure of the man."

POPE.

OF the many forces which have been let loose upon the world, there are three that have been predominant over the rest in determining and influencing the destiny of mankind. They are War, Culture, and Religion. Out of these three we have chosen the second to discuss, as being worthy of, at least, a little consideration in these days of thought and general enlightenment. Of course, no one will think of denying altogether the great debt of gratitude that the world owes to Culture; although the great majority of persons seem to have but a vague idea as to what it really is; for to many it seems to be an exclusive something which belongs only to wealth and rank; while to some, the mere mention of the word immediately suggests an acquaintance with the dead languages; while the rest for the most part think it implies a knowledge of literature, science and art; but to true Culturists it means something infinitely more, and far beyond any or all of these; for to him or her it is nothing less than the "love of and study of universal perfection."

Before proceeding to dwell upon the absolute necessity of Self-Culture for every human being, and the many and various advantages an educated and cultured per-

son has over the ignorant and unlearned, we will first enter a little more fully into the question as to what true Culture really is, and in order to do so will start with the inquiry, "Whence sprung all the Culture that is in the world to-day?" Quickly we go back in memory and imagination over the history of many different lands and nations until we arrive at Greece, assuredly the native place and birth land of all Culture; for it was here that the germs of all intellectual greatness first sprang into shape and form. Looking back on this period of the world's history, the marvel is that so small a land could accomplish so much in so short a time. What was the meaning of all this intellectual wealth that was being stored up in so small a land; and we are fain to ask the question, did all these children of a glorious age live only in order to perish like the brutes, and were all their gigantic labors in the world of thought and research only so much waste of strength that might have been used with a great deal more benefit to themselves and others? We think of Aristotle and Socrates, with "Plato the Wise" and large-browed Verulam, and a whole host of others. Does the world owe anything to them to-day? The question is easily answered. If the world still cares more for mere eating and drinking, and the ordinary things of everyday life, than it does for the higher privileges of our nature, then their work is nothing to us; but if, on the other hand, we find that over and above our daily duties and business relationships we have others, wider and more permanent with our fellow-beings in all ages, that we are debtors for all we have—or, in other words, realize that we are indeed the "heirs of all the ages"—then we owe them a never-ending debt of gratitude, which can only be lessened by each individual doing his utmost to carry on the work they commenced so nobly in their day. The first step to be taken is the cultivation of the mental powers; this can be done

only by proper Self-Culture, which enables one to realize the great importance of advancement.

It is not at all remarkable that the awakening to a sense of one's ignorance, and the necessity for immediate activity along the lines of self-improvement is often accompanied by the discovery that the mental faculties are in a weak, debilitated condition. The mind has become enervated and vitiated through over-indulgence in light, purposeless reading, which possessed no hold upon reason, thought or healthy imagination, as there was nothing but froth in the useless mixture, concocted for the purpose of exciting the intellectual palate rather than with any desire or intention of satisfying the healthy requirements of the mind. Of this worthless and pernicious form of so-called literature, John Stirling said: "Periodicals and novels are to all in this generation, but more especially to those whose minds are still unformed, and in the process of formation, a new and more effectual substitute for the plagues of Egypt, vermin that corrupt the wholesome waters, and invest our chambers," and in truth, language fails when one essays to depict the ravages committed by the current literature (?), the only excuse it has for existence is that it is "made to fill the demand." Is it not a crying shame that the public will support such useless enterprises? How can we estimate the evil wrought by the pages and pages of so-called dramatic news, that are in nine cases out of ten altogether misleading, while the higher class magazine gives a well-written, biographical account of some noted actor or actress, showing the dark side as well as the bright side of the picture, depicting the trials and struggles as well as the triumphs and successes, showing plainly that purpose, energy and perseverance were the requisites to advancement; the third-rate periodical gives column after column of ful-

some praise and flattery to bunglers who owe their very stage existence to "puff," more than patient endeavor, and the unsophisticated damsel who reads of the wonderful achievements of sirens with unpronouncable stage names, at once falls a victim to stage fever. She knows nothing of the trials and dangers of the career she determines to enter upon. Stealing from the shelter of home, and the love of parents, she makes her way to the city where she is lost among the countless aspirants to cheaply-won honors. Mary Smith is dead to all save the mourning hearts she has wilfully broken, and Marie Smythe's name appears, once possibly, on the gaudy play-bills, and then drops into oblivion. The same sort of reading matter is also responsible for many of the failures made by young men, who, fancying themselves above the drudgery of farm or village work, yet without the thought or consideration that should enable them to make sensible choice of a profession or trade, look upon themselves as the peers of the men whose portraits adorn the pages of their favorite family visitor. The descriptions of these men are rose-colored. They began on nothing, and, so far as one can learn from the reading notices, owe their rise to a series of "lucky hits." The inexperienced youth finds a sad dearth of "lucky hits" when he arrives in the city, and the longer he looks for them the poorer he grows. He did not start out with the determination of working his way, so he runs in debt, makes bad acquaintances, borrows, and not infrequently steals, or gambles his way to a permanent lodging place in prison.

Scarcely less pernicious in its influence on the minds of the young is the "funny paper," where wit is replaced by ribaldry, and the innocent jest is superseded by coarseness and vulgarity. Life, death, father, mother, the unoffending mother-in-law, and the be-

nignant grandsire are alike held up to ridicule. As Douglas Jerrold so aptly says: "I am convinced the world will get tired—at least, I hope so—of this eternal guffaw about all things. After all, life has something serious in it. It can not be all a comic history of humanity. Some men would, I believe, write a comic Sermon on the Mount. Think of a comic History of England, the drollery of Alfred, the fun of Sir Thomas More, the face of his daughter begging the dead head, and clasping it in her coffin on her bosom. Surely the world will be sick of this blasphemy."

The influence of good books is wonder-working, and there is no better cure for mental dyspepsia than may be found in the pages of Carlyle, Emerson, Bulwer, Johnson, Trine or Marden. In the biographies of great and good men, one may find hope, help and practical encouragement, and learn, moreover, to rightly value the gifts which he has, perhaps, never truly appreciated.

It is not difficult to believe that "the hardest way of learning is by easy reading; but a great book that comes from a great thinker is a ship of thought, deep-freighted with thought and beauty." To thoroughly master the contents of a book worth reading is to become richer, to add to treasures which you may constantly accumulate; and such mastery strengthens and invigorates the mind just as proper exercise strengthens the body. Such exercise is becoming more necessary every day; for the "fad" which demands a smattering of information on all subjects, while forgetting to ask for proficiency in any, has surely reached its utmost limit. The superficial all-knowledge of the present day is detrimental to true progress. We are assured by those who advocate learning of this sort that we really must do as others do if we would keep up with the times; that we must know a little of everything, or we cannot "make a creditable ap-

pearance in society"; but, as Sydney Smith says: "My advice, on the contrary, is to have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything. I would exact of a young man a pledge that he would never read Lope de Vega; he should pawn to me his honor to abstain from Bettinelli, and his thirty-five original sonneteers; and I would exact from him the most rigid securities that I was never to hear anything about that race of penny poets who lived in the reigns of Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medici."

It is, indeed, the wise man who profits by criticism, and the word which awakens us to a sense of our shortcomings may come from the author who has lived, suffered, and learned the best lessons life places before us, as well as from the lips of teachers, parents or friends. "To retract or mend a fault at the admonition of a friend in no way hurts your liberty," says Marcus Aurelius," for it is still your own activity, which, by means of your own impulse and judgment, and by your own mind, makes you see your mistake." If we learn to look upon good books as the best of friends, we will find them ever ready with good counsel. They will not humor us in our little conceits, encourage us in indolence, flatter our self-love, or lead us into paths of vice or folly.

We are so prone to believe that were all opposition to our progress removed we would mount upward to the grandest heights, but we should remember Kant's observation concerning the dove. The only resistance it meets with is that of the aid through which it cleaves its way, and it might fancy that were the resistance to cease, or, in other words, if there were no air, it would be able to increase its speed and move upward with the greatest ease; yet without air the dove could not fly. The element which is in itself opposed to the

flight of even the tiniest songster is absolutely necessary to that flight. So with our mental flights. The opposition we must encounter at every step but serves to buoy us up and strengthen our faculties for still further effort.

When we grow weary—as every one must do at times, who aspires to be something more than a mere human machine—the tonic effects of the best books may be tested with the greatest benefit. If we distrust our powers and feel that, possibly, we are the wrong people in the wrong places, the words of Bulwer Lytton come as a direct refutation of our short-sighted conclusions. He says: "There lives not a man on earth out of a lunatic asylum who has not in him the power to do good. What can writers, harranguers, or speculators do more than that? Have you ever entered a cottage, ever traveled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom, and not found that each of those men had a talent you had not, knew some things you knew not? The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club, or the one with vermin on his rags under the suns of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want it not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor." The most insignificant worker can feel that these words were said to him by one who knew wherof he spoke.

To one who has the fullest faith in himself, who has shown plainly that, no matter what his surroundings may be, he is in possession of power which will enable him to prove his greatness, the sneer or scoff of even an insignificant person will sometimes come like a gust of the ill-natured east wind that writhes itself to the very marrow of one's bones, then the words of Emerson come like sunbeams: "Take the place and attitude which belong to you, and all men will acquiesce. The

world must be just. It leaves every man with profound unconcern to set his own rate."

Having set our own rate, we should see to it that we do not fall below the standard we ourselves have raised. If we feel our strength failing for the moment, we must redouble our efforts for self-control, and profit by every aid within our reach. We should read and reflect, and fortify ourselves at every point against the inroads of doubt, distrust and indolence. We must select and assimilate such mental food as will build up and sustain our mental energies. There must be no make-believe in our work, for, as Lord Bolingbroke has so well said: "Whatever study tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men and citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, and the knowledge we acquire by it only a creditable kind of ignorance—nothing more."

Until practical self-culture has been brought to a point where self-mastery is complete, it is impossible to keep the mind in a perfectly healthy condition. Like the priceless Stradivarius, that, in the hands of a master, gives forth the most entrancing music, yet under the influence of dampness, or because of stormy weather, falls below pitch, and gets sadly out of tune, we succumb to depressing influences, and are incapable of producing our best effects until the touch of a master hand restores harmony, and calls forth our highest powers. Augustin Thierry—best known as the author of "History of the Norman Conquest"—recognized this fact when, after a life devoted to sifting the true from the false, while enduring blindness and illness that made him absolutely helpless, he said: "If, as I think, the interest of science is counted in the number of great national interests, I have given my country all that the soldier, mutilated on the field of battle, gives her. Whatever may be the fate of my labors,

this example, I hope, will not be lost. I would wish it to serve to combat the species of moral weakness which is the disease of our present generation; to bring back into the straight road of life some of those enervated beings that complain of wanting faith, and know not what to do, and seek everywhere without finding so much bitterness, that in the world, constituted as it is, there is no air for all lungs—no employment for all minds? Is not calm and serious study there? And is not that a refuge, a hope, a field within the reach of all of us? With it evil days are passed over without their weight being felt. Everyone can make his own destiny—everyone employ his life nobly. This is what I have done, and would do again if I had to recommence my career. I would choose that which has brought me where I am. Blind and suffering, without hope, and almost without intermission, I may give this testimony, which from me will not appear suspicious. There is something in the world better than sensual enjoyments, better than fortune . . . . —it is devotion to knowledge."

If anyone would question the value of such devotion let him experiment for himself, even in the simplest way. If he has suffered through the tedious hours of a dreary, rainy evening, contrasting his life and prospects with those of his neighbors, indulging in all manner of vain wishes, let him, when the same depressing influences again seem like to bring about a repetition of his unhappy experience, hasten as soon as the street lights begin to glimmer, to draw the shades, see that his lamp is well trimmed, if he chance to be one of the many who live where gas is not available, and where electric lights are still an unattainable luxury; then place the most comfortable chair he possesses in a position where the light will fall upon his book. Let the book be any one of the many volumes

that one cannot read intelligently without being richer in the knowledge of himself and the laws and limitations of his own existence, and the chances are that midnight will have passed ere he closes the book with a sigh of regret that the evening has been so short. Emerson says, truly: "We are as elastic as the gas of gunpowder, and a sentence in a book, or a word dropped in conversation, sets free our fancy." There is no doubt that it is the delight of vulgar talent to dazzle and to blind the beholder. But true genius seeks to defend us from itself. True genius will not impoverish, but will liberate and add new senses. If a wise man should appear in our village he would create in those who conversed with him a new consciousness of wealth by opening their eyes to unobserved advantages; he would establish a sense of immovable equality, calm us with assurances that we could not be cheated, as everyone would discern the checks and guaranties of condition.

The rich would see their mistakes and poverty, the poor their escapes and their resources. Through a clear summing up of conditions and possibilities, by an author in whom we believe, we gain a comprehensive survey of ourselves, and our own achievements, which would be altogether impossible were we entirely dependent upon ourselves. Through their wisdom we become wise, from their strength we gain new vigor. Their courage inspires us with a desire to do and dare; their steadiness of purpose makes us ashamed to consider failure in the light of a possibility, and their success in accomplishing that which they were determined to do imbues us with the conviction that we, too, shall succeed. Through communion with them we learn that obstacles and discouragements are the needful paraphernalia of the mental gymnasium to the severe regime of which we must resign ourselves if we would attain the strongest mental fibre. Our seeming slavery

is thus the stepping-stone to our ultimate emancipation; the apparent bars to our progress are but tools by the use of which we may test and prove our growing strength.

The man or woman, the youth or maiden, who enters upon the work of self-culture, provides himself or herself with the best and most effective mental tonic. It is all-powerful in banishing despair, and in closing the door upon discontent. Of its power to bring contentment and happiness we have ample evidence in the testimony of many of the most eminent men. William Chambers, the Edinburgh author and publisher, said to the students of that city, after describing the beginnings of his work of self-education, when he first determined to devote his evenings to study: "From seven or eight in the morning till nine or ten at night was I at my business as a bookseller's apprentice, and it was only during hours after these, stolen from sleep, that I could devote myself to study. I did not read novels; my attention was devoted to physical science, and other useful matters. I also taught myself French. I look back to those times with great pleasure, and am almost sorry I have not to go through the same experience again, for I reaped more pleasure when I had not a sixpence in my pocket, studying in a garret in Edinburgh, than I now find when sitting amidst all the elegancies and comforts of a drawing-room."

The need of mental tonics must not be considered as indicative of lack of the qualities requisite to success. The greatest genius recognizes the fact that self-help and absolute confidence in one's own powers must be cultivated, and while this cultivation is in progress the experiences of others are invaluable in teaching us lessons in decision, resolution and perseverance. It is an indisputable fact that "the heroic example of other

days is in great part the source of the courage of each generation, and men walk up composedly to the most perilous enterprises, beckoned onward by the shades of the braves that were." Aristotle, St. Augustine, and Dante acted as potent influences in the life of Gladstone, who was so ready to recognize and give due credit to all whose lives were devoted to the interests of mankind. Of Washington, the "grand old man," said: "If among the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice, at any time within the last forty-five years, would have lighted, and it would now light upon Washington."

There are thousands of men and women in country farmhouses and city tenements who are literally suffering from intellectual starvation, while homes within calling distance of them are over run with the best books and magazines, lying upon shelves and tables with closed covers and uncut pages. Who knows what strength and inspiration may lie in a single volume? If you are well supplied with reading matter do not forget that everyone is not so fortunate. The box of candy you carry to your sweetheart will do her no good and may be even harmful; a well-chosen book may contain a message for her which you could not utter; one that may strengthen her in right purposes, or assist her in putting silly thoughts to flight. The scarf-pins, handkerchief-boxes and photograph-cases which damsels select so carefully at Christmas-time and on birthdays are, naturally, most acceptable to their young friends, but they soon fade, break, become shabby if kept in constant use, or become aged and out of shape packed away in the bottom of trunks or boxes. The words of an inspired writer never grow

old, never lose their power, are never exhausted, or useless. Emerson says: "Men are helpful through the intellect, and the affections. Other help I find has a false appearance. If you affect to give me bread and fire, I perceive that I pay for it the full price, and, at last, it leaves me as it found me, neither better nor worse; but all mental and moral force is a positive good. It goes out from you whether you will or not, and profits me whom you never thought of. I cannot even hear of personal vigor of any kind, great power of performance without fresh resolution. We are emulous of all that man can do."

The thought you present to a man becomes his own through mental assimilation, and so long as he is of sound mind he holds that as a real possession. The splendid sentiment, the enthusing exordium which you point out to him in the pages of some favorite book, acts as a corrective of all tendency toward unhealthy conditions; sends new life and longing for truth through his entire being, and awakens in him a full appreciation of his own marvelous possibilities.

Do not waste time in wishing for a vast and complete library. The most valuable collections of books were gathered together one by one. A few good volumes will suffice to keep you in the path of culture. As Bulwer observes: "Culture comes from the constant choice of the best within our reach. Continue to cultivate the mind; to sharpen by the exercise the genius, to attempt to delight or instruct your race; and, even supposing you fall short of every model you set before you, supposing your name moulder with your dust, still you will have passed life more nobly than the unlaborious herd." Make of your own mind a mirror in which all good and great deeds are reflected, a mine from which priceless treasures shall be brought. Learn to rely upon yourself; to first be sure you are

right, then forge straight ahead. Heed not the idle assertion that literary pursuits will disqualify you for the active business of life. Reject it as a mere imagination, inconsistent with principle, unsupported by experience.

