

THE SECRET OF ACHIEVEMENT

A BOOK DESIGNED TO TEACH

THAT THE HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENT IS THAT WHICH RESULTS
IN NOBLE MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD; THAT THERE
IS SOMETHING GREATER THAN WEALTH,
GRANDER THAN FAME; THAT CHAR-
ACTER IS THE ONLY SUCCESS

BY

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

AUTHOR OF "PUSHING TO THE FRONT"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS OF EMINENT PERSONS

*"In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained: know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
'I find thee worthy; do this deed for me'?"*

*"But two ways are offered to our will:
Toil with rare triumph, ease with safe disgrace,
The problem still for us and all of human race."*

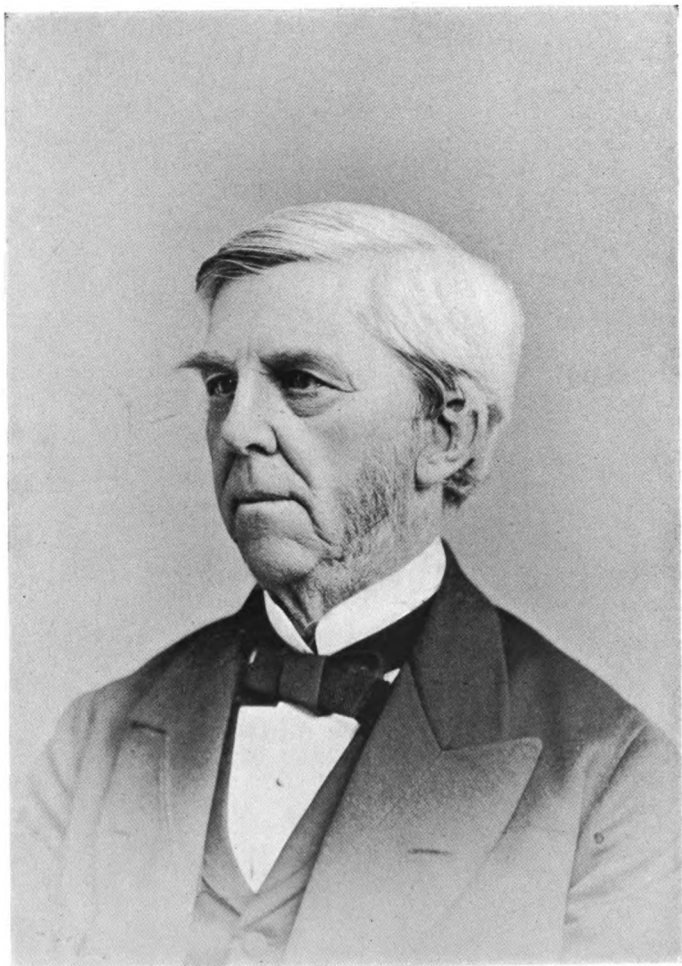
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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

P R E F A C E.

THE ancient Romans placed the busts and statues of heroes in their houses, in order that their children might constantly have illustrious examples before them, and thus learn to imitate the virtues that make men heroic.

The object of this volume is to hold up to youth and those of all ages ideals of noble character, to illustrate the qualities essential to lofty achievement; to stimulate, encourage, and inspire them to be and to do something in the world; to teach them how to acquire practical power, and how to succeed in life.

“The young,” says Timothy Titcomb, “have been preached to, lectured to, taught, exhorted, advised. They have seldom been talked to.”

The author has endeavored to talk to his readers; has tried by means of stirring examples to fill them with fresh incentives to earnest, useful living, — to spur the sluggish to greater activity. He not only gives stories of men and women who have done something of worth or note, but aims to point out the secret of their achievement; to show the cause and give an analysis of their successes and failures; to explain why such and such a man was great, — what special traits led to his success, — what ideals inspired him.

The book is intended to show that the secret of every great success has been indomitable resolution and earnest application; to point out how small and mean and

common most lives are, in comparison with what they might be.

It teaches youth how to meet life, to dare to live in accordance with a noble creed, assuring them that all things serve a brave soul; and that the world always listens to the man that has a will.

It points out to them how to make stepping-stones of obstacles, and encourages them to believe that they can do what others have done. It aims to give advice in the choice of an occupation or profession; to encourage any one who feels that he is now the square peg in the round hole, and a comparative failure, to find his place in life, and to show him how he may utilize his talents; to help every one to find a purpose, and to make his life meet that purpose; to show him that, if he is out of his sphere, he is doomed to perpetual inferiority and disappointment, and must get his living by his weakness instead of by his strength.

The book aims to furnish encouragement and cheer for those who, even late in life, are anxious to make up, by self-instruction, for the deficiency of a neglected education, and to become larger, broader, truer, and nobler men and women.

The volume is written, not so much for geniuses or those who have exceptional opportunities for education and endeavor, as for those who have only every-day opportunities.

With Governor Russell, the book urges the youth to make a living; but to remember that there is one thing better than making a living, — making a life.

AMERICA and the NINETEENTH CENTURY! These words, only other names for OPPORTUNITY, are enough to stir every ambitious youth to noble endeavor, and to arouse the sleeping aspirations of the dullest minds.

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THE SECRET OF ACHIEVEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

MORAL SUNSHINE.

There is no real life but cheerful life. — ADDISON.

Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones. — SOLOMON.

Youth will never live to age, unless they keep themselves in health with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness. — PHILIP SIDNEY.

Next to the virtue, the fun in this world is what we can least spare. — AGNES STRICKLAND.

I look upon a pure joke with the same veneration that I do upon the Ten Commandments. — H. W. SHAW.

A sunny disposition is the very soul of success. — MATHEWS.

The two noblest things are sweetness and light. — SWIFT.

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,

And 'tis that crowns a welcome. — MASSINGER.

A merry heart is a continual feast to others besides itself. — C. BUXTON.

Troubles forereckoned are doubly suffered. — BOVEE.

He grieves more than is necessary who grieves before it is necessary. — SENECA.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,

When life flows along like a song;

But the man worth while is the one who will smile

When everything goes dead wrong;

For the test of the heart is trouble,

And it always comes with the years;

And the smile that is worth the praise of the earth

Is the smile that comes through tears.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

“WHAT is an optimist, father?” asked a farmer’s boy.

“Well, John,” replied his father, “you know I can’t give ye the dictionary meanin’ of that word any more’n

I can of a great many others. But I've got a kind of an idee what it means. Probably you don't remember your Uncle Henry; but I guess if there ever was an optimist, he was one. Things was always comin' out right with Henry, and especially anything hard that he had to do; it wa'n't a-goin' to be hard,—'twas jest kind of solid-pleasant.

"Take hoein' corn, now. If anything kind of took the tucker out of me 'twas hoein' corn in the hot sun. But in the field, 'long about the time I begun to lag back a little, Henry, he'd look up an' say:—

"'Good, Jim! When we get these two rows hoed, an' eighteen more, the piece'll be half done!' An' he'd say it in such a kind of a cheerful way that I couldn't 'a' ben any more tickled if the piece had been all done, — an' the rest would go light enough.

"But the worst thing we had to do — hoein' corn was a picnic to it — was pickin' stones. No end to that on our old farm, if we wanted to raise anything. When we wa'n't hurried and pressed at somethin' else, there was always pickin' stones to do; and there wa'n't a plowin' but what brought a fresh crop of stones to the top, an' seems as if the pickin' all had to be done over again.

"Well, sir, you'd 'a' thought, to hear Henry, that there wa'n't any fun in the world like pickin' stone. He looked at it in a different way from anybody I ever see. Once, when the corn was all hoed, and the grass wa'n't fit to cut yet, an' I'd got all laid out to go fishin', and father he up and set us to picking stones up on the west piece, an' I was about ready to cry, Henry, he says:—

"'Come on, Jim. I know where there's lots of nuggets!'

"An' what do you s'pose, now? That boy had a kind of a game that that there field was what he called a plasser mining field; and he got me into it, and I could 'a' sworn I was in Californy all day — I had such a good time.

"'Only,' says Henry, after we'd got through the day's work, 'the way you get rich with these nuggets is to get rid of 'em, instead of to get 'em.'

"That somehow didn't strike my fancy, but we'd had play instead of work, anyway, an' a great lot of stones had been rooted out of that field.

"An', as I said before, I can't give ye any dictionary definition of 'optimism;' but if your Uncle Henry wa'n't an optimist, I don't know what one is."

"We need all the counterweights we can muster to balance the sad realities of life. God has made sunny spots in the heart; why should we exclude the light from them?"

"How old are you, Sambo?" said a gentleman to a colored man. "How old, massa?" replied the darkey. "If you reckon by the years, sah, I'se twenty-five; but if you goes by the fun I'se 'ad, I guess I'se a hundred."

The late Charles A. Dana fairly bubbled over with the enjoyment of his work, and was, up to his last illness, at his office every day. A cabinet officer once said to him: —

"Well, Mr. Dana, I don't see how you stand this infernal grind."

"Grind!" said Mr. Dana. "You never were more mistaken. I have nothing but fun."

"Bully" was the favorite word with him, a word used only to express uncommon pleasure, such as has been afforded by a trip abroad or a run to Cuba or

Mexico, or by a perusal of something especially pleasing in the "Sun's" columns.

"You're letting yourself grow old," he said once to a decidedly decrepit old man. "Do you read novels, and play billiards, and walk a great deal?"

"No, no, no," said the old man, sadly.

"I do," said Mr. Dana, with the exuberance of a child. "I have fun from morning till night."

"Look on the bright side," said a young man to a friend who was discontented and melancholy. "But there is no bright side," was the doleful reply. "Very well — then polish up the dark one."

"The world would be better and brighter," says Sir John Lubbock, "if people were taught *the duty of being happy*, as well as the happiness of doing our duty. To be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others."

"I don't know what to do," cries the transformed Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy, I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Halloo, there! Whoop! Halloo!"

David Coombe, in his old English cobbler's shop, said dolefully, "It is the darkest hole that ever I saw; never a bit of sun comes in this place, summer or winter." A vision came to the dozing cobbler, in angel form, saying: "I will tell you how to set a trap for a sunbeam. It must be bright and pure, baited with Energy, Perseverance, Industry, Charity, Faith, Hope, and Content. Do this, David Coombe, and you will never say again that no sunbeam gilds your dwelling, or gladdens your declining days." The first step David took was to clean the

dust and dirt of years from the window-panes of his cobler's shop. Then the sunbeams came in, a whole family of them; and they came to stay.

Have you ever read the story of Billy Bray? He was a most remarkable and original character. The dominating characteristic of his religion was its joyousness. Some people did not like his exuberance of spirit; and they told him that, if he did not cease to praise God so much in the meetings, they would shut him up in a barrel. "Then," said Billy, "I'll praise the Lord through the bung-hole."

"The joy of the Lord is your strength," said Nehemiah to the throngs of Israel.

Of Lord Holland's sunshiny face Rogers said, "He always comes to breakfast like a man upon whom some sudden good fortune has fallen."

"Many years ago," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "in walking among the graves at Mount Auburn, I came upon a plain, upright marble slab which bore an epitaph of only four words, but to my mind they meant more than any of the labored inscriptions on the surrounding monuments, — 'She was so pleasant.' That was all, and it was enough. That one note revealed the music of a life of which I knew and asked nothing more." She was —

"A happy soul that all the way
To heaven had made a summer day."

Miss Cheerful cannot be called pretty. Seeing her for the first time, one cannot help thinking, even if he does not say it, "What a plain face!" Yet her friends never think of it. The Juniors at Sunday-school, who love her as their superintendent, never think of it. Farthest of all is the thought from those in the home that is wonderfully brightened by her presence.

In a group picture of a family, Miss Cheerful's face is seen among the rest. Did I say she is plain? In this picture she fairly outshines them all. Why? Just because she is herself. She is Miss Cheerful.

The little girl bade "Good-morning" to the sun for waking her up, and her birdie; then she asked her mother's permission, and softly, reverently, gladly, bade "Good-morning to God," — and why should she not?

There is ever sunshine somewhere; and the brave man will go on his way rejoicing, content to look forward if under a cloud, not bating one jot of heart or hope if for a moment cast down; honoring his occupation, whatever it may be; rendering even rags respectable by the way he wears them; and not only being happy himself, but causing the happiness of others.

Anxiety mars one's work. Nobody can do the best work when fevered by worry. One may rush, and always be in great haste, and may talk about being busy, fuming and sweating as if he were doing ten men's duties; and yet some quiet person alongside, who is moving leisurely and without anxious haste, is probably accomplishing twice as much, and doing it better. Fluster unfits one for good work.

"Give us, therefore, oh! give us" — let us cry with Carlyle, — "the man who sings at his work! He will do more in the same time, — he will do it better, — he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, — a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright."

“I live in a constant endeavor to fence against the infirmities of ill-health and other evils by mirth,” said Sterne; “I am persuaded that every time a man smiles, — but much more so when he laughs, — it adds something to his fragment of life.”

Curran’s ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, “That is rather surprising, as I have been practicing all night.”

Cheerful people live long in our memory. We remember joy more readily than sorrow, and always look back with tenderness on the brave and cheerful.

“I resolved that, like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look on the bright side of everything,” said Hood.

In a mission congregation in Jamaica, a collection was to be taken for missionary purposes. One of the brethren was appointed to preside; and resolutions were adopted as follows: “(1) *Resolved*, That we will *all* give. (2) *Resolved*, That we will give *as the Lord has prospered us*. (3) *Resolved*, That we will give *cheerfully*.” Then the contribution began, each person, according to custom, walking up to deposit his gift under the eye of the presiding officer. One of the most well-to-do members hung back until he was painfully noticeable; and when he at length deposited his gift, the brother at the table remarked, “Dat is ‘cordin’ to de fust resolushun, but not ‘cordin’ to de second.” The member retired angrily to his seat, taking back his money; but conscience or pride kept working, till he came back and doubled his contribution, with a crabbed, “Take dat, den.” The brother at the table again spoke, “Dat may be ‘cordin’ to de fust and second resolushuns, but it isn’t ‘cordin’

to de third." The giver, after a little, accepted the rebuke, and came up a third time with a still larger gift and a good-natured face. Then the faithful president expressed his gratification thus, "Dat's 'cordin' to all de resolushuns."

"There is no sunshine for those who persist in keeping their shutters barred," says Dr. Cuyler. "Joy is not gained by asking for it, but only by acting for it; we have got to walk with Christ if we want to walk in the sunshine. There is a lamentable lot of moping and grumbling and sour-spirited Christians, who disgrace the name they bear. If one of this sorry regiment should ask a shrewd man of the world to embrace Christianity, he might well reply: 'No, I thank you; I have troubles enough now, without being troubled with such peevish and doleful religion as yours seems to be.' What a letter of recommendation some Christians carry in their cheerful countenances!"

"There was a little potted rose-bush in a sick-room which I visited," said Rev. J. R. Miller. "It stood in the window. One day I noticed that the one rose on the bush was looking toward the light. I referred to it; and the sick woman said that her daughter had turned the rose round several times toward the darkness of the room, but that each time the little flower had twisted itself back, until again its face was toward the light. It would not look into the darkness. The rose taught me a lesson — never to allow myself to look toward any gloom, but instantly to turn from it. We should train ourselves to turn from all shadows and discouragements. There is always a bright side, and we should find it. Discouragement is full of danger. It weakens and hurts the life."

When asked what the weather would be on the mor-

row, the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain replied that it would be just what he preferred; and, on further inquiry as to how that could be, answered, "Because it will be such weather as shall please God, and whatever pleases Him always pleases me."

Enjoyment of life is independent of the thermometer, if we determine it shall be. Sunshine within more than compensates for its absence without.

"One of my neighbors is a very ill-tempered man," said Nathan Rothschild. "He tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine close to my walk. So, when I go out, I hear first, 'Grunt, grunt,' then, 'Squeak, squeak.' But this does me no harm. I am always in good humor."

"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor; he had a kind word and smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant flow of spirits.

"'It is no secret, doctor,' he replied. 'I have got one of the best of wives; and, when I go to work, she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and, when I go home, she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.'"

"I see our brother, who has just sat down, lives on Grumbling Street," said a keen-witted Yorkshireman. "I lived there myself for some time, and never enjoyed good health. The air was bad, the house bad, the water

bad ; the birds never came and sang in the street ; and I was gloomy and sad enough. But I 'flitted.' I got into Thanksgiving Avenue ; and ever since then I have had good health, and so have my family. The air is pure, the house good ; the sun shines on it all day ; the birds are always singing ; and I am happy as I can live. Now, I recommend our brother to 'flit.' There are plenty of houses to let on Thanksgiving Avenue ; and I am sure he will find himself a new man if he will only come ; and I shall be right glad to have him for a neighbor."

Dr. Ray, superintendent of Butler Hospital for the Insane, in his report, says, "A hearty laugh is more desirable for mental health than any exercise of the reasoning faculties." Hufeland, physician to the King of Prussia, commends the ancient custom of jesters at the king's table, whose quips and cranks would keep the company in a roar.

"Let us cherish good humor and Christian cheerfulness, and shake off the dullness which makes us unpleasant to ourselves and all near us. Pythagoras quelled his perturbations by his harp ; and David's music calmed the agitations of Saul, and banished the evil spirit from him. Anger, fretfulness, and peevishness prey upon the tender fibers of our frame, and injure our health."

Pepys, in his diary, reports "an admirable saying of John Bowdler some years ago, when it was the fashion to lament over the unhappy state of England. 'If,' says he, 'a man were to go from John O'Groat's House to Land's End with his eyes shut and his ears open, he would think the country was sinking into an abyss of destruction ; but if he were to return with his ears shut and his eyes open, he would be satisfied that we

had the greatest reason to be thankful for our prosperity."

"There is a chap out in Ohio," said President Lincoln, "who has been writing a series of letters for the newspapers over the signature of Petroleum V. Nasby. Some one sent me a pamphlet collection of them the other day. I am going to write to 'Petroleum' to come down here, and I intend to tell him, if he will communicate his talent to me, I will swap places with him."

In a corner of his desk, Lincoln kept a copy of the latest humorous work; and it was frequently his habit, when fatigued, annoyed, or depressed, to take this up, and read a chapter with great relief.

Cheerful people, who look on the bright side of the picture, and who are ever ready to snatch victory from defeat, are always popular; they are not only happy in themselves, but the cause of happiness to others.

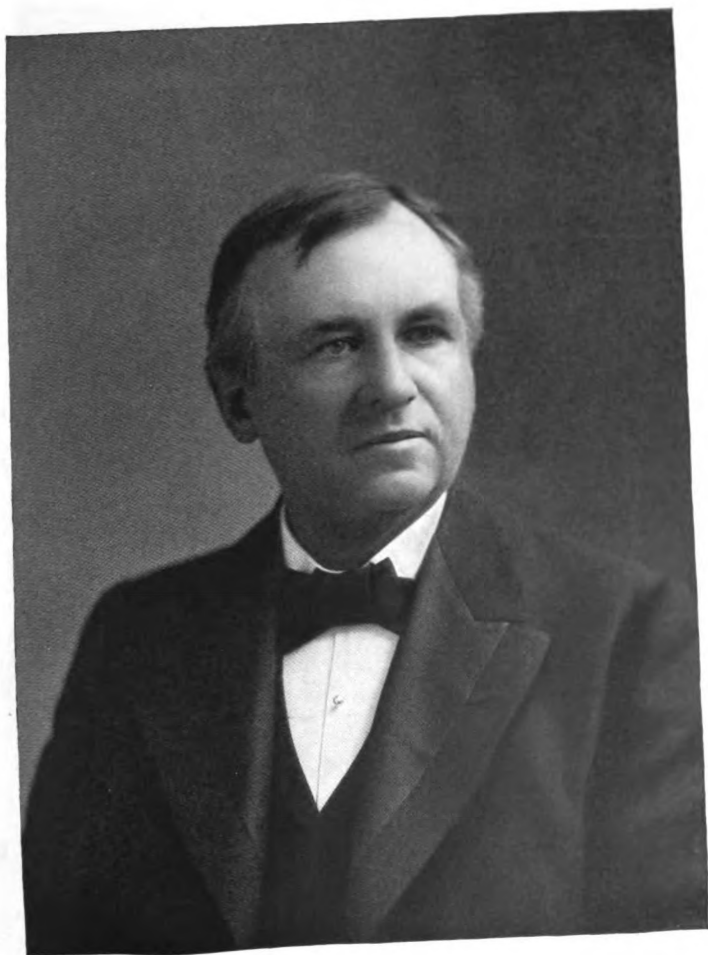
"My office is in the Exchange; come in and see me," said Jesse Goodrich to John B. Gough, the morning after the latter signed the pledge. "I shall be happy to make your acquaintance," he added, cordially. "I thought I would just call in and tell you to keep up a brave heart. Good-by; God bless you; don't forget to call."

"It would be impossible to describe how this little act of kindness cheered me," Gough used to say. "'Yes, now I can fight,' I said to myself; and I did fight, six days and nights, encouraged and helped by a few words of sympathy. And so encouraged, I fought on, with not one hour of healthy sleep, not one particle of food passing my lips for six days and nights."

Mr. Wanamaker's employees have been heard to say, "We can work better for a week after a pleasant 'good-morning' from Mr. Wanamaker." This kindly disposi-

tion and cheerful manner, and a desire to create a pleasant feeling and diffuse good cheer among his employees, have had a great deal to do with the great merchant's remarkable success.

How like the sun beams the man who has himself achieved position and honor upon the struggling youth. Edward G. Parker says of Choate, from experience of his benignant interest: "How fascinating and endearing he was to youth, I need not say; and for that reason, no less than his magnetic and marvelous eloquence, I observed and studied him every day of my life for ten years. Pinkney treated the lawyers of his own standing at the bar with short and curt defiance; and his juniors he would use and employ, rather than honor. But Choate seemed," says Parker, "to take the greatest pleasure in recognizing and favoring and complimenting the young men of the bar. He was careful to show to the jury that he respected his own juniors in a cause. If any associate gave him a hint or a suggestion, or called his attention to a point of evidence, he would instantly avail himself of it, even if he did not deem it important, saying, 'My brother reminds me,' etc. He thought it no derogation from himself to acknowledge obligation to others. In all his intercourse with young lawyers, in his office and in court, he always elevated their own idea of themselves by his treatment of them. Many a youth who went in to consult with him, with trembling step and doubting heart, has come out feeling confident and strong, not only in his case, but in himself; he was so reassured by the great lawyer's seeming respect for him. No senior counsel at the bar within my recollection has ever treated young men as he did. Many a young man will hang up his portrait in his office or his chamber, and gaze daily upon it,



JOHN WANAMAKER.

for the sake no less of his inspiring expression than from affectionate memories of the great forensic soldier."