It is undoubtedly true, that more misery is produced among us by the irregularities of our tempers than by real misfortunes. And it happens, unfortunately, that these irregularities of the temper are most apt to display themselves at our firesides, where everything ought to be tranquil and serene. But the truth is, we are awed by the presence of strangers, and are afraid of appearing weak or ill-natured when we get out into the world, and so very heroically reserve all our ill-humour for our wives, children and servants. We are meek where we might meet with opposition, but feel ourselves undauntedly bold where we are sure of no effectual resistance.

CHAPTER IV.

## THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE.

"The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose,
But the Rose loved one;
Who recks where the wild Wind blows,
Or loves not the Sun?"

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

WHO loves not the Sun, asked the blind girl of Pompeii—painful question on the lips of one who never beheld the light! "Who loves not the Sun?" sung Nydia, and the question admits of only one answer. We all love the Sun, the dispenser of light and heat; and we all love the Sunshine which clothes the world with beauty, the Sunshine which almost possesses the impossible power of perfecting perfection; it "gilds refined gold" and "paints the lily," it adds a charm to the beautiful and lends attraction to the homely. Beautiful is the Sunshine! Beautiful as it glitters in golden sheets of glory on the bosom of the ocean, as it dances on the rippling waters of the brook, as it plays in the rain-drops by the way-side. Beautiful as it faintly glimmers over the mountain-tops at early dawn, as it streams forth at noonday, clothing Nature in her gala-dress, as it lovingly seizes upon earth when "summer's day declines along the hills." Beautiful is the Sunshine! But let us suppose now, that in this age of wonderful contrivances, some marvelous chemical or scientific process were

suggested, by means of which the Sunshine, with its beauty and gladness, should be for ever extinguished. The idea is preposterous; but, let us consider it quietly for a moment. *Who*, we ask, would consent to annihilate the Sunshine? Not a voice replies. Who, again, would not join with us in condemning the execrable proposition? At once, every voice breaks forth, every hand is raised in indignation. Everyone, young and old, rich and poor, man and woman, unites in vehement condemnation of the atrocious thought, "Extinguish the Sunshine! What monster has suggested it?" Softly, softly, dear friends! Hear us out and ye shall, many of you, be self-condemned. There is another Sunshine which suffuses with joy and beauty our mental life. The Sunshine of the moral world is love; not that Love in which novel-writers and novel-readers delight, but Love itself in its most holy and universal application. We have eulogized the beauty of the Sun's beams as they stream on mountain and moor, forest, field and fell; but more glorious is the light of this mental Sunshine. It beams upon the human countenance with as soft and pure a radiance as the Sun's rays kindle on the fair face of Nature, and it cheers human hearts with a warmer glow than was ever occasioned by material heat. This mental Sunshine sparkles in the first conscious glance which lights up the infant's face as it smiles upon its mother. It feebly flickers on the trembling lip and fading eye, as the loving one reluctantly departs from dear ones. It beams in the father's proud smile, as the little group gladly rush "to greet their sire's return." It lights up the joyous faces of long-parted friends, when their hands are once more clasped in sympathy. It shines forth in the wife's fond look of anxious tenderness, and the bashful maiden's timid glance. It gleams

in the upturned eye of devotion, and the sorrowing gaze of pity. It flushes the cheek of gratitude, and quivers in the lip of sympathy. Thrice holy, thrice beautiful Sunshine of the mind! And you, lovers of earth's sunshine, would extinguish *this!* It is of you we speak. We allude not to the dogmatic philosopher who sneers at romantic sentimentality; but we speak of you, who, extolling the beauty of the Sunshine which gladdens your garden and delights your eyes, roughly and carelessly extinguish that brighter light which should illuminate your hearths and warm your hearts. How many participate in the sinful folly they just now joined us in condemning—how many of you are extinguishers of Sunshine? You extinguish it—you, whose cold looks, and harsh tones, and unkindly words repel the sympathy of those who love you. You extinguish it—you, whom egotism and selfishness render blind to the feelings and indifferent to the troubles of those around you. You extinguish it—you whose paltry pride scorns to ask pardon when you have offended; and you, whose still meaner disposition refuses nobly to forgive what is generously repented of. She extinguishes this Sunshine—the wife and mother who nightly leaves her domestic hearth to seek happiness in revelry; no gentle beams illuminate her children's faces; no heart's sunshine lights up her husband's eye; no ray of it sparkles in her own. He extinguishes this Sunshine—the miser, the selfish man, whose gold is his god. No light of love cheers his life; his heart is desolate and dark; and he also, the avaricious man, who would scorn the companionship of the professed "miser," he also extinguishes the Sunshine that might beam upon his path, who flies the domestic circle to bury himself in the public-house; who can never spare a word for his wife or a smile for his children; whose whole heart, is full of

worldly affairs and nothing else. She extinguishes the Sunshine—the Coquette, who prefers the false glare of adulation to the sunny light of love; who cares more for the empty flatteries of a hundred false lips than for the true devotion of one honest heart.

How often do brothers and sisters, whose cold looks or angry words, as they gather round the well-spread board, daily verify the proverb, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith!" And in such cases it is so difficult to say *who* is wrong. A trifle—one of those "trifles which make the sum of human things"—may have done all the mischief. And how shall it be undone? If friends and relatives would only preserve, in their mutual intercourse, the outward courtesy of strangers, and if strangers would but cherish a little of the cordiality of relatives, how much happier would the world be! How much of life's sunshine would then delight us! As it is, however, distant acquaintances greet one another kindly, while their hearts too often belie their words; and friends and brothers turn from each other coldly, or speak harshly, while their hearts, too, belie their words.

But the extinguishers of Sunshine are too numerous to catalogue. Let us leave them to the desolation of their choice, and think of ourselves. We have no right to chide; we have no right to blame the taskmaster, whose cruelty presses not the Sunshine only, but the life as well from out young hearts; we have no right to blame the legislators who seem to forget that in their hands is the happiness of the poor; we have no right to blame till we ourselves are blameless. "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone." Let us forbear from chiding the wholesale extinguishers of Sunshine until we ourselves have proved our love for it by cherishing its beams in our

own hearts, and by our own firesides. Gentle reader, remember this!—When harsh words fall from your lips, when an angry frown furrows your brow, when a cold smile curls your lip, when you turn a deaf ear to the voice of sorrow, when your hand refuses the grasp of sympathy or the token of forgiveness, when your steps continually turn from home in search of foreign pleasures, then—and in a thousand other instances, too trivial almost to notice, but, alas, not trivial in their consequences—you, even *you* are an extinguisher of Sunshine—of the joyous and beautiful Sunshine of the mind.

There are some natures so happily constituted that they can find a little good in everything. There is no calamity so great, but they educe comfort of some kind or other from it. No sky is so black, but they can discern a gleam of sunshine issuing through it, from one quarter or another; and if the sun is not to be seen at all, they at least comfort themselves with the assurance that it is there, though now veiled from them, doubtless for some good purpose. These happy, sunshiny beings are to be envied. They have a beam in the eye—a beam of pleasure, gladness, philosophy, call it what you will. Sunshine is ever about their hearts; life is to them strewed with flowers; existence is with them a constant summer. Their mind gilds with its own hues all things that it looks upon. They draw comfort from sorrow; they educe good out of evil; like the bee, they gather honey even from poison flowers. As Leigh Hunt once said: "There is scarcely a single joy or sorrow within the experience of our fellow-creatures which we have not tasted; yet the belief in the Good and the Beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine to us in sickness, riches in poverty, and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health and success." The man

who could write thus, surely had the beam in his eye!

Let it not for one single moment be imagined that natures, such as those we speak of, are necessarily weak, giddy, and unreflective. The very largest and most comprehensive natures are generally also the most cheerful, the most loving, the most hopeful, the most trustful. It is the wise man, the being of large vision, who is the quickest to discern the moral sunshine streaming through the thickest clouds. In present evil he sees prospective good; in pain he recognizes the effort of Nature to restore health; in trials he discerns the best school of courage and strength; even in deepest sorrow he gathers comfort; and in the sternest disappointments and sufferings he gathers the truest practical wisdom. His heart is strung to sympathy with universal Nature, and, even in her blackest moods, does he find a sense and meaning. When he has burdens to bear, he bears them manfully and joyfully, not repining nor fretting and wasting his energies in useless lamentation, but struggling onward manfully, gathering up such flowers as are strewn along his path. Journeying steadily towards the sun, the shadow of his burden behind him.

There are few, indeed, who might not, with infinite advantage cultivate the beam in the eye; in other words, who might not enjoy, far more than they do, the pleasures of rational existence. Happiness is certainly the end of our being; pain and misery are only incidental to it, and but too often are the result of the violence which man does to his own nature. And do not pleasures of the highest order—of home, of affection, of friendly intercourse, of Nature—lie about us on every side? Has not the great theatre of man's existence been so fitted up as that he who wills it may become a good and happy crea-

ture? Alas! That so many of us should not use our opportunities aright, but positively abuse them.

Let us begin forthwith, then, and cultivate a beam in the eye, looking at the bright and happy side of things; and being thus hopeful, trustful, and useful, let us look for gleams of sunshine, come from what quarter they may; and we shall thus have delight in struggling onward ourselves, and in helping others to do likewise. Encourage the habit of being happy, for a habit it assuredly is. Thus will adversity be made more hopeful, and prosperity more joyous. Let not the mind give way to gloomy thoughts, but be cheerful. Scarcely is there a subject that does not afford room for agreeable meditation. There is no human being so humble as not to be an object of human interest. There is no object in Nature so mean as not to afford matter for instructive thought; and he who cannot extract benefit from such contemplations is certainly not in any respect to be envied. Wordsworth, a poet with the beam in his eye—and there is no true poet without it—says—

> "He who feels contempt
> For any living thing, hath faculties
> Which he has never used."

There is pleasure to be gathered from things in themselves apparently the most trivial. A leaf, a flower, a passage of poetry or music, a fine painting or piece of sculpture, how much delight does the man or woman of cultivated intellect derive from such things! To some they may appear blanks; they may gaze at them, yet see nothing. It is the beam in the eye that gives brightness, beauty, and meaning to them; it shines upon coldness, and warms it; upon suffering, and comforts it; upon ignorance, and enlightens it; upon sorrow, and cheers it. The beam in the eye gives lustre to intellect, and brightens

beauty itself. Without it, the sunshine is not felt, flowers bloom in vain, the marvels of earth and heaven are not appreciated, and creation is but one dreary, lifeless, soulless blank.

In all cases where the power of the will can be exercised on the thoughts, let those thoughts be directed towards happiness. Look out for the brightest side of things. If exceptions there are, the exceptions are but few, and sanctioned only by the consideration that a less favorable view may, in its results, produce a larger sum of enjoyment on the whole; as where, for example, an increased estimate of difficulty or danger might be needful to call up a greater exertion for the getting rid of a present or future evil. When the mind, however, reposes upon its own complacencies, and looks around itself in search of food for thought, when it seeks rest from laborious occupation, or has inaction forced upon it by the presence of adjacent circumstances, let all its ideas be made to spring up in the realms of pleasure, as far as the will can act upon the production.

A large part of existence is necessarily passed in inaction. By day, when in attendance on others, and the time is lost by being kept waiting; by night, when sleep is unwilling to close the eyelids—the economy of happiness recommends the occupations of pleasurable thought. In walking abroad, or in resting at home, the mind cannot be vacant; its thoughts may be useful, useless, or pernicious to happiness. Direct them aright; the habit of happy thought will spring up like any other habit.

It frequently happens when our mind is unable to furnish ideas of pleasure with which to drive out the impression of pain, these ideas may be found in the writings of others, and these writings will probably have a more potent interest when utterance is

given to them. To a mind rich in stores of literature and philosophy, some thought, appropriate to the calming of sorrow, or the brightening of joy, will scarcely fail to present itself, clothed in the attractive language of some favorite author; and when emphatic expression is given to it, its power may be considerably increased. Poetry often lends itself to this benignant purpose; and where sound and sense, truth and harmony, benevolence and eloquence are allied, happy, indeed, are their influence.

This is sound, practical sense—moreover, excellent philosophy; and it affords valuable hints to those who would extract a rational enjoyment from existence. If suffering is to be borne—as it must—at least, let us learn how it is best to be met, and how the struggling heart is to be comforted and supported in the midst of its trials. And here the consolations and pleasures of Knowledge and Truth will at once suggest themselves. We must endeavor to know much, and to love much; for the more one knows and loves, the more one lives, feels, and enjoys. Cherish the habit of cheerfulness above all things; it will serve alike for prosperity and adversity. In short, let us have sunshine in the mind, and we shall be as happy and contented as this life can make us, or as Providence will admit of.

In our intercourse with the ever-busy, ever-toiling world, how many individuals do we meet with, who, casting aside—we might say, repudiating—the cheering anticipations of hope, gloomily abandon themselves to the influence of a sorrow, or an anxiety, or a difficulty, that oppresses them for a day, or devote themselves to the far more pernicious practice of dwelling upon imaginary ills, and realizing in their expectation unreal and improbable calamities. We have conversed with men rolling in wealth and sup-

plied with all the appurtenances of luxury, basking in the sunshine of a faithful prosperity, and enjoying the brightest prospects for the future, who have presumed to talk with inveterate obstinacy, and without the least show of probability of ending their days in the precincts of a workhouse. The fondness with which they feed their thoughts upon the dispiriting theme indicates at once the nature of the malady; and we may account for an excuse in a nervous and debilitated constitution the existence of this feeling.

But there are many for whom this apology will not hold good. There are those who, either blighted in their early efforts, or from a moroseness of temper, or from ill-training, willfully deprive themselves of some of the best promises of life, and lose some of the most beautiful passages in their history, that lie like lines of light across the pathway of existence.

This spirit of despondency we may naturally expect to find more strongly excited and developed in the opaque atmosphere of metropolitan or urban streets and alleys, where the eye is unrefreshed with the varied and exhilarating verdure of Nature, and where the mind becomes faint and exhausted by the monotony and unprogressiveness of that struggle which it has day after day to maintain. To say that thousands of our teeming population, wearied with labor, the oppression, the bitterness of the day—ay, too, with the unfeeling coldness and the bitter neglect of their fellows—lie down at night on their tattered beds in a state of utter hopelessness is not to say too much. To them the revivifying voices of consolation and comfort seldom come; the smile that sweetens the bitterness of toil and softens the heart never beams on their pallid faces; and the hum, the turmoil, the confusion, of an unquiet home, rock their distracted brains into the semblance of slumber.

What is there in their condition to make them wish to live? Or, is it that they fear to die that makes them cling to life? Let us hope that each has within the secret chambers of his bosom some thought that he still cherishes with fondness; that the hidden cells of memory are stored with some recollections that shed a transitory gleam of pleasure over his present forlorn condition, and that, "as the heart knoweth its own bitterness," so his mind can reveal, if it be but to itself, some secret that gladdens his depressed spirit with the freshness of its joy. In looking back over the bygone panorama of his existence—in retraversing the love-hallowed moments of his childhood—in recalling the busy, the hurried, the impassioned scenes of his after career, can he select no spot in the long vista, that he is still prone to retread in his fancy? Are there no hours that he loves to treasure up in his heart of hearts, whose remembrance casts a vivid, a grateful sunshine over the heavily-moving passages of the present? No mind, we may hope, is so barren as not to own some such memories; no thought-world so desolate as not to possess some such bright visions of the past. And are not these memories sunny thoughts?

If a thought—a sunny thought—can cast a radiant light over the mind in such a condition, what might it not do for those who, in a higher condition and rank of life, view with a gloomy unpropitious eye the aspect of Nature, forget the infinite comforts and blessings that surround them, live in a state of discontent, and grope through their mortal career unconscious of the real happiness that lies within their reach, a prey to perturbed thoughts, and the victims of an imaginary load that might weigh down the strength of an Atlas? How different is the lot of that man who looks, as it is termed, upon the bright side

of things, and of him who from every incident and turn of fortune can only glean food for alarm and despondency. The one enters upon the duties of his position with a firm and confiding spirit; in the face of disappointments smilingly renews his generous efforts; traces in the dark cloud of his adversity the hand of gracious Nature; and, in spite of his calamities, strives to wear a cheerful countenance and maintain an encouraging heart. The other trembles when he thinks—nor ceases to think when an opportunity affords itself—upon the vicissitudes of fortune, the ups and downs of life, upon the thousands that have not succeeded in their desires, and the many that are battling with their fate. He hesitates when he should act, wavers when he should decide, almost arraigns the goodness of a merciful dispensation when his hopes are crossed and thwarted, and, even in the beautiful and golden folds of light that illumine his present prosperity, presumes to perceive an approaching storm, an overwhelming tempest. Omens of evil start from every change, prognostications of misery from every apparent misfortune.

The condition of these two men, their fortunes, their prospects, their probabilities of success, may be the same, similar advantages may attend their exertions, similar rewards crown their toil; yet, how different the result of their efforts with regard to themselves; how widely different the gratification which each one derives from the labor of his hand and of his head. How little philosophy would it require to place the one on the same level of happiness with the other. If some are born cheerful, and mankind looks upon their countenance with pleasure; if their eyes naturally beam brightly, and kindle without an effort by the innate hilarity of their dispositions, a joyous light, the light of mirth and friendship, of

fellowship and goodwill in the hearts of others, a little educating of themselves, even in the most gloomily disposed, a little care in training their minds, will habituate them—and habit is as strong as nature—to give a proper tone to their feelings, a proper coloring to their thoughts, to correct the narrow, the desponding, the faithless picture of life which they have portrayed, and induce them to regard with cheerfulness and goodwill every event of their existence. Life is a conflict—a long, wearying, heart-depressing conflict—and surely there are mischances and vexations enough thrusting themselves upon us in the struggle to forbid our creating any new ones in our imaginations, or exaggerating, by a false aspect, the numbers and the extent of them. They are enemies we should rather repel by our assiduity than invite by any unnecessary encouragement into the citadel of our bosoms, where they will destroy our peace, and eventually wear away the strength and the glory of our health.