Carlyle, in his "Reminiscences," pays this tribute to Edward Irving's sunny helpfulness in his dark hours: "He was quiet, cheerful, genial; soul unruffled, clear as a mirror; honestly loving and loved, all around; Irving's voice was to me one of blessedness and new hope. He would not hear of my gloomy prognostications. Noble Irving! he was the faithful elder brother of my life in those years; generous, wise, beneficent, all his dealings and discourings with me were. Beyond all other men he was helpful to me when I most needed help."

In London there was no sunshine at all in December, 1884, in January, 1885, or in December, 1890. Two consecutive months London was without any sunshine. How many lives have been years without sunshine! The fogs of discontent, of anxiety and care, of fretting and stewing, of ceaseless anxiety, of unhappy disposition, of irritating surroundings, shut out the sunlight of happiness from many a life.

There is inestimable blessing in a cheerful spirit. When the soul throws its windows wide open, letting in the sunshine, and presenting to all who see it the evidence of its gladness, it is not only happy, but it has an unspeakable power of doing good. To all the other beatitudes may be added, "Blessed are the joy-makers."

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

If we hug misery to ourselves, by unerring law the tides of weakening, unhappy thought set toward us, flow into our being, rising higher and higher until we are submerged.

For many years a poor blind pedler of needles and threads, buttons and sewing-room supplies, has gone

about the streets of Boston from house to house. Dr. Savage used to pity this man very much, and once ventured to talk with him about his condition. He was utterly amazed to find that the man was perfectly happy. He said that he had a faithful wife, and a business by which he earned sufficient for his wants; and, if he were to complain of his lot, he should feel mean and contemptible.

Jay Cooke, many times a millionaire at the age of fifty-one, at fifty-two practically penniless, went to work again and built another fortune. The last of his three thousand creditors was paid, and the promise of the great financier was fulfilled. To a visitor who once asked him how he regained his fortune, Mr. Cooke replied: "That is simple enough; by never changing the temperament I derived from my father and mother. From my earliest experience in life I have always been of a hopeful temperament, never living in a cloud; I have always had a reasonable philosophy to think that men and times are better than harsh criticism would suppose. I believed that this American world of ours is full of wealth, and that it is only necessary to go to work and find it. That is the secret of my success in life. Always look on the sunny side."

"Every time the sheep bleats, it loses a mouthful, and every time we complain, we lose a blessing."

If you are not at the moment cheerful, look, speak, and act as if you were, and the cheerfulness will soak in by reaction and the reflex influence of the gratitudes of all to whom you have given happiness, — the only quite sure gift men can make one another. For it is always true that, —

"A merry heart goes all the day;
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

Nervous prostration is seldom the result of present trouble or work, but of work and trouble anticipated. Mental exhaustion comes to those who look ahead, and climb mountains before they arrive at them. Resolutely build a wall about to-day and live within the inclosure; the past may have been hard, sad, or wrong, — it is over. The future may be like the past; but the woman who worries about it may not live to meet it, — if she does she will bear it. The only thing with which she should concern herself is to-day, its sunshine, its air, its friends, its frolics, its wholesome work, and, perhaps, its necessary sorrow.

A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work. Worry upsets our whole system, work keeps it in health and order.

Professor Virchow of Berlin says: "How often have I found myself in a state of despondency, with a feeling of depression. What has saved me is the habit of work, which has not forsaken me even in the days of outward misfortune, — the habit of scientific work which has always appeared to me as a recreation, even after wearying and useless efforts in political, social, and religious matters." Despondency or depression is, in a special degree, a disease of modern life, — with its "struggle for life," its nervous tension, its spirit of unrest alike in political, social, and religious matters. Happy are those who are able to apply Professor Virchow's preventative.

Grumbling only makes an employee more uncomfortable, and may cause his dismissal. No one would or should wish to make him do grudgingly what so many others would be glad to do in a cheerful spirit.

If you dislike your position, complain to no one, least of all to your employer. Fill the place as it was never

filled before. Crowd it to overflowing. Make yourself too competent for it. Show that you are abundantly worthy of better things. Express yourself in this manner as freely as you please, for it is the only way that will count.

We can make life very largely what we wish, through education and control of the will. The bright, cheerful man makes a cheerful world around him. The melancholy, morose, fretful, disjointed, sarcastic, critical, dyspeptic, bilious, gloomy man creates a world about him which is the reflection of his own mood. Some people have the power of making summer wherever they go. They infuse light and joy and happiness and beauty into everybody they meet. If you meet one of them on the street, he will throw a stream of sunlight into your soul which will light up the whole day. Others carry discord, gloom, despair everywhere. If they talk with you but a minute, they will manage to cast a dark shadow across the whole day, and send a chill through your own body. One has the power of making the best of everything, of not only looking at the bright, but the brightest, side of things. He finds peace and comfort everywhere. The servants are all attentive. He is never snubbed. Everybody is considerate. Another is always being insulted, cut, slighted, neglected. We get pretty nearly what we give in this world, and we are treated about as we treat others. If others are uncharitable, neglectful, and unkind in their treatment of us, it is usually but the reflection of our own bad tempers and lack of charity.

Form the habit early in life of leaving your business at the store, or wherever you may be employed. Never carry it home to mar the peace of your family; if you do, you will soon drive out the sunshine. It

is after business hours, not in them, that men break down.

It is men like Philip Armour, who shed care like water from a duck's back, who turn the key on business when they leave the store, that are happy. Everlastingly hugging the burden of our business everywhere disappoints and disgusts our friends. Constant contemplation of trouble stamps itself upon the face. You are smaller, meaner, stingier, and more disagreeable for all the misery you have carried home. And it never advanced your business one inch; on the contrary, it has retarded it by undermining your health, and losing friends and customers for you.

Ruskin says, "God gives us always strength enough, and sense enough, for everything he wants us to do."

One of the greatest mistakes of life is to save our smiles and pleasant words and sympathy for other souls than those now with us, and other times than the present. Herein lies the chief cause of regret at reviewing the past. He who makes life a mere period of anticipation of right doing will have only a very uncomfortable present to live in, and a very regretful past to look back upon; while whoever makes existence a filling of passing moments with deeds and words and thoughts of love towards those around him, feels joy therein, and no shadow of regret in all the future.

Scatter your flowers as you go, you will never go this way again.

Walter Scott, who wrote "Give me an honest laughter," was one of the happiest men in the world. He had a kind word and a pleasant smile for every one, and everybody loved him.

"You doubtless remember, Brother Henry," said a college classmate of Henry Ward Beecher, "how you

used to vex the righteous soul of Brother Casswell, the sober member of our class, by the indulgence of your mirthfulness."

"Yes, yes," he replied; "and Casswell is dead and I am alive, and that is just the difference between our theories."

His father, Dr. Beecher, also believed that a bow should be unbent to preserve its vigor. In the greatest strain of revival, after giving his message, he would go home, and take up the fiddle. "He once remarked in my hearing," said a friend, "that, when he was pastor of a church in Cincinnati, teacher of theology in Lane Seminary, and writing for the press, but for his systematic season of *unwinding*, he would have broken down long before that time."

True Christianity is cheerful. Christ taught no long-faced, gloomy theology; he taught the gospel of gladness and good cheer. His doctrines were touched with the sunlight, and drew lessons from the flowers of the field. The birds of the air, the beasts of the fields, and happy, romping children are in them. True piety is as cheerful as the day. Blessed are the joy-makers, for they shall be happy.

"I find nonsense singularly refreshing," said Talleyrand.

"Take life too seriously, and what is it worth?" asks Goethe. "If the morning wake us to no new joys, if the evening bring us not the hope of new pleasures, is it worth while to dress and undress? Does the sun shine on me to-day that I may reflect on yesterday? — that I may endeavor to foresee and to control what can neither be foreseen nor controlled, — the destiny of to-morrow?"

The faculty of laughter was given us to serve a wise purpose. It is nature's device for exercising the internal

organs, and giving us pleasure at the same time. Laughing begins in the lungs and diaphragm, setting the liver, stomach, and other internal organs into quick vibration. The heart beats faster, sends the blood bounding through the body, increases the respiration, and gives warmth and glow to the whole system. Laughter brightens the eye, expands the chest, and tends to restore that exquisite poise or balance which we call health, and which results from the harmonious action of all the functions of the body. A jolly physician is often better than all his pills.

“The most completely lost of all days,” said Chamfort, “is the one in which we have not laughed.” “Mirth is God’s medicine; everybody ought to bathe in it,” said Oliver Wendell Holmes. Hume found in an old manuscript of King Edward II. of England, an item: “A crown, for making the king laugh.” Humor was Lincoln’s life-preserver, as it has been to thousands of others. “If it were not for this occasional vent,” he used to say, “I should die.”

Emerson’s smile was a perpetual benediction upon all who knew him.

Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine. Merriment is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence.

You there, you on the verge of despair, sit down, take a pen, and write off a list of your sorrows and misfortunes; and follow it with a faithful inventory of what you have left on the side of possible happiness, your faculties, your possessions, your friends and relatives, your acquirements, your tastes, your healthful activities, your probability of life, your reasonable expectations, not forgetting your duties to others and the gratification their fulfillment will give. Then we are ready to adjust the account.

Dr. Griffin, when he was president of Andover Theological Seminary, was much troubled by the gloomy, sad, and glum appearance of the theologians. He called them together, and said he wanted them to practice laughing exercises every day: and began by giving them an example, by an outbreak of roaring laughter, insisting upon their joining. This had a wonderful effect on them.

“*Courage, ami, le diable est mort*; Courage, friend, the Devil is dead!” was Denys’ constant countersign, which he would give to everybody. “They don’t understand it,” he would say, “but it wakes them up. I carry the good news from city to city, to uplift men’s hearts.” Once he came across a child who had broken a pitcher. “*Courage, ami, le diable est mort!*” said he, which was such cheering news that she ceased crying, and ran home to tell it to her grandma.

The San Francisco “Argonaut” says that a woman in Milpitas, a victim of almost crushing sorrows, despondency, indigestion, insomnia, and kindred ills, determined to throw off the gloom which was making life a burden in and about her, and establish a rule that she would laugh at least three times a day whether occasion presented or not; so she trained herself to laugh heartily at the least provocation, and would retire to her room and make merry by herself. She is now in excellent health and buoyant spirits, her home has become a sunny, cheerful abode, and her husband and children have become greatly affected by her mirthfulness, and now they all are healthy and happy.

In western New York there resided a physician who was known as the “Laughing Doctor.” Dr. Burdick was always full of smiles, presenting the happiest kind of a face; and it is said that his good humor was contagious, and that his presence and his cheerful, hopeful

advice were all that were necessary with his patients; he dealt sparingly in drugs, and still was very successful.

A man in a neighboring city was given up to die; his family was sent for and had gathered at the bedside; when one called to see him who assured him smilingly that he was all right, would soon be well, and talked in such a strain that the sick man was forced to laugh; and the effort so roused his energies and his system that he rallied, and was, indeed, soon well again.

The poet Carpani inquired of Haydn how it happened that his church music was always so cheerful. The great composer replied, "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes leap, as it were, from my pen. And since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

Emerson says, "Do not hang a dismal picture on your wall, and do not deal with sables and glooms in your conversation." "Away with these fellows who go howling through life," wrote Beecher, "and all the while passing for birds of paradise. He that cannot laugh and be gay should look to himself. He should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into light." "Some people have an idea that they comfort the afflicted when they groan over them," says Talmage. "Don't drive a hearse through a man's soul. When you bind up a broken bone of the soul, and want splints, do not make them of cast iron."

It was said of Cromwell that hope shone like a fiery pillar in him when it had gone out in all others.

"All who joy would win
Must share it, — Happiness was born a twin."

A little boy said to his mother: "I couldn't make little sister happy, nohow I could fix it. But I made myself happy trying to make her happy." "I make Jim happy, and he laughs," said another boy, speaking of his invalid brother; "and that makes me happy, and I laugh."

"If you send one person, only one, happily through each day," quotes Sydney Smith from a newspaper, "in forty years you have made 14,600 beings happy, at least for a time."

"Happiness is a mosaic, composed of many smaller stones."

In the "Bonnie Brier Bush," Ian Maclaren sees the "light shining unto perfect day." The grand, rugged old Drumtochty doctor is dying, worn out; his mind is wandering back to his childhood; he is in bed, waiting for his mother's kiss, trying to repeat the psalm:—

"Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me."

"And what's next? Mither said I wes tae hae't ready when she cam'. 'A'll come afore ye gang tae sleep, Wullie, but ye'll no get yir kiss unless ye can feenish the psalm.'" Prompted a word or two, he says: "That's it a' noo."

"And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be!"

"Yon's her step — and she's carrying a licht in her hand; a' see it through the door."

"Mither! a' kent ye wudna forget yir laddie, for ye promised tae come, and a've feenished ma psalm."

"And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.'"

Don't worry, don't fret ; we shall ultimately come to the light if we look upward, live upward, work upward. The seed in the earth does not doubt that it will sometime develop into stem, bud, leaf, flower, and fruit. It does not ask how it is ever to get up through this mass of earth above it. It does not complain because there are stones and turf in its way ; but it gently pushes and pushes its tender head up between the stones and against the clod, and by the very persistence of growing, breaks out into the light, buds, flowers, and fruits. The agencies which draw us out of obscurity into prominence, out of ignorance into culture, are as much outside of ourselves as the sunlight, the dew, the shower, and the chemic forces, which call the plant-germ out of the clod, unfold its petals, and call out its fragrance, are outside of the seed.

“If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
’Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,
I’d scatter the smiles to play,
That the children’s faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street.
Then, folding and holding, I’d pack them in,
And, turning the monster key,
I’d hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.”

“It was only a glad ‘good-morning,’
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning’s glory
Over the livelong day.”

“Only a thought in passing, — a smile, or encouraging
word, —
Has lifted many a burden no other gift could have
stirred.”

“I know that I am deathless.
I know that this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a car-
penter’s compass ;
And whether I come to my own to-day, or in ten thousand
or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness
I can wait.”

Never give up ! it is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair ;
Fling off the load of Doubt’s cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical Care :
Never give up or the burden may sink you, —
Providence kindly has mingled the cup ;
And in all trials and troubles, bethink you
The watchword of life must be, — never give up.

TUPPER.

“Then cheer up and bear up, and laugh at old Fate ;
Let her wreak on your head what she will
With noble and fearless forbearance await
Every blow, every loss, every ill.
Hope on, and remember the dreariest way
Has nothing of sadness or sorrow
For the brave heart that smiles at the ills of to-day,
And hopes for a brighter to-morrow !”

CHAPTER II.

"BLESSED BE DRUDGERY."

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will. — **LOWELL.**

Even the creative energy of God is called **WORK** on the first page of the Bible. — **DELITZSCH.**

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it: toil is the law. — **RUSKIN.**

"We have but what we make, and every good
Is locked by nature in a granite hand,
Sheer labor must unclench."

All that is great in man comes through work, and civilization is its product. — **SMILES.**

No way has been found for making heroism easy, even for the scholar. Labor, iron labor, is for him. The world was created as an audience for him; the atoms of which it is made are opportunities. — **EMERSON.**

He does not count the mortal years it takes
To mold immortal forms.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of St. Gaudens.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! — all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

MRS. OSGOOD.

"WHY don't you want to go to school?" asked Mr. Gray, in surprise, when his son of fifteen wished to be excused from further attendance.

"Well, sir," replied Charles, "I am tired of studying, and I don't see any use in it."

"Do you think that you know enough?" inquired the father.

"I know as much as George Lyman does, and he left

school three months ago. He says that he is not going away to school, as his father has plenty of money."

"You need not go, then," said Mr. Gray; "but wait a minute," he continued, as Charles thanked him and started for the door, "you have nothing to be grateful for. You need not go to school if you are not willing to study; but understand one thing—if you do not go to school, you will have to go to work. I cannot afford to have you idle."

The next morning, Mr. Gray took Charles with him to visit a prison, and asked for an interview with a former schoolmate. "I am glad to see you, Mr. Harmon," said he, as the prisoner approached, "but sorry, very sorry, to find you here."

"You can't be more sorry than I am," said the convict, adding, as he looked at Charles, "I suppose that this is your boy."

"Yes, this is my eldest son, Charles. He is just about the age we were when we used to go to school together. Have you forgotten all about those days, John?"

"I wish I could forget, William!" exclaimed the prisoner, after a short pause. "I sometimes think that it is all a dream, and that I shall yet wake to find it so."

"How did it happen?" inquired Mr. Gray; "when I saw you last, your prospects were bright, much brighter than mine."

"It can be told in a few words," replied the prisoner; "my ruin was caused by idleness and bad company. I would not study. I thought there was no need for a rich man's son to do that. My father's death left me with great wealth, of which I never earned a dollar, and of whose use and worth I knew nothing. How it went I hardly know; but I awoke one morning to find myself poorer than the lowest clerk in the house. I did not

know how to get a dollar by honest labor, but money I must have; so I tried to get it without work. The rest needs no telling."

Harmon was called back to his prison work, and Mr. Gray asked the jailer, "How many of your prisoners have ever been trained to any useful trade or business?"

"Not one in ten," was the reply.

"You seemed surprised, Charles, when I told you you must work like other boys," said Mr. Gray, as they drove homeward; "and this visit to the prison is my answer. The world calls me a rich man, and so I am. I am able to give you every chance to grow wise and good; but I am not, and never shall be, rich enough to have you live without work. Many a father has learned to his sorrow what it is to have a boy idle."

Charles thought deeply for a moment, and said, "I think I will go to school on Monday, father."

John Adams was another boy who became tired of his lessons, and asked his father to excuse him from Latin grammar.

"Certainly, John," was the reply; "instead, you may dig some ditches in the bog. It needs draining."

Now, little as John liked to decline Latin pronouns, he liked still less to decline such a request from his father, with whom he was pretty well acquainted; so he took the proffered spade, and passed a busy day in the bog. But ditching proved so conducive to reflection that he begged that night for permission to resume his Latin on the morrow. Consent was given; and he applied himself so earnestly to his studies and to whatever else he undertook, that he became one of the pillars of the American Revolution, and Washington's successor as President of the United States.

"No man, however pure and lofty his motives may

be, can't lean up against a barn door and walk off simultaneous," says "Josiah Allen's Wife." "And if he don't walk off, the great question comes in, How will he get there? "And he feels, lots of times, that he must stand up so's to bring his head up above the mullein and burdock stalks amongst which he is a settin', and get a wider view, — a broader horizon, and he feels lots of times that he must get there."

Rev. Washington Gladden investigated the early history of eighty-eight of Springfield's leading men. Of these, only five were not, in early life, trained to regular work. All but three or four of these successful men were hard-working boys. "A somewhat varied experience of men," says Huxley, "has led me, the longer I live, to set less value on mere cleverness, and to attach more and more importance to industry and to physical endurance. No success is worthy of the name unless it is won by honest industry, and brave breasting of the waves of fortune." Beecher says that the reputable portions of society have maxims of prudence, by which the young are judged and admitted to their good opinion. *Does he regard his word? Is he industrious? Is he economical? Is he free from immoral habits?* The answer which a young man's conduct gives to these questions settles his reception among good men. Experience has shown that the other good qualities of veracity, frugality, and modesty are apt to be associated with industry. A prudent man would scarcely be persuaded that a listless, lounging fellow would be economical or trustworthy. An employer would judge wisely that, where there was little regard for time or for occupation, there would be as little, upon temptation, for honesty or veracity. Pilfering of the till and robberies are fit deeds for idle clerks and lazy apprentices. In-

dustry and knavery are sometimes found associated; but men wonder at it, as at a strange thing. The epithets of society, which betoken its experience, are all in favor of industry. Thus, the terms, “a hard-working man,” “an industrious man,” “a laborious artisan,” are employed to mean *an honest man, a trustworthy man.*

“Why should I toil and slave,” many a young man has asked, “when I have only myself to live for?” God help the man who has neither mother, sister, nor wife for whom to struggle, and who does not feel that toil and the building up of character bring their own reward.

The true doctrine is that labor — systematic, effective, congenial labor — is not only a necessity, but is the source of the highest enjoyment. The ancients were right in declaring that the gods sell all pleasures at the price of toil.

A rich man who had neglected his own education and culture, and sacrificed every personal comfort and pleasure to leave a fortune to his children, made this confession: “I spared no expense in their training, and they never knew what it was to want money. No one ever had a fairer prospect of becoming honored and respected than my sons; but look at the results. One is a physician, but he has no patients; the second is a lawyer without a single client; the third is a merchant, but he is above visiting his counting-house. In vain I urge them to be more industrious, more frugal, more energetic. What is the reply? ‘There is no use in it, father, we shall never want for money. You have enough for us all.’”

The “Youth’s Companion” says that at sixteen years of age Cyrus W. Field, the promoter of the Atlantic cable, left his home at Stockbridge, Mass., to seek his

fortune in New York. It was only by strict economy that the eight dollars given him by his father at parting could be spared from the family purse. On reaching the city, he went to the house of his brother, David Dudley Field, subsequently the leader of the New York bar, where his unhappiness was so apparent as to draw from Dr. Mark Hopkins, then a guest, the remark, "I would not give much for a boy if he were not home-sick on leaving home."

Cyrus entered the store of A. T. Stewart, then the leading dry-goods house of the city, as errand-boy, at a salary of fifty dollars for the first year. He was obliged to be at his work between six and seven in the morning, and after he was promoted to clerk, the hours for attendance at the store were from a quarter past eight in the morning until evening.

"I always made it a point," Mr. Field wrote in his autobiography, "to be there before the partners came, and never to leave before they went. My ambition was to make myself a thoroughly good merchant. I tried to learn in every department all I possibly could, knowing I had to depend entirely upon myself."

The boy went to the Mercantile Library, and read evenings, and joined a debating society that met every Saturday night.

Mr. Stewart's rules were strict. One of them required each clerk to enter in a book the time he came in the morning, when he left for dinner, when he returned from dinner, when he went to supper, and when he came back. If he was late in the morning, or was over an hour at dinner, or took more than three-quarters of an hour for supper, he had to pay a fine of twenty-five cents for every offense. Cyrus was so prompt, so careful in every detail, and so faithful, that he soon won his employer's

confidence. Promotion was sure for such a boy, and he did not have to wait long for it.

Stewart himself had been just such a boy; and as a man he put his whole heart into his business, and worked early and late. His system was so comprehensive that his great establishments seemed almost to run themselves; but none the less the proprietor kept careful watch of details, and to the day of his death was eager for improvement in every department.

But witness the attempt of his successors to continue the business. They had not only the benefit of Stewart's experience, but the reserve of his great wealth. He had won success without either; they failed with both. He gave his first and best attention to his stores, and thought of outside enterprises only in moments of leisure; they reversed this order. With him prosperity never obscured the fact that a successful merchant must not be content with having one price for all, but must treat all alike; with them the pride of mere wealth and station led to discrimination, which was followed by loss of trade, and even active opposition from those who had been good customers. They maintained the unequal struggle for years, for the estate was large in both money and credit. But time brought the inevitable result; and, when money and credit were both gone, the Stewart store passed into the hands of John Wanamaker, the boy with no chance, who walked four miles to Philadelphia every day, worked in a bookstore for a dollar and a quarter a week, and tried to earn ten times his wages for his employer. Only plain men of drudgery and detail can build up such enterprises as those of Stewart and Wanamaker; and only such men can long conduct them successfully, even after they are well established.

Labor omnia vincit — "Labor conquers all things," — and *Laborare est orare* — "To work is to pray," — are as true to-day as when first uttered by Roman sages.

Work faithfully, and you will put yourself in possession of a glorious and enlarging happiness.

A French writer says, "I can say that I have seen Michael Angelo, when he was about sixty years of age, and not then very robust, make the fragments of marble fly about at such a rate that he cut off more in a quarter of an hour than three strong young men could have done in an hour — a thing almost incredible to any one who has not seen it; and he used to work with such fury, with such an impetus, that it was feared he would dash the whole marble to pieces, making at each stroke chips of three or four fingers' thickness fly off;" with a material in which, if he had gone only a hair's breadth too far, he would have totally destroyed the work, which could not be restored like plaster or clay.

It would seem only natural that this man, to whom commissions came nearly every day for great works, would have employed a number of assistants, to whom he would have intrusted his carefully prepared models, that they might do some of the work, and lighten his labors; but there is every evidence that, from beginning to end, he performed the whole of his own work, beginning with the marble as it came from the quarry, seldom making a model beyond a wax one. He immediately set to work with chisel and mallet on the figure, which was already perfected in his imagination, and which he knew was as truly lurking in the inanimate block.

He studied anatomy for twelve years, nearly ruining his health; but this course determined his style, his practice, and his glory. He made every tool he used in sculpture, such as files, chisels, and pincers. In paint-

ing he prepared all his own colors, and would not allow servants or students to mix them.

It was Michael Angelo who said of Raphael: "One of the sweetest souls that ever breathed, he owed more to his industry than to his genius." When asked how he had accomplished such wonders, Raphael said, "From my earliest childhood I have made it a principle never to neglect anything." This artist, for whose death all Rome mourned, and Pope Leo X. wept, was only thirty-seven years of age, and yet he left two hundred and eighty-seven pictures, and over five hundred drawings. Some of his single pictures have brought a fortune. What a lesson is this brief life for indolent and lazy youth!

Leonardo da Vinci, cheerful, eager, enthusiastic, would often go to his work at daybreak, and not come down from the scaffolding to eat or drink till the light had left him.

After Rubens had become famous and rich, an alchemist urged him to assist in transmuting metals into gold, a secret which the scientist felt sure he had discovered. "You have come twenty years too late," replied Rubens; "I discovered the secret long ago." Pointing to his palette and brushes, he added, "Everything I touch turns to gold."

Millais had no thought for anything but his art while painting. "I work harder than any plowman," he would sometimes say. "My advice to all boys is, 'Work!' They can't all be geniuses, but they can all work; and without work even the most brilliant genius will be of very little good. I never recommend any one to be an artist. If a boy has a real calling to be an artist, he will be one without being recommended. Scores of people bring their children to me and ask me

if I should advise them to bring them up as painters; and I always say, 'Certainly not.' But whatever a boy intends to be he must grind at it; study all the minutest details, not scamp any of the uninteresting elementary part, but be thoroughly well up in all the groundwork of the subject."

Turner's father, a Devonshire barber, was remarkable for his industry and economy; and these admirable qualities he implanted in his son. He put into the youth's hands "both a sword and a shield for the battle of life; and, if we were writing an allegory, we might say that on the sword was engraven the word *Diligentia*, and on the shield *Parsimonia*." These weapons Turner constantly used, and made with them a good and successful fight. He was thirteen when he left school, and thenceforward, to the day of his death, worked at art with wonderful patience and unremitting diligence. "He lost no opportunity of gaining facility, and acquiring thoroughly the main principles of his art. He began to receive commissions for topographic drawings; and these took him upon numerous sketching tours, which enabled him to make himself familiar with the minutest details of scenery. With his *impedimenta* tied up in a bundle, and swinging from the end of a stout stick which he carried over his shoulder, he tramped twenty to twenty-five miles daily, filling his sketch-books with effects of light and shade, glimpses of wood and stream, and lovely bits of landscape. As Luther, when translating the Bible, took for his motto, *Nulla dies sine linea*, so Turner seems to have taken for his, 'No day without some work accomplished!'"

He often quoted the advice of his teacher, Joshua Reynolds, who said, "Those who are resolved to excel must go to their work, willing or unwilling, morning,

noon, and night. They will find it no play, but very hard labor." Hard labor it was ; but in Turner's case it was a labor of love, and brought with it a rich reward.

Charles Darwin collected facts with almost incredible care and perseverance. One of his subjects of inquiry was the action of the earthworm in the formation of mold. From the time that he first took it up, to the publication of the volume in which he embodied the results of his investigations, forty-four years elapsed. It is characteristic of the patience as well as the honesty of the man who would accept no conclusions unless they were deduced from a vast sweep of consistent facts, that he pursued for so long a period his experiments and inquiries. In December, 1842, he distributed broken chalk over a field at Down, to test the action of earthworms ; after an interval of twenty-nine years, — in November, 1871, — he dug a trench to ascertain the results. The white chalk plainly showed where the worms had moved it in the dark soil. How few naturalists have ever waited so long and so patiently for the outcome of a solitary experiment ! Who does not see that it was to this faculty of patient work and conscientious inquiry that Darwin owed his success ?

Show me a man who has benefited the world by his wisdom, or his country by his patriotism, or his neighborhood by his philanthropy, and you show me a man who has made the best of every minute.

Peter the Great, although heir to an empire, won his real crown and throne by sturdy toil. More than any other monarch, he laid aside royal robes, and wore a workman's clothes. Seeing that the arts of civilization were but little known in Russia, he determined to educate himself and elevate his people. At twenty-six, an age when most princes love enjoyment, he started on a

tour, not of pleasure, but of hard work. In Holland he served a voluntary apprenticeship to a shipbuilder. In England he worked in paper-mills, sawmills, rope-yards, watchmakers' shops, and other manufactories, not only observing closely, but also doing the work and receiving the treatment of a common laborer.

At Istia he passed a month learning to work iron at Muller's forges; the last day he forged eighteen *poods* of iron, and put his mark thereon. Several *boyars*, or nobles of Russia, who accompanied him, probably did not fancy the drudgery, but they had to carry coals and blow the bellows. He asked Muller how much a blacksmith usually received per *pood*. "Three *copecks*, or an *altina*," was the reply; but the great foundryman brought his royal assistant eighteen ducats. "Keep your ducats," said Peter, "I have not wrought any better than any other man; give me what you would give anybody else. I want to buy a pair of shoes, of which I am in great need." In fact, the shoes he had on had been once mended, and were full of holes. He took pride in the new ones, saying, "These I earned by the sweat of my brow." One of the bars of iron forged by Peter is still shown at Istia in Muller's forge, with his mark upon it; another is kept in St. Petersburg, in the Cabinet of Curiosities, as a memorial of the workman-emperor — an inspiration to every Russian, from peasant to czar, while the empire shall last.

"Let those who think little of the advantages of labor look at the result of that man's application," said Macready of Shiel. "Like Demosthenes, he was hissed by his jealous opponents; he is now the most eloquent man in the Imperial Parliament. On one occasion when he was hissed, he extorted the applause of his assailants by the words: 'You may hiss, but you cannot sting.'"

Should you be so unfortunate as to suppose you are a genius, and that "things will come to you," it would be well to undeceive yourself as soon as possible. Make up your mind that industry must be the price of all you obtain, and at once begin to pay down.

We are astonished at the volumes which the men of former ages used to write. Industry is the key to the whole secret. "He that shall walk with vigor three hours a day will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe."

Even genius inoperative is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks.

"I do not remember a book in all the departments of learning," said Beecher, "nor a scrap of literature, nor a work in all the schools of art, from which its author has derived a permanent renown, that is not known to have been long and patiently elaborated. Genius needs industry as much as industry needs genius."

Labor is the parent of all the lasting monuments of this world, whether in verse or in stone, in poetry or in pyramids.

Sheridan Knowles, when engaged upon one of his famous poetical compositions, was accustomed to shut himself up all day in his room, in which were placed every morning a loaf and a pitcher of milk.

Goldsmith thought four lines a good day's work. He was seven years evolving "The Deserted Village." "By a long habit of writing," said he, "one acquires a greatness of thinking, and a mastery of manner, which holiday writers, with ten times the genius, may vainly attempt to equal."

Longfellow declared that the secret studies of the poet are the sunken piers on which his poetic work rests; out of sight, but essential.

It is interesting to study facsimiles of the "first drafts" of great productions, from the "Declaration of Independence" to Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and note what elaboration was required before they became finished works. Bryant is said to have written "Thanatopsis" a hundred times, and then to have been dissatisfied with it.

Demosthenes made no secret of the pains he expended in forging his thunderbolts against Philip. So fastidious was Plato that he wrote the first sentence in the "Republic" nine different ways before he could satisfy himself. Pope would spend whole days over a couplet; Charlotte Brontë, an hour over a word; and Gray, a month over a short composition. There is a poem of ten lines in Waller which cost the author a whole summer. Gibbon wrote the first chapter of the "Decline and Fall" three times before he was satisfied with it, and nearly a quarter of a century elapsed before the entire work was finished.

Anthony Trollope declared it all stuff and nonsense for one to wait for moods.

Notwithstanding the delicious "literary gossip" paragraphs, which assure us that four or five hours a day will suffice for the production of masterpieces, George Parsons Lathrop says that most of the authors whom he has known are obliged to work hard for at least twelve or sixteen hours a day. They are compelled to do this even at times when they would rather rest or sleep, or eat and drink and be merry. "I myself," says Lathrop, "have often bowed to this necessity of working continuously without sleep or meat or amusement; and should long since have concluded that it must be owing to my own stupidity, but for the fact of discovering that other authors, who are much more in the world's

eye, have to do the same sort of thing. I love my kind of work, I revere the art which I serve, as earnestly as any one can; but when my fingers have clutched a penholder for eight or ten hours at a stretch, and the whole of such brain and nerve power as I possess has been brought to bear during that time, I confess that a due regard for veracity will not allow me to assert that the process has not involved drudgery. A redeeming and inspiring charm there always is, even in such arduous labors. I have found comfort in toilsome hack work, because it is always satisfactory to perform even obscure service thoroughly and to the best of one's power, and because by such work I could earn time to do higher and better things, which were quite certain not to win for me that cash compensation whereby the mortal part of a man is kept going. But, simply on the ground that there is a great and enduring delight in the severest literary exertion, to spread a notion that the professional author needs not undergo drudgery, seems to me mischievous. It arouses false hope in young aspirants, who have not yet measured the tremendous problem of performing the best work under endless discouragements, and at the cost of ceaseless, patient toil."

"It is wonderful how many great successes have come of accident," said a friend to Rufus Choate. "Nonsense!" replied the great lawyer, "you might as well let drop the Greek alphabet, and expect to pick up the 'Iliad.'"

"Waiting for something to turn up" is waiting for moonbeams to turn into silver, for magic and chance to take the place of natural law in the universe. It is the philosophy of the shiftless, the refuge of the lazy, the excuse of the improvident.

"People sometimes attribute my success to my genius,"

said Alexander Hamilton; "all the genius I know anything about is hard work."

On his seventieth birthday, Daniel Webster told the secret of his success: "Work has made me what I am. I never ate a bit of idle bread in my life."

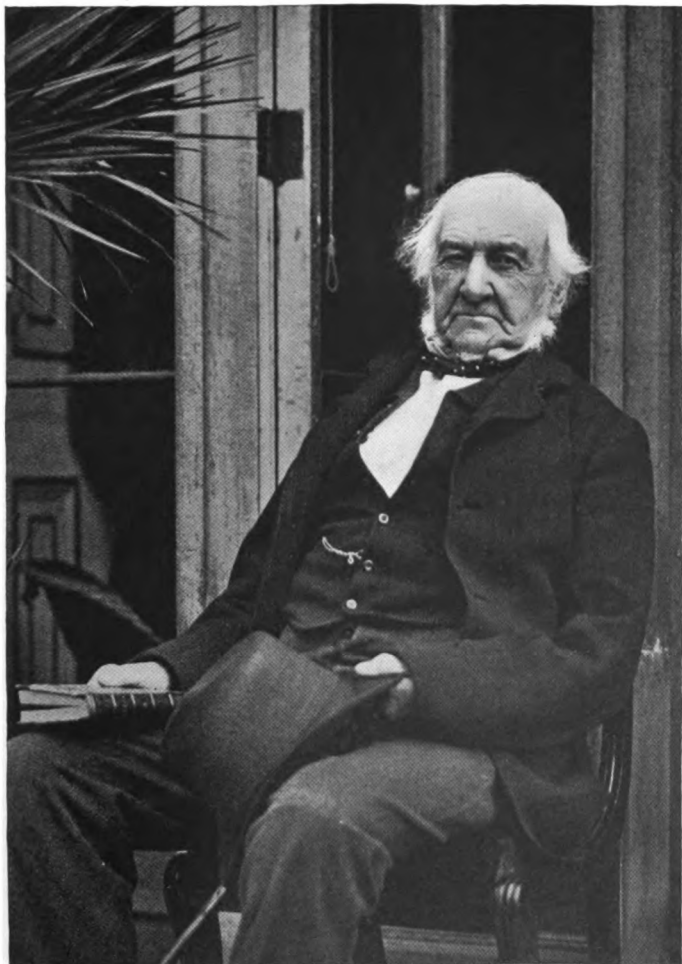
"My imagination would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of common-place, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention," said Dickens.

Drudgery has been called "the gray angel of success."

"I have found my greatest happiness in labor," said Mr. Gladstone, when nearing four score and ten. "I early formed the habit of industry, and it has been its own reward. The young are apt to think that rest means a cessation from all effort, but I have found the most perfect rest in changing effort. If brain-weary over books and study, go out into the blessed sunlight and the pure air, and give heartfelt exercise to the body. The brain will soon become calm and rested. The efforts of nature are ceaseless. Even in our sleep the heart throbs on. If these great forces ceased for an instant, death would follow. I try to live close to nature, and to imitate her in my labors. The compensation is sound sleep, a wholesome digestion, and powers that are kept at their best; and this, I take it, is the chief reward of industry."

"Owing to these ingrained habits," said Horace Mann, "work has always been to me what water is to a fish. I have wondered a thousand times to hear people say, 'I don't like this business,' or 'I wish I could exchange it for that;' for with me, when I have had anything to do, I do not remember ever to have demurred, but have always set about it like a fatalist, and it was as sure to be done as the sun was to set."

"The gods," said Hesiod, "have placed labor before



WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

virtue ; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the farther you advance in it."

"I've known Edison since he was a boy of fourteen," said a friend ; "and of my own knowledge I can say he never spent an idle day in his life. 'Often, when he should have been asleep, I have known him to sit up half the night reading. He did not take to novels or wild Western adventures, but read works on mechanics, chemistry, and electricity ; and he mastered them too. But in addition to his reading, which he could only indulge in at odd hours, he carefully cultivated his wonderful powers of observation, till at length, when he was not actually asleep, it may be said he was learning all the time."

"After I have completed an invention," says Edison, "I seem to lose interest in it. One might think that the money value of an invention constitutes its reward to the man who loves his work. But, speaking for myself, I can honestly say this is not so. Life was never more full of joy to me, than when, a poor boy, I began to think out improvements in telegraphy, and to experiment with the cheapest and crudest appliances. But now that I have all the appliances I need, and am my own master, I continue to find my greatest pleasure, and so my reward, in the work that precedes what the world calls success."

It is said that the amount of work Nikola Tesla, the famous electrician, does in a day, — does every day, — is simply prodigious. His life is passed in continuous labor in the laboratory, with occasional intervals for food and sleep ; and after working all day long, from eight o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night, he often has his dinner brought to the laboratory, and

continues to work until eleven or twelve. Twice in two years he has been to a theater. On very, very rare occasions, when he could not avoid it, he has heeded some social call, and enjoyed it, too, as he admits, although the thought of going to a reception fills him with dismay in advance.

Robert Dale Owen, in his autobiography, told the story of a man ruined by his happy circumstances. It was his father's friend, one born to princely fortune, educated with the best, happily married, with children growing up around him. All that health and wealth and leisure and taste could give were his. Owen, an incessant worker, once went to spend a rare rest-moment with him at his country seat, one of the great English parks.

To the tired man, who had earned the peace, the quiet days seemed perfect; and at length he said to his host, "I have been thinking that, if I ever met a man who had nothing to desire, you must be he; are you not completely happy?" The answer came: "Happy! Ah, Mr. Owen, I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I paid for it. I started in life without an object, almost without an ambition. I said to myself, 'I have all that I see others contending for; why should I struggle?' I knew not the curse that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. I ought to have created for myself some definite pursuit, no matter what, so that there would be something to labor for and to overcome. Then I might have been happy."

"Come and spend a month with me at Braxfield," said Owen. "You have a larger share in the mills than any of us partners. Come and see for yourself what has been done for the work-people and for their children,

and give me your aid.” “It is too late,” was the reply; “the power is gone. Habits have become chains. You can work and do good; but for me, — in all the profitless years gone by, I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life.”

“Then let us sing a hallelujah, and make a fresh benediction: *BLESSED BE DRUDGERY.* It is the one thing we cannot spare.”

Well has it been said that it is because we have to go, and go morning after morning, through rain and shine, through toothache, headache, heartache, to the appointed spot, and do the appointed work; and only because we have to stick to that work eight or ten hours, long after rest would be sweet; because the schoolboy's lesson must be learned at nine o'clock, and learned without a slip; because the accounts on the ledger must square to a cent; because the goods must tally exactly with the invoice; because good temper must be kept with the children, customers, neighbors, not seven, but seventy times seven times; because the besetting sin must be watched to-day, to-morrow, and the next day; in short, without much matter what our work be, whether this or that, it is because, and only because, of the rut, plod, humdrum, grind, in the work, that we at last get these foundations laid, — attention, promptness, accuracy, firmness, patience, self-denial, and the rest.

The secret of success lies in that old word, “Drudgery,” in doing one thing long after it ceases to be amusing; and it is “this one thing I do” that gathers me together from my chaos, that concentrates me from possibilities to powers, and turns powers into achievements.

My daily task, whatever it be, is what mainly edu-

cates me. All other culture is superficial compared with what that gives.

No man can stand still ; the moment progress is not made, retrogression begins. If the blade is not kept sharp and bright, the law of rust will assert its claim.

Lord Brougham's biographer says that his public labors extended over a period of upward of sixty years, during which he ranged over many fields, — of law, literature, politics, and science, — achieving distinction in them all. Once when Sir Samuel Romilly was requested to undertake some new work, he excused himself by saying that he had no time ; "but," he added, "go with it to that fellow Brougham, he seems to have time for everything." The secret of it was that he never left a minute unemployed ; withal, he possessed a constitution of iron.

At an age at which most men would have retired from the world to enjoy their hard-earned leisure, perhaps to doze away their time in an easy chair, Lord Brougham began and prosecuted a series of elaborate investigations as to the laws of light ; submitting the results to the most scientific audiences that Paris and London could muster.

About the same time he was passing through the press his admirable sketches of the "Men of Science and Literature of the Reign of George III.," and taking his full share of the law business and the political discussions in the House of Lords. Sydney Smith once recommended him to confine himself to the transaction of only so much business as three strong men could get through. But such was Brougham's love of work, — long become a habit, — that no amount of application seems to have been too great for him ; and such was his love of excellence that it has been said of him that, if

his station in life had been only that of a bootblack, he would never have rested satisfied until he had become the best bootblack in England.

There is no surer token of a little mind than to imagine that anything in the way of physical labor is dishonoring. I confess to an unbounded contempt for the smart young gentleman who would not, on any consideration, be seen carrying a parcel down the street.

A Baltimore Bonaparte surprised a friend by carrying home a broom. "Why, it belongs to me," was his reply to the look of incredulity. A Washington correspondent wrote home: "Yesterday I saw General Sam Houston, once Governor of Texas, now Senator, carrying, like Lord Napier, his own small bundle, with its clean shirt and towel, piece of soap, and hair-brush."

When Roman emperors were taken from the plow, the empire was mistress of the world. But in later Rome, both the tillers of the soil and the mechanics were principally slaves; and there even the enlightened Cicero wrote: "All artisans are engaged in a degrading profession. There can be nothing ingenuous in a workshop." Aristotle said: "The best regulated states will not permit a mechanic to be a citizen; for it is impossible for one who lives the life of a mechanic, or hired servant, to practice a life of virtue. Some were born to be slaves." When Cyrus learned that the Lacedæmonians kept a market, he despised them. But, like a dry rot, this contempt for labor robbed these nations of their real strength, and they perished from the earth.

Shortly after President Tyler's term of office expired, his political opponents elected him a surveyor of highways in the little Virginian village where he lived. This had not the desired effect of annoying and exposing him to ridicule; for he accepted the position, performing its

duties faithfully and with dignity. This noble and silent rebuke to those who held labor in contempt brought a request for his resignation.

"Gentlemen," he replied, "I never refuse an office, and never resign."

What a lesson is Napoleon's life for sickly, wishy-washy prospectuses and effeminate dudes! For eighteen hours before the battle of Waterloo he had neither eaten nor slept. His clothes were covered with mud and soaked with rain. But, regardless of exposure and fatigue, he did not seek to warm himself by the fire.

The Duke of Wellington was noted for his great industry. He was everlastingly at it. He never dawdled; he was as prompt as the sun.

Lord Ellenborough had a hard time in getting a start at the bar, but he was determined never to relax his industry until success came to him. When almost exhausted with work, he kept this motto constantly before his eyes, lest he might be tempted to relax his efforts, "Read or starve."

Because she is a queen, Victoria does not spend her time in luxurious ease. She is an indefatigable worker in the great affairs of state which are under her control. She has acquired several European languages, including some of the country dialects of Germany, and in recent years has learned Hindustani, because it is the vernacular of millions of her subjects.

A man converted at a Salvation Army meeting declares that he begged his way from five years of age, and never earned a cent in his life by honest labor; in fact, that he did not know how to do anything. About the only thing he could do after he was converted was to tend a baby, for which he received one dollar a week. Think of an able-bodied man, in this land of

opportunity, growing up without learning how to do anything!

The old German inscription on a key, “If I rest, I rust,” is as true of men as of iron.