Independent of the unhappiness which such a temperament inflicts upon the individual himself, who has not often witnessed its baneful effects upon the comfort and happiness of those most nearly and most intimately connected with him? You have but to enter the precincts of his domestic circle, and the truth is at once revealed. Are there not young and sprightly hearts, blithe countenances, and laughing eyes, gathered around his hearth? Is not the voice—the lively, shrill, ringing voice—of childhood heard there, bursting forth in a wild key of merriment? The voice is heard, the eyes laugh, the countenances are blithe, as young hearts ever will be, but the freshness of their mirth is withered. It receives no response in the bosom of the father, who is absorbed in his own gloomy meditations. His cheerful smile,

his welcome nod, his loving embrace is wanting, and under some petty condemnation how often is their sport suppressed! Or, if he enter the wider area of society, you may remark the same tendency in his observations, in his looks, in his manners, in his enjoyments. He indulges himself, as it were, by stealth, or takes shelter under the rules of decorum or conventionality, and loses half the blessings and more than a moiety of the benefit of social intercourse and pleasure by the timidity with which he enters into it, or the unfavorable construction he puts upon it.

We might multiply instances upon instances, taken from every relation of life, to show how pernicious is the habit of not encouraging the mind to view things in a cheerful light—to store up the memory with sunny thoughts. Innocence itself is not secure from their interpretations, and the most harmless sports, the most guileless amusements, are arraigned as guilty before its partial tribunal.

How much are we indebted to those who endeavor to infuse into the hearts of others a cheerful temperament. It belongs to every individual to cultivate "sunny thoughts." It is a duty they owe to mankind, and, like all duties well discharged, recoils with blessings a thousand-fold upon their own heads. And are there not innumerable objects upon which the mind can dwell with delight, if it will but select them? "The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves." We give too great a prominence to transient and unstable topics; fix our desires upon some unattainable prize, or pursue an apparent pleasure, which, once procured, palls upon the taste

It is not so much in what we do, however, as in what we omit to do, that the error lies. If we have made a false step, we should not imagine it an irre-

trievable misfortune. If difficulties arise, or clouds believe that the first are not insuperable, and that gather round us, we should encourage ourselves to the breath of the morning will dispel and dissipate the second. We should reflect that a lively and cheerful effort to overcome them will be more likely to give the victory; or, if we should fail, that the praise of having well-striven, though it cannot fully compensate for the detriment, ought in no slight degree to alleviate the disappointment of defeat. Should we want a higher motive to induce us to cultivate a cheerful disposition, to gather "sunny thoughts," we have but to consider what infinite blessings such a course confers upon those who are dearest to us; to convert the conviction of reason into the practice of our lives; and in a short time the beneficial results of such conduct will amply reward us for the patience and the struggle it may have cost us to acquire the habit of so simple, so beautiful, so necessary a duty.

As we come in closer touch with the vibratory energies of Nature and feel the pulsations of her hidden life, we begin to respond more freely to the influence of that natural law of harmony which is working in, us and through us, for the purpose of upbuilding a perfect mind with perfect form and function. Feeling our nearness to the creative power which moves and directs the planets and blazing suns, which paints the flowers with the delicate tints of blended colors, and passes through the heart of all creatures, giving birth to the instinct of love, we respond to the magnetic vitalities which flow through the nerves as currents of deathless energy, and are thrilled by the waves of enkindling sympathies which draw us closer to the heart of universal humanity. We no longer see the hideous phantom of despair beating its vampire wings in the void against the black walls of fear.

We emerge from the dungeon where torturing doubt fills the darkness with its myriad fantasies. The glow of a bright light penetrates the inmost center of our being, and there is awakened within us a faith in the divineness of the world and of man; then we know that through all the vicissitudes and changes of the past we have followed the law of progression; we know that we have never been left entirely guileless in the dark, but that we have been led by a golden ray fro mthe fixed star which shines on eternally in the firmament of truth.

The realm of thought you are now entering is replete with beauties your most vivid imaginings have failed to picture, a realm which reveals to you inestimable treasures and opens before you new and ever-widening vistas of hope and aspiration, where the apparently marvelous is made thoroughly intelligible, and where the heart's deep yearnings for a close communion with Nature are fully satisfied. These treasures may not be discovered by the wilfully blind; neither will the broader outlook and more sympathetic affinity be possible to anyone whose vision is clouded by the insidious mists arising from ignorance, bigotry, and superstition. Endeavor, therefore, to lay aside all prejudices and all threadbare theories that have come to you as a part of your heritage from the errorful past.

CHAPTER V.

# HEALTH, WEALTH AND WISDOM.

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought, than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."—DRYDEN.

IN the present age disease and its attendant woes are fast becoming the rule. People live at a rate which inevitably will cause destruction, and there is a cry for an antidote. Many intelligent people, however, are beginning to arouse to the fact that it is knowledge that is needed more than medicine; that it is only by careful study and conformity to Nature's laws that perfect health can be assured.

Ill-health results not from failure on the part of Nature, but from violation of her laws through ignorance or indifference.

The requirements of Nature are simple; and for those with unperverted tastes, easy to follow; but many have been so changed by wrong habits that to them these requirements are extremely irksome. Many, knowing the result of Nature's laws, continue wrong practises, preferring temporary pleasures with disease, to abstinence, with health.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is one of Nature's laws which knows no exceptions. He who indulges quietly in some health-destroying vice, thinking to deceive Nature and his friends, will, some day, realize the truth of the saying that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

One who has inherited a sound constitution may seemingly violate these laws with impunity; but retribution will finally come, sure and swift, scattering, like a tornado, death and destruction in its path.

Health is a boon that is seldom fully appreciated while we are in possession of it. The growing preponderance of artificial conditions over natural ones is bringing about—as it inevitably must do—the physical deterioration of the human family. From the vigorous, stalwart, strong-limbed, sinewy lords of creation who walked the earth with firm step and bounding pulse, who laughed at the winds, and feared no buffet from rain or sleet, to whom illness was of rare occurrence, and for whose occasional ailments Dame Nature had ever ready some simple balm, we have generated physically until we have become a race of weak, nervous, debilitated men and women, who are reaping the only reward that could be expected from centuries of careless disregard of the laws of right living, and the thoughtless absorption of drugs by our progenitors, as well as ourselves. Nature is not at fault, however, as she is no less profuse in her gifts at the present day than she was in the earliest ages. To man, then, the blame must be attributed.

Within a comparatively recent period an awakening on this subject has taken place. From the time when men began to realize that mental force might dominate the physical, the body has been neglected for, and has become subservient to, the mind. Physical perfection has been considered as of secondary importance. The body has been considered but a sort of necessary evil, a needful habitation for the mind. While men have engaged in intellectual combats that have dethroned kings, and revolutionized governments, their bodily machinery has been neglected until, in many instances, it has stopped altogether,

or has given such decisive warnings of rebellion as could not fail in securing some consideration of its needs.

"A man is what he is, not in one part or another, but all over," said one of our great speakers, and men of all ages have recognized the truth of the statement. Baths and gymnasiums were among the most important institutions of Greece, and these were not merely places of meeting for young men and boys; they were frequented by the poets, statesmen, orators, and philosophers of the time. Cicero, when attacked by that enemy to health, happiness and success—dyspepsia—did not resort to drugs to effect a cure. He submitted himself to the rigid regime of the gymnasium, and in two years he was completely restored to health. Napoleon, in the agonies of fever, made doubly poignant through the presence of hereditary disease, declared that good health was the first requisite to good generalship. He was an enthusiastic advocate of physical culture, and his soldiers, like their general, were resolute and hardy, and able to endure every vivescitude, every form of exposure. Napoleon could spend twenty hours in the saddle, sleep four, and repeat the program as often as occasion demanded.

Our greatest men have possessed good physiques as well as magnificent mental capacities, although exceptions, such as Pascal, John Lawrence, Nelson, Pope and others are sufficiently numerous to prove the rule. Franklin was a hale, hearty man at seventy, as well equipped, in regard to strength and robust health, as the soldier of forty. Chaucer and Æschylus were fighters as well as poets, and there is no doubt that their bodily vigor gave added force and power to the thoughts they have so beautifully expressed.

The imperative necessity of good health and physical

perfection should be clearly recognized and fully realised at the beginning of one's career instead of at some later period when illness and impaired powers leave one a prey to useless regrets over duties left undone! On this subject Horace Mann wrote to a student: "I am certain I could have performed twice the labor both better and with greater ease to myself had I known as much of the laws of health and life at twenty-one as I do now. In college I was taught all about the motions of the planets as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organization, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more preposterous. I should have begun at home, and taken the stars when it should come to their turn. The consequence was I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day since. Whatever labor I have since been able to do, I have done it all on credit instead of capital—a most ruinous way, either in regard to health or money. For the last twenty-five years, so far as regards health, I have been put from day to day on my good behavior; and during the whole of this period, as an Hibernian would say, 'If I had lived as other folks do for a month, I should have died in a fortnight.'"

Huxley, also, placed a just estimate on the value of a strong, healthy body. He said: "A somewhat varied experience of men has led me, the longer I live, to set less value on mere cleverness; to attach more and more importance to industry and physical endurance. Indeed, I am much disposed to think that endurance is the most valuable quality of all; for industry, or the desire to work hard, does not come to much, if a feeble frame is unable to respond to the desire. No life is wasted, un-

less it ends in sloth, dishonesty, or cowardice. No success is worthy of the name, unless it is won by honest industry and brave breasting of the waves of fortune."

From the days of Cato—when the blind, the deaf, the helpless, and the deformed were banished to an island in the Tiber, to die of starvation and exposure—to the present time—when philanthropy runs riot in our midst, and devotees rob themselves and their families in their zeal for the amelioration of the pitiful condition of their fellow-creatures—is a long leap, and it is not strange that the extreme of indifference and inattention to physical power and beauty should have come to a climax in the first half of the last century; neither is it remarkable that a decided revolution in thought and sentiment has been inaugurated, which bids fair to awaken all mankind to the necessity of cultivating the bodily powers, if the mind is to continue to do its best work. The Greeks paid their devotions to Hygeia, the goddess of health; we, in our more matter-of-fact way, are bringing the laws of hygiene to bear as a potent factor in the upbuilding of the physical and, consequently, of the mental machinery.

The day has gone by when the "be-laced and be-curled," or the delicate, wasp-waisted, damsel were looked upon with admiration or envy. The strong, self-reliant girl and the athletic, muscular youth are the ones who are now forging their way to places of honor and distinction.

Lay the corner stone of health at the foundation of the structure you are building, and the storms and battles of life will be bravely resisted. while the highest pinnacle you may add in the years to come will remain secure and steadfast in its place.

Consider how illness or derangement of the nervous system affect one's outlook upon life. Without health it seems all uphill work, with nothing appreciable to

be gained after the toilsome journey. With health comes hope, who is ever wooing joy and happiness to become her companions. Without effort or volition you find yourself royally attended. Earth seems a veritable garden of Paradise; around, above, on either hand appear unexpected beauties, and success and happiness come as natural conditions.

You have no need to resort to drugs, if you are ill or "nervous." You have only to follow in the footsteps of the wise men of all ages who have appealed to Nature, and you will find in her a powerful healer.

Few prizes are won by the weaklings of the earth. Vigor, power, and self-confidence are quickly recognized, and they inspire faith in the minds of others, which the self-distrustful, uncertain, hesitating individual can never command. Therefore, there can be no better investment for one entering upon any career than that comprised in perfect health.

The tendency of the age is towards the concentration of wealth as represented by land, money, stocks, and bonds; but if we consider the term "wealth" in its widest sense, as anything possessing an exchange value, we at once discover that every man or woman of ordinary intelligence may readily become wealthy. He or she may possess knowledge, and cultivated faculties which will always command a good price, if considered as having exchange value. This sort of wealth is incomparably more desirable than mere riches, which, at the best bring as much care and anxiety as hope or happiness to the possessor. Of this species of wealth Matthew Henry said: "There is a burden of care in getting riches, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them."

What a contrast exists between mere money, or

property which must of necessity be the cause of unending thought and calculation, and the wealth with which the mind may be stored. The money the miser hoards so carefully only that he may disburse it later, for pills, potions, or prescriptions, if invested in mental culture of the most valuable sort, would give him a knowledge which would result in enabling him to cure not only his own ailments and disorders, but would fit him to do a splendid work in healing others who are suffering.

The first steps in self-culture teach the importance of health; a little further, and the student learns to discriminate between wealth that is real, and riches that melt away in the costly experiments of life, as dew disappears beneath the sun's burning rays; further still, and he discovers that, with good health and true wealth, he is also possessed of real wisdom. He has unwittingly placed himself in the attitude which must be taken by all who would become really wise. He has acknowledged, at the outset, that he does not know all that is necessary to be known, and that all his efforts have not been all along the line of banishing ignorance.

J. G. Holland wrote: "I suppose that the first great lesson a young man should learn is that he knows nothing; and that the earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learned, the better it will be for his peace of mind and success in life." The young man or woman who is so fortunate as to place a correct estimate upon their qualifications will be on the alert for opportunities to make the most of their abilities; to develop to the utmost such powers as they possess. Attention and industry are necessary if one would advance; but the need of steady application may be looked upon as beneficial rather than detrimental. Without such need, idleness would soon deprive us of all desire for betterment, all aspiration toward heights that we can scarcely discern

when the mists of ignorance hide them from our view; and surely no worse enemy to progress of any sort can be found than the leech we call idleness. Burton says truly: "Idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the chief mother of all mischief . . . . An idle dog will be mangy; and how shall an idle person escape? Idleness of the mind is much worse than that of the body; wit, without employment is a disease . . . . As in a standing pool worms and filthy creepers increase, so do evil and corrupt thoughts in an idle person . . . . This much I dare boldly say: he or she that is idle, be they of what condition they will, ever so rich, so well allied, fortunate, happy—let them have all things in abundance, and all felicity that heart can wish and desire, all contentment—so long as he or she are idle, they shall never be pleased, never well in body or mind, but weary still, sickly still, vexed still, loathing still, weeping, sighing, grieving, suspecting, offended with the world, with every object, wishing themselves gone or dead, or else carried away with some foolish phantasy or other." There can be no doubt that this comprehensive summing up of the idle person is true to life, and it should serve as a warning to all who are inclined to grumble because they are compelled to be industrious.

Work may become a blessing or a curse, however, according to the spirit in which it is undertaken. The laborer whose mind is constantly invigorated with the best thoughts of the best men, who looks forward to the close of day as a precious interval, in which he may treat himself to a mental feast that will not result in disgust, discontent and dyspepsia, as the mere gratification of the senses must do, such a man will go about the most menial labor with a cheerfulness of spirit and a wholesome energy that is contagious. He does not feel demeaned because he must handle hammer, or saw, pick or shovel.

He does not consider himself the butt of malicious fates because he follows the plow, works amidst the noise and dust of the thrashing-machine, or lifts the sheaves of golden grain to the gracefully-rounded stack. He sees beauty in all Nature's works, discovers the reason for every failure, and goes to work diligently to correct the faults that stand in the way of success. His mental balance is good, and he is saved years of annoyance and dissatisfaction with the present because he feels that he is accumulating the kind of wealth that cannot be stolen from him. He sits up, possibly, an extra hour or two at night to master some point that has interested him, but he experiences no unhappiness on that account. He is not racked with fear and suspicion as the accumulator of mere money or landed property must be. The knowledge gained in the peaceful evening time is a never-failing spring, from which he may gain vigor and refreshment during the long hours of toil. This man does not consider himself a slave, for he realizes that he carries in his own mind the power that makes him forever free. The treasures that he has gained through his own industry make him rich, even were he compelled to live in a hovel; the jewels of thought, the gems of truth with which he has stored his mind, are still his inalienable property, whether in palace or hovel. He has learned that man should not be degraded by work; that he should ennoble the work through his own innate nobility. He recognizes the fact that healthy employment for the physical man is helpful and honorable; that the best and grandest men are those who despised neither the work of hand or head.

Lord Stanley said: "I don't believe that an unemployed man, however amiable and otherwise respectable, ever was or ever can be really happy. As work is our life, show me what you can do, and I will show you what you are. I have spoken of love of one's work as the

best preventative of merely low and vicious tastes. I will go farther, and say that it is the best preservative against petty anxieties, and the annoyances that arise out of indulged self-love. Men have thought before now that they could take refuge from trouble and vexation by sheltering themselves, as it were, in a world of their own. The experiment has often been tried, and always with one result . . . . Those who shirk from facing trouble find that trouble comes to them. The indolent may contrive that he shall have less than his share of the world's work to do, but Nature, proportioning the instinct to the work, contrives that the little shall be much and hard to him. The man who has only himself to please finds, sooner or later, and probably sooner than later, that he has got a very hard master; and the excessive weakness which shrinks from responsibility has its own punishment, too, for where great interests are excluded, little matters become great, and the same wear and tear of mind that might have been at least usefully and healthfully expended on the real business of life, is often wasted in petty and imaginary vexations, such as breed and multiply in the unoccupied brain."