In England, idleness was formerly punished as follows: for the first offense the idler was taken before a justice, and his fault recorded; for the second, he was burned on the hand; for the third, he suffered death. In 1556, it was whipping for the first offense, whipping for the second offense and the upper part of the ear cut off, and for the third, imprisonment, and for the fourth, death. Among the Greeks, idleness was punished by law.

Outside of man there is not an idle atom in the universe; everything is working out its mission. “Work is the one great law of the world,” said Zola, “which leads organized matter slowly but steadily to its own goal.” Life has no other meaning. It is a law of nature that, the moment activity ceases anywhere, there a retrograde process sets in. The moment we cease to use our faculties, that moment they begin to deteriorate. Nature will let us have only what we use, and while we use it.

Labor is the fabled magician’s wand, the philosopher’s stone, the cap of Fortunatus. Its insignia, the plow, the anvil, and the loom, are decorations of honor; while its successful votaries, eminent members of the Order of Industry, should take rank among the benefactors of mankind.

Nothing is more demoralizing to success than the habit of dawdling over work; it dissipates energy, demoralizes ambition, weakens energy, and makes us things instead of men. The sluggard is of very ancient pedigree; Solomon gave us a picture of him: “Yet a little

sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."

The healthy young gentleman who advertises for "a light situation" is not likely to prove of much use to his employer.

"The Tattler" proposed to consider every worthless man a dead man, or living only when he is of some advantage to others. According to this system, some men are born at twenty years of age, some at thirty, some at three score, and some not above an hour before they die.

In one of his novels, Émile Zola describes a conversation between the workwomen of a laundry in Paris, about what each would do if she had ten thousand francs a year. They were all of one mind; they would do just nothing at all!

Carlyle asserts the "unspeakable holiness of work." "Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toilworn craftsman, that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand. A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the Bread of Life. If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality? These two in all their degrees I honor; all else is chaff and dust."

"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour, festering water gradually from the root of the

remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow, with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small! Labor is life. From the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God, from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, — to all knowledge, 'self-knowledge,' and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for nature herself accredits that, — says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge."

"Employment! Employment!
 Oh, that is enjoyment!
 There's nothing like 'something to do.'
 Good heart occupation
 Is health and salvation, —
 A secret that's known to but few.

"Ye listless and lazy!
 Ye heavy and hazy!
 Give heart, hands, and feet full employment;
 Your spirits 'twill cheer up,
 Your foggy brains clear up,
 And teach you the real enjoyment.

"The lilies they toil not,
 They drudge not, they moil not,
 And yet they are cared for, 'tis true:
 But the lily, in beauty
 Fulfills its whole duty;
 E'en lilies have something to do."

"What is happiness?" asks Judge Haliburton. "It ain't bein' idle; that's a fact. No idle man or woman ever was happy since the world began. Employment gives both appetite and digestion. Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast. When the harness is off, if the work ain't too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels."

"God bless that habit of getting up at seven," wrote Walter Scott; "I could do nothing without it. It keeps me up to the scratch." Guests at Abbotsford used to wonder when Scott found time to do his work, for he was always disengaged to entertain them. He had broken the back of his work while they were in their beds.

A bountiful Providence has filled creation with interest unrevealed in order to add to the enjoyment of the earnest discoverer. Much of the pleasure of life would be destroyed if knowledge of the secrets of nature were obtained by intuition, instead of by the slow process of study and laborious insight.

"There is no art or science," says Clarendon, "too difficult for industry to attain to." It is the "philosopher's stone," that turns all metals, and even rocks, into gold, and it suffers no want to break into dwellings; it is the northwest passage, that brings the merchant's ship to him as soon as he can desire; it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contributions.

Work! It makes the eye bright and the complexion rosy. It makes the muscles strong, and the brain clear, and sends the blood through artery and vein at a healthy pace. It is nature's panacea for half the ills that afflict the body. There would be less dyspepsia, and consequently less of the "religion that makes people miserable," if there were more exercise of the body in the

sort of work that God sent Adam to do when he left Paradise.

"Blessed be Drudgery!" For thrice it blesses us: it gives us the fundamental qualities of manhood and womanhood; it gives us success in the thing we have to do; and it makes us, if we choose, artists — artists within, whatever our outward work may be. Blessed be Drudgery, the secret of all achievement, of all culture!

"There is work for all in this world of ours,
Ho! idle dreamers in sunny bowers;
Ho! giddy triflers with time and health;
Ho! covetous hoarders of golden wealth;
There is work for each, there is work for all,
In the peasant's cot or baronial hall.

"There is work for the wise and eloquent tongue,
There is work for the old, there is work for the young;
There is work that tasks manhood's strength and zeal
For his nation's welfare, his country's weal;
There is work that asks woman's gentle hand,
Her pitying eye, and her accents bland;
From the uttermost bounds of this earthly ball,
Is heard the loud cry, 'There is work for all.'"

Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them.

— JOUBERT.

When I hear a young man spoken of as giving promise of high genius, the first question I ask about him is, always, "Does he work?" — RUSKIN.

On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play. — THACKERAY.

Produce, produce! were it but the pitifulest, infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name.

'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee? out with it then!
Up, up! "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it
with thy whole might." — CARLYLE.

Work, — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work, — thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Mrs. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER III.

HONESTY — AS PRINCIPLE AND AS POLICY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God. — POPE.

The honest man, though ne'er so poor,
Is king of men for a' that. — BURNS.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man. — GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN BE PRESIDENT. — HENRY CLAY.

He serves all who dares be true. — EMERSON.

The mother state has taught us, her children, to place principle above expediency, courage above time-service, and patriotism above party, and in the cause of right and justice not to flinch, no matter what the majority, or however overbearing its demands. — WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry. — ISAAC BARROW.

Honesty is the best policy; but he who acts on this principle is not an honest man. — WHATELY.

If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it. — MARCUS AURELIUS.

Your English watchword is "fair-play," your English hatred, "foul-play." Did it ever strike you that you wanted another watchword also, "fair-work;" and another hatred also, "foul-work"? — RUSKIN.

I wouldn't give a penny for a man that would drive a nail in slack because he didn't get extra pay for it. — GEORGE ELIOT.

In a word, trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything. — LAURENCE STERNE.

If honesty did not exist, we ought to invent it as the best means of getting rich. — MIRABEAU.

"But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can,
It matters much."

"PUT that back!" exclaimed President John Quincy Adams, when his son took a sheet of paper from a

pigeon-hole to write a letter. "That belongs to the Government. Here is my own stationery, at the other end of the desk. I always use that for letters on private business."

Mr. Adams was as particular in other ways, and is celebrated for his accuracy, truthfulness, and punctuality. When a member of the House of Representatives, his entrance was a sure indication that the time to call to order had arrived. He always kept his appointments, and would no more think of taking others' time by tardiness than their money by theft.

"Go, my son, I consign thee to God," said the mother of Abd-el-Kader, after giving him forty pieces of silver, and making him promise never to tell a lie; "we may not meet again until the day of judgment."

The boy left home to seek his fortune, but in a few days the party with which he traveled was attacked by robbers.

"What money have you with you?" asked one.

"Forty dinars are sewed up in my garment," replied Abd-el-Kader; but the robber only laughed.

"What money have you really with you?" inquired another sternly, and the youth repeated his former answer; but no attention was paid to his statement, which was not believed on account of its frankness.

"Come here, boy," called the chief, who had noticed the men talking with the young traveler; "what money have you?"

"I have told two of your men already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes, but they do not seem to believe me."

"Rip his garments open," commanded the chief, and soon the silver was found.

"And how came you to tell this?"

“Because I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie.”

“Boy,” said the leader, “are you so mindful of your duty to your mother, although so young, and am I insensible, at my mature age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me your hand, that I may swear repentance upon it.”

He did so, and his followers were greatly impressed.

“You have been our leader in guilt,” said his lieutenant; “be mine, at least, in the path of virtue,” and he took the boy’s hand as his chief had done. One by one all the rest of the band did the same.

Honesty and truth, even in children, cannot fail to exert an influence for good upon those around them. It may not produce such remarkable results as in the Arab’s story, but none the less it is felt by all.

In a country school, the teacher put a very hard word to the pupil at the head of a class in spelling, and he missed it. She passed it to the next, and the next, and so on, till it came to the last scholar, — the smallest of the class, who spelled it, and went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself. The teacher then wrote the word on the blackboard, that they all might see how it is spelled, and learn it better. But no sooner had she written it than the little boy at the head cried out, “Oh! Miss W —, I didn’t spell it that way; I said ‘e’ instead of ‘i’; and he went back to the foot of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. He was too honest to take credit that did not belong to him.

“I have been guilty of every kind of sin,” said a cardinal at confession, thinking by self-accusation to get the reputation of a saint. “It is a solemn fact,” said the confessor. “I have indulged in pride, ambition, malice, and revenge,” groaned the cardinal. “It is too

true," said the monk. "Why, you fool," exclaimed the cardinal in anger, "you don't imagine that I mean all this to the letter!" "Ho! ho!" said the confessor, "so you have been a liar, too, have you?" The humbled cardinal withdrew from the confessional.

"Mr. Jones," said Ethan Allen, as he entered a lawyer's office, "I owe a gentleman in Boston sixty pounds on a note, which he has sent to Vermont for collection. I cannot pay it just now, and want you to postpone settlement until I can raise the money." "All right," replied Mr. Jones; and, when the court assembled next, he rose and said, "May it please your honor, we deny that this signature is genuine." He knew that this course would require the summoning of witnesses from Boston, which would give Allen all the time he wanted.

"Mr. Jones," shouted Allen, in a voice of thunder, "I did not hire you to come here to lie! This is a true note! I signed it, — I'll swear to it, — and I'll pay it! I want no shuffling. I want time. What I employed you for was to get this matter put over to the next court, not to come here and lie and juggle about it." The lawyer quailed, but the case was put over as Allen wished.

"If I hire you," said a Detroit grocer to a boy who had applied for work, "I suppose you will do as I tell you?"

"Yes, sir."

"If I told you to say the sugar was high grade when it was low, what would you say?"

The boy did not hesitate a moment.

"I'd say it," he responded, promptly.

"If I told you to say the coffee was pure, when you knew that it had beans in it, what would you say?"

"I'd say it."

“If I told you to say that the butter was fresh, when you knew it had been in the store for a month, what would you say?”

“I’d say it.”

The merchant was nonplussed.

“How much will you work for?” he inquired, very seriously.

“One hundred dollars a week,” answered the boy, in a business-like tone.

The grocer came near falling from his stool.

“One hundred dollars a week?” he repeated, in astonishment.

“With a percentage after the first two weeks,” said the boy, coolly. “You see,” he went on, “first-class liars come high; and, if you need them in your business, you’ve got to pay them the price. Otherwise I’ll work for three dollars per week;” and the boy caught the grocer at his own game, and got the job at three dollars per week.

The Indians flocked about the store of a new trader, and examined his goods, but offered to buy nothing. Finally the chief visited him. “How do you do, John? Show me goods. Aha! I take a blanket for me, and calico for squaw, — three otter-skins for blanket and one for calico. Ugh! pay you by’-m-by to-morrow.” He received his goods, and left. On the next day he returned with a large part of his band, his blanket full of skins. “Now, John, I pay you.” He drew from his blanket four otter-skins, one after the other, laying them on the counter. After a moment’s hesitation, he drew out a fifth, a rich and rare one, and laid it on the counter. “That’s right, John.” Pushing it back, the trader replied, “You owe me but four, I want only my just dues.” They passed it back and forth between

them several times, till at length the chief appeared satisfied. He put the skin back in his blanket, scrutinized the trader, and then, stepping to the door, cried to his followers, "Come, — come trade with the pale-face, John. He no cheat Indian, his heart big." Then, turning to the trader, he said, "Suppose you take last skin, I tell my people no trade with you. We drive off others; but now you be Indians' friend, and we be yours." Before dark the trader was waist-deep in furs, and had his till well filled with cash.

When one of his ships was long overdue, Jacob Barker, the merchant prince of New Orleans, called at an insurance office to take out a new policy on the vessel. A high rate of premium was demanded, as fears were entertained for the safety of the ship; but Mr. Barker offered a lower figure, and left without coming to an agreement.

That night a swift messenger brought the news of the total loss of the vessel, at which he only said, "Very well." Next morning, on the way to his counting-house, he stopped his carriage at the insurance office, and, without leaving his seat, said quietly to the secretary, "Friend, thee need not make out that policy; I've heard of the ship."

"Oh, sir! — but, sir, — Mr. Barker," said the secretary, running into the office; and, returning a moment later, "we've made out the policy, and you can't back out of it."

"How so, my friend?" asked the merchant, demurely.

"When you left last evening, we agreed to your proposal, and the policy was made out at once. The office became liable, and you must take it. See, here it is," he added, as a clerk brought out the paper with the signature hardly dry.

“Well, friend,” said Mr. Barker, “if thee will have it, I suppose I must take it,” putting the paper in his pocket.

During the day the news of the wreck was made known, and of the way the insurance company had cheated itself.

C. F. Adams tells a good story of a Dutchman’s method of doing business. “I geepe me von leedle schtore, und does a pooty goot peeznis, but I don’t got mooch gapital, so I finds it hard vork to get me all der greidits vot I would like. Last veek I hear about some goots a barty vas going to sell pooty sheap, und so I writes dot man if he would gief me der refusal of dose goots for a gouble of days. He gafe me der refusal,—dot is, he sait I couldn’t haf dem,—but he sait he would gall on me und see mine schtore, und den if mine schtanding vas goot, perhaps ve might do somedings togedder.

“Vell, yesterday, a shentleman gomes in and says, ‘Mr. Schmidt, I pelieve.’ I says, ‘Yaw,’ und den I dinks, dis vas der man vot has doze goots to sell, und I must dry to make some goot imbressions mit him.

“‘Dis vas goot schtore,’ he says, ‘bud you don’t got a pooty big shtock already.’ I vas avraid to let him know dot I only hat ’bout a tousand tollars vort of goots in der blace, so I says, ‘You ton’t dink I hat more as dree tousand tollars in dis leedle schtore, would you?’ He says, ‘Vos dot bossible!’ I say ‘Yaw.’ I meant dot id vas bossible, dough id vasn’t so, vor I vas like Shorge Washingtons ven he cut town der ‘olt elm’ on Poston Gommons, and gouldn’t dell some lies about id.

“‘Vell,’ says der shentleman, ‘I dinks you ought to know vot you haf in der schtore.’ Und den he takes a pig book vrom unter his arm and say, ‘Vell, I poots you town vor dree tousand tollars.’ I ask him vot he means,

und den he says he vas von off der dax-men, und he tank me because I vas sooch an honest Deutscher, und tidn't dry und sheat der gofermants.

"I dells you I tidn't veel any more petter as a hundert ber cent., ven dot man valks oudt, und der nexd dime I makes free mit strangers I vinds first deir peesnis oudt."

Mark Twain tells us that an impoverished descendant of Audubon, in straits, was willing to sell a copy of his great volume on "Birds" for a hundred dollars; it was worth in a market a thousand dollars; the purchaser chuckled over his mean bargain. "How different was Hammond Trumbull," he says. "A lady in the South, in straitened circumstances, wrote him that she had an Eliot's Indian Bible, which she would gladly dispose of for a hundred dollars. He wrote to her that, if a perfect copy, it had its market value, one thousand dollars; and he would sell it to the British Museum for that sum. It proved such a copy, and she got her thousand dollars in gold. That is the honorable dealing which exalts humanity."

"A sadder object than the coal strike," says Carlyle, "is that *all England has decided that the profitablest way is to do its work ill, slimly, swiftly, and mendaciously*. What a contrast between now and, say, only a hundred years ago! At that latter day, all England awoke to its work with an invocation to the Eternal Maker to bless them in their day's labor, and help them to do it well. Now all England, shopkeepers, workmen, all manner of competing laborers, awaken, as if with an unspoken but heartfelt prayer to Beelzebub, 'Oh, help us, thou great lord of shoddy, adulteration, and malfeasance, to do our work with a maximum of slimness, swiftness, profit, and mendacity, for the Devil's sake, Amen!'

“One small example, only! London bricks are reduced to clay again in the course of sixty years. Bricks, burn them rightly, build them faithfully, with mortar faithfully tempered, they will stand, barring earthquakes and cannon, for six thousand years. Etruscan pottery is some three thousand years of age, and still fresh. Nothing I know of is more lasting than a well-made brick. We have them here, in this garden, in their third or fourth century, from Henry the Eighth.”

Modern adulteration is satirized in the following neat little fable: “Four flies were hungry. The first settled on a sausage of singularly appetizing appearance, and made a hearty meal. But he speedily died of intestinal inflammation, for the sausage was adulterated with aniline. The second fly breakfasted on flour, and forthwith succumbed to contraction of the stomach, owing to the inordinate quantity of alum with which the flour had been adulterated. The third was slaking his thirst from the milk-jug, when violent cramps suddenly convulsed his frame, and he gave up the ghost, a victim to the chalk adulteration. Seeing this, the fourth fly, muttering to himself, ‘The sooner it’s over the sooner to sleep,’ alighted on a moistened sheet of paper exhibiting the counterfeit presentment of a death’s head, and the inscription, ‘Fly Poison.’ Applying the tip of his proboscis to the liquid, he drank to his heart’s content, growing more vigorous and cheerful at every mouthful, although expectant of his end. But he did not die. On the contrary, he throve and waxed fat. Even the fly poison was adulterated!”

George T. Angell says that a large merchant told him there was only one kind of tea in his establishment that he would let his family use.

But the merchant and the buyer should both recollect

that, while it is unsatisfactory to sell and to buy anything but the best, it is not dishonest to have grades of goods for grades of prices ; only do not lie about the grades, but sell them for what they are.

In these days, many employers require some deception, a certain compliance with the existing order of things, a certain shutting of the eyes to defects and little irregularities and customs. They say competition demands this policy. Can we wonder that, with such models before them, our young men and women become warped and crooked in their views, and adopt false ideals and standards ?

What the world wants to-day is young men who will not offer "English woollens" manufactured in American mills ; who will not sell "Irish linen" made in New York. The world wants physicians who will not pretend to know the nature of a disease when they do not, or experiment upon patients with questionable doses of drugs ; statesmen who will not pack caucuses or pull wires ; lawyers who will not urge their clients to press their suits into court to get their fees, when they know there is no chance of winning ; clergymen who can hear a larger call than that of a large salary or popular applause. It wants business men who will give thirty-six inches for a yard, and thirty-two quarts for a bushel. It wants journalists who will not write scurrilous, scandalous articles, merely because the chief editor wants them. It wants men who will not say they "do it because everybody does," — young men who will not think anything profitable that is dishonest.

A. T. Stewart determined that the truth should always be told over his counters, whatever the consequences. No clerk was allowed to misrepresent, or cover up a defect. He once asked the opinion of an

employee in regard to a large purchase of goods of novel patterns, and was told that the designs were inferior, and some of them in very bad taste. The young man was just pointing out the defects of one particular style, of which he held a sample in his hands, when a large customer from an interior city came up and asked, "Have you anything new and first-class to show me to-day?" The young salesman replied promptly, "Yes, sir; we've just brought in something that will suit you to a dot." Throwing across his arm the very piece he had criticised a moment before, he expatiated upon its beauty so earnestly that a large sale was the result. Mr. Stewart, who had listened in wondering silence, here interrupted, warning the customer to give the goods further and more careful examination, and telling the young man to call upon the cashier for any wages due him, as his final account would be made up at once.

"Why did you not sell her something?" asked the proprietor, as a lady went out of a dry-goods store in Boston without purchasing. "Because," replied the clerk, "she asked for Middlesex, and we did not have it." "Why did you not show her the next pile, and tell her that was Middlesex?" "Because it was not, sir," said the clerk. "You are too mighty particular for me," exclaimed the proprietor. "Very well," said the boy, "if I must tell a lie to keep my place, I will go." The honest clerk became a wealthy, respected merchant in the West.

What a rebuke is George Peabody's life to thousands of young Americans who believe that success is gained by smartness, cunning, taking advantage of a man's necessities, grinding the most possible out of employees, taking advantage of other people's misfortunes; who

think it is right to inveigle innocent people into wild speculation, to palm off useless articles, to get money from poor working-people for opiates and poisonous drugs, which injure the health of innocent children and unwary adults, and to put shoddy into everything we wear. The government statisticians in London in 1874 said that ninety-three per cent. of all the property of that city was in the hands of moral men, whose business and inheritance had been legitimate.

“There are few people,” says Beecher, “who will not be benefited by pondering over the morals of shopping. The wish to get more than you have means to pay for is a wish to injure your neighbor, — to obtain his possessions without a just compensation; and although a thing may occasionally come into our hands which we never could have had, had it not been cheap, yet the uniform desire to depress another’s property for the sake of making it our own, is dishonesty in disposition, whether custom sanctions it or not.”

“What pretty illuminated cards!” exclaimed one woman; “that one, especially, with the motto, ‘Honesty is the Best Policy.’” “Yes,” replied the other, “I brought them from Europe; and wasn’t I fortunate? I got them through with a lot of other things, without paying a cent of duty.”

We need what Carlyle used to call “upright, down-right, straightforward, all-round men.”

A farmer in Maine put up some barrels of apples of superior quality, sound and fine all the way through. In each he placed his name, and the request that the buyer would be so kind as to send him word in regard to the condition in which they were received, and how they were liked. In the course of time a letter came from England, speaking in terms of the highest praise

of those apples, and requesting that the whole crop might be shipped direct to the dealer.

The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West India ports, — that name being regarded as an ample guaranty of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed, — supplies a striking proof that his exactness was everywhere understood.

"But," says a young man, "I have been honest, yet I have not been successful." Of course you have not. Merely negative virtues are absolutely valueless. The office-boy is not promoted because he never stole stamps, but on account of his energy and vigilance, his ability and intelligence.

That "we eat and drink and wear perjury and fraud in a hundred commodities," is strikingly illustrated by the following letters captured by the Massachusetts Board of Health: —

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 25, —.

Dear Sir, — I would like to call your attention to —, for which I am the agent. It is the article which all milkmen in Boston and vicinity use to improve the quality of their milk, and to help them out when milk is scarce. It is perfectly harmless, and the milk inspectors and State Board of Health cannot detect it in the milk. The amount of water you can add to your milk in one day without detection will pay for — enough to use three months. If you have any friends in the business, please tell them of this.

Yours truly,

_____.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 8, —.

Dear Sir, — Yours received. Sent by Adams' Express one bottle —. Give it a good trial. Don't be afraid of the color, taste, or smell, as you will find it to be all right when in the milk. A sample of milk taken from a batch put up with —, and

analyzed, will prove to the inspector to be all right, as the — counteracts the chemicals they have to use in the analysis.

Yours truly,

Directions also accompanied the above letters, in which, after specifying the amount of water, sugar, and salt to be used in addition to the coloring matter, the writer adds, "If you take cream off the milk, add a trifle more. Some don't use sugar only when sticking their milk pretty hard. It gives a good body, however."

Suppose we lived in a world where natural things would lie and deceive us as does man,— a world where the mountains, the sea, the forests, and the rivers were all shams; where the earth, which looks rich and fruitful, would mock us by refusing harvests in return for our seed; where what appears like a beautiful landscape would prove only a deceptive mirage; where gravitation could not be depended upon; where the planets would not keep in their orbits; where the atoms were not true to the law written within them.

Even animals admire truthfulness, and hate deception and all forms of lying. The horse that has been caught in the pasture with a measure of oats may be caught once or twice after this with an empty measure, but he will soon see through the deception; and, after he has once been deceived, he will always be suspicious. We have seen a horse circle around a man, trying to look into the measure in his hand, to see if there were really oats there, before he would let himself be caught again. Dogs are sometimes spoiled by deception, and very soon lose confidence. They love the master who never deceives them.

Two farmers in Virginia exchanged horses, the condition being that, at the end of a week, the one who

thought he had the best bargain should bring the other two bushels of wheat. One week later, they met half-way between the two towns, each with a bag of wheat. Each thought he had the best bargain. If every one inclined to do a dishonest deed should "put himself in the place" of the other man, and "love him as himself," he would not do it. That is a development of Christianity yet to come.

The scandal of Christianity to-day is that so many men who profess to be "leaning upon the Lord" are not square in their dealings.

"The twenty years which I spent at the shovel works were the pleasantest part of my life," once said Governor Ames. "Everywhere that I went on business I was known, and our name was the synonym of honesty.

"There was a time when the price of the Ames' shovels did not vary a cent for twenty years. So, in the days of wild-cat money out West, the Ames' shovels were used as currency. A man could always pay his debts with our shovels.

"Though our goods went to all countries, we never had an agency anywhere. We made them so attractive that all the world wanted them. Instead of our going out and trying to sell goods, the world came and begged for them."

A man who journeyed in a wagon one thousand miles in South Africa said that, among all the Boers, Bushmen, and half-breeds, he never found men so ignorant or *kraals* so small, that they did not appreciate the Ames' shovels. The name, "Oliver Ames & Sons," meant, to them, honest material and faithful work. It is pleasant to know that at the Cape of Good Hope, in Australia, and at the ends of the world, this Massachusetts brand,—the "Old Colony,"—stands all over the

globe for thorough work, tough as ash and true as steel.

“We will give you ten thousand guineas, Mr. Reed,” said one of the commissioners sent by George III., “if you will use your influence to adjust the difficulties between England and the colonies, and to bring this long war to a close.” “I am not worth purchasing,” replied Joseph Reed of New Jersey; “but, such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me.”

When an attempt was made to secure the passage of an ordinance of repudiation in Illinois, Stephen A. Douglas lay ill at a hotel in Springfield. He asked to be carried to the convention; and, while lying upon his mattress, wrote as a substitute for the repudiation bill: “*Resolved*, That Illinois will be honest, although she never pays a cent.” It was adopted, and was the death-blow to repudiation, not only in Illinois, but also in all the other States. The credit and prosperity of the whole nation rose at once.

“I don’t think the devil will ever make a higher bid for me than that,” replied George Jones, when offered five million dollars to simply keep silent on Tammany frauds, and fill his paper, the New York “Times,” with other matter. He had obtained evidence of the gigantic defalcations of the “Tweed Ring,” which, to protect itself, tried to buy his paper; and then, finding that it was not for sale, endeavored to purchase its owner. But the publication of the evidence was not delayed a single day, and under his tremendous attack the corrupt political leaders were driven into exile.

“He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen;
And lived in manhood, as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.”

He died at an advanced age, and fills an honored grave. But what has been the fate of the great "Tweed Ring," which seemed more powerful than the City of New York, or even the State? What good have the millions stolen from the city treasury ever done them? Poverty, disgrace, despair, abject misery, and premature death have proved the certain crop of all their sin and crime, in nearly every instance.

"I won't hear him," exclaimed a man, as he left the hustings where Lincoln was speaking in 1856; "for I don't like a man that makes me believe in him in spite of myself."

"Honest Old Abe" has passed into the language of our time and country as a synonym for all that is just and honest in man.

Lincoln was very poor when he began to practice law. One day a post-office agent called upon the young lawyer, who had recently closed a term of service as postmaster, and asked for the balance due the government. Dr. Henry went with the agent, to loan the money, feeling sure that the young man was too poor to have any. Lincoln excused himself, went to his boarding-house, and soon returned with an old stocking, from which he took seventeen dollars and sixty cents, the exact balance due, in the identical coins that had been paid to him. He never used, even temporarily, money not his own. His fellow-lawyers called him "perversely honest."

"You must tender \$30,000 first," said he to a client who consulted him about a land claim. "But I can't get so much money." "I'll get it," said Lincoln; and, stepping into a bank, he told the cashier that he wanted to take \$30,000 to make a legal tender with, adding, "I will bring it back in an hour or two." The cashier handed him the money without even taking a receipt.

“Mr. Lincoln would not take a case unless he really thought the client ought to win,” said a lawyer of Springfield, Ill.; “and it came to be understood by court, bar, jury, and spectators, when Abraham Lincoln brought a suit, that his client was in the right, and ought to obtain a verdict. I do not say this from political favoritism, for we belonged to opposing parties, but simply because it is the truth.”

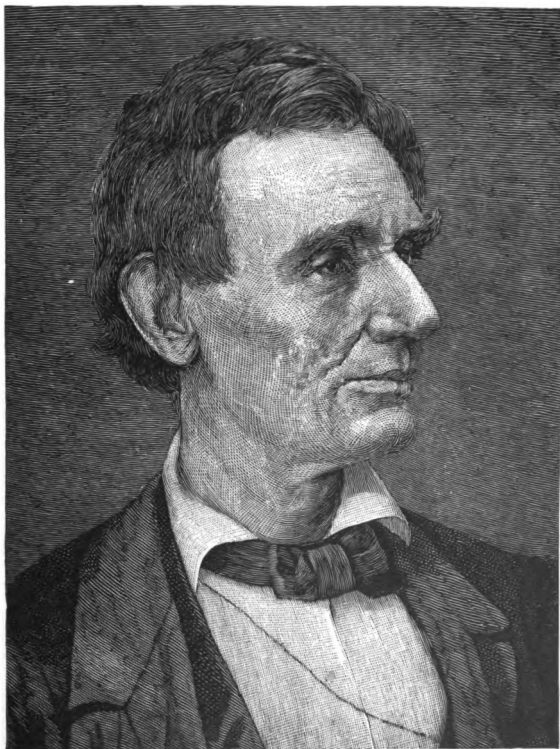
He refused to argue a case when he learned that his client had deceived him by representing that his cause was just. His partner, however, took the case, and won it, receiving a fee of nine hundred dollars, of which Lincoln refused to take his half. He had an ambition to be right, and yearned for wholeness and symmetry of character. When he received a joint fee, he would always divide the very money received, and tie his partner's half in a separate parcel.

When elected to the legislature, he was too poor to ride, and walked over one hundred miles to take his seat.

The honesty that compelled him as a storekeeper to walk six miles after dark, to make right a needy woman's change, rather than wait for a chance to explain the matter later, made “honest Abe” the most conspicuous figure in the pantheon of human integrity.

When his friends telegraphed from the Chicago convention that his nomination could be obtained only by securing the votes of two opposing delegations, and that these votes could be obtained by promising positions in the cabinet to leaders of the delegations, he replied, “I authorize no bargains, and will be bound by none.” He had Burke's “chastity of honor, which feels a stain like a wound.”

What a lesson in honesty is the story of Meyer Anselm, the founder of the fabulous fortune of the Rothschilds,



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

who lived at the close of the eighteenth century, in that little corner of Frankfort known as Jews' Lane, where his fellow-countrymen were so frightfully persecuted. Even after Napoleon battered down the gates of the city that had locked them in at night and on holidays and Sundays, they were still required to retire at a certain hour, under penalty of death; and they were hounded in a manner which seemed designed to drive them to the lowest condition of life, and far from the practice of honest dealings. Anselm, proving an exception to the ordinary Jew, established himself in humble quarters, over which he hung a red shield, giving to his family the name of "Rothschild," the German for "red shield." Here he conducted the business of a money lender.

When Landgrave William of Hesse-Cassel was driven from his estates by Napoleon, he gathered together five millions in silver, and left it with Anselm, not daring to hope for the possibility of getting it back, for he thought the invaders would surely capture it. The Jew, however, was very sharp; and, after hiding it in his garden till the danger from the enemy was over, put it at such interest that, on William's return, Anselm was able to send by his eldest son, to the landgrave's great surprise, a report that the sum loaned, with the usual interest, was at his disposal.

In all the generations of the family, not one member of it has brought a stain on his character, either as regards integrity or purity of life; and it is prophesied to-day that, at the close of the next century, the Rothschilds will be worth five thousand million dollars.

It is a sad day for a young man when he gets the idea that he can obtain a dollar without squarely earning it. It too often marks the beginning of his fall. Whatever you expect to get from your neighbor without offering

an equivalent in money, or time, or skill, is the product of either theft or gaming. Lottery tickets and lottery policies; fairs for the founding of churches, schools, and hospitals, conducted on the raffing system; the investment of money in stock-jobbing operations,—all are forms of gambling. Whether you patronize pools or book-making, or employ faro, billiards, rondo, keno, cards, or bagatelle, the idea is dishonest; for it professes to give you a good for which you render no equivalent.

Tennyson had this Welsh motto in encrusted tiles on the pavement of his entrance-hall: *Y Gwyn Yn Erbyn y byd*; "The truth against the world."

Honest money-getting is a timely topic in our modern world. The principle of all right exchanges is equivalence, the *quid pro quo*, as the common phrase is. In all honest trade, for every good received, an equivalent good is rendered. In every legitimate bargain, both the persons interested are satisfied, and permanently satisfied; each gets what he wants.

Any transaction in which you expect to get something for nothing, or more than a fair equivalent for what you give, is a dishonest and dishonorable transaction, whether it be a raffle, a lottery, or any game of chance; whether the sum be a nickel or a million dollars.

In every transaction by which you receive a benefit for a stipulated amount, and evade payment because overlooked, you fail in honesty, as when a girl retains the nickel which the conductor forgot to take. The service of transportation was rendered; the road is entitled to the pay.

"Let not the law of thy country be the *non ultra* of thy honesty; nor think that always good enough which the law will make good. Join gospel righteousness with legal right."

Every time you utilize funds not your own in your private business, even temporarily, you are perilously near dishonesty, and take a risk you have no moral right to assume.

Permanent success cannot be won in any such way. "The pitcher that goes often to the well will at last be broken."

"Monday, I dabbled in stock operations ;
Tuesday, owned millions, by all calculations ;
Wednesday, my Fifth Avenue palace began ;
Thursday, I drove out a spanking bay span ;
Friday, I gave a magnificent ball ;
And Saturday, 'smashed,' with nothing at all."

There is a deal of going across-lots in the hope of making a short cut to the high road of fortune ; but most men make poor business of these attempts to save time, often becoming beggars or criminals, when they might have made sure although slow progress had they kept to the narrow path.

"Perish what may, gold, silver, houses, lands ; let the winds of misfortune dash our vessel on the sunken rock ; but let integrity be like the valued keepsake the sailor-boy lashed with a rope round his body, the only thing we care to save."

Be honest with yourself. Do not be like Duroc, of whom Napoleon said that he would believe anything provided it were not in the Bible. The man who learns every "little dodge" invariably becomes a man with a soiled mind. The first object of true zeal is that we may do right, not that we may prosper. Character is better than capital. Be honest, not from the mere motive of policy, but because you feel better for it. There is no foolishness in the world so great as to be a hypo-

rite. He is hated by the world for seeming honest; he is displeasing to God for not being so. Perfect integrity is at a premium even among scoundrels.

An honest, industrious boy will always be in demand, by the merchant for a clerk, by the mechanic for an apprentice, by various people to run errands. When older, he will be wanted as a lawyer, doctor, preacher, contractor, teacher, officer, citizen, friend, neighbor, visitor, business associate.

He will succeed, for he believes all he says. — MIRA-BEAU.

“An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.”

To live

On means not yours, be brave in silks and laces,
Gallant in steeds, splendid in banquets, — all
Not *yours*, ungiven, uninherited, unpaid for, —
This is to be a trickster; and to filch
Men’s art and labor, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread, quitting all scores with “Friend,
You’re troublesome!” — why this — forgive me, —
Is what — when done with a less dainty grace —
Plain folks call “*Theft!*” — BULWER.

Truth, I cried out, though the heavens crush me for following her; no falsehood, though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of dishonesty. — CARLYLE.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, — men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And brand his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds, —
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

J. G. HOLLAND.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best. — GEORGE ELIOT.

Persons lightly dipped, not grained in generous honesty, are but pale in goodness, and faint-hued in integrity. Be what thou virtuously art, and let not the ocean wash away thy tincture. — THOMAS BROWNE.

“Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!”

Ah, God! for a man of heart and hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
Forever and forever by;
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I? —
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat, — what care I? —
One who can rule and dare not lie:
And ah, for a man to rise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be. — TENNYSON.

“Be true to truth: the proudest name
That sterling worth may win,
Is soiled and tarnished past reclaim,
Where falsehood enters in.

- “ Be true to right : let justice still
 Her even balance claim ;
 Unawed, unbribed, through good or ill,
 Make rectitude your aim.
- “ Be true to reason : let her light
 Be ever glorified,
 And make through life her beacon bright
 A fixed, enduring guide.
- “ Be true to self-respect : the world
 May judge thy motives wrong,
 And slander’s poisoned shafts be hurled
 Where virtue moves along.
- “ These are the virtues, these the ways,
 That bring their own reward ;
 And to observe them all thy days
 Keep constant watch and guard.
 He who from these his guidance takes
 Gives to the race the hope that makes
 The march of man sublime ;
 And each good deed, each wrong withstood,
 Lives in its influence for the good,
 Throughout all coming time ! ”

This above all, — to thine own self be true ;
 And it shall follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER IV.

HABIT — THE SERVANT, — THE MASTER.

Habit, if wisely and skillfully formed, becomes truly a *second nature*. — BACON.

The tendency to habitual action is universally recognized as an important part of our psychical nature. — W. B. CARPENTER.

Habit, with its iron sinews,
Clasps and leads us day by day. — LAMARTINE.

The chain of habit coils itself around the heart like a serpent, to gnaw and stifle it. — HAZLITT.

A sprout of evil, ere it has struck root,
With thumb and finger one up-pulls;
To start it, when grown up and full of fruit,
Requires a mighty yoke of bulls.

From the Oriental, by W. R. ALGER.

You cannot, in any given case, by any sudden and single effort, will to be true, if the habit of your life has been insincerity. — F. W. ROBERTSON.

That a cause leads to an effect is scarcely more certain than that, so far as morals are concerned, a repetition of an effect tends to the generation of a cause. — POE.

It is a beautiful provision in the mental and moral arrangement of our nature, that that which is performed as a duty may, by frequent repetition, become a habit; and the habit of stern virtue, so repulsive to others, may hang around our neck like a wreath of flowers. — PAXTON HOOD.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store. — JOHN KEBLE.

The whole character may be comprehended in habits, so that it is true that "man is a bundle of habits," as Paley says. — JOHN TODD.

"WHEN shall I begin to train my child?" asked a young mother of a learned physician.

“How old is the child?” inquired the doctor.

“Two years, sir.”

“Then you have lost just two years,” replied he, gravely.

“You must begin with his grandmother,” said Oliver Wendell Holmes, when asked a similar question.

“At the mouth of the Mississippi,” says Beecher, “how impossible would it be to stay its waters, and to separate from each other the drops from the various streams that have poured in on either side, — of the Red River, the Arkansas, the Ohio, and the Missouri, — or to sift, grain by grain, the particles of sand that have been washed from the Alleghany, or the Rocky Mountains; yet how much more impossible would it be when character is the river, and habits are the side-streams.”

“We reap more than we sow. We sow an act, we reap a habit; we sow a habit, we reap a character.”

While correct habits depend largely on self-discipline, and often on self-denial, bad habits, like weeds, spring up, unaided and untrained, to choke the plants of virtue, and, as with Canada thistles allowed to go to seed in a fair meadow, we may have “one day’s seeding, ten years’ weeding.”

We seldom see much change in people after they get to be twenty-five or thirty years of age, except in going further in the way they have started; but it is a great comfort to think that, when one is young, it is almost as easy to acquire a good habit as a bad one, and that it is possible to be hardened in goodness as well as in evil.

Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty will take good care of you.

A writer on the history of Staffordshire tells of an



JOHN B. GOUGH.

idiot who, living near a town clock, and always amusing himself by counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck, continued to strike and count the hour correctly without its aid, when at one time it happened to be injured by an accident.

A blind man had an operation performed by which he eventually obtained his sight. But at first he experienced strange sensations of surprise and fear. When blind, he used to go about town without a guide, in full confidence; but, when his sight began to revive, he saw danger everywhere, until he obtained clearer vision, and became accustomed to it.

“How insensibly we acquire habits,” says Gough, “that soon become an annoyance and vexation! Ask that young lady why her fingers are so marred and unsightly. ‘Oh, I bite my nails.’ ‘Why do you?’ ‘I have the habit.’ ‘Why do you not stop?’ ‘I can’t.’ ‘What a bald spot you have on the top of your head; why is it?’ ‘Oh, when I read, I twist the hair round my fingers, and pull it out.’ ‘Why are you so foolish?’ ‘Habit is so strong that I cannot read with comfort unless I finger my hair.’ . . . So it is of many habits, trifling in themselves, but often sadly annoying to those who acquire them. Dr. Johnson had acquired the habit of touching every post he passed in the street; and, if he missed one, he was uneasy, irritable, and nervous till he went back and touched the neglected post.”

“Even the use of our limbs — walking, standing, dancing, riding, speaking, singing, swimming, the ready use of the right or left hand, and a thousand other actions and movements, depend on practice; and this is the foundation of all the corporeal talents which excite the astonishment of mankind. Some one makes mention of a woman who could thread a needle, tie firm knots, and

write, with her tongue. Rope-dancers perform equally extraordinary feats. Hippocrates says that "an infirm old man can perform hard labor to which he is accustomed with greater ease than a young man who is ever so strong, but unaccustomed to it."

"Even thought is but a habit."

Heredity is a man's habit transmitted to his offspring.

A special study of hereditary drunkenness has been made by Professor Pellman of Bonn University, Germany. His method was to take certain individual cases, a generation or two back. He thus traced the careers of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren in all parts of the present German Empire, until he was able to present tabulated biographies of the hundreds descended from some original drunkard. Notable among the persons described by Professor Pellman is Frau Ada Jurke, who was born in 1740, and was a drunkard, a thief, and a tramp for the last forty years of her life, which ended in 1800. Her descendants numbered 834, of whom 709 were traced in local records from youth to death. One hundred and six of the 709 were born out of wedlock. There were 144 beggars, and 62 more who lived from charity. Of the women, 181 led disreputable lives. There were in the family 76 convicts, 7 of whom were sentenced for murder. In a period of some seventy-five years, this one family rolled up a bill of costs in almshouses, prisons, and correctional institutions amounting to at least 5,000,000 marks, or about \$1,250,000.

Isaac Watts had a habit of rhyming. His father grew weary of it, and set out to punish him, which made the boy cry out: —

"Pray, father, on me mercy take,
And I will no more verses make."

A minister had a bad habit of exaggeration, which seriously impaired his usefulness. His brethren came to expostulate. With extreme humiliation over his fault as they set it forth, he said, "Brethren, I have long mourned over this fault, and I have shed *barrels of tears* because of it." They gave him up as incorrigible.

Men carelessly or playfully get into habits of speech or act which become so natural that they speak or act as they do not intend, to their discomfiture. Professor Phelps told of some Andover students, who, for sport, interchanged the initial consonants of adjacent words. "But," said he, "retribution overtook them. On a certain morning, when one of them was leading the devotions, he prayed the Lord to 'have mercy on us, feak and weeble sinners.'" The habit had come to possess him.

Many speakers have undesirable habits of utterance or gesture. Some are continually applying the hand to some part of the face, the chin, the whiskers; some give the nose a peck with thumb and forefinger; others have the habit characterized as, —

"Washing the hands with invisible soap
In a bowl of invisible water."

A great preacher heard a young clergyman of promise, and spoke pleasant words of his discourse; but added, "Pity 'tis that he has that habit of shrugging his shoulders; somebody should tell him." He was unaware that that mannerism had been insensibly copied from himself.

"We are continually denying that we have habits which we have been practicing all our lives," says Beecher. "Here is a man who has lived forty or fifty years; and a chance shot sentence or word lances him,

and reveals to him a trait which he has always possessed, but which, until now, he had not the remotest idea that he possessed. For forty or fifty years he has been fooling himself about a matter as plain as the nose on his face."

Nine out of ten of the sayings about habit are about bad habits, "chains," "fetters," "maelstroms," and the like—a fact, alas! due to our perverting badness. But habit in its divine intention is altogether beneficent. Bad habits were never meant to be. Habit was designed as a Gulf Stream of good to all under its law.

Had the angels been consulted, whether to create man, with this principle introduced, that, *if a man did a thing once, it would be easier the second time, and at length would be done without effort*, they would have said, "Create!"

Remember that habit is an arrangement, a principle of human nature, which we must use to increase the efficiency and ease of our work in life. Just as a sea-captain steers his vessel into the Gulf Stream, which he knows will melt the icicles from his rigging, and push his vessel toward a harbor, so regard habit as a Gulf Stream, which, if we get into it, will make our course glad, and send us toward our goal.

Habit is like a seamstress "setting the stitch" on her sewing-machine, or a machinist "fixing the gauge,"—after this setting, the machine does the rest. Habit sets the stitch or fixes the gauge, and the man does the right or the wrong thing automatically.

"I trust everything under God to habit," says Lord Brougham, "upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver as well as the schoolmaster has mainly placed his reliance,—habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from our wonted course.

“Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful ; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the course of nature in the child, or in the adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of us.”

Carlyle says: “Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength, if also, in certain circumstances, our miserablest weakness. Let me go once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook, and successfully arriving, my footsteps are an invitation to me a second time to go by the same way — it is easier than any other way. Habit is our primal fundamental law, — habit and imitation, there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all working, and all apprenticeship, of all practice and learning in the world.”

“Where the habits,” says Dr. Carpenter, “have been judiciously formed in the first instance, the tendency is an extremely useful one, prompting us to do that spontaneously which might otherwise require a powerful effort of the will. The author can speak from long and varied experience of the immense saving of exertion which arises from the formation of *methodical habits* of mental labor.”