Remember that work of some sort is necessary to genius. Without it, the most highly-endowed individuals would fail altogether in giving expression to their powers. It is not the idle dreamer who gains recognition; neither is business a hindrance to the cultivation of talent, or regular occupation detrimental to the clear burning of the "divine fire." If you recognize in yourself the genius that must find means of utterance or expression, do not fancy that you will make any advancement through the neglect of duties that lie clearly before you. Genius is best fostered by industry, unremitting self-culture, and unwearying self-development. Many of our greatest men have pursued the daily routine of business, while the education that was

to aid in their real work was being gained. Many have attended faithfully to the affairs of finance or state while the evidences of their genius were growing steadily in the intervals of leisure; the minutes that unwise men allow to run to waste; that foolish men spend in drunkenness, debauchery, or witless complainings.

The truest wisdom is that which rescues from every passing moment the wealth that would otherwise pass onward to the vast ocean, the breakers of which are made up of lost opportunities; which gathers the cream from the rich present, rather than weeps over the skim milk that has inadvertently been spilled; that employs the *now* in such a fashion as shall secure for the future the treasures that neither poverty or misfortune can steal away. The successful men who have gained this wisdom are among the greatest geniuses of every age. The favorite maxim of Sir Walter Scott was, "Never to be doing nothing." Lord Lytton was an able Statesman, no less than famous author. Sir George Lewis filled, respectively, the offices of President of the Poor Law Board, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Home Secretary, and Secretary of War. While attending to the duties incumbent upon him, he was not unmindful of the minutes. He studied in his leisure intervals history, philology, politics, and antiquarianism. His "Essays on the Formation of the Romanic Languages," and "The Astronomy of the Ancients," were masterful works, which would have done credit to a man whose whole time was at his disposal. Gladstone edited a translation of Farini's "Roman State," and prepared his "Studies on Homer," in his spare moments. Cicero said: "What others give to public shows and entertainments, nay, even to mental and bodily rest, I give to the study of philosophy."

Grote was a successful banker, but he considered it worth while to write his splendid "History of

Greece" in the intervals not occupied by business. Darwin's works were largely compilations of thoughts jotted down on scraps of paper at times when continuous writing would have been impossible. "Rasselas" was written by Dr. Johnson during the spare hours of the evening of one week. Abraham Lincoln mastered the common branches of an English education while clerking in a store. John Stuart Mill wrote the best of his early works in spare moments while occupied as principal examiner in an East Indian house. The "Lays of Ancient Rome" were written while Macaulay was Secretary of War.

Montaigne said that all true philosophers were great in action as well as in science. One must not be content to think or resolve. Knowing your weak points, realizing your ignorance is the beginning, fortifying yourself with knowledge and wisdom is the progressive work which will lead to sure results. Rousseau says: "Whoever is well educated to discharge the duty of a man cannot be badly prepared to fill any of those offices that have relation to him. It matters little to me whether my pupils be designed for the army, the pulpit, or the Bar. Nature has destined us to the offices of human life antecedent to our destination concerning society. To live is the profession I would teach him, when I have done with him; it is true, he will be neither a soldier, a lawyer, nor a divine. Let him first be a man. Fortune may remove him from one rank to another as she pleases; he will be found always in his place."

To fill one's own place in the world, to resolve and to do should be the purpose of every intelligent human being. As Bulwer has so ably said: "No man is fit to win who has not sat down alone to think, and who has not come forth with purpose in his eye, with white cheeks, set lips, and clenched palms, able to say, 'I

am resolved what to do.'" From the same writer we read: "There is so much power in faith, even when faith is applied but to things human and earthly, that let a man but be firmly persuaded that he is born to do, some day, what, at the moment, seems impossible, and it is fifty to one but what he does is before he dies"; while Emerson says: "Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much, or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these."

You who aspire to the realization of power must commence by a close and critical analysis of the secret desires and emotions; and you must cultivate a true love for the highest ideals of the mind. The degree of love's intensity will determine the force of the heart's desire; and desire is the magic wand which kindles the hidden fire of the will and awakens the resolve to do and dare. You must learn patience and silence, and weave the elements of your being into a chord of harmony and strength. Conserve the forces which Nature has given you, and direct them by an invincible will to the highest uses of life.

There is no place for mental and physical drones anywhere in the broad empire of the world. Inactive people are useless to themselves, and a burden to their friends and the race. By the constant toil of invisible creatures—the tiniest insects—the structure of the world was built and the foundations of the loftiest mounains laid. Activity is the universal law of nature. It is manifested by the busy insects in their ceaseless round of toil, by the brightness of the sun, whose penetrating rays open the buds and color the flowers, by the floating clouds and the noise of storms, by the terrific speed of the lightning and the voice of the thunder. All that is

inanimate, from atom to sun, and all animate things, from insect to man, are governed by the eternal law of activity and change. It is the nature of this law to push everything from a lower to a higher state of existence, to manifest the growing harmonies of evolution, and to shape all things into the image and after the likeness of perfect types. But man, through egotism and ignorance, partially ignores this law, and in proportionate degree closes the avenues of his heart to the influx of wisdom and love.

CHAPTER VI.

## THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

"All who joy would win must share it: Happiness was born a twin."—BYRON.

THERE are some things of which one possesses more of, the more he gives away. Happiness is one of these things. In fact, it is something one cannot store up and keep. "Happiness was born a twin," and never remains bright and satisfactory and life-giving without its counterpart, which is happiness for others. If you try to dam it up, it becomes like stagnant water, losing its characteristics, and becoming something altogether unlike its original self. Happiness is like the currency of a country; it serves no one unless it is kept in circulation.

Many people are admiring others, loving others, thanking others, but do not tell them so. Pent-up feeling is the stagnant pool, the uncirculated currency, the hidden silver. It blesses not those whom it should bless, and by inaction grows turbid and dull, and unlovely even to him who harbors it. Open the floodgates, bring forth choice wares in fitting praise, high commendation, sweet expressions; circulate your soul coins from heart to heart. Life, vibration, use, are the laws of a satisfactory existence. Stagnation is always rust, decay, or death.

There are some things which are arrived at by an indirect process more easily than by a direct one, and

many competent judges believe that happiness is one of the number. We strongly incline to this opinion, and suspect that the pretended art of being happy is very much like the art of making gold, which at one time occupied the attention of so many of the learned, but which has long been admitted to be almost the only process by which gold cannot be made. Make shoes, make coats, make hats, make houses, make books, or almost anything else you please, and you, in fact, make gold, because the product of your labor, whatever it may be, converts itself naturally in your hands into that valuable metal. But once attempt to make gold by a direct process, and you not only fail in your object, but sustain a total loss of time, labor and capital employed in the operation. The case, we imagine, is nearly the same with studying directly the art of being happy. Study economy, study science, study commerce, study agriculture, study any of the fine or mechanical arts, and you, in fact, study happiness, because, independently of the immediate fruit of skill, in this or that department of knowledge and practice, which you derive from your studies, there is no more certain way of being happy than to pursue with activity and diligence almost any honest employment. But no sooner does a man set about studying directly how he shall be happy, than he is pretty sure to become completely miserable.

The experience of the world, in all ages and nations, from Seged, King of Ethiopia, down to the luckless schoolboy, groaning under the burden of a holiday, confirms this notion. And there appears to be a deep philosophical reason for the fact. It is, that happiness was not intended by Nature to be the direct result of an operation, performed with the immediate purpose of attaining it; but on the contrary, the indirect result of an operation intended immediately and

principally for the attainment of another object, which is moral perfection or virtue. Observe the tradesman who has made his fortune, and retired from business, or the opulent proprietor enjoying his dignified leisure. How he toils at the task of doing nothing, as a ship without ballast at sea, when it falls calm after a heavy blow, labors more without stirring an inch, than in going ten knots an hour with a good breeze. How he "groans and sweats," as Shakespeare has it, under a happy life! How he cons over at night, for the third time, the newspaper which he read through twice, from beginning to end, immediately after breakfast! But this is not the worst. No sooner does he find himself in the state of unoccupied blessedness, than a host of unwished-for visitants enter on his premises, and declare his body a good prize. Dyspepsia plucks from his lips the untasted morsel, and the brimming bowl bedims his eyes with unnatural blindness, and powders his locks with premature old age. Hypochondria ploughs his cheeks with furrows, and heaps a perpetual cloud upon his brow. Gout grapples him by the great toe; so that what with black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey, the poor man suffers martyrdom in every nerve and fibre. His Elysium is much like that of the departed Grecian heroes in the "Odyssey," who frankly avowed to Ulysses, that they would rather be the meanest day-laborers above ground, than reign supreme over all the shades below.

In this dull world we cheat ourselves and one another of innocent pleasures by the score, through very carelessness and apathy; courted day after day by happy memories, we rudely brush them off with this indiscriminating besom, the stern material present; invited to help in rendering joyful many a patient heart, we neglect the little word that might have done it, and continually defraud creation of its

share of kindness from us. The child made merrier by your interest in its toy; the old domestic flattered by your seeing him look so well; the poor better helped by your blessing than your penny; the laborer cheered on in his toil by a timely word of praise; the humble friend encouraged by your frankness; equals made to love you by the expression of your love, and superiors gratified by attention and respect, and looking out to benefit the kindly—how many pleasures here for one hand to gather; how many blessings for any heart to give! Instead of these, what have we rife about the world? Frigid compliment—for warmth is vulgar; reserve of tongue—for it's folly to be talkative; composure, never at fault—for feelings are dangerous things; gravity—for that looks wise; coolness—for other men are cold; selfishness—for everyone is struggling for his own. This is all false, all bad; the slavery chain of custom, riveted by the foolishness of fashion; because there is ever a band of men and women who have nothing to recommend them but externals—their looks are their dresses, their ranks are their wealth—and in order to exalt the honor of these, they agree to set a compact seal of silence in the heart and on the mind, lest the flood of humbler men's affections, or of wiser men's intelligence, should pale their tinsel-praise; and the warm and the wise too softly acquiesce in this injury done to heartiness, shamed by the effrontery of cold, calm fools, and the shallow dignity of an empty presence. Turn the table on them, you of truer nobility, truer royalty of the heart and of the mind; speak freely, love warmly, laugh cheerfully, explain frankly, exhort zealously, admire liberally, advise earnestly—be not ashamed to show you have a heart; and if some cold-blooded simpleton greet your social efforts with a sneer, repay him, for you can well afford a richer gift than his

whole treasury possesses, with a kind, good-humored smile.

Greatness will be found to consist in openness of mind and kindness of heart. These qualities may not seem at first to be so potent. But see what growth there is in them. The education of a man of open mind is never ended. Then, with kindness of heart a man sees some way into all other hearts that come near him, feels with them, has their experience, is in himself a people. Sympathy is the universal solvent. Nothing is understood without it. The capacity of a man, at least for understanding, may almost be said to vary according to his powers of sympathy. Again, what is there that can counteract selfishness like sympathy? Selfishness may be hedged in by minute watchfulness and self-denial, but it is counteracted by the nature being encouraged to grow out and fix its tendrils upon foreign objects. The immense defect that want of sympathy is, may be strikingly seen in the failure of the many attempts that have been made in all ages to construct character by omitting sympathy. It has produced numbers of people walking up and down one narrow plank of self-restraint, pondering over their own merits and demerits, keeping out, not the world exactly, but their fellow-creatures, from their hearts, and caring only to drive their neighbors before them on this plank of theirs, or to push them headlong. Thus, with many virtues, and much hard work at the formation of character, we have had splendid bigots or censorious small people. Without independence, a man can never discover what is his own mind, if indeed he have a mind of his own. The mind cannot take wing, any more than the bird, without breaking its shell. No one who suffers himself to be smothered under the eternal incubation of others can ever soar. Men must speak, and act, and think

as living beings, having authority to do these things. It is the fear of darting out of the old turnpike-road that has chained so many down to a groveling mediocrity. Who can tell how many a gem of genius has been buried in the "dark unfathomed mines" of dulness, merely from a slavish fear and unmanly dependence on the wisdom or folly of others? Such men, like the blind, must keep the beaten path, striking the staff on each side, and, like them, they go through the world, seeing nothing new, and creeping in privacy at a snail's pace along the road of knowledge, for no one will act upon what another tells him is truth, unless it is made true to him by his own convictions. That which appears false and indifferent to an individual is false to him, to all intents and purposes, for he will not act upon it; but a man will act upon what he really believes to be true, and even though it be false, he may do some good in the world, not, indeed, by falsities, but by the energies of a believing, earnest spirit, bringing out some truth, which otherwise, being cramped by dullness, unbelief or fear, might be hidden in a napkin. He who, by asserting even bold untruths, awakens dormant minds to new exertions in behalf of the truth, does more good than he who only rocks the world to sleep by a lullaby of stagnant commonplaces.

Knowledge, in general, expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens innumerable sources of intellectual enjoyment. By means of it, we become less dependent for satisfaction upon the sensitive appetites; the gross pleasures of sense are more easily despised, and we are made to feel the superiority of the mental to the material part of our nature. Instead of being continually solicited by the influence and irritation of sensible objects, the mind can retire within itself, and ex-

patiate in the cool quiet walks of contemplation.

The poor man, who can read, and who possesses a taste for reading, can find entertainment at home, without being tempted to repair to the public-house for that purpose. His mind can find him employment, when his body is at rest; he does not lie prostrate, and afloat, on the current of incidents, liable to be carried whithersoever the impulse of appetite may direct. There is, in the mind of such a man, an intellectual spring, urging him to the pursuit of mental good; and if the minds of his family, also, are a little cultivated, conversation becomes the more interesting, and the sphere of domestic enjoyment enlarged.

The calm satisfaction which books afford puts him into a disposition to relish more exquisitely the tranquil delight inseparable from the indulgence of conjugal and parental affection; and as he will be more respectable in the eyes of his family than he who can teach them nothing, he will be naturally induced to cultivate whatever may preserve, and shun whatever would impair that respect. He, who is inured to reflection, will carry his views beyond the present hour; he will extend his prospect a little into futurity, and be disposed to make some provision for his approaching wants; whence will result, an increased motive to industry, together with a care to husband his earnings, and to avoid unnecessary expense.

The poor man who has gained a good taste for good books, will, in all likelihood, become thoughtful, and when you have given the poor a habit of thinking, you have conferred on them a much greater favor, than by the gift of a large sum of money, since you have put them in possession of the principle of all legitimate prosperity.

It is very easy for you, O respectable citizens, seated in your easy chair, with your feet on the fender, to hold forth on the misconduct of the people—very easy for you to censure their extravagant and vicious habits—very easy for you to be a pattern of frugality, of rectitude, of sobriety. What else should you be? Here are you surrounded by comforts, possessing multiplied sources of lawful happiness, with a reputation to maintain, an ambition to fulfill, and the prospect of a competency for your old age. A shame, indeed, it would be, if with these advantages you were not well regulated in your behavior; you have a cheerful home, are warmly and cleanly clad, and fare, if not sumptuously every day, at any rate, abundantly. For your hours of relaxation there are amusements; a newspaper arrives regularly to satisfy your curiosity. If your tastes are literary, books may be had in plenty; and there is a piano if you like music. You can afford to entertain your friends, and are entertained in return. There are lectures, and concerts, and exhibitions accessible if you incline to them. You may have a holiday when you choose to take one, and can spare money for an annual trip to the sea-side. And, enjoying all these privileges, you take credit to yourself for being a well-conducted man; small praise to you for it! If you do not contract dissipated habits, where is the merit? You have few incentives to do so. It is no honor to you that you do not spend your savings in sensual gratification; you have pleasures enough without. But what would you do if placed in the position of the laborer? How would these virtues of yours stand the wear and tear of poverty? Where would your prudence and self-denial be if you were deprived of all the hopes that now stimulate you? If you had no better prospect than that of the farm laborer, or that of the perpetually-

straitened weaver, or that of the mill hand with his periodical suspensions of work? Let us see you tied to an irksome employment from dawn till dusk, fed on meagre food, and scarcely enough of that; married to a factory girl ignorant of domestic management; deprived of the enjoyments which education opens up; with no place of recreation, and then let us see whether you would be as steady as you are. Suppose your savings had to be made, not, as now, out of surplus income, but out of wages already insufficient for necessaries, and then consider whether to be provident would be as easy as you at present find it? Conceive yourself one of a despised class, contemptuously termed "the great unwashed," stigmatized as brutish, stolid, vicious; suspected of harboring wicked designs, excluded from the dignity of citizenship, and then say whether the desire to be respectable would be as practically operative on you as now. Lastly, imagine that, seeing your capacities were but ordinary, your education next to nothing, and your competitors innumerable, you despaired of ever attaining to a higher station, and then think whether the incentives to perseverance and forethought would be as strong as your existing ones. Realize these circumstances, O comfortable citizen, and then answer whether the reckless, disorderly habits of the people are so inexcusable.