It is said that Alexander Stephens of Georgia contracted consumption when a child. His friends did not believe he would live to manhood ; yet, by correct habits, he not only lived the allotted time of the Psalmist, but did an amount of work that would have been impossible to a much stronger man, without his method of life.

What a great thing it is to “start right” in life ! Every young man can see that the first steps lead to the last, with all except his own. No, his little prevarica-

tions and dodgings will not make him a liar, but he can see that it surely will be so in John Smith's case.

Out of hundreds of replies from successful men as to the probable cause of failure, "bad habits" was in almost every one.

How easy it is to be nobody; it is the simplest thing in the world to drift down the stream, into bad company, into the saloon; just a little beer, just a little gambling, just a little bad company, just a little killing of time, and the work is done.

New Orleans is from five to fifteen feet below high water in the Mississippi River. The only protection to the city from the river is the levee. In May, 1883, a small break was observed in the levee, and the water was running through. A few bags of sand or loads of dirt would have stopped the water at first; but it was neglected for a few hours, and the current became so strong that all efforts to stop it were fruitless. A reward of five hundred thousand dollars was offered to any man who would stop it; but it was too late — it could not be done.

Beware of "small sins" and "white lies."

Youth is the important switch-tending, or turn-table period. Gough tells us he heard Dr. Guthrie preach on "gathering figs of thistles." He used the broad Scotch dialect, "fegs of thustles." But it was a powerful sermon: "For months afterwards, when I was pondering my acts, it would sound, 'Fegs of thustles, John!'"

Fifty young men, clerks in stores, in a large city, formed a convivial club, with the wine-glass as the companion of their social hour. One night, one of the young men decided that that was the downward way to ruin. But the next evening he found his steps turned toward the club. As he came to the corner of the street, he

thought of his resolution. He hesitated a moment, then said to himself, "Right about, face!" He turned, and was never seen there again. He became one of the most wealthy, respected, and useful men of his generation; while forty of that club became intemperate.

A man of experience says: "There are four good habits, — punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and dispatch. Without the first, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest, and those of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall."

"Acquire the habit," says John Todd, "of doing everything well. Johnson used to write and send copy to the press, without even looking it over. This was the effect of habit. He began by composing slowly, but with great accuracy. A young man wishes to do a thing quickly. In the conversation of students, you seldom hear one tell how well he did this or that, but how quickly. This is a pernicious habit. Anything worth doing is worth doing well; a mind well disciplined in other respects is defective if it have not this habit."

Abraham Lincoln gained his clear precision of statement of propositions by practice, and Wendell Phillips, his wonderful English diction by always thinking and conversing in excellent style.

"It is a very agreeable thing to meet a person who says, with hearty self-satisfaction, 'It is my habit to be punctual.' You feel at once that you know the man; he is punctual to a proverb, and having no vexatious worry as to being late, his digestion is good, his heart cheery, his mind free to take in an idea, and he is always an agreeable and genial companion. So is the man who

says, — "'Tis my habit never to owe a bill.' Happy man! his pillow is always of down."

"Family customs exercise a vast influence over the world. Children go forth from the parent-nest, spreading the habits they have imbibed over every phase of society. These can easily be traced to their sources."

"Some families, inheriting noble and ancient names, have also bequeathed to them certain habits. 'This is the habit of our house,' they say, with courteous pride; and it often happens that the habit is one befitting their rank and noble blood."

"To be sure, this is only a trifle in itself; but, then, the manner in which I do every trifling thing is of very great consequence, because it is just in these little things that I am forming my business habits. I must see to it that I do not fail here, even if this is only a small task."

"A physical habit is like a tree grown crooked. You cannot go to the orchard, and take hold of a tree grown thus, and straighten it, and say, 'Now keep straight!' and have it obey you. What can you do? You can drive down a stake, and bind the tree to it, bending it back a little, and scarifying the bark on one side. And if, after that, you bend it back a little more every month, keeping it taut through the season, and from season to season, at length you will succeed in making it permanently straight. You can straighten it, but you cannot do it immediately; you must take one or two years for it."

A wicked man once related a dream which teaches a lesson on the terrible power of habit. He was altogether given to the gratification of his lower nature. He slept; and in his dream he thought he was in hell. It was a high, magnificent room, with gold, lights, and

music; and he thought, "Then what they have told us about hell is not true; it is not a place of misery, after all." He saw numbers of people whom he had known, — drunkards sitting over their wine; gamblers playing cards or dice, the little heaps of gold rising or falling at their sides; men whom he remembered to have led lives of sinful pleasure still engaged in their amusements and their tales and jestings. At length he stepped up to one of his friends, asking him to leave off his game for a few minutes, and talk to him. "No," said he, with a look of anguish; "what we *would* do on earth, we *must* do here. We rest not day nor night. That which was our pleasure in the world is here our exceeding and eternal torment. We have no power to stop; we must go on; and so it will be for ever and ever." The dreamer awoke to become a different man.

We can learn to live nobly only by acting nobly on every occasion. If you shirk the first trial of your manhood, you will come so much weaker to the second; and if the next occasion and the next find you unprepared, you will unquestionably sink into baseness. A swimmer becomes strong to stem the tide only by frequently breasting the high waves. If you practice always in shallow waters, your heart may fail you in the hour of high flood.

Sir George Staunton visited a man in India who had committed murder; and in order not only to save his life, but what was of much greater consequence to him, his caste, he had submitted to a terrible penalty, — to sleep for seven years on a bed, the entire top of which was studded with iron points, as sharp as they could be without penetrating the flesh. Sir George saw him during the fifth year of his sentence. His skin then was like the hide of a rhinoceros; and he could sleep com-

fortably on his bed of thorns, and he said that at the end of the seven years he thought he should use the same bed from choice. What a vivid parable of a sinful life! Sin, at first a bed of thorns, after a time becomes comfortable through the deadening of moral sensibility.

When the suspension bridge over Niagara River was to be erected, the question was, how to get the cable over. With a favoring wind a kite was elevated, which alighted on the opposite shore. To its insignificant string a cord was attached, which was drawn over, then a rope, then a larger one, then a cable; finally the great bridge was completed, connecting the United States with Canada.

First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last.

“Launch your bark on the Niagara River,” said John B. Gough; “it is bright, smooth, and beautiful. Down the stream you glide on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, ‘Young men, ahoy!’ ‘What is it?’

“‘The rapids are below you.’ ‘Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore. Then on, boys, don’t be alarmed — there is no danger.’

“‘Young men, ahoy there!’ ‘What is it?’ ‘The rapids are below you!’ ‘Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may, will catch pleasure as it flies. There’s time enough to steer out of danger.’

“‘Young men, ahoy!’ ‘What is it?’ ‘Beware! Beware! The rapids are below you!’

“Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick, quick! Pull for your lives! Pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon the brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail!—ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over you go.

“Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, ‘When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!’”

A community is often surprised and shocked at some crime. The man was seen on the street yesterday, or in his store, but he showed no indication that he would commit such a crime to-day. Yet the crime committed to-day is but a regular and natural sequence of what the man did yesterday and the day before. He is on the same road, only he has arrived at another station. It was but a result of the fearful momentum of all his past habits.

There is a plant in Jamaica called the life-plant, because it is almost impossible to kill it or any portion of it. When a leaf is cut off and hung up by a string, it sends out white thread-like shoots, gathers moisture from the air, and begins to grow new leaves. Even when pressed and packed away in a botanist's herbarium, it has been known to grow out beyond the leaves of the book in which it is pressed. You can kill it by the heat of a hot iron, by boiling water, or by mashing it to pulp, but by no gentler means.

A painter once wanted a picture of innocence, and drew from life the likeness of a child at prayer. The little suppliant was kneeling by his mother. The palms

of his hands were reverently pressed together, and his mild blue eye was upturned with the expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was much prized by the painter, who hung it up on his wall, and called it "Innocence." Years passed away, and the artist became an old man. Still the picture hung there. He had often thought of painting a counterpart,—the picture of guilt,—but had not found the opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighboring jail. On the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit, named Randall; heavily ironed. Wasted was his body, and hollow his eyes; vice was visible in his face. The painter succeeded admirably; and the portraits were hung side by side for "Innocence" and "Guilt." The two originals of the pictures were discovered to be one and the same person,—first, in the innocence of childhood; second, in the degradation of guilt and sin and evil habits.

Will-power can be so educated that it will focus the thought upon the bright side of things, upon objects which lift and elevate. Habits of contentment and goodness may be formed the same as any others.

Many years ago Dr. Andrew Peabody preached a baccalaureate sermon at Harvard College on "The Will."

He said that we often excuse ourselves for our wrong deeds and words on the ground that temptation comes to us suddenly; and that we act involuntarily, before we have time to rally our forces. He admitted this as a valid excuse for those particular acts and words; but said that the true responsibility lies farther back,—that temptations are continually coming to us when we do have time to think; that, if we yield to these, we not only do wrong at once, but that we weaken the moral fiber so that we do wrong in other instances when we

have no time to think; and that, if we resist temptation when we can resist, we are forming a habit of feeling and action which will by and by help us to do right unhesitatingly and spontaneously.

Walking upon the quarter-deck of a vessel, though at first intolerably confining, becomes by custom so agreeable to a sailor that on shore he often hems himself within the same bounds. Lord Kames tells of a man who, having relinquished the sea for a country life, reared an artificial mount, with a level summit, resembling a quarter-deck, not only in shape, but in size, where he generally walked. When Franklin was superintending the erection of some forts on the frontier, as a defense against the Indians, he slept at night in a blanket on a hard floor; and, on his first return to civilized life, he could hardly sleep in a bed. Captain Ross and his crew, having been accustomed, during their polar wanderings, to lie on the frozen snow or a bare rock, afterwards found the accommodations of a whaler too luxurious for them, and the captain exchanged his hammock for a chair.

“I have picked up boys,” says Montaigne, “from begging, to serve me, — who soon after have quit both my kitchen and livery only that they might return to their former course of life; and I found one afterwards picking up mussels for his dinner.”

“What do you do with all those books?” “Oh, that library is my ‘one cigar a day.’” “What do you mean?” “Mean! just this: when you bothered me so about being a man, and learning to smoke, I’d just been reading about a young fellow who bought books with money that others would have spent in smoke, and I thought I’d do the same. You remember I said I should allow myself one cigar a day.” “Yes.” “Well, I never smoked. I put by the price of a five-cent cigar every day; and as

the money accumulated I bought books, — the books you see there.” “Do you mean that those books cost no more than that? Why, there are many dollars’ worth of them.” “Yes, I know there are. I had six years more of my apprenticeship to serve when you persuaded me to be a man. I put by the money of which I have told you. Five cents a day amounted, of course, to \$18.25 a year, or \$109.50 in six years. I keep those books by themselves, as a result of my apprenticeship cigar-money; and, if you’d done as I did, you would by this time have saved many, many more dollars than that, and been in business besides.”

Two sailors, who had been drinking, took a boat to pull off to their ship. They rowed away, but made no progress; and presently each began to accuse the other of not working hard enough. Lustily they plied the oars, but after another hour’s work still found themselves no farther advanced. By this time they had become tolerably sober; and one of them, looking over the side, said to the other, “Why, Tom, we haven’t pulled the anchor up yet.” And thus it is with those who are anchored to something of which they are not conscious, perhaps, but which impedes their efforts, even though they do their very best.

Humboldt found in South America a parrot which was the only living creature that could speak a word of the language of a lost tribe. The bird retained the habit of speech after his teachers had died.

“A youth thoughtless, when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour!” exclaims Ruskin. “A youth thoughtless, when his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years, rather than now, —

though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless, — his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.”

A country minister, specially interested in the spiritual welfare of young men, was calling at the London office of a friend, when the following letter was handed to him: —

LONDON, ———, 18 —.

MR. ———,

Dear Sir: — Though it is ten years since I left —, I recognized you instantly when you passed me on Ludgate Hill this morning, and was glad to see you looking so well. Your face brought back happy reflections, followed closely by agonizing remorse at the maddening recollection of the neglected principles which you endeavored to inculcate; and I am, as a result, a mere wreck, a waif on the restless waves that sway in this great city. “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” That text rings in my ears; and what would I not do to recall the past! That a coffee-house is my study is my only excuse for this crawl. Despite my attempts to smother it, my conscience will be heard. I willfully silenced her, and now I can trace the retributive hand of Providence in the results of every false step. I shall seek to bury my sorrows in the Thames. I hope you will refrain from making inquiries as to my name, for such an attempt will be fruitless.

Yours,

This letter so deeply touched the heart of the minister, that, useless though it seemed, he caused the following notice to be inserted in the “agony column” of the “Times,” the next day: —

“A young man who, on the 23d inst., addressed a note to R. E. M., is earnestly requested to send his name and address to R. E. M., 356 Post-office, who will be rejoiced to relieve him.”

This venture brought a reply, in substance as follows: —

LONDON, ———, 18 —.

MR. ———,

Dear Sir: — You are, I think, the only person to whom I could unbosom myself; and I see that time has not changed your ever

kind, generous desire to succor the needy. Accept my heartfelt thanks for the interest you have taken in me. I deeply regret your trouble and expense in my behalf, as it is utterly impossible for me to avail myself of your help, or disclose my private history. The instincts of my better self are such that I cannot persuade myself that there is no hereafter, else how gladly would I seek annihilation, and release from my life of misery, vice, and disease.

I remain, dear sir,
Yours gratefully,

Each voluntary right act beats its path a little smoother in the nerve and brain tissue, suitable only for another act like itself, and makes it more difficult for a bad deed to get the right of way; so that every time we decide against the wrong, we are widening and deepening, in our own physical organism, the path for the right, and making it all the more difficult for the wrong to find its way. Of course the converse of this proposition is true. When the constantly repeated acts of a vicious life have worn a hard beaten track to the citadel of the soul, through the nerve and brain tissues, it is almost impossible for virtuous acts to find a path again.

This same law holds good in repetitions of acts of all kinds, whether moral or immoral. The habit of rising at a certain hour in the morning, of meeting engagements promptly, of being always courteous, of being methodical and systematic, of stating everything exactly, of being scrupulously honest, of being never idle, would be a blessing in after life which could hardly be overestimated. These habits would wear their beaten tracks in the soft nerve and brain tissue, and would become so thoroughly entrenched in the constitution of the brain and mind, as to require long-continued and painful effort to break them up and substitute their opposites. *Character-building is right habit-making; and to neglect*

an oft-repeated and long-continued habit, or substitute the opposite, would become much more painful and difficult than to repeat the habitual act.

Sir James Paget tells us that a practiced musician can play on the piano at the rate of twenty-four notes in a second. For each note a nerve current must be transmitted from the brain to the fingers, and from the fingers to the brain. Each note requires three movements of a finger, the bending down and raising up, and at least one lateral, making no less than seventy-two motions in a second, each requiring a distinct effort of the will, and directed unerringly with a certain speed, and a certain force, to a certain place.

Some can do this easily, and be at the same time busily employed in intelligent conversation. Thus, by obeying the law of habit until repetition has formed a second nature, we are able to pass the technique of life almost wholly over to the nerve centers, leaving our minds free to act or enjoy.

All through our lives the brain is constantly educating different parts of the body to form habits which will work automatically from reflex action, and thus is delegated to the nervous system a large part of life's duties. This is nature's wonderful economy to release the brain from the drudgery of individual acts, and leave it free to command all its forces for higher service.

Man's life-work is a masterpiece or a botch, according as each little habit has been perfectly or carelessly formed.

It is said that, if you invite one of the devil's children to your home, the whole family will follow. So one bad habit seems to have a relationship with all the others. For instance, the one habit of negligence, slovenliness, makes it easier to form others equally bad, until the

entire character is honeycombed by the invasion of a family of bad habits.

A man is often shocked when he suddenly discovers that he is considered a liar. He never dreamed of forming such a habit; but the little misrepresentations to gain some temporary end, had, before he was aware of it, made a beaten track in the nerve and brain tissue, until lying has become almost a physical necessity. He thinks he can easily overcome this habit, but he will not. He is bound to his habit with cords of steel; and only by painful, watchful, and careful repetition of the exact truth, with a special effort of the will-power at each act, can he form a counter trunk-line in the nerve and brain tissue. Society is often shocked by the criminal act of a man who has always been considered upright and true. But, if they could examine the habit-map in his nervous mechanism and brain, they would find the beginnings of a path leading directly to his deed, in the tiny repetitions of what he regarded as trivial acts. All expert and technical education is built upon the theory that these trunk-lines of habit become more and more sensitive to their accustomed stimuli, and respond more and more readily.

We are apt to overlook the physical basis of habit. Every repetition of an act makes us more likely to perform that act, and discovers in our wonderful mechanism a tendency to perpetual repetition, whose facility increases in exact proportion to the repetition. Finally the original act becomes voluntary from a natural reaction.

Drummond says: "I knew of a man who was a temperance lecturer. In his early years he had been a great drunkard; but he had reformed, and had got considerable notoriety as a platform speaker in one of our large

cities. By trade he was a glass-cutter. One day, many years after he had become a confirmed Christian, as every one thought, a servant brought into his place of business a decanter with a broken neck, and asked him to cut it smooth. He took up the bottle to see what was wrong. The fumes of brandy came out of the neck, and went into his brain. He turned the decanter upside down, and got a drop of the liquid on his finger. He put it to his lips. It set his blood on fire. He went to the nearest public-house and got drunk. That was the beginning of a very bitter and disgraceful end."

It is cruel to teach the vicious that they can, by mere force of will-power, turn "about face," and go in the other direction, without explaining to them the scientific process of character-building, through habit-formation. What we do to-day is practically what we did yesterday; and, in spite of resolutions, unless carried out in this scientific way, we shall repeat to-morrow what we have done to-day. How unfortunate that the science of habit-forming is not known by mothers, and taught in our schools, colleges, and universities. It is a science, compared with which other departments of education sink into insignificance. All our best evangelists and ministers teach that conversion is the switch-off, or the turntable; nothing is more important to a man than this new direction Godward and heavenward. "*It is the first step that costs.*" But the road is then to be laid and traversed, foot by foot, and mile by mile. Not only "be converted," but "make straight paths for your feet." Only, to the watchful soul, the same grace that started the new life will keep it going, — that is our comfort; but the soul must be watchful and resolute, and take up the "cross daily."

The converted man is not always told that the great

battle is yet before him; that he must persistently, painfully, prayerfully, and with all the will-power he possesses, break up the old habits, and lay counter lines which will lead to the temple of virtue. He is not told that, in spite of all his efforts, in some unguarded moment, some old switch may be left open, some old desire may flash along the line, and that, possibly before he is aware of it, he may find himself yielding to the old temptation which he had supposed to be conquered forever.

Mahomet says, "A mountain may change its base, but not a man his disposition." An old soldier was walking home with a beefsteak in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other, when some one yelled, "Halt! Attention!" Instantly the veteran came to a stand; and, as his arms took the position of "attention," eggs and meat went tumbling into the street, the accustomed nerves responding involuntarily to the old stimulus.

Paul evidently understood the force of habit. "I find, then," he declares, "the law, that to me who would do good, evil is present. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see a different law in my members, warring against the law in my mind, and bringing me into captivity, under the law of sin, which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" He referred to the ancient custom of binding a murderer face to face with the dead body of his victim, until suffocated by its stench and dissolution.

A man's entire life is spent writing his own biography. Beyond his control is the phonograph of the soul, which registers faithfully every thought, however feeble, every act, however small, every sensation, however slight, every impulse, every motive, every aspiration, every

ambition, every effort, every stimulus, on the cerebral tissue.

Usually that which a man calls fate is a web of his own weaving, from threads of his own spinning.

“I would give a world, if I had it,” said an unfortunate wretch, “to be a true man; yet in twenty-four hours I may be overcome and disgraced with a shilling’s worth of sin.”

“How shall I a habit break?”

As you did that habit make.

As you gathered, you must lose;

As you yielded, now refuse.

Thread by thread the strands we twist,

Till they bind us, neck and wrist;

Thread by thread the patient hand

Must untwine, ere free we stand;

As we builded, stone by stone,

We must toil unhelped, alone,

Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,

Lighter every test goes by;

Wading in, the stream grows deep,

Towards the center’s downward sweep;

Backward turn, each step ashore

Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste

Leveling what we raised in haste;

Doing what must be undone

Ere content or love be won!

JOHN BOYLE O’REILLY.

“And some are sowing the seed of pain,
Of dire remorse and a maddened brain;

100 *HABIT — THE SERVANT, — THE MASTER.*

And the stars shall fall and the sun shall wane
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again;
Dark will the harvest be.

Some are sowing the seed of word and deed,
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed, —
Of the gentle word, and the kindly deed
That hath blessed the earth in its sorest need ;
Sweet will the harvest be.”

CHAPTER V.

TRIFLES.

On a single winged word hath hung the destiny of nations. —
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

What mighty contests rise from trivial things. — POPE.

The creating of a thousand forests is in one acorn. — EMERSON.

“ These trifles! Can it be they make or mar
A human life?

Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are

By love or strife?

Yea, yea! A look the fainting heart may break,

Or make it whole;

And just one word, if said for love's sweet sake,

May save a soul! ”

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;

Break but one

Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar

Through all will run. — WHITTIER.

“ A little bit of patience often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home;
A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way.”

Only a thought, but the work it wrought

Could never by tongue or pen be taught;

For it ran through a life like a thread of gold,

And the life bore fruit a hundred fold.

JESSIE GORDON.

TALMAGE says that once, when delivering an important utterance, a fly got into his throat; he saw that it was either swallow the fly, or spoil his period; he swallowed the fly, and went on, upon which he moralizes that man should swallow disagreeable things, and go on with his work.

“ A pebble out of the brook may, on rare occasions, serve to kill a giant; but that is not a very cogent rea-

son for our being terrified at every young rebel that can hurl a stone. And if a fly has once in history been a regicide, we need not be in continual mortal terror lest every buzzing insect should bring us to our last gasp."

The San Francisco "Post" says that a bookkeeper in a wholesale house in that city passed sleepless nights for three weeks in fruitless efforts to make his books balance. There was an apparent shortage of nine hundred dollars that could not be accounted for. He added up columns and struck balances until he was almost insane.

He finally worked himself into the frame of mind that usually lands a man in Canada, the insane asylum, or a suicide's grave, when the manager of the house invited his confidence. Then they went over the books together, but the nine hundred dollars shortage was still there.

The head of the house was called in, and the work of overhauling accounts commenced again. The two had not gone far before they came to an entry of nineteen hundred dollars.