A spirit of self-help lies at the bottom of all success. Self-reliance is the backbone of all heroism of character. The spirit to work thoroughly at whatever has to be done, to grapple hand to hand with difficulties, and strangle them instead of seeking to evade them, is the primeval stuff out of which men and demigods are made. But we must beware how we allow our views to centre in ourselves; we are none of us alone in the world; it is not for ourselves

alone that we work and strive. Man does much by himself, but all great objects have been attained when he has joined himself with others and worked in concert with them. Vicious as the working, and as the effects of some of these joint-stock companies may be, still they contain a principle that will gradually reorganize the whole machinery of society. Co-operation will gradually take the place of competition. A great social question is opening up. The enormous development of our material and industrial interests has created a new order of men. The practical republicanism of trade has induced an entirely new range of thoughts and interests, of which our fathers never dreamed. The resources of trade have, however, hitherto been like a rich and newly-discovered land, where any new-comer has been at liberty to work for his own advantage in any way he chose. Complicated questions of conflicting interests are arising; masters and men, capital, and labor, are beginning to stand in antagonism with each other. It is an immense question that is lying before us. There will be a struggle, the end of which none of us may live to see, but I firmly believe that the true laws of commerce will be laid down, and that labor will be organized and its forces disciplined, so that their peaceful exploits will be more extended and brilliant than those achieved by war and destruction. Side by side with this growing antagonism of interests, there is arising the idea of association, which will mature and develop itself gradually, till, in the fullness of time, it will have strength to gather together the conflicting interests into one.

Competition is a struggle. This will be admitted. Among tradesmen, it is a struggle to get on. Among workmen it is a struggle to advance towards higher wages. Among employers, to make the highest profits.

Among writers, preachers, and politicians, it is a struggle to succeed, to gain glory, reputation, and means. Like everything human, it has a mixture of evil in it. If one man "gets on" faster than others, he leaves those others behind. If classes of men advance ahead of others, they leave the other classes of men behind them. Not that they leave those others worse, but that they themselves advance. If those others are worse, it is only in comparison with those who have gone ahead of them.

Put a stop to competition, and you merely check the progress of individuals and of classes. You preserve a dead, uniform level. You stereotype society, its orders, and conditions, as in China, where there is no competition. The motive for emulation is taken away, and caste, with all its mischiefs, is perpetuated. Stop competition, and you stop the struggle of individualism; but you also stop the advancement of individualism, and through that of society at large.

By their very nature, men compete with each other, and the more active their competition, the more rapid their progress. The lazy man is put under the necessity of exerting himself, and if he will not exert himself, then he must fall behind. If he does not work, neither shall he eat. My lazy friend, you must not look to me to do my share of the world's work and yours too! You must do your own share, otherwise you must enjoy less of the fruits of labor. But you desire comfort as well as I? Well, you must work for it, compete for it, as I do. There is enough for us all; but do your own share of work you must.

Success grows out of struggles to evercome difficulties. If there were no difficulties, there would be no success. If there were nothing to struggle or compete for, there would be nothing achieved. There is a hill before us, which all active spirits endeavor

to mount; they run, they toil, they struggle, they rise. But lo! There, at the bottom of the hill, remain a host of others, who are satisfied with declaiming against "the evils of competition," as if there were no admixture of good in it, which there unquestionably is.

It is well that men should have to compete with each other for the comforts and luxuries of life. It is even well that they should have to exert themselves to secure the necessaries of life. In this necessity of exertion, we find the source of nearly all human advancement, of individuals and of nations. A man fails because he wants merit, or he wants industry; but why, in such a case, be so irrational as to lay the blame exclusively on competition?

An enterprising employer strikes out new branches of trade and commerce, and cuts out work for a new class of workmen. There is a competition among the workmen to serve such an employer. Or, there is an industrious, clever workman, or class of workmen. There is then a competition among the employers to obtain the services of such workmen. We do not see there is any evil in this; but, on the contrary, much good. Abolish competition to-morrow, and the only parties who could possibly be gainers would be spiritless and stupid employers, on the one hand, or unskillful, ignorant, indolent, or drunken workmen, on the other.

But in some departments of industry it is found that there are too many workmen for the work that has to be done, and then they begin to compete with each other, like hungry dogs over one poor bone, each struggling for a share of the meat; and miserably small it is, in many cases. But abolishing competition would not make that kind of work more abundant. In any case, there must be a change of employment

for the laborers who are in excess in any particular department of industry, whether with competition or without it. Is not much of the misery which is now thus suffered, attributable rather to the character of the workman, to his unthinking determination to stick to his old craft, even after it has failed, than to competition or its results?

After all, it must be admitted that competition has already done the civilized world great service, and accomplished more towards diffusing the benefits of industrial enterprise, than any single agency that could be named. Competition has led to most of the splendid mechanical inventions and improvements of the age. It has stimulated the shipbuilder, the merchant, the manufacturer, the machinist, the tradesman, the shopkeeper. In all departments of productive industry, it has been the moving power. It has developed the resources of this and of other countries; the resources of the soil, and the character and qualities of the men who dwell upon it. It seems to be absolutely necessary for the purpose of stimulating the growth and culture of every individual. It is deeply rooted in man, leading him ever to seek after and endeavor to realize something better and higher than he has yet attained.

Of course, man is much more than a competing being. That is only one of his characteristics, and not the highest or noblest. He has sensibilities, sympathies, and aspirations, which draw him on to unite and co-operate with others in works for the common good. With unfettered individualism, there may, and there ought to be, beneficient co-operation for the general happiness. Men may unite to labor, to produce, and to share with each other the fruits of corporate industry. But under any circumstances, there will be the instinct of competition, the oppor-

tunities for competition, and, though mixed with necessary evil, there will be the ultimate beneficial results of competition.

The highest intellectual joy consists in the discovery of truth in regard to all the affairs of life; a knowledge of this truth will constantly tend to the practice of an exalted virtue, and this virtue will serve as the solid foundation of human happiness.

Let Reason, then, perform her faithful duty, and ignorance and misery will be banished from the earth.

A new age, the true millennium will then commence; the standard of Truth and of Science will then be erected among the nations of the world, and man, the unlimited proprietor of his own person, may applaud himself in the result of his energies, and contemplate with indescribable satisfaction the universal improvement and happiness of the human race.

CHAPTER VII.

## GRASPING OPPORTUNITIES.

"Mental power cannot be got from ill-fed brains."—HERBERT SPENCER.

WHAT a serious mistake is perverted aspiration! Many a life is worse than thrown away by this blunder of folly or vanity. It is in human nature, in the most effective and noble qualities of the higher nature of man to aspire. Without some aim, some end to work for, a human being would be but a clod. But what a pity when this quality is set to the key of foolish ambition and all life's energies, all mental activities and purposes are consumed in a struggle for ephemeral satisfaction! By this absorption of mind in the trifling pursuits of the hour the higher consciousness is entombed, and the horizon of life is contracted to diminutive proportions. Why should the energy and mental activity of woman be consumed by an ambition to wear richer garments and more costly jewellery, or to furnish her dwelling more royally, or in any way to outshine her neighbor? She is not making herself wiser or nobler. Is she any happier for such distinction? Does she ever reach the climax beyond which no more is desired, when she finds herself the possessor of the most admired or envied outfit?

Then this display, which is not a temporate enjoyment of normal æsthetic tastes, but an unworldly ambition to outshine others, or at least, to keep up to the

standard which must be maintained by a continual supply of money. This may involve the absorption of the life, the energy and mental powers of the father or husband. So two lives are swallowed up in the pursuit of a vain show of perishable things and the achievement of puerile satisfaction.

Because man has been so slow in learning how valuable are the possessions of mind, he has acquired an inordinate estimate of the value of things. Because he has not a true self-respect based on the consciousness of possible powers to be developed, and the stimulus of ideals to attain what will make of himself the noblest and most useful, he has set his goal at the low altitude of accumulating possessions as the chief aim and end of life. And to-day the forces of civilization of the evolution of man's constructive powers and faculties of insight and discovery, are compelling the man of enterprise and of ambition, in order to keep pace with the rushing tide of gain-seeking, to such strain and stretch of energy that frequently the result is the sudden snapping of the thread of life. The overstrained nerve force breaks, and "heart failure" is the dismal outcome of a consuming ambition of unrelaxed energy, of perverted aspiration, of a wasted life. What was sought as success becomes disastrous failure.

The accumulation of things, the exercise of mental powers and energies in making provision for the necessities and comfort of physical bodies and gratifying æsthetic tastes, is orderly and desirable. The increase of wealth may be made to promote the advancement of humanity; but that acquisition should so absorb one's powers, that physical welfare should be imperiled and the welfare of the real man ignored, is deplorable.

The real life of a human being is not a race to outstrip the achievements of another. The real life is a race to achieve the highest ideal which we are able to

conceive, and each point we gain enlarges our horizon and expands our idea.

This is the orderly proceeding of a true aspiration, an aspiration that is working in us toward the development of the noblest uses of life of which we are capable, an aspiration to achieve excellence for its own sake.

Proper culture and education is the knowledge of how to use the whole of one's self. Men are often like knives with many blades; they know how to open one, and only one; all the rest are buried in the handle, and they are no better than they would have been if they had been made with but one blade. Many men use but one or two faculties out of a score with which they are endowed. A man is educated who knows how to make a tool of every faculty—how to open it, how to keep it sharp, and how to apply it to all practical purposes.

The successful individual is the one who habitually grasps every opportunity, no matter how trifling it may appear. Although he may work industriously for a time without making any great showing, he will be conscious of a gradual advancement which will finally lead to perceptible achievement. Everyone is given, at least, one great opportunity, beside the lesser ones which seem to point the way towards successful preparation for future work; but the high places the world has to offer are not to be gained at a single leap. There are no electric elevators at command which will carry us triumphantly from the street level—where masses of our fellow-beings are struggling along, hurrying and jostling one another in their mad rush for fame or fortune, or in the endeavor to procure the pitiful crust that will serve to keep them from starvation—to the observatory on a level with the clouds, where we look down in pity upon the senseless herds whose eyes are for ever fixed on the earth, who are blindly straining every nerve, and exhausting

every energy in their attempts to follow leaders as blind as they themselves are.

Step by step we must climb, grasping little opportunities as the traveler lays hold of the clinging vine or hardy shrub without which he would fail in scaling the bare cliffs or in gaining the smiling plateaus where he may rest and refresh himself. With these little helps he reaches delightful halting places where he may glance backward over the rugged mountain-side taking a retrospective view of the dangers and difficulties he has overcome. He may then gird himself afresh for the steep ascent, and with steady determination to reach heights he cannot, as yet, even dimly discern, start forward with renewed hope and energy.

The habit of recognizing and taking advantage of small opportunities will ultimately result in the possession of power to create or make them. David Wilkie, the poor Scotch boy whose "Village Politicians" opened the door to fame and success, was wont to make the most of every opportunity to practice his hand in drawing. An inviting stretch of smooth sand, a blank wall, or weather-smoothed rock answered in lieu of canvas; anything with which he could "make a mark" served for pencil or colors. His eyes were always open to the discovery of any picturesque effect, and even the common beggar was not too insignificant to serve as a model. He was refused admittance to the Scottish Academy at Edinburgh because of the lack of finish in the works submitted, but, nothing daunted, he determined to produce such works as would secure his admittance, and be succeeded. At the Academy of Arts he was no less watchful of small opportunities, and he afterwards related how, when his fellow-students, Burnett and Linnell, entered into conversation concerning art, he managed to sit near them, and listened with avidity to their discourse, finishing the narration of the incident

with the naive confession, "for they know a great deal, and I know very little."

If we are resolved to win in any walk or career we must emulate the great Opie, whose marvellous mixing of colors excited the warmest admiration of his friends and the envy of his contemporaries. When asked, "How do you mix such exquisite colors?" he replied, "I mix them with my brain, sir."

One person cannot produce more beautiful colors than another, or, indeed, perform any task more satisfactorily than it is ordinarily performed, without mixing brains with the other ingredients necessary to the form of accomplishment he has undertaken, and the keen observer is the one who is most likely to do this. A story is told of a number of shepherds in Brazil, who, weary of their occupation, made up their minds that gold-digging offered a much shorter route to fortune. Like many persons who consider themselves much wiser than these humble herdsmen, they believed that success must lie almost anywhere rather than in the locality they were familiar with. Accordingly they set out for the "diggins" in California, carrying with them a number of the bright pebbles they were accustomed to play checkers with. But few of these pebbles were left when they reached San Francisco, the others having been lost. Judge of their chagrin when they were informed that these "pebbles" were diamonds. Naturally, they hastened to retrace their steps, but the opportunity they had let slip through their fingers was for ever out of their reach. The mine from whence they had taken the diamonds had passed into the hands of the Government before they again stood on Brazilian soil.

Disraeli says, "The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes," and his career amply verified these words. Employed as errand boy by a law firm, at the age of seventeen, he

made such good use of his spare time that his father was advised to educate him for the Bar. His "Vivian Grey" was published when he was but twenty years of age, and was one of the most remarkable books ever produced by so young an author. Literary fame did not satisfy the aspiring Disraeli, however. His first essay upon entering the thorny paths of statesmanship was unsuccessful, and Lord Melbourne, at that time Home Secretary, would have assisted him, but when the young man was asked what he desired to do, he replied, "I want to be Prime Minister." His audacity, together with his independent speeches and manners, led to various reports that he was of unsound mind, but while others laughed he worked and watched for opportunities, and he was finally able to grasp one that was to lead to better things. After being defeated three times in the contest for the Borough of High Wycombe, and once for Taunton, he was finally returned for the Borough of Maidstone. His entrance into Parliament was not of the triumphant sort. His appearance and freely-expressed opinions were against him, and his maiden speech was received with scoffs and sneers that drowned the tones of his voice effectually. Before sitting down he made himself heard in the words that have been remembered through all of the intervening years. "I am not surprised," he said, "at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several things many times, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." Two years later the truth of his words began to be realized. He spoke freely and independently, and, of course, was rewarded with taunts and accusations, but, none the less, his words were remembered. Twelve years from the time of his first failure he was the Leader of the Opposition; three years later still, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House, and a speaker who

carried all before him. Every weapon known to the successful statesman and orator was his to command: irony, pathos, humor, satire, and irresistible eloquence compelled the hearing he had declared he would one day receive.

It is altogether unsafe to trust to appearances. The man, who, in the estimation of his friends, has been one of the "lucky ones," may have striven and struggled while his admirers were sleeping and feasting. He may have reached the verge of despair before the first foothold was gained by which he might climb upward, instead of being drawn slowly from all light and life to the darkness and death that await the man who allows himself to venture upon the quicksands of hopeless idleness. Emerson says: "The world is no longer clay, but rather iron in the hands of its workers, and men have got to hammer out a place for themselves by steady and rugged blows." This is so true that only he who is ready to wield the hammer right manfully, can hope to look upon his life as a worthy one. All men are not alike. Every aspiring youth cannot hope to be a Washington, a Napoleon, a Cæsar, or a Socrates; yet he may reasonably expect to be great through the accomplishment of work, no one of these great men could have done as well.

With every year the world is changing. The men of to-day are not the same in opinons or capabilities as they were in the days of Cæsar; neither is the work demanded of them the same. With each succeeding want of the world comes the man, or men, to satisfy the want. So in every age and clime, places are waiting for the men who realize that life means something more than the gratification of the senses; who are ready to cultivate and develop every inherent gift and faculty; who seek opportunities by which they may secure to the world the lasting treasures comprised in

their own individuality, rather than exist in careless sloth and unproductive idleness. This was evidently the belief held by Washington Irving, who said: "As for the talk about modest merit being neglected, it is too often cant, by which indolent and irresolute men seek to lay their want of success at the door of the public. Modest merit is, however, too apt to be inactive, or negligent, or uninstructed merit. Well-matured and well-disciplined talent is always sure of a market, provided it exerts itself; but it must not cower at home and expect to be sought for. There is a good deal of cant, too, about the success of forward and impudent men, while men of retiring worth are passed over with neglect. But it usually happens that those forward men have that valuable quality of promptness and activity, without which worth is a mere inoperative property. A barking dog is often more useful than a sleeping lion."

The adverse opinions of others are too often the cause of failure to make a beginning with the tools that we have already within reach, but we should remember that no aspiring man or woman will lay a straw in the way of another who is attempting to climb. The listless do-nothing, think-nothing, care-for-nothing may always be depended upon to offer not a few words of discouragement, or to belittle the doings of his neighbors. In the words of Sanite-Beuve: "Whoever you may be, great genius, distinguished talent, artist honorable or amiable, the qualities for which you deserve to be praised will all be turned against you. Were you a Virgil, the pious and sensible singer *par excellence*, there are people who will call you an effeminate poet. Were you a Horace, there are people who will reproach you with the very purity and delicacy of your taste. If you were a Shakespeare, some one will call you a savage. If you were a Goethe, more

than one Pharisee will proclaim you the most selfish of egotists."

Lack of purpose is the bane of the young people of the present day, particularly of those who are so circumstanced as to enjoy the advantages of education without the necessity of earning them. Nine-tenths of our high-school girls and boys go through the routine of each day's work without any definite idea of real preparation for any certain work. The desire to do something is too often nipped in the bud by parents who consider that sending children to school is equivalent to giving them a good education, oblivious of the fact that failure, failure and failure in one study after another, can never equip one for a career in any of the professions.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, when a youth, was already strong in purpose. On applying to his mother for the loan of one hundred dollars with which to purchase a boat—not for pleasure, be it remembered, but for commercial uses—he received this answer: "My son, on the twenty-seventh of this month you will be sixteen years old. If, by that time, you will plough, harrow, and plant with corn the eight-acre lot, I will advance you the money." It was then the first of May and the young Cornelius had but twenty-six days to perform the allotted task. He at once determined to accomplish it, however, and, though the "eight-acre lot" was a most uncompromising bit of land, being stony and uneven, he persevered, and the work was finished in time. This was the beginning. From being always attentive to business, he became known as one who could always be depended upon.

Adversity is sometimes a rough teacher, but her pupils are fitted to hold their own against heavy odds, if their lessons have been properly learned. Victor Hugo says: "Man's great actions are performed in

minor struggles. There are obstinate and unknown braves who defend themselves inch by inch, in the shadows, against the fatal invasion of want and turpitude. There are noble and mysterious triumphs which no eye sees, no renown rewards, and no flourish of trumpets salutes. Life, misfortune, isolation, abandonment and poverty are battlefields which have their heroes." It is difficult to withstand the petty annoyances, the small discouragements of every day; difficult to recognize and grasp the little opportunities; yet through these small triumphs and successes we fit ourselves for greater ones. To advance as far as we possibly can, and then to stand firm to our purpose, with faith in ourselves, waiting, perhaps, but always ready, will result in sure and steady progress. The greatest conqueror is he who stands boldly forth after each fresh defeat, ready to do battle with the forces arrayed against him, even though he is facing failure. The French Admiral Coligui said, "In one respect I may claim superiority over Alexander, over Scipio, over Cæsar. They won great battles, it is true; I have lost four great battles, and yet I show to the enemy a more formidable front than ever." It is this invincible determination to win that finally brings one to success.

One of the most common mistakes is that of expecting immense and instant returns from any investment of capital, time, or industry. We do meet with returns, but we fail to recognize them. Every moment's earnest thought, every hour's devotion to study and research gives us added power with which to advance in the way we are pursuing. Indecision and faint-heartedness must be banished, and resolution and self-confidence be substituted if we would win life's battles. A good illustration of this truth is given in the story of the great magician who was inspired with pity for a poor little mouse, which lived near his dwelling, and whose life

was a constant agony of fear of a neighboring cat. The magician transformed the mouse into a cat. The cat began to bewail its fate, because it was in constant dread of a dog. Transformed to a dog, it was possessed with fear of a tiger. The magician made the dog a tiger, but even then the poor creature was most unhappy, for fear of the hunter overcame every feeling of satisfaction. The magician, realizing the uselessness of all his magic in such a case, exclaimed, "Be a mouse again. As you have only the heart of a mouse it is impossible to help you by giving you the body of a nobler animal."

Do not despair because of circumstances which you cannot control. Never lose sight of the fact that every environment is possessed of possibilities, that from every combination of circumstances small opportunities may be wrested, which will be all-powerful in the ultimate growth and development of the highest powers. Do not fancy that you are in the wrong place, that if you were in a certain city, in the mountain, on the seashore, or, in fact, anywhere save where you are, that you would readily accomplish prodigious things. Let action follow closely on the heels of thought. The soil in which you are planted is doubtless the best for bringing out the richness of your nature and the capabilities with which you are entrusted, although you may not recognize that fact clearly. As a clever writer says: "In a masquerade, where people assume what characters they like how ill they often play them." The place you would choose may be the one you could never fill without the education and preparation you are now gaining. Grasp every opportunity, and make the most of it as did Arkwright, the man who began his career as a barber's apprentice, but whose mechanical genius served the English nation so well during the dark time of the French Revolution,

and Bunyan, whose "Pilgrim's Progress" was written on bits of paper that had been used to cork the bottles in which milk was brought to him while he was lodged in Bedford jail, or Sir Walter Raleigh, who wrote "The History of the World," during his thirteen years' imprisonment, or Rittenhouse, the astronomer, whose first attempts to calculate the eclipses were made on his plow-handle, or Gifford, the cobbler's apprentice, who wrote his first mathemetical work "in the rough," on small pieces of leather, or a Cervantes, who wrote "Don Quixote" in Madrid jail. Though too poor to buy paper he committed his thoughts to scraps of leather, as did the cobbler's apprentice, and of whom a wealthy Spaniard said, when asked to relieve the poor writer, "Heaven forbid that his necessities should be relieved, it is his poverty that makes the world rich."

"A person under the firm persuasion that he can command resources virtually has them," says Livy.

In the words of Johnson, "All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise and wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet these petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings," while the path to performances which command universal acclamation is plainly indicated by the writer who says, "He who resolves upon any great end, by that very resolution has scaled the great barriers to it, and he who seizes

the grand idea of self-cultivation, and solemnly resolves upon it, will find that idea, that resolution burning like fire within him, and ever putting him upon his own improvement. He will find it removing difficulties, searching out, or making means, giving courage for despondency and strength for weakness."

It is the paramount duty of every human being to seek, and delve, and find the hidden truths which pertain to the unfoldment of whatever latent gifts may be consciously or unconsciously possessed, for herein lies the royal road which leads to the concentration and mastery of scattered forces, and to an ultimate triumph over all obstacles to be met in the relentless battle for existence. So many helpless human beings grope blindly and unprogressively through the dull, eventless years, passing a purposeless life hemmed in by narrow and discordant environments, without a solitary experience to uplift and enlighten. Man becomes the sport of fate, swayed by the elemental forces which destroy without mercy, or the builder of a divine destiny, the master of all things, according to the uses he makes of the mysterious powers hid deep in himself. By persistent effort and a determined, unfaltering will he may direct the controlled energies against the fortified walls where numberless invisible foes vigilantly guard life's unrevealed treasures; and contending every step of advancement, may finally pass through the marble gateway to the white palace of truth. Only by will and struggle may man hope to wrest from the storehouse of nature the jewels she hides from him.

He who would pass from the material and commonplace to regions unknown and unexplored must have a bright, magnetic eye and active, untiring mind. There are barriers to be burned by the heat of love, discouragements to be conquered by unwavering resolve, and hours of despair to be banished by the light of hope's

glittering star, which perpetually renews and illumines the awakened mind, undimmed by the false rays of illusion and change.

For millions of years Nature has turned a deaf ear to the cries and groans of the weak and helpless, and the pulses of her great throbbing life have gone out in fullness to the strong and victorious. Call it a stern, unjust law if we will; it is none the less true, and its decree is inexorable. There is no sentiment and no variableness in the heart of Nature. The strong survive and the weak perish. The indifferent and the useless shall give way to the alert and powerful.

We may pity those who innocently suffer, and with the balm of love lessen the pain; we may help the poor and oppressed, and by the magic power of gold change their environments from attic to palace. Yet if we fail to awaken within them a knowledge of their untried strength, and to create in their hearts a desire to persist with determined resolve in shaping their lives to noble ideals, the result of our efforts will be of small value.

CHAPTER VIII.

# PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

"My mind to me a kingdom is."—DYER.

THIS chapter endeavors to explain how we can become healthy, happy, and successful; and lays bare the great mental laws by obedience, to which we promote not only our individual welfare, but the amelioration of society and the good of our fellowmen.

The knowledge of the laws of mental action reveal to us the one sure way, whereby the social transformation, which is the desire of all true thinkers, may be brought about. It is a transformation from within, a change of thought, and through the thought forces a change of life and its conditions. The power of public opinion has often been remarked, but here we have a knowledge which enables us to get behind public opinion, and to set in motion the subtle forces which rule it.

Practical psychology concerns itself with the action of thought upon the mind and body, the effects produced, and the laws by which they are regulated. Thus, it differs from the old-fashioned psychology in not resting satisfied with the mere tracing of interesting concomitants, it seeks the causes of the effects produced. At one time the psychologist was content to note the physical effect of certain mental moods, but at the present day we seek further information; we want to know why a given mood produces a given effect, and how to

produce the given mood. It is to these deeper and more practical questions that the psychology of to-day addresses itself.

In one sense we are all of us practical psychologists, for we are continually utilizing thought in order to bring about effects, either in ourselves or others. But these things we do instinctively, being ignorant of the laws of their operation, and they are therefore of comparatively little advantage to us. We are never sure of them, and as often work ourselves harm as good thereby. We have never been taught to watch the effect of thought, and thus we little realize its great power. How we may fit ourselves for the gaining of success by the control and direction of thought; how we may overcome bad habits by the training and strengthening of good and noble thoughts; how we may avoid the ill-effects of bad thoughts and promote our happiness in life. These are the things, our ignorance of which so often lands us in misery and failure.

The mind of man is both receptive and active. It is capable of absorbing the thoughts of others, of acquiring new ideas, and thereby of growth and expansion. It is also capable of exerting mental force, of putting in motion the activity of the body and translating itself into actuality. Each of these functions of the mind needs to be duly cultivated.

Activity of mind makes for success. The man of thought is the man of power. You gain your object by constantly sending out your thoughts after it. The man of business realizes this when he centers all his attention upon his occupation. Life is a struggle, and every struggle calls for alertness. Unless the mind be constantly on the watch, and energetically improves the occasion, we cannot make progress. None the less, there is a danger in too constant activity, lest we neglect altogether the receptive function of our minds. The man

of action is apt to become so wedded to his own modes of thought as to be unreceptive of new ideas. Almost unconsciously he takes the aggressive against them, and this is fatal to his success, for however good his thoughts may be in themselves they will soon be worn threadbare, and new thought is a necessity of mental vigor.

Learn to give a patient hearing to ideas, which may not be in line with your own opinions. Remember, that as the body cannot exist without food, no more can the mind without new thought. When we cease to learn, we cease to live. The light of the new idea may illuminate much which was dark before, and may throw new beauty into old thoughts. Because the new appears at first antagonistic to the old; it does not follow that it really is so. Truth will always be truth, but it may be superseded by larger truth.

But, again, receptivity of mind is also liable to abuse. Some people seem never able to make up their minds. So many contrary opinions seem floating in their consciousness that they live in perpetual doubt, having no purpose but drifting aimlessly down the stream of time. Directly they endeavor to form a purpose and to carry it out, the first difficulty they meet with discourages them, and they fall back into the helpless condition they were in before. They are always taking in and never giving forth. By degrees they become enfeebled and incapable of action.

These dangers must be carefully guarded against, if we desire to live in the true sense of the word, and to reach any measure of success.

Modern psychology makes no claim to deal with new powers. Mental force has been in existence as long as man has, but it has hitherto been neglected or ignorantly used, and the revelation of its practical importance to the daily life is pregnant with new and strange thoughts of far-reaching influence.

The effect of a mental shock upon the bodily organism is well known. It has often produced paralysis or other serious consequences. In the early days of human history a priest or magician would have been called in under these circumstances. To-day we send for a medical man, and expect him to deal with it. Yet, and mark this well, the cause is both mental and bodily, and the physician who may be well qualified to deal with the body, has but vague and unsatisfactory notions concerning the mind and its laws. How can we expect him to deal successfully with the case when the treatment is confined to the effect, and the cause is totally neglected?

The prevailing ignorance of mental science is indeed deplorable, though we are glad to welcome the bright rays of light arising on the horizon, which betokens the dawn of better things. The questioning spirit which characterizes our modern civilization is probing the ignorance of psychology, and bringing to light much of the utmost value to a true science of life. Scepticism does some good when it rouses people from the slumbers of error, and leads them to enquire for truth.

The researches of modern psychologists have established the fact of a consciousness behind that, which is ordinarily operative in our every-day life. They detected effects due to mental causes, which formed no part of the ordinary consciousness of the individuals. Every thought is a cause, and may be studied experimentally in its effect. Thus the old-fashioned psychology, carrying on all its researches by the examination of the internal consciousness, missed altogether the sub-conscious activity of the mind.

Hypnotism has revealed to us a great deal concerning the sub-conscious mind. In the hypnotic subject the normal consciousness sinks, as it were, below the mental horizon, and the sub-conscious mind takes its place. Whilst in this state any declarations the

hypnotist may choose to make to the subject are at once believed and acted upon. Further, the sub-conscious mind can be so impressed with the truth of what it is told that, when the subject returns to his normal state, he will act in accordance with the belief of his sub-conscious mind, and this in spite of the fact that he was previously totally opposed to it. For instance, if you hypnotize a person addicted to the drink habit, and declare to him that when he returns to his normal condition he will loathe the sight of intoxicants and will henceforth never drink them, you will find him abandon his old habits and become a sober man, remaining firm against all temptations. Ask him why he does not drink, and he will tell you in all good faith that it is a bad habit and wrong to give way to it, so powerful is the effect of the sub-conscious mind. Herein, indeed, lies the importance of hypnotism; it may be used to elevate the moral nature.

You will now understand somewhat of the great effect which the mind may have upon the life of the individual. Moreover, through the sub-conscious mind the effect is wrought without the individual being aware of its true cause. Very strikingly is this shown in the following incident:—An old lady of great piety, who had suffered for some years from paralysis, became an inmate of a hospital at Paris. She was to undergo a course of hypnotic treatment for her complaint, but desiring to test the strength of sub-conscious belief the doctors arranged a little experiment. They hypnotized her, and told her that if a certain ceremony in honor of the Virgin was performed at her bedside on a given day she would be cured and recover the use of her limbs. When the day came, the priest was procured and the ceremony took place. Its efficacy was complete, the woman was healed there and then, and so convinced was she that the cure was miraculous, that she refused to listen to

what the doctors told her of being hypnotized, and declared that what they said was all nonsense.

The power that underlies our whole civilization is essentially one with that used by the hypnotist and the scientist. It is the power of repeated declaration to induce belief. The opinions of the ordinary individual are all the result of this power. Since early childhood he has continually met with certain statements repeated in one form or another, and as a consequence he has grown up to believe them. Thus is it more or less with all of us, and this power which has brought about the present social condition may well be utilized to bring about the reforms which are so desirable.

Belief is the root of action, and by this means we may get behind belief and rule the whole issues of life. Only as we understand and obey the laws of our nature can we enter into the full enjoyment of life. Happiness is the one thing which all men alike desire to have. Yet our ideas upon the subject are more or less distorted, and in many particulars are radically wrong.

We often imagine that happiness consists in the possession of desirable things, and although we may bear others no grudge, we do want to get these possessions. If others have to go without we are sorry, but do not see how we are to blame. We mean to be possessors, and if the blame for the existing scarcity of happiness lies anywhere it must lie in the condition of things.

Thus do we think and act, never troubling ourselves to consider whether we may not have made a mistake somewhere. Yet, surely it should be patent enough to us that every capacity implies a satisfaction. It is but another way of stating the fundamental axiom that Nature abhors a vacuum. The capacity for happiness implies that it can be satisfied, and as everyone possesses the capacity, therefore everyone has a right to be happy.

This is a right which belongs to us as human beings,

and which Nature gave us when she bestowed those yearning desires upon us that are for ever prompting us to seek their satisfaction. Under no condition of things can man be justified in robbing another of happiness. Such a deed falls not far short of murder, for there can be no true life without happiness. If it be true that happiness is not possible to all under the present social conditions, then that fact in itself constitutes the greatest and most serious indictment of modern society ever made.

The quest of happiness must in the very nature of things be regarded from this collective standpoint, rather than from a merely individualistic point of view. Man is a member of society, and his welfare is closely bound up with that of his fellow-men. There is no such thing as selfish happiness, for in proportion as a man is selfish he misses the true enjoyment of life. No true happiness can entail the misery of another. Whatever promotes the happiness of the race, must necessarily promote your happiness and mine. The great thing, therefore, is not to seek our own pleasure, but the welfare of others, for thereby shall we most truly promote our own well-being.

It is only in association with others that we can realize the true joy of life. Selfishness narrows the mental horizon and cramps our thoughts. The mind must be kept open to the good influences of our environment. Human society contains, of course, both good and evil influences, and whilst we appropriate the good we must learn to close our minds to the evil.

Antagonize the evil; refuse to let your thoughts dwell upon it. It has no power to hurt you further than you let it have. But do not forget to open your mind to the good and the noble, and the true things which Nature has provided in such abundant measure for those that seek them. Remember the surest way to get rid of evil is to cultivate the good.

Perennial joy may be yours if you keep an open

mind. Life grows stale when the old thoughts day after day perform their dreary round of duties. You need freshness in your life, if you would be always happy. By keeping the mind continually in a receptive condition new ideas and new thoughts will ever be flowing into you, purifying and invigorating your mental powers and endowing life with ever-fuller interest.

Infinite variety is one of the secrets of true living. The homely proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," contains a truth which we all need to learn. Recreation and change of work is essential to our well-being. The man who recognizes this law of Nature, and regulates his life in accordance therewith, will do more in the long run than the man who is incessantly occupied with one object to the exclusion of everything else. Change rests the mind, and enables it to return to its work with renewed energy and enthusiasm. The breaking up of old habits, and the introduction of new ones, has a beneficial tendency in the same direction.

The difference between men in this respect is marked, and has a perceptible influence upon the preservation of vigor and the enjoyment of life. The youthfulness of some elderly individuals is extraordinary, and is traceable to the open mental attitude which they have preserved throughout life. The mere flight of years will not account for the decline that we name old age, otherwise the period of decline would be more definitely fixed, whereas many men of seventy possess greater vigor and mental energy than others do at fifty years of age. It is very greatly a matter of mental attitude.

Happiness is a state of mind. The pleasurable sensations which the things of life convey to us, and which, according to the frequency with which they occur, impress themselves upon our minds, by degrees shape our mental condition and set up a state of happiness. In the complexity of human life, however, both

pleasurable and painful sensations often occur together, and the life is happy or unhappy according as one or the other happens to prevail. Thus the resulting condition of mind is the balance between the two, and to promote happiness it is necessary to increase the pleasurable and to diminish the painful sensations. By this means we may so augment the balance of happiness as to ensure a permanent bias of character in that direction.