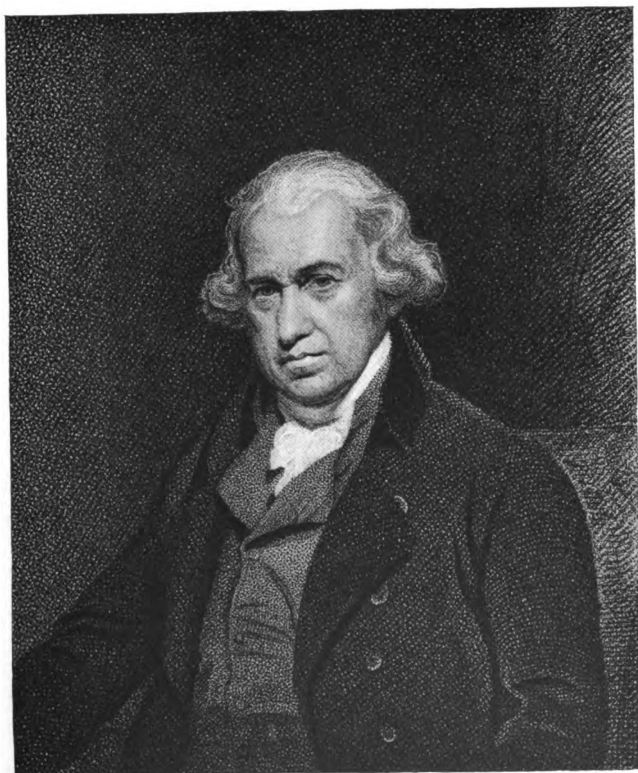
"Why, that should be one thousand dollars!" declared the employer. "How did it happen to be entered nineteen hundred dollars?"

A careful examination showed that a fly had been crushed between the pages of the cash-book, and one of its legs made a tail of the first cipher of the one-thousand-dollar entry, converting it into a nine.

It is said that, when the first clock to keep accurate time was made, it was carried by its maker, Henry Vick, to Charles V. of France. The king looked at it, and said:—

"Yes, it works well; but you have got the figures on the dial wrong."

"I think not, Your Majesty," said Vick.



JAMES WATT.

"Yes; that four should be four ones."

"Surely not, Your Majesty," protested the clock-maker.

"Yes, it should be four ones," persisted the king.

"You are wrong, Your Majesty."

"I am never wrong!" answered the king, in anger.

"Take it away, and correct the mistake."

The clockmaker did as he was commanded; and so we have IIII. instead of IV. on the dials of our clocks.

At the end of the fourth year of the Plymouth Colony, there were only one hundred and eighty persons in New England. The managers had expected profitable returns, and were disappointed. They had expended thirty-four thousand dollars; there was neither profit, nor the hope of any. In November, 1627, eight of the leading men of Plymouth purchased from the Londoners their entire interest for the sum of nine thousand dollars. Yet the leaven of Plymouth Colony ideas and enterprise has leavened the whole United States.

To that little boy, James Watt, sitting on a bench in the chimney-corner, waiting for his supper, the world is indebted for the discovery of the power there is in steam. What a mighty power it is! What would become of the railroads, the steamships, and the ten thousand industries of the world, of which steam is now the propelling power, should it cease to "turn the wheel," or fire and water should fail to generate steam? Every wheel, every shaft, every spindle now driven by steam, would come to a standstill; the hum of the manufactories of the world would be hushed into silence; millions of people would be thrown out of employment, millions would be driven to the wall, to starvation, to death.

One of the hardest things to learn is that the greatest lives are made up of trifles. Emergencies, great things,

occur rarely in our lives. It is the steady stream of little things, trifles, unimportant events, experiences so small as to scarcely leave a trace behind, which make up the sum total of life.

The great Helmholtz attributed his career to typhoid fever, which confined him to the house. With a little money he bought a microscope, which led him into the field of science, where he became so famous.

“The massive gates of circumstance
 Are turned upon the smallest hinge ;
 And thus some seeming pettiest chance
 Oft gives our life its after tinge.
 The trifles of our daily lives,
 The common things scarce worth recall,
 Whereof no visible trace survives, —
 These are the mainsprings, after all.”

Bentham says, “The turn of a sentence has decided many a friendship, and, for aught we know, the fate of many a kingdom.”

A fair face and a winsome smile led to the ten-year siege of Troy, and inspired Homer to write one of the great epics of the world.

The Bucket of Modena is a striking illustration of the Wise King's saying about the “beginning of strife.” In 1005 some soldiers of the commonwealth of Modena ran away with this bucket from a public well belonging to the state of Bologna. The thing might be worth a shilling ; but it produced a quarrel, and a war which lasted for a score of years.

“The Crimean war, with its appalling loss of life and treasure, in which were engaged the four great powers, England, France, Turkey, and Russia, grew out of the

refusal to give up a key. A shrine in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem was claimed by the Greek Church, which locked it up, and declined to surrender the key. This refusal made the Latin Church angry. The controversy became so warm that Russia stepped in as the patron of the Greek Church, and France of the Latin Church, and the complications increased. Russia demanded of Turkey that some repairs be made to the church. Turkey refused the demand. As England had been in the habit of helping the Turks, she took sides with them, and drifted into an alliance with France against Russia. From that trifling and contemptible beginning came the charge of the 'Six Hundred,' the costly assault of the Malakoff, the destruction of thousands of brave men who died in the trenches before Sebastopol, and the slaughter of many desperate battles."

"The history of France was changed, and a powerful dynasty overthrown, because of a glass of wine. The Duke of Orleans, son of King Louis Philippe, while breakfasting with friends, was tempted to drink a glass too much. On parting from his companions he took a carriage, the horses became frightened, he leaped to the ground, and, being slightly unbalanced, lost his footing. His head was dashed against the pavement; and he was carried away bruised and unconscious, soon to die. But for that extra glass of wine, he would probably have kept his seat, or, when springing to the ground, would have alighted on his feet. That glass of wine brought about the death of the heir-apparent to the throne, the exile of his family, and the confiscation of their immense wealth."

"A cricket once saved an important military expedition from destruction. The commanding officer, Cabeza

De Vaca, and several hundred of his men, were on a great ship going to South America. Nearing the shore, they would, through the carelessness of the watch, have been dashed against a ledge of rock had it not been for a cricket which a soldier had brought on board. The little insect had been silent during the whole voyage; but, scenting the land, it struck up its shrillest note, and thus the crew was warned of its danger, and was saved."

"About half a century ago a traveler stopped to rest in a little country tavern in the North of England. While he remained there, the carrier came with a letter for the landlady, who took it, examined it for a moment, and then gave it back, saying that she could not afford to pay the postage on it, which amounted to two shillings. Upon this the traveler insisted upon paying the postage for her. When the carrier had gone, she confessed that there was nothing in the letter, but that she and her brother, who lived at a distance, had agreed upon certain marks on the outside, by which each could ascertain whether the other was well. The traveler was Rowland Hill, a member of Parliament, who was at once struck with the people's need of a low rate of postage. Within a few weeks, he introduced a plan into the House of Commons to secure this result. From that little circumstance grew the system of cheap postage."

General Grant relates that his mother sent him to a neighbor's to borrow some butter. There he heard read a letter as to a possible vacancy at West Point. He applied, and the way opened for him to obtain the military education which made him so useful in the crisis of his country. He declared that it was because his mother happened to be out of butter that he became general and president.

The upsetting of a gig was the occasion of Washing-

ton's being born in the United States; an error of a miner in sinking a well led to the discovery of Herculaneum; and a blunder in nautical adventures resulted in the discovery of the Island of Madeira.

The New York Fire Department has had its engines present and throwing a stream upon a fire four blocks away in two minutes after an alarm. Strict attention to trifles gives this efficiency. Every one knows how the horses are drilled to come to their places instantly when an alarm is given. But here is a new item as to the dormitory above the engine-room. "Near every bed is a pair of trousers with the ends of the legs tucked into a pair of boots, and very precisely arranged; and each pair of trousers and boots is placed relatively in exactly the same spot at the foot of each bed. This careful arrangement saves to the fireman a small fraction of a second of time, in traveling from the head to the foot of the bed, which he must pass on his way to the hole in the floor where he slides down a pole to the engine-room below.

"Stairs are altogether too slow when it is a matter of getting to a fire in the shortest possible time. The fireman jumps at the hole in the floor, throws his arms and legs around the pole, and slides with lightning rapidity to the floor below in one-tenth of the time it would take him to descend the stairs."

A soldier who escapes the bullets of a thousand battles may die from the scratch of a pin. A ship which weathers a thousand storms may founder from the leaks made by worms.

In Chicago, a boy paring an apple scratched his palm with the point of a knife-blade, and died of lockjaw in ten days; in Philadelphia, a man jumped out of bed, stepped on a tack, which entered the sole of his foot,

and died in a week; in the same city another man's death was occasioned by the extraction of a tooth; in Boston a man wore an ill-fitting shoe, abraded the skin on the side of his foot, fell a victim to tetanus, and died in a fortnight. In London, a huckster was disputing with a housekeeper about his pay, when he brought his palm down on the table with great force. A marble lying on the table made a bruise in his hand which, though slight, resulted in tetanus and death. Pitch-forks, rusty nails, accidentally penetrating the flesh, the bites of dogs or cats, and even the stings of wasps, bees, and mosquitoes, have caused many deaths.

One of the most fatal of all diseases, blood-poisoning, seems totally out of proportion to the apparent cause that may produce it. A man cut his finger with the sharp edge of a sheet of paper he was folding; from that little wound blood-poisoning set in, causing death. A person addicted to the habit of biting the finger-nails bit into the quick, and died in two weeks.

A gentleman in New York had a mote in his eye. He neglected it so long that, when he at length went to an oculist, it was beyond his power to save the eye. The whole side of his face swelled, erysipelas set in, and in a week he died. A man in England, approaching middle age, had a few gray hairs above his forehead which displeased his youthful *fiancée*; to please her, he allowed her to pull them out. Noticing a little inflammation where they had been removed, he thought little of it till a day later, when it spread so alarmingly that he consulted a physician; but the mischief was done, and, in spite of all efforts, he lived but a week. The child of Princess Alice of England was ill with diphtheria, and begged its mother for a kiss. She gave the kiss and her life.

Neglect to dot an "i" or cross a "t" has swept away more than one fortune. Failure to close a door or to turn a key has laid great blocks of buildings in ashes, causing not only loss of property, but throwing hundreds of poor people out of employment.

A child playing with matches caused the destruction of two hundred and thirty-two houses in the Hungarian village of Nemethi. The entire population was thereby rendered bankrupt.

"The bad thing about a little sin is that it won't stay little."

It may be only the breaking of a hair-spring in a conductor's or an engineer's watch, and two minutes' silence, and two crowded express trains, under fearful headway, come together. The effect of the breaking of so small a thing may be felt around the world, spreading the pall of sorrow over scores of happy homes, and causing tender feet to travel life's rough journey alone in sorrow's darkening path.

Guard carefully against all the big "little things," but remember that the man who can ignore small worries is greater than he who can overcome great obstacles.

"How is it, o'er the strongest mind,
That trifles hold such sway?
A word, nay, e'en a look unkind,
May darken all life's day.
Oh, in this world of daily care,
The thousands that have erred
Can any hardship better bear
Than they can bear a word.

Give me that soul-superior power,
That conquest over fate,

Which sways the weakness of the hour,
Rules little things as great;
That lulls the human waves of strife,
With words and feelings kind,
And makes the trials of our life
The triumphs of our mind."

The difference between first and second class work in every department of labor lies chiefly in the degrees of care with which the minutiae are executed. Successful men have been remarkable, not only for general scope and vigor, but also for their thorough attention to everything. Like the elephant, they can move colossal masses or pick up pins.

Napoleon was a master of trifles. To details which his inferior officers thought too microscopic for their notice he gave the most exhaustive attention. Nothing was too small for his study. It is said that nothing could be more perfectly planned, even to the pettiest item, than his memorable march which led to the victory of Austerlitz, which for years sealed the fate of Europe. He was ever master of the situation; he left nothing to chance. There was no carelessness in his nature. The captain who conveyed Napoleon to Elba was astonished at his familiarity with all the equipments of the ship.

"Ten thousand tedious trifles attended to, — ten thousand orders given and disappointments borne, — go to the making up of a triumph."

Yet Mr. Careless Nevermind and Miss Notparticular think that great men deal only with great things.

A merchant in San Francisco telegraphed to another in Sacramento, "Am offered ten thousand bushels wheat on your account at one dollar. Shall I buy, or is it too high?" The reply came, "No price too high;" the

answer as written was, "No. Price too high." The omission of the period cost the Sacramento merchant a thousand dollars.

The omission of a comma in a bill passed by Congress a few years ago cost the government a million dollars.

The history of many a failure could be written in the three words, "Inattention to details." How many a lawyer has failed from a lack of accuracy in deeds and important papers, a lack of little words which seemed like surplusage, but whose omission involved his clients in litigation, and often entailed great losses. How many wills are contested because of the carelessness of lawyers in leaving out words, or careless and ambiguous use of language!

Physicians often fail to make reputations through their habitual blundering, carelessness in writing prescriptions, failure to give minute instructions. The world is full of blunderers; business men fail from a disregard of little things; they go to the bank to pay a note the day after it has gone to protest, they do not meet their bills on time, do not answer their letters promptly, or file them away accurately, their books do not balance, they do not exactly know how they stand, they have a contempt for details, they do not comprehend the importance and dignity of trifles; the lack of exactness in business transactions has wrecked many such men.

The man who has no detail in his nature, who feels above the smallest things, will never succeed in anything. "Trifles make perfection; but perfection is no trifle," says Michael Angelo.

When legal papers are served by mail the postage must be prepaid in full to make the service valid. The office-boy of a prominent Broadway firm one day put a two-cent stamp on a letter containing the summons and

complaint in a case, and mailed it to the defendant's counsel. The postage was two cents short, and the defendant's counsel, after paying the additional two cents, was in a position to claim judgment by default, on the ground that he had not been legally served.

The plaintiff's attorney immediately got an order to show cause why the default should not be opened. There was a long argument in court, and several lengthy affidavits were submitted. The case was finally reopened, upon payment by the plaintiff of thirty dollars for costs.

Thus, the time of the court for nearly two hours, thirty dollars in costs, and the fees of two leading lawyers were made necessary to correct a mistake of two cents made by an office-boy.

Charles Dickens, in "All the Year Round," says, "Some one was asked, 'What is a genius?' He replied, 'A being who pays attention to trifles.'" Columbus was about the best possible illustration of this plea. We know what an eye for incidents upon which to found conjectures he had. In the last days of his tour of discovery, when even he himself was a quarter disposed to turn back, and side with his men in their discontent at the barrenness of the voyage, he could bring forward that strong muster of trifling observations which together meant America. 'You know that we have for several days been able to fathom; and the nature of the material brought up by the lead seems to me auspicious. The clouds about the sun toward evening are of a different form and color from what they were a few days ago. The atmosphere, as you can feel, is warmer and softer than it was. The wind no longer blows with the same force, nor in so straightforward and unwavering a manner; it is inclined to hesitate and change, as though broken by some impediment. To these signs add that

of the piece of cane we discovered in the sea, which bore marks of having been recently severed, and the little branch of a tree with fresh red berries upon it; besides, the swarms of birds that pass over us, though they have deceived us before, are now so frequent and vast that I think there must be some special reason for their appearance. In short, all these omens together make me very hopeful and expectant.'” Trifles gave him hope, and hope gave him the New World.

Small things become great when a great soul sees them. Trifles light as air sometimes suggest to thinking minds ideas which revolutionize the world. “’Tis a bit of ‘scum’ on the duck-pond,” says Farmer Giles; to Leeuwenhoek with a microscope, it is a wonderful part of the wonderful world.

One of Händel’s matchless harmonies was suggested to him by hearing the sounds from a blacksmith’s anvil.

A child of a Dutch spectacle-maker, playing with his brothers and sisters, put two glasses together in sport, and was startled to see that the church steeple had apparently come forward to meet him. All looked in turn with equal surprise, and then got their father to look. He, too, was astonished, but thought he saw a chance for profit in making a scientific toy for older people. He consulted Galileo, who at once perceived the value of the idea to astronomers, and constructed a rude telescope. With this he made greater discoveries than many a modern astronomer, though equipped with lenses three feet in diameter, and of the most delicate adjustment.

Oken tells us that in 1806, walking in the Harz forest, he stumbled upon the blanched skeleton of a deer, picked up the partially dislocated bones, and contemplated them for a while, when the truth flashed across his mind, and

he exclaimed, "It is a vertebral column!" a great discovery. Goethe caught as by a flash the similar idea that "leaf, calyx, corolla, bud, pistil, and stamen are all referable to the same type," the leaf.

The Portland "Oregonian" says that General Cook was trying to put a band of Apaches back on the reserve, but couldn't catch them without killing them, and he wouldn't do that. One day they captured a pappoose, and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, but her black beads of eyes watched everything. When night came she broke down and sobbed as a white child would.

The fort was in despair until Major Bourke had an idea. From the adjutant's wife he borrowed a doll that had come to the adjutant's little girl the previous Christmas. When the young Apache understood it was hers to keep, her sobs ceased, and she fell asleep.

When morning came the doll was still clasped tightly in her arms. She played with it all day, and seemingly all thought of ever getting back to the tribe had left her.

Several days passed with no sign of overture being made by her people, and finally in despair the pappoose, with the doll still in her possession, was sent back. When the child reached the tribe with the prize grasped in her chubby hands, the toy created a sensation among the aborigines, and her mother later went back to the post with it. She was received in a hospitable manner, and kindly treated; and the effect of her visit was such that through her, overtures were made to the tribe, with the result that soon afterwards the whole band moved back upon the reserve.

A lame man, walking in Pittsburg one day, when the sidewalks were slippery, fell, and his hat rolled along

the walk in front of a boy, who kicked it into the street. Another boy came along, helped the old man up, picked up his hat, and assisted him to a hotel. The man asked the boy's name, and thanked him for his kind assistance. About a month after, there came to the second boy a draft for one thousand dollars. He did a little thing, but it paid.

Kind words are but little things; but they have changed the aspect of the whole world to many a despairing creature, and saved many a soul.

You turned a cold shoulder but once, you made but one stinging remark, yet it lost you a friend forever.

Some little weakness, some self-indulgence, a quick temper, want of decision, are little things, you say, when placed beside great abilities; but they have wrecked many a career.

It was but a little dispute, a little flash of temper, the trigger was pulled in an instant; but the soul returned never.

A true story in the "Congregationalist" is that some girls in extremely low walks of life once expressed their gratitude to Mrs. Gale for what she had done for them. One of them went on to say, that "when Mr. Gale went out, you handed him his hat, and he said, bowing, 'Thank you, dear!'" "Mrs. Gale, none of us girls ever heard a man say 'dear' to a woman before." Going home, Maggie Burns said, "Girls, wasn't that grand, the way he treated her!"

They decided to try something similar. "Well, I tho't I'd try it first when father came home from work, and says, 'Dinner ready?' and I said, 'Yes, dear;' and he never said nothing, just looked at me. Now, Mrs. Gale, my father cared for my mother, and was good to her; but I never heard him use such a word to her.

Next I tried it on Jack (my brother), an' he said 'Softie!' so I kept still till Tom called, — Tom and me has kep' company two years now, — an' when he asked me something and I answered, 'Yes, dear,' he liked it awful, an' we've said it ever since," — with such a happy sigh.

"Won't you bring me something to read, my dear?" asked a man confined in the old brick prison at Chicago, speaking to a schoolgirl passing directly below his grated window. "I am very lonesome here, and have nothing to do. Bring me any kind of a book, that's a good girl."

Half frightened, half interested, the ten-year-old girl hurried home and told her father, who sent a book by her to the prisoner. Every Sunday after that she carried a new book to the old man, to whom she soon became greatly attached. Several months later she was summoned to his death-bed.

"Promise me, child," said he, "that you'll do as much for my comrades in prison as you've done for me."

"I will," replied Linda Gilbert, solemnly. She kept her word, and not only loaned the prisoners books, but, when they were discharged, gave to some money, to others clothes and shelter and employment, and to all kind words of advice and encouragement.

She interested her friends in the enterprise. As her story became known, books and money were sent her from all over the United States. She enlarged her work, until, when she died, in 1895, it was found that she had established libraries in the prisons of many large cities and states. The loaning of one book to an old man had opened for her a career of great usefulness. Who can measure the influence for good she exerted?

Agassiz, like Dana, could interest a whole class of students for hours in a grain of sand, or a fish-scale.

Shakespeare never strained after striking things, but made the commonest objects great by his touch; yet he was intensely practical in all his plays. He never lost sight of the till of the Globe Theater. He had an eye to the groundlings as well as the boxes.

The superintendent of a large rubber factory showed a ministerial-looking stranger about in person, and the man's questions and comments seemed to come from the densest ignorance. Finally, when the grinding-room was reached, he lingered a little, and asked, in a hesitating way, —

“Couldn't I have a specimen of that curious stuff for my cabinet?”

“Certainly,” replied the superintendent, although it was a compound, the secret of which was worth thousands of dollars; “certainly, cut off as much as you wish.”

With eager step the visitor approached the roll of gum, took out his knife, wet the blade in his mouth, and —

“Stop right where you are!” said the superintendent, laying a heavy hand upon the stranger. “You are a fraud and a thief. You didn't learn in a pulpit that a dry knife won't cut rubber.”

So saying, he showed the impostor to the door, and the secret was still safe.

Who would suppose that a lead pencil could lay the foundation of fame and fortune for a Faber; or that the “Rising Sun Stove Polish,” the whole stock of which used to be carried around in a carpet-bag by the proprietor, and sold from house to house, would ever grow to such a business that two tons would be shipped every day, and that it would go to almost every city and town in the land?

"Almost axiomatical is it," says "All the Year Round," "that literary work is all mere expansion from small cores ; either an idea, or a fact, or a single observation made in the tenth part of a second. The ambitious person who goes gaping through the world, assuring himself that, as soon as he has a spare month or two that he can call entirely his own, he will write something that will make publishers fall down and worship him, may be bidden to get disillusioned."

"Adam Bede," we are told, was suggested by a tragic story which the author, in her youth, had heard related by her aunt. The latter, with another pious woman, had visited an unhappy girl in prison, stayed with her all night, prayed with her, and accompanied her to the place of execution in the morning. "This incident," George Eliot tells us, "lay on my mind for years, like an apparently dead germ, till time had made a nidus in which it could fructify." When she first heard the story, she did not imagine that she would ever write a novel; indeed, she did not think of novel-writing until long after she had begun to write for the press. But when the idea did come, this incident occurred to her; and, letting her imagination work on it, she wrote a story, fascinating, touching, unique, which surpassed in power anything she had before achieved. Her mind was then ripe for this work; and the incidents and experiences of her early life blossomed into imperishable works of fiction.

Grand temples are built of small stones, and great lives are made up of trifling events.