Besides pleasure, there are two other things which are essential to happiness as a part of character. They are health and goodness. When a man is in ill-health he finds it difficult to be happy. Robust health is of first importance to the enjoyment of life. Goodness is not less so, for the incrimination of an offended conscience is a sure destroyer of happiness.

Health is of more importance in this matter than you are perhaps aware of. The relation of mind to body, and body to mind is intimate, and each exercises considerable influence upon the other. The peevish, irritable, morose temper so often found in those who are out of health is probably well known to you, yet, mayhap, you have never thought of connecting their pessimistic outlook upon life with their ill-health as its cause. Still less have you thought of seeking the cause of your own unhappiness in the weak physical state you are in. It is, nevertheless, a fact that ill-health is responsible for much of the unhappiness existent in the world to-day. If you would be happy seek then first to acquire a sound bodily vigor. Above all things do not think that health is beyond your attainment. The whole trend of Nature is towards the establishment of health, and by the adoption of natural health methods you may greatly promote your physical well-being.

Goodness is not less essential to happiness than health and pleasure. Indeed, goodness is mental health, and in itself one of the greatest sources of pleasure. Selfish-

ness cuts you off from the enjoyment of life, whilst the habit of doing good to others develops the sympathies, and opens up to you many pleasures which are not otherwise procurable. We betray our ignorance when we seek to work harm to our fellow-men, as greatly as when we breathe impure air, eat bad food, or drink poisonous intoxicants. We should esteem it our duty to so live, as to promote to the utmost of our capability the happiness of those amongst whom we live. It should be our delight to acquire the praise of benefactors.

It is in such paths as these that we shall acquire happiness. Mere wealth cannot give it to us. There may be a certain amount of pleasure procurable in the pursuit of riches, for we are all susceptible to ambition, and delight in the gaining of advantages. But the mere possession of riches cannot be said to be a source of happiness, though there may be a negative pleasure in the reflection that we have escaped the miseries of poverty.

Happiness of life is inseparably connected with a healthy state of mind, and a mind that is full of thoughts of covetousness, selfishness, inhumanity, hatred, vindictiveness, and cruelty cannot be said to be healthy. These things are to the mind what cancer, rheumatism, and gout are to the body; they are mental diseases, and should be treated as such. The injury which they work to the individual is deplorable; they ruin many a man's happiness and often wreck his whole life; nor is their tale completed in their mental effects, they exert an evil influence upon the physical organism, and are the direct causes of many diseases.

It is one of the established and indisputable laws of our mental nature that we can only give proper attention to one thing at a time; and if we continually waste away our energies in pursuing a multiplicity of objects we have only ourselves to blame, if our life is nothing

but a series of disappointments. Do not allow yourself to be led astray into side issues, keep to the main track of your desires. A wandering mind is not a healthy mind.

Some men never seem able to distinguish between the essential and the trivial. They are not masters of the situation, but simply drift with circumstances they know not whither. Have some aim, some purpose in your life, and live for it.

Even our best impulses may sometimes play us false, unless we keep them in subjection. A painter who allows his sympathies for a weary laborer staggering under a heavy burden to induce him to relieve the laborer and carry the burden, and then proceeds to work at his picture, will find that he has expended considerable energy; his hand that grasps the brush is no longer so firm and steady, and for a time has lost its skill. He must perforce rest and recover himself before he can continue his work. In a similar manner whatever draws us aside from our purpose weakens us, and lessens our chance of success in its accomplishment. It really constitutes a leakage of magnetic force, and the individuals who allow their sympathies to run away with them in this manner are, in truth, defeating their usefulness. They would be able to do much more good in the world by reserving their energies for the fulfillment of their life-work.

Passivity of mind lays you open to the imposition of others. Remember you must cultivate the active aggressive side of your nature as well as the receptive side, and unduly to develop the receptive faculties enslaves your energies in ignoble toils; and if persisted in will inevitably wear you out, both in body and mind, and bring you to an untimely end. Many prominent public men are thus brought to an early grave. When you turn over the records of, say, the last twenty-five years and

note the number of men who have died in the prime of life, you will be astonished. Among them we may mention Grant, Hendricks, Logan, McClellan, Morton, Lord Randolph Churchill—men who had still much of promise left in them, and who might have done much more service to their day and generation. The fact is we allow ourselves to get into the whirl of modern life, and are carried away before we fully realize our danger.

The most successful men and those who accomplish the most are the men who preserve the equilibrium of life. They fortify themselves against disturbance, and pursue the even tenor of their way towards the realization of their purpose. They prefer solitude to the constant rush and noise of the so-called busy man, and thus when the critical moment for activity comes are able to devote their full energies to the task before them. Their conduct is, doubtless, merely dictated by experience and worldly wisdom, but they are, nevertheless, obeying one of the fundamental laws of their nature by thus eliminating the element of distraction from their lives.

Solitude, however, is not the whole of life, and companionship is a necessary element in the truly, happy and successful life. Choose your friends carefully, and value them greatly. It is in them that you should find your inspiration, when the difficulties of the way appear burdensome. We all get down-hearted at times, and he or she who can cheer us up, and can inspire us to new efforts and fresh hope, is a true friend in our time of need. One such is worth a great company of acquaintances. Our friends should be such as we can reveal our inmost selves to. The devotion and helpfulness of a friend will do more for us than all the physicians and wise men in the world. The joy of companionship gives health, as well as happiness, and joy which is shared is doubled thereby.

We often stand more in need of the heart's sympathy than of the cold logic of wisdom. In the cultivation of friendship lies one of the avenues of happiness, and if the friend be one of the right kind his or her influence over us will always be elevating and ennobling.

When our minds once comprehend the grand, yet simple, laws which govern human happiness, the light which will flood our intellect will be nothing less than a revelation to us. Old facts will appear in a new setting, and they who know anything of the goldsmith's art know that the right setting of precious stones enhances their beauty. Thus shall life acquire a new meaning, time-worn questions shall be answered, and many puzzling problems receive new light shed upon them. Mysteries shall become possibilities of such vast issues, as to be inconceivable to the outsider who remains ignorant of the true laws of his being. Seeing alone is believing in this case, for wisdom is ever incomprehensible to the man who shuts his eyes to the light. He who is unreceptive cannot enter the higher life; to him it is a mere sound of words, perhaps affording a picture of beauty, but no more than an idle song. He is blind to its truth; he does not understand.

The proof of these things is in everyone's hand. You may know them if you will. They are to be tested by the experience of life. They have, indeed, been formulated by the observation of experience, and may be said to be its quintessence. But it makes a great deal of difference, whether a man is blindly stumbling along a path, the destination of which he is not sure, or whether he is journeying by a road, the direction of which he is fully cognizant. In the first case, although he may happen to be in the right road he is scarcely likely to be in an exactly happy frame of mind; whilst in the second case he is disturbed by no doubts and fears, but can proceed singing upon his way. Thus, once you

grasp the fact that happiness is within your power to acquire by simple obedience to well-defined laws of human life, and you have already taken the first step towards it. As the light enters your mind the darkness will disappear, and the radiancy of the dawn of hope will brighten your horizon.

As you begin to understand the power of rightly-conducted thought, and to see the possibilities contained therein, your desires will unconsciously be set in the proper direction for the attainment of happiness. Its realization will come in due course. Put yourself in obedience to the law, and it will unalterably work towards its great end.

The perception of the real which lies behind the mere seeming will enable you to avoid the delusions of life. One-half of the facts of life point to the power and moulding force of circumstance in the lives of individuals; the other half go to show us that man is above circumstance, and truly master of himself and his destiny. According to the thought and sagacity we put into life, so will be its issues. The ignorant man is at the mercy of every wind of influence that blows; he is driven hither and thither, the mere plaything of outside forces. He blames the fickleness of fate, the stress of circumstance, the lack of opportunity, as the causes of his misfortune. Whereas, did he but understand the laws which regulate the issues of life he might have utilized circumstance and found opportunity, and thus have proven himself lord of fate.

You must think to live. You must attain to a knowledge of the self. This is your duty. To know the laws which govern the well-being of humanity and to obey them; this is the secret of life and happiness.

Sufficient has been said to make it clear to you that there is much in the ordinary life of our modern civilization which is inimical to human happiness. Of one

thing you may rest assured, you will have to alter your life if you desire to be truly happy. The world's standard of conduct dwarfs the character, and gives at the best but a spasmodic pleasure which leaves an aching void that it is unable to satisfy.

The evil of modern life lies in the poverty and misery of the poor, not in the luxury of the rich. Wealth well used is a ministrant to happiness. Even the tinsel of luxury affords a considerable amount of pleasure. We condemn the rich, not because they are rich, but because they keep the poor in poverty.

The slums of our great cities are an indictment of the modern theory of happiness. They contradict the social element, which is so essential a factor in any true theory of happiness. We cannot be happy whilst a large portion of our fellow-men are in misery. The responsibility of their condition rests upon us; we cannot escape it, however we may endeavor to put it out of our thoughts. Unfortunately, in dealing with social matters we are so used to delegating our authority to others, to dealing with them by means of representatives, that we lose the full force of our individual responsibility. Yet the fact is, that we are responsible for these things, and that not merely collectively, but individually and personally.

Right thinking, however, will not let us sink helpless beneath the burden. A knowledge of the laws of life and thought will enable us to set in operation forces that will ameliorate the social problems in our midst, and bring a greater measure of happiness, both to the individual and to mankind at large.

It is a fallacy to suppose that life is a mere haphazard venture. The light of new ideas reveals to us that the orderliness of life, and we see that the momentous subject of human happiness has not been left to chance. It is capable of cultivation. Yet it will be found not so much by directly seeking it as an end in itself, as by the

practice of goodness and the seeking of the happiness of others. There is a joy which lies in seeing others happy.

Happiness is more common, and more easily accessible, than we sometimes think. It is around us on every side. It is the natural concomitant of the things of life, and what we need is the necessary wisdom to extract it from them.

It depends more upon character than possessions; more upon what we are than upon what we have. They who are good, kind, noble, energetic, hopeful, and courageous are in the highway of happiness.

Nature has laid deep the fountains of happiness in the constitution of human nature. They spring from the depths of man's physical organization, and from the wider ranges of his mental constitution they flow in streams magnificent and glorious. It is conceivable that from the first to the last moment of existence every human being might drink of them to the full extent of his or her capacity.

We are, however, already in possession of the principles which will destroy the present and introduce a better social condition—namely, the principles at the basis of the social union, the maximum of the aggregate of happiness; the maximum of the aggregate of happiness sought by the promotion of the maximum of individual happiness.

CHAPTER IX.

## GOOD ACCOMPLISHED BY THE SELF-CULTURE SOCIETY.

"Knowledge is power."—BACON.

THROUGH all ages, determined men and women have moulded the character of their generation, turning the stream of human advancement to the right or to the left, as their irrepressible energy surged toward a noble or base ideal. They were vigorous and powerful conquerors, who, determined to do and to be.

The Self-Culture Society consists of the most progressive men and women of our land, those whose power of will is irresistible. They are determined to establish societies of merit, ever rejuvenated and strengthened by the best and most aspiring among those of their immediate neighborhood.

The purpose of these Societies is to establish every possible facility to assist others to rise. They who accomplish most will be honored most. The greatest servant will be the greatest ruler. The highest and most honorable labor consists in that which needs most to be done. We have a union of self-expansion and moral enthusiasm; a union of two of the mightiest powers of the universe. We cannot fail. The world belongs to us.

Young man! Young woman! Who will have the honor of being the first to join the main order of our

Society, and starting the first branch Self-Culture Society in your community?

One of the most hopeful signs of our times is the ardent desire for knowledge which has taken possession of the people, and which is displaying itself in the establishment of numerous Self-Culture Societies in large towns and populous districts—societies, which are almost entirely originated and supported by young men belonging to the working classes of society.

Formerly, the educational means available for the rising generation of the country were mainly supplied by the patronage of the rich; now, however, we find the classes the most deeply intrusted in their own education, taking the matter into their own hands, and prosecuting it with a diligence and success that must be regarded as praiseworthy in the highest degree.

While insisting on the importance of the Self-Culture Societies for young men, we would not ignore the important question of efficient provision for the education of the children of the community; for we regard it as one of the first and most urgent duties of a civilized nation to provide for the efficient elementary instruction of all its children. In this respect, education must yet, we regret to say, be regarded as having made comparatively small progress. It has but touched the loftier summits of society, as the rising sun tips the mountain tops with its radiance, while the deep and low-lying valleys remain enveloped in a dark, thick, and impenetrated darkness.

Still, we find a large and increasing number of the young men belonging to the neglected classes awaking to a sense of the importance of education, and endeavoring to make up by diligent application

in their adult years for the deficient or altogether neglected education of their childhood. Many young men and women frequent the Self-Culture Societies now in existence, for the special purpose of learning to read and write; others, to relearn these acquirements, almost forgotten in the pursuits of daily labor; others, to cultivate their minds, and gather knowledge by instruction, reading, and lectures.

The origin of these Societies is generally in this way. One or two of the leading young men of a district get together, and, seeing what other young men elsewhere are doing with so much success, they ask themselves whether something equally beneficial ought not to be devised for their own neighborhood. These young men are very often teetotallers, and having abjured the demoralizing stimulus of drink, they seem resolved to create for themselves a stimulus of a higher and more enduring order. They discuss the matter, name it to others, the scheme is approved; and some untenanted room is hired at a small rental, and a Self-Culture Society is started. It works away humbly and untiringly—the young men who started it, for some time, its only teachers; their names are scarcely known or heard of—they make no noise—no brilliant demonstration accompanies their efforts—they have not even the encouragement of praise—they are satisfied with adding members to their institution, and with opening to new minds the pleasures and blessings of knowledge.

Yet, humble though the operations of those young men are, how noble, how truly glorious, are they! What a false estimate has gone abroad in the world, as to what constitutes true glory! Stars and garters —high-sounding titles, and heavy money-bags—successful carnage on a battle-field, or unprincipled manœuvring exercised in the art of diplomacy—high

seats in the world's arena, and glare and glitter in those who occupy them—such is glory according to the vulgar, the fashionable acceptation!

But how much more truly glorious is it, without show, or noise, or barbarian clangor, to go quietly and perseveringly onward in the work of developing and improving human faculties, and opening them to the contemplation of great truths and principles. To awaken and arouse a mind—to feed it with instruction, and to implant within it true principles of judgment and action—is a more glorious work—is a far greater service done to the cause of truth, of virtue, of religion, of humanity, than the gaining of any sort of battle with swords, or the realization of any sort of mere worldly fortune, no matter how splendid. The young man who instructs his untaught fellow-man in the simple art of learning, is putting into his possession the key to all written knowledge; he is placing within his means the greatest power in the world—the power of thought; he is admitting him to a converse with all the enlightened minds of this and by-gone ages—unbarring to him the greatest stores of knowledge and experience contained in books—enabling him to sit at the feet of the greatest teachers who have ever lived—and planting his steps firmly on the ladder of knowledge, which reaches up even into the heavens.

In addition to the numerous Self-Culture Societies established by young men in their immediate localities, many others have recently been established by Lodges in connection with other Societies. And when we consider the extensive organization of Odd Fellowship and Freemasonry—that the various Societies of this kind probably include not less than a million of persons—it will be obvious how powerful an instrumentality for good would be such institu-

tions if directed to the moral and intellectual improvement of the working population. Already in many large towns, mutual instruction classes have been formed by them, at which reading, writing, and the ordinary branches of instruction, sometimes including foreign languages, are taught to the members and others; weekly lectures are delivered; and useful libraries for the use of the members are to be found.

The Mechanics' Institute are also engaged in many quarters in forming classes of the same kind. They have peculiar facilities for carrying forward the work of adult instruction; they are already organized. They possess, generally, efficient libraries, and they may be regarded as the centres of the educational movement of their neighbourhoods. It may, therefore, be considered as the peculiar duty of Mechanics' Institutes to give every facility to the education of youth, by the establishment of Self-Culture Societies.

Even when a young man has had the advantage of a good school education, a great deal remains to be done before he can call himself an educated person. Education, in its highest sense, has scarcely commenced at the age at which the boy leaves school. The mind has yet to be actively exercised; principles have to be acquired, or, at least, matured; the judgment has to be trained and strengthened; and opinions have to be formed. All that self-education does, has yet to be done; and in almost all cases, the education which a man gives to himself is by far the most valuable. No man can be thoroughly well educated who is not in a great measure self-educated.

Every man possesses a free activity in himself; he has a power of will, an innate energy and means of action, which enable him in a great measure to act the part of his own educator, his own emancipator.

We are not the mere slaves of circumstances, thrown upon the current to mark its course, but are to a large extent free agents, independent existences, endowed with power to battle and contend with adverse circumstances; and by dint of perseverance and valor, to overcome them, and rise above them. Resolute purpose, perseverance, and strong will, are the great essentials. Fortified by these, the greatest men of all ages have risen up from the lowest stations of life, even from out of the huts of the poorest. Difficulties the most formidable have been surmounted by them—poverty, ill-health, blindness, slavery, the harassment of laboring for daily bread—adverse circumstances of all kinds have been conquered by men eager and determined in the pursuit of knowledge.

It is the great distinctive characteristic of man in a civilized state, that he is ever aiming at progress —at advancement to a higher and better state of things. He may be thrown back, but if his will be firm, he will rise again and force his way onward. Difficulty and opposition but serve as stimuli to the true-hearted laborer. They bring out the best qualities of his nature; impose upon him more diligent self-culture, and more rigid discipline. By self-culture, the young man improves himself, and acts beneficially upon those about him. No one can work for his own advancement in the highest sense, but at the same time he is working for the advancement of his brother men; and no one can profitably labor for the improvement of others, but at the same time is laboring diligently for the improvement of himself. The success of one man helps forward the success of others. His labors are not lost—they are propagated through all time; others take up his work when he lays it down, and thus improvement goes on without ceasing. The future thus co-operates with the present and the present with

the past; the living, active man is the link that binds the two ages together—the age that is coming, with the age that is passing away.

We might here speak of the duty which each member of society owes to his neighbor, to impart to him a portion of that culture which society has given to its possessor. The knowledge which each man possesses is not the product of this age alone, but has been elaborated by the industry of all preceding ages. Some, more favorably circumstanced, have acquired a larger portion of it by education than others; and such are bound, by all moral and social duty, to impart to others what has been imparted to them. Knowledge and culture ought to be regarded as the property of society at large, and no man has a right to monopolize their benefits to himself, and to refuse to impart to others a share of what is common property.

Individuals can individually do much to impart education and knowledge to those who stand in need of them; but, by combining their efforts for the elevation of the moral and intellectual improvement of their brethren, they can do much more. By getting together in a common fund, as it were, the moral and intellectual possessions of a large number of persons, and opening this fund for the free use of all, the possessions of the whole are greatly extended. The deficiencies of one individual are corrected by the culture imparted by others, and the common possession of the whole may thus become the property of each. No one will be impoverished in proportion as another gains; on the contrary, the mental wealth of every member will be increased, and his hold of knowledge be strengthened by the very effort made to impart it to others. The free activity of all, combined for the purpose of improving all, is, we believe, a great lever, by means of which the moral world is to be raised.

Far from originating in socialbleness, professional sympathies, or a love of intellectual improvement, many of our modern clubs, enrolling without associating a mob of strangers, are simply and solely founded upon selfishness and sensuality. Epicurism, in the least elevated acceptation of that misunderstood word—to place the greatest possible luxury, but more especially the pleasures of the palate, within reach of the lowest possible sum—to combine exclusiveness with voluptuousness—to foster, at the same moment, the love of self, and the alienation from others—to remove men from their proper and natural mode of living—to enable five hundred a year to command the state, style, and splendor of five thousand—to destroy the taste for simple and domestic pleasures—and to substitute a longing for all the expensive and sensual enjoyments that might have gratified an ancient Sybarite.

A professional or exclusive club is the most shy, sullen, reserved, and unamiable of all institutions. Its union of one class is a separation from all others; the junction of its members is a dismemberment from the general body of citizens; it is dissocial it its very association.

If the division of the male community into grades and classes be a confessed evil, what shall we say to the wide separation of the sexes which this club mania tends to effect. It will be admitted, that man and woman were meant for one another, collectively, as well as separately.

Socially speaking, they are as naturally married to each other, in the aggregate, as are the individual husband and wife. The beneficial, the civilizing influences, which the sexes mutually impart and receive in society, are best to be appreciated by the deep and instant degradation which Nature, who never suffers her

laws to be violated with impunity, has invariably entailed upon their disjunction.

In the society of man, the softer sex acquires mental corroboration, and is imperceptibly imbued with the best and finest emanations of masculine character. In female society, the lord of the creation, losing the ruggedness, arrogance, and licentious coarseness of his nature, becomes softened, courteous, and refined, chastening himself with feminine excellencies, while he loses not a fraction of his manliness and dignity.

Acting at once as a stimulant and a restraint, the social intercourse of the two sexes draws forth and invigorates all the purifying, exalting, and delightful qualities of our common nature; while it tends to suppress, and not seldom, to eradicate those of an opposite character. From this unrestricted communion flow the graces, the affections, the charms, the sanctities, the charities of life; and as benignant Nature ever blesses the individual who contributes to the advancement of his species, from the same source is derived our purest, most exquisite, and most enduring happiness.

It may be laid down as a broad, incontrovertible axiom, that no married man has a right to belong to a club, and to become an habitual absentee from his home, indulging in hoggish epicurism, while his wife and family are, perhaps, denying themselves the necessaries of life, that he may afford to feast. What has he sworn to in his marriage oath, merely to maintain his wife, and to make her the mother of his children? No such thing; he hath sworn to forsake all others, and to cleave only unto her, until death shall part them. Is it consistent, either with the letter or the spirit of this vow, that he should deprive her of his society, and continually seek his own exclusive pleasure? The little occasional bickerings, from which

few married couples are totally exempt, not unfrequently prove, under the soothing influences of children, and the pleasures of the domestic meal, a renewal and confirmation of love; but if the sullen husband escapes to his still more sullen club, he becomes embittered by feeding upon his own angry heart; a reconciliation is rendered every day more difficult; he begins to hate his home, and his occasional absence is soon made habitual. Meanwhile, the children lose the benefit of the father's presence and example; the father, whose loss is of still more mischievous import, is deprived of all the heart-hallowing influences of his offspring; and the neglected wife, thinking herself justified in seeking from others that society which is denied to her by her husband, is exposed to temptations and dangers, from which she cannot always escape without contamination. To overrate the conjugal and domestic misery now in actual progress, and all springing from this prolific source, would be utterly impossible.

How many wearied couples are there in the middle classes of society, the course of whose alienation and unhappiness might be traced out in the following order:—

"Husband.—The club; a taste for French cooks; expensive wines, and sensual luxuries; fastidious epicurism; a dislike of the plain meals which he finds at home, although the only ones adapted to his fortune and his station; confirmed absenteeism and clubism; indifference to the wife, who reproaches him for his selfish desertion; late hours; estrangement; profligacy; misery!"

"Wife.—Natural resentment of neglect; reproaches; altercations; diminution of conjugal affection; dissipation, as a resource against the dullness of home; expensive habits; embarrassment; total

alienation of heart; dangerous associations; infidelity; separation; misery!"

Of this account-current, the items may vary, either in quality or sequence, but the Alpha and Omega will ever be the same.

All persons should seek a life which is worth living. Millionaires and paupers, learned and unlearned, young and old. Although traveling by different roads, and having different conceptions of life's meaning, all should seek this goal.

The object of the Self-Culture Society is to pave the way. The motive of its existence is to help all its members, no matter what nationality, creed, age, station, condition, or ability, to attain the ideal life which they crave.

Our creed is that there is something greater than wealth, grander than fame, and that character is the only basis upon which true success can be attained in this material world.

No matter what your aim or ambition in life, if it be honorable, the Self-Culture Society will help you to its accomplishment. Are you anxious to make the most of yourself and your opportunities, to make up for the deficiencies of a neglected education, to become a broader-minded, nobler, truer man or woman? If so, our Home Study Department will help you to do it.

The most forbidding circumstances cannot repress those who long for knowledge, and who strive to be ready when opportunities come. There is no limit to the career of any person under the protection of any flag, who knows the alphabet, and has the health, grit, and pluck to overcome obstacles.

Our constant aim is to arouse to honorable exertion, to spur the members to be their own pioneers, to make them to see their undiscovered possibilities, and to urge them not to wait for opportunities, but make them.

Do you feel that your life is a failure, that you have never found your place, that there is success for others, but none for you? Then read our books, and they will give you a new outlook upon life.

History is full of examples of men who have given themselves a liberal education, even when obliged to work ten or twelve, or more, hours a day at their occupations. We wish it were possible to show young men and young women how the right use of the precious spare moments and hours they carelessly throw away would help to lift them out of the humble positions in which they chafe and fret. If the time spent in complaining of their hard lot and poor salaries could be earnestly devoted to improving themselves, they would, in a very short time, wonderfully improve their condition. It is a sad thing to see a young man, with a good head and good health, wasting time in bemoaning his hard luck in this land crowded with opportunities. Oftentimes the spare moments spent by a youth in study is of more value to him in making his future than the salary he earns for a whole day. Intelligence and self-help make a young woman valuable to an employer, and these are the steps on which, as a rule, one must mount to a higher position. If young people who are working on meager salaries would cultivate a habit of seizing their spare moments to inform and broaden their minds, they could build a ladder which would help them to climb above their fellows who foolishly waste those golden moments.

Men have prepared for the important work of their lives, or actually did that work during the hours which were free from regular employment. Vice-President Wilson read over a thousand good volumes before he was twenty-one, though bound out on a farm and obliged to work all of the daylight hours, and often late in the evening. Hugh Millar educated himself while working hard as a stonemason. John Stuart Mill did much of

his best work as a writer while a clerk in the East India House. John Lubbock's fame rests on his historic studies, which he carried on outside of his busy banking hours. Joseph Cook did much studying at Andover, while waiting for his meals to be served. Marian Harland shaped many of her novels and newspaper articles in the spare moments which she snatched from her household duties and the care of her children. Gladstone used to carry a book or a bit of manuscript in his pocket, that the moments he might be obliged to spend waiting for a train, or for some one who was late for an appointment, might be utilized.

Let him who declares he has no time for improving his mind, and consequently his position, reckon up the spare moments wasted in idle talk or games, during the dinner-hour, before and after school, during half-holidays and vacations, and it will be found that the spare moments will aggregate time sufficient to do almost anything on which he has really set his heart.

The pages of history are replete with instances of the dominating influence of the personalities of certain people. From a lowly station they rose to the very pinnacle of power. Every field of human endeavor abounds in characters that have compelled the mental and physical obedience of those with whom they came in contact. This power can be traced directly to their ability to dominate others, to sway their wills, and to absolutely master those about them by the force of their personality.

Whence comes this unseen force, this potent power? What is this wonderful, intangible essence that assures success, and makes its possessors win in whatever sphere their life is cast? While the existence of this power is unquestioned, its nature has heretofore been shrouded in mystery.

It is the glory of this age to have discovered the laws

of personal influence, of this power that directs and moulds human destiny. Not alone to have discovered them, but to have reduced them to a working hypothesis. It has been established that all personal influence depends upon natural laws, which have existed and will exist through all time. The secret of all personal influence is yours, if you will but analyze these laws and acquaint yourself with their manifold manifestations. These laws are not profound, nor are they difficult of comprehension.

The discovery of the true nature of these marvelous powers marks a new era in human destiny. It brings within the range of possibilities what have been but speculative. It gives to all who will master these laws the power that has been monopolized and exercized by the favored few. It opens up a future filled with promise. It makes the real conditions nearer to the ideal.

The discovery and correlation of the facts, laws, and information bearing on this subject represent the work of years. How well this work has been done, the evidence of thousands attest. These researches in the domain of the sciences rank to-day with the discoveries of such men as Franklin, Newton, and Edison. They are even more important to mankind, for they bear directly upon the lives of the masses. In order that all may participate in the benefits, the results have been given to the world. The way by which these subtle powers may be developed is open to you. You should also help others.

Anyone can easily start a branch of the Self-Culture Society by following the suggestions given by either of the main branches, and the good that will result therefrom will prove a most pleasant surprise. In order to be fully equipped for the work, it is first necessary to become a member of the original society, which step can be taken without expense by simply ordering a copy

of Practical and Scientific Self-Culture, which includes an Initiatory Membership.

You can then set about carrying out your object by visiting friends, and others whom you think would be interested. Call on the ministers, a number of school teachers, and several of the more enterprising young men and women in the community, and some of the leading professional and business men. The interest manifested will be even greater than you anticipate. Both young and old take to the idea readily—even eagerly—and everybody will be ready to help. The editor of the local newspapers will give you plenty of space to announce your plans, and take a cordial interest in the work.

At the first regular meeting elect officers, adopt a simple constitution, and begin to make plans for the future. Start a Library, and have a Reading-Room. In order to raise the necessary funds arrange a course of public entertainments, at which a small admission fee can be charged. In selecting subjects for these entertainments carry always to mind the success idea—that is, choose subjects which are not only entertaining, but instructive, helpful, and suggestive as to ways and means of making one's way upward in the world.

At regular weekly meetings, discuss such subjects as: How to Prepare for Success in Life; How Much, and What Kind, of Education is Necessary; Should a Business College Course Precede Business Life?; How to Get a Situation, and How to Keep It; Needed Success Qualities, such as Politeness, Promptness, Reliability, etc.

Anyone can easily start a successful branch of the Self-Culture Society in his or her village, neighborhood, or school. All that is necessary is a knowledge of the plan and purpose of such a Society, plenty of enthusiasm and a little persistence. The most influential men in the town should naturally be approached first, but care

should be taken to avoid cliques, and make the Society as democratic as possible.

It will usually be found best to elect only temporary officers at first, fixing a date, say, three months off, for a regular election. This will afford an opportunity to prove who are the workers in the Society, and these should, as a rule, be elected to the responsible positions, rather than to choose those who will be merely figure-heads because of their supposed influence in the community; and, in matters like this, work counts far more than influence in arriving at success.

It will be best to use the time at the first meeting to thoroughly discuss the idea and plan of the Society, so that everyone may clearly understand what it will do for them, and for their neighbors.

In order to help you start a Society in your neighborhood, plenty of hints and helps, together with appropriate advertising matter will be sent with the copy of Practical and Scientific Self-Culture if requested.

In concluding this chapter I will give a few of the many reasons why one who desires to make the most of life should become a member of the Self-Culture Society:

1. Because its courses of reading give a survey of human knowledge presented in the light of the unity of all knowledge. School and college education gives fragmentary knowledge.

2. In order that you may discover what your powers are, and learn to use them for your own good and the good of others.

3. Proper Self-Culture is the best means of developing will power.

4. Because everyone should have a higher aim in life than mere money-getting, or so-called success; because one should try to make the most of self.

5. Such an education will act on an average intellect

like fertilizer on a field of average fertility. It makes one better fitted for life's battle. This is the chief value of all education and culture.

6. Self-Culture will give one a larger and finer standard with which to test all the questions of life, whether personal, social, or otherwise.

7. It has well been said that a cultured man has a sharp axe in his hand, and an uncultured man a dull one. The purpose of the Self-Culture Society is to sharpen the axe to its keenest edge.

8. It makes one thoroughly master of self; it completely cures timidity, lack of confidence, nervousness, etc., and gives an easy manner which makes one appear well in society, and command respect and confidence in business.

9. The information given has been obtained at great expense and by years of study. Everything is reduced to a system, and the course of study and instruction is so plain that anyone can easily comprehend. You now have the opportunity to acquire this invaluable information, and if you refuse or neglect to do so, and go through life a victim of ill-luck, misfortune, and unhappiness, you have no one to blame but yourself.

10. You will possess a better disciplined mind for whatever work of life you may turn your attention to.

11. It is the duty of every man or woman to develop his or her best powers, as far as circumstances permit.

12. The strongest reason urging a person to join the Self-Culture Society is the consequent enlargement and enrichment of character.

13. Self-Culture embodies the law and system by which, and through which, all personal influence is and ever must be exerted. It multiplies a hundredfold all chances of success.

14. So that you may be safely aggressive among educated people, and become fitted for leadership in affairs.

15. Such an education will give you a perspective, by enabling you to estimate the present in the light of the past. It will strengthen your mind by exercising and disciplining your powers; and it will broaden your outlook, by enabling you to know something, at least, of many branches of knowledge.

16. Because the fuller and larger you can make your life the better it must be for the future.

17. Because it will make you more than an average person in intellectual attainments, in mental horizon, and in practical effectiveness.

18. For the same reason that crude ores should be assayed—to discover and assay their qualities.

19. For the reason that the advance of world-knowledge is so wide-spread that, in order to hold one's own, to be the best, and to do the best, it is necessary to get just as much education as possible.

20. Because the course of reading and study is the most effective means yet devised for aiding a person to convert his best potential self into a higher life, thereby developing that intangible power which controls human destiny; and is the key to all business and social success, and anyone coming in contact with many people cannot afford to be without this knowledge, as it gives inestimable advantage. Its greatest value, however, lies in its ability to create a desire for the good, for the ennobling, for that which builds up the character, the body, and the mind, and to create a dislike for that which undermines the physical, intellectual, and moral welfare.

The Self-Culture Society antagonizes no existing society, but desires the sympathy and co-operation of every helpful organization. Its scope is so broad that it

will benefit every community, either large or small. Wherever there are people hungering for achievement, and thirsting for advancement, there is an opportunity for establishing a branch Society, and the person who takes the first steps in effecting its organization will come to be regarded as a benefactor to the neighborhood.

In the formation of the Societies, circumstances, surroundings, religious or political creed, age, color, and nationality make no difference. Neither does it matter whether a member aspires to the highest office in the land, or the humblest calling; if his ambition is to make the most of self and all opportunities, the Society will inspire, instruct, and help to win the way.

Notwithstanding this fact, that the Society appeals to all classes and conditions of mankind, there are some places in which they would seem especially desirable. Many teachers and educators, who have investigated the purpose and plan, declare that it is an ideal Society for schools and colleges. Its purpose is co-ordinate with the great aim of public education, and its plan is along the line of regular educational work. It is adapted to every kind of school, from that of the country district to the largest university. In the small schools, it may be a means of establishing a closer relationship between the school proper and the people of the district; and, when it becomes a factor of college life, it will help to lessen the number of aimless and impractical graduates that are sent out every year. In every case, it will help students to realize the real practical value of their education, and will help teachers to make the highest use of their calling, which is to develop true manhood and womanhood.

There are many local Societies which could, without changing their purpose, adopt the aims and objects of the Self-Culture Society, and greatly increase their usefulness.