A person was once watching the great sculptor Canova, while he was completing one of his marvelous statues. The taps of the artist's mallet were seemingly so trivial and meaningless that the visitor thought he was making

sport of his work ; but the artist rebuked him with these words : "The touches which you ignorantly hold in such small esteem are the very things which make the difference between the failure of a bungler and the perfection of a master."

A scarcely visible flaw in a famous ruby reduced its value by thousands of pounds, and caused its rejection from among the crown jewels of England.

When Canova was about to begin his famous statue of Napoleon, his keen eye detected a tiny red line running through the splendid block of marble that at great cost had been fetched from Paros, and he refused to touch chisel to it.

How frail are the crystals of snow ; and yet so much of this snow as a child can carry in its arms embodies, according to Tyndall, force enough to take a whole village, soil and all, and toss it to the clouds. What is more delicate and gentle than the rays of the sun ? And yet the water of all the lakes and rivers of the world is lifted up by these rays, and carried on the cloud chariots through the air. So it is in the moral world. Thoughts, ideas, feelings, are the real powers, far more than thrones and wars and revolutions.

It has been calculated that, if a single grain of wheat produces fifty grains in one year's growth, and these and succeeding crops be counted, and yield proportionately, the product at the end of the twelfth year would suffice to supply all the inhabitants of the earth for centuries. The single grain would have multiplied itself 244,140,625,000,000,000 times.

Our sun is 886,000 miles in diameter ; yet, if sought from a distant star through a telescope having a silk thread across its lens, it would be invisible.

"The best exercise for the conscience," says James

Freeman Clarke, "is holding fast its integrity in small things. Here lies the chief temptation to wrong. To tell a small untruth, to utter a little word of unkindness, to cheat in some very unimportant matter, — these are the real temptations of life which beset us."

The instant one begins to deviate, however slightly, from the truth, he has given his moral structure a wrench that has loosened its very foundations. Whatever others may think of him, he knows that he is, in some degree at least, a sham; that there is a hollow place in what may seem, from the outside, solid and whole to the center. Every succeeding lie, whether discovered or not, gives another wrench, and takes away another stone, until at last there is nothing left but a shell. There are sins which men may commit, and still retain some measure of self-respect; but what must the habitual liar think of himself?

"Every hammer-stroke on the anvil of duty forges something that shall outlast eternity." In the Arabian legend the Archangel Gabriel, sent by Allah the Merciful, the Compassionate, to prevent Solomon the Magnificent from falling into a sin, and to help home a little weary, overburdened yellow ant, which otherwise would have been drowned in a coming shower, regards either work as equally dignified, because both alike are done at the behest of God.

All life comes from microscopic beginnings. A speck of dust will ruin the best timepiece, and a cinder on the eyeball will conquer a Napoleon. There are moments that balance years. How many are living in utter poverty just from neglecting to renew an insurance policy, which expired the day before the fire? Who does not know that a moment's act may cause a life's regret?

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much. — JESUS CHRIST.

Everything that happens to us leaves some trace behind: everything contributes imperceptibly to make us what we are. — GOETHE.

It may make a difference to all eternity whether we do right or wrong to-day. — JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

“ We call him strong who stands unmoved, —
 Calm as some tempest-beaten rock, —
 When some great trouble hurls its shock ;
 We say of him, his strength is proved ;
 But when the spent storm folds its wings,
 How bears he then life’s little things ?

“ We call him great who does some deed
 That echo bears from shore to shore, —
 Does that, and then does nothing more ;
 Yet would his work earn richer meed,
 When brought before the King of kings,
 Were he but great in little things.”

Your care to trifles give,
 Else you may die ere you have learned to live.

YOUNG.

“ A pebble in the streamlet scant
 Has turned the course of many a river ;
 A dewdrop on the baby plant
 Has warped the giant oak forever !”

“ Nothing is lost ; the drop of dew,
 Which trembles on the leaf or flower,
 Is but exhaled to fall anew
 In summer’s thunder-shower ;

“Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed,
By wild birds borne or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.”

“Little by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the region of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night;
Little by little, and day by day.”

CHAPTER VI.

OBSTACLES.

“ My little girl, it seems to me,
 You buy your berries dear;
 For down your hand the red blood streams,
 And down your cheek there rolls a tear.
 ‘ O yes,’ said she, ‘ but then, you know,
 There must be briars where blackberries grow.’ ”

It is the surmounting of difficulties that makes heroes. — **KOSSUTH.**

“ If what shone afar so grand
 Turn to ashes in the hand,
 On again, the virtue lies
 In the struggle, not the prize.”

Failures are but the pillars of success. — **WELSH PROVERB.**

The gods in bounty work up storms about us
 That give mankind occasion to exert
 Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
 Virtues which shun the day. — **ADDISON.**

The truest help we can render an afflicted man is not to take his burden from him, but to call out his best energy, that he may be able to bear the burden. — **PHILLIPS BROOKS.**

Every noble crown is, and forever on earth will be, a crown of thorns. — **CARLYLE.**

If Joseph had not been Egypt's prisoner, he had never been Egypt's governor. The iron chains about his feet ushered in the golden chains about his neck. — **SECKER.**

Victories that are easy are cheap. Those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting. — **BEECHER.**

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. — **BURKE.**

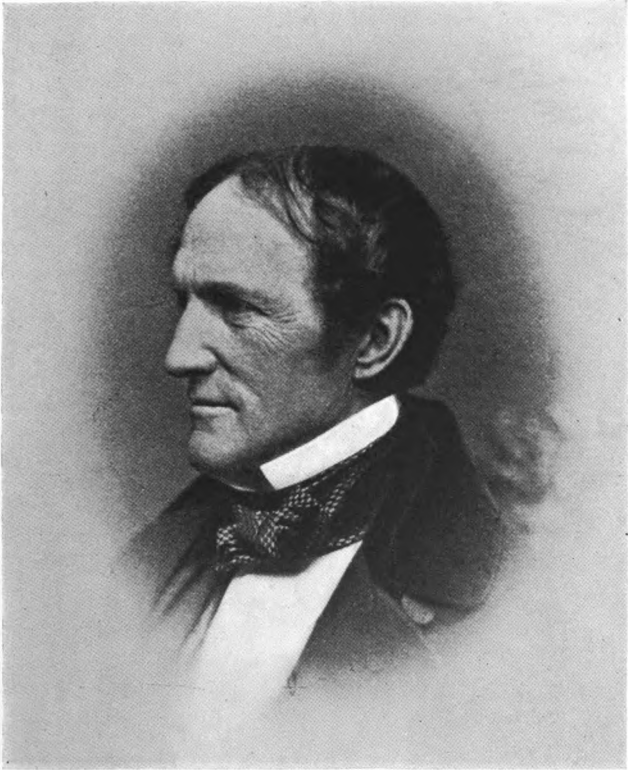
Then welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting, that bids not sit nor stand, but go.

BROWNING.

“ **OBSERVE** you tree in your neighbor's garden,” says Zanonì to Viola in Bulwer's novel. “ Look how it grows up, crooked and distorted. Some wind scattered the

germ, from which it sprung, in the clefts of the rock. Choked up and walled round by crags and buildings, by nature and man, its life has been one struggle for the light. You see how it has writhed and twisted, — how, meeting the barrier in one spot, it has labored and worked, stem and branch, toward the clear skies at last. What has preserved it through each disfavor of birth and circumstances — why are its leaves as green and fair as those of the vine behind you, which, with all its arms, can embrace the open sunshine? My child, because of the very instinct that impelled the struggle, — because the labor for the light won to the light at length. So with a gallant heart, through every adverse accident of sorrow and of fate, to turn to the sun, to strive for the heaven, this it is which gives knowledge to the strong and happiness to the weak.”

As William H. Prescott was passing out of the college dining-hall, one day in his junior year, he turned his head quickly to learn the cause of a disturbance among those he had left, and was struck in the eye by a large, hard piece of bread, which destroyed the sight. On his return to college, after the resulting illness, he “determined to acquire more respectable rank in his class than he had earlier deemed worth the trouble.” A year and a half later the other eye became inflamed and affected with rheumatism. For weeks at a time he was compelled to remain in a room so dark that he could not see the furniture; and here he walked hundreds of miles from corner to corner, thrusting out his elbows so as to get warning through them of his approach to the angles of the wall, from which he wore away the plaster by the constant blows thus inflicted on it. He was compelled to abandon his chosen profession of law. *At the age of twenty-five he found himself with greatly impaired eye-*



WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

sight, and with no accurate knowledge of the modern languages. Yet he chose as his life-work history, which, more than any other line of literary work, requires eyesight; and a branch of history which required the constant use of the languages of Southern Europe. He at once set about the training of his memory; and persisted until he could prepare, work over, revise, correct, and retain in his mind, the equivalent of sixty pages of printed matter, which he would then dictate to his amanuensis. In the face of these difficulties he produced the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," the "Conquest of Mexico," and the "Conquest of Peru." And later, when he could use his remaining eye only one hour a day, and that divided into portions of wide intervals, he prepared his "History of Philip II." As President Walker of Harvard University said, "We lamented the impairment of his sight as a great calamity; yet it helped, at least, to induce that earnestness and concentration of life and pursuit which have won for him world-wide influence and fame."

Francis Parkman, in his college days, at the age of eighteen, devoted himself to the history of the French settlements in America. In order to understand the life of the Indians, who played so large a part in the history which he was determined to write, he went and lived among them in the far West. In doing this he greatly impaired his health. His eyesight was affected so that he could read or write only a few minutes at a time; and his health would not permit him to apply himself to study more than half an hour continuously. Yet, like Darwin, who could study but twenty minutes without rest, and that rarely more than twice a day, he has left a splendid monument of work done so thoroughly that no one will ever need to do it after him.

Henry Fawcett, the blind English postmaster-general, who died in 1884, was a greater man by half after the unfortunate accident which deprived him of his sight than he ever was before.

One is constantly amazed at the achievements of the blind.

Thomas Blacklock, D.D., one of the most learned men of the eighteenth century, was blind at the age of three months.

Francis Huber, the Swiss naturalist, lost his sight at an early age, became an eminent entomologist, and wrote on bees, ants, and other insects.

Nicholas Sanderson, although he became blind at the age of three years, became learned in two of the most difficult branches, — astronomy and mathematics.

Herman Torrentius, a blind Swiss, born in 1520, became one of the principals of the University of Berne, the author of a poetical dictionary, besides works on history and botany.

David Macbeth, the inventor of the string alphabet for the blind, was born blind. He was an accomplished musician, a prodigy in mathematics, and an inventor of no mean order of merit.

John Metcalf, blind at the age of six, and a most wonderful production of the last century, was born in Knaresborough, Yorkshire, England, in 1717. When only twelve years old he was the most expert violinist in all England.

Vidal, the blind sculptor, is one of the wonders of the French capital. He has been blind since his twenty-first year. By slowly passing his hands over an object, he notes its external proportions, and imitates them in clay in a manner which strikes the beholder dumb with surprise.

"Young men need to be taught not to expect a perfectly smooth and easy way to the objects of their endeavor or ambition," says Dr. Peabody. "Seldom does one reach a position with which he has reason to be satisfied without encountering difficulties and what might seem discouragements. But, if they are properly met, they are not what they seem, and may prove to be helps, not hindrances. There is no more helpful and profiting exercise than surmounting obstacles."

Milton wrote his best works when he was blind, poor, and sick. "Who best can suffer," he said, "best can do."

Bunyan said, if it were lawful, he could even pray for greater trouble for the greater comfort's sake. Homer wrote the "Odyssey" after he was old and blind.

"Robinson Crusoe" was written in prison. De Foe was three times in the pillory. Baxter wrote his "Life and Times," and Sir John Eliot his "Monarchie of Man," and Penn his "No Cross, No Crown," in prison.

The "Purgatory of Suicides" was written in Stafford Jail, by Thomas Cooper. Sir Walter Raleigh was in prison thirteen years, during which time he wrote "The History of the World." Luther translated the Bible while confined in the castle of Wartburg.

Helmholtz dated his start in science to an attack of typhoid fever. While recovering he purchased a microscope, and, being a pupil, he was nursed in the hospital without expense. This proved to be the great opportunity of his life.

Alexander Pope was so hard a student that his tutor feared he would injure his health. "I have a weight to carry different from other men," said the boy, indicating his deformed back, "and I must stiffen my muscles for it."

“On one occasion,” says Carlo Ceccarelli, “when Verdi was engaged on his masterpiece, ‘Il Trovatore,’ he stopped short at the passage of the ‘Miserere,’ being at a loss to combine notes of sufficient sadness and pathos to express the grief of the prisoner Manrico. Sitting at his piano in the deep stillness of the winter night, his imagination wandered back to the stormy days of his youth, endeavoring to extract from the past a plaint, a groan, like those which escaped from his troubled breast when, forsaken by the world, he saw himself constrained to smother the flame of rising genius. All was vain! One day, at Milan, he was unexpectedly called to the bedside of a dying friend, one of the few who had remained faithful to him alike in adversity and prosperity. Verdi, at the sight of his dying friend, felt a lump rise in his throat; he wanted to weep, but so great was the intensity of his sorrow that not a tear would come to the relief of his anguish. This state of paroxysm could not last. He must give vent to his grief. In an adjoining room stood a piano. Under one of those sudden impulses to which men of genius are frequently subject, he sat down at the instrument, and there and then improvised that sublime ‘Miserere’ of the ‘Trovatore.’ The musician had wept! Those of the company who were not already kneeling in the presence of the angel of death, at the sound of those pathetic notes, which seemed like the last sobs of a departed spirit, prostrated themselves, deeply affected, at the feet of the genius of musical art.”

Every day of meeting sorrow superbly makes the life more grand. Every tear that falls from one’s own eyes may give a deeper tenderness of look, of touch, of word, that shall soothe another’s woe.

The *Noche Triste Tree*, “The Tree of the Dismal

Night," witnessed, perhaps, the deepest gloom mortal in disaster ever experienced. After nearly four hundred years, as Stoddard shows in his lecture, this tree is still pointed out, in Popotla village, in the environs of Mexico. Under this cedar, now ten feet in diameter and forty feet high, what bitter lamentations, what heroic determination, perhaps, had Cortez, as he sat on that dark, disastrous night, when the Mexicans had risen in their might, and driven the erstwhile conqueror out of their midst, cutting his rear-guard in pieces as it crossed those terrible causeways, in the flight which began those six days of harassing retreat! The disaster was due to his lieutenant's blundering and cruelty in the absence of the commander. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand would have buried all hope under that *Noche Triste*; but in thirteen months Cortez again rode into Mexico, a conqueror.

Governor Seymour of New York, a man of great force and character, said, in reviewing his life: "If I were to wipe out twenty acts, what should they be? Should it be my business mistakes, my foolish acts (for I suppose all do foolish acts occasionally,) my grievances? No; for, after all, these are the very things by which I have profited. So I finally concluded I should expunge, instead of my mistakes, my triumphs. I could not afford to dismiss the tonic of mortification, the refinement of sorrow; I needed them every one. The very pivotal difference by which we rise or fall turns upon the way in which we grapple with our faults. All my acquaintance with the eminent men of the country has taught me that the way to greatness is found in fearless self-examination."

Times of great calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore comes

from the hottest furnace, the brightest lightning from the darkest cloud.

When Millet, the painter of the "Angelus," was working on his almost divine canvas, in which the very air seems pulsing with the regenerating essence of spiritual reverence, he was painting against death; his brushstrokes, put on in the early morning before going to his menial duties as a railway porter, meant strength and food for his dying wife. The art-failure that brought him to the depth of poverty, unified with marvelous intensity all the elements of his nature. The rare spiritual unity, the purging of all the dross of triviality, as he passed through the furnace of poverty and sorrow, gave eloquence to his brush, and enabled him to paint as never before, as no prosperity would have made possible.

Noticing some superb dahlias at Crawford's in the White Mountains, Kate Sanborn inquired if there was any special reason for their unusual glory. They were extra double and rich in color. "Well," said the proprietor, "you must talk about that with my wife; but I believe she pinched back all the first buds."

When one of our best lawyers was examined for admission to the bar, he feared he might not pass, as he had studied by himself while in ill health, and teaching in a city school, where the various nationalities represented made it very difficult to preserve discipline and rouse enthusiasm in the classes. One rich man's son came in, serenely confident, armed with several finely pointed pencils and a fountain-pen, to prepare the examination papers. All but this poor young man had enjoyed instruction in the best law-schools. At the close he led the whole seventeen, with no conditions. Why? Because he had been pruned by poverty and

depressing invalidism, pinched back by lack of advantages, the buds nipped. *He was not allowed to go to seed.*

It cannot be too often repeated that it is not helps, but obstacles, not facilities, but difficulties, that make men.

“A celebrated philosopher used to observe,” declares the author of “The Way to Win,” “‘The favors of fortune are like steep rocks; only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit.’ The first, with daring pinions, mount to the heights with a few vigorous wing-strokes, but they only reach it, after all; and the slow creeping things do as much; and, although their way is infinitely more tiresome, yet the same goal is gained at last.”

The *doldrums*, the region of the dead calms near the Equator, are the hatefulest part of the ocean to the enterprising mariner. More than the Arctic ice-floes or the monsoon’s blast, he detests the place where no winds blow, where ships must stand still for weeks, —

“As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.”

Christian, in “Pilgrim’s Progress,” comes to the Hill of Difficulty, over which the path goes. He does not flinch, but drinks from the spring, and sings as he climbs: —

“The hill, though high, I covet to ascend,
The difficulty will not me offend;
For I perceive the way to life lies here;
Come, pluck up heart, let’s neither faint nor fear;
Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe.”

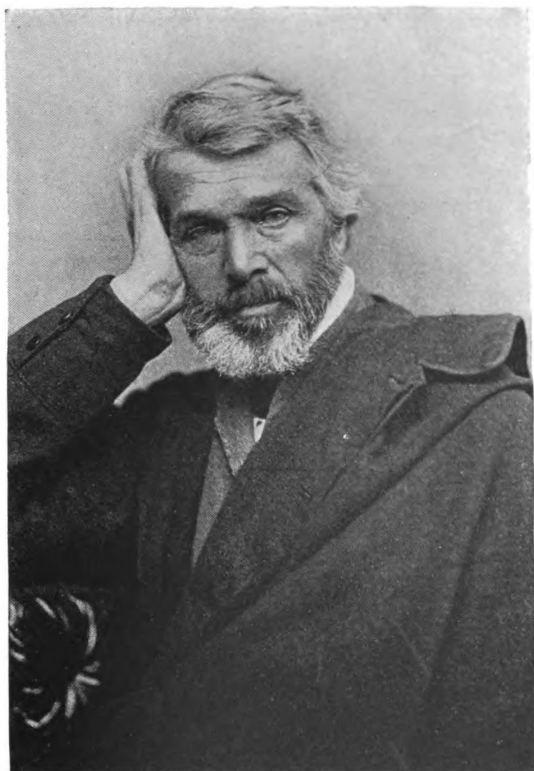
“Now before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, and he spied two lions in the way.

Then he was afraid, and thought to go back; for he thought nothing but death was before him. But the porter of the house Beautiful cried out, 'Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained.'" He passed the lions, into the house Beautiful.

"It is not a lucky word, this same *impossible*," says Carlyle; "no good comes of those that have it so often in their mouth. Who is he that says, always, There is a lion in the way? Sluggard, thou must slay the lion, then; the way has to be traveled! Poetry demonstrated to be impossible, arises the Burns, arises the Goethe. Unheroic commonplace being now clearly all we have to look for, comes the Napoleon, comes the conquest of the world. It was proved by fluxionary calculus that steamships could never get across from the farthest point of Ireland to the nearest of Newfoundland; impelling force, resisting force, maximum here, minimum there, — by law of Nature, and geometric demonstrations, — what could be done? The Great Western could weigh anchor from Bristol Port; that could be done. The Great Western, bounding safe through the gullets of the Hudson, threw her cable out on the capstan of New York, and left our still moist paper demonstration to dry itself at leisure. 'Impossible?' cried Mirabeau to his secretary, '*Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot*, — Never name to me that block-head of a word!'"

Wellington once exclaimed, "Impossible! is anything impossible? read the newspapers!" Napoleon declared that "Impossible is not a French word." At another time the emperor said, "Genius is the art of accomplishing in spite of difficulties, and of overcoming the impossible."

Brunel tunneled the Thames, meeting all its difficulties



Thomas Carlyle.

with fertility of resource and untiring perseverance ; his son, at a critical time, worked "ninety-six consecutive hours on a stretch, with a few snatches of sleep in the tunnel." The Alps frowned on international travel with a wall eleven thousand feet high. Mont Cenis Tunnel was begun, with hand-drilling, nine inches a day on each side ; but at last France and Italy, after most incredible engineering feats, traveled back and forth through a tunnel seven and a half miles cut through the mountain rocks. The heart of every New Englander should thrill with overcoming obstacles as he thinks of the diamond drills which, after years of work and fifteen millions of money, made a way of four miles and a half through the rocks of the Hoosac Mountain.

"I count this thing to be grandly true ;
That a noble deed is a step toward God, —
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

"We rise by the things that are under our feet ;
By what we have mastered of good or gain ;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

Bunyan never had the slightest idea of the importance of the work he was writing in Bedford Jail. There was a greater power working behind and through him than he realized. A divine hand guided his unschooled pen. He builded better than he knew. Little did he realize that this book, which he doubted the advisability of printing, would preach to more people and reclaim more lost souls than scores of the greatest preachers combined. Macaulay says, "Bunyan had no suspicion that

he was producing a masterpiece." There is scarcely a language on the face of the globe, even among the heathen, which does not contain this precious book. "Pilgrim's Progress" is universally regarded by scholars as the greatest allegory of the world. It has made Bunyan's name a household word all over the globe. This poor, despised, ignorant tinker, ridiculed by the Oxford and Cambridge scholars, most of whom, according to Green, the historian, refused even to listen to him, wrote the simplest and homeliest English that has ever been used by a great writer. "It is," he says, "the English of the Bible." What an inspiration, stimulant, and encouragement is Bunyan's life to those who are disheartened and discouraged, because they have been deprived of a liberal education, or of unusual advantages of culture.

Success is in the man, in the will-power, the determination, in patient, untiring industry, in the ability to seize and make the most of the situation. Determination and untiring energy will accomplish marvels.

Knowing that the great Hungarian exile, Kossuth, was aboard a vessel which was lying off several miles from Marseilles, a Frenchman named Gonkee swam out to look upon the man he so much admired. Struck by the swimmer's daring, Kossuth uttered these memorable words, "Nothing is impossible to him who wills."

After he had spent a year in prison, Kossuth's request for "an English grammar, Shakespeare, and Walker's Dictionary" was granted. "I sat down," he declares, "without knowing a single word, and began to read 'The Tempest,' the first play of Shakespeare, and worked a fortnight to get through the first page. I have a certain rule never to go on in reading anything without perfectly understanding what I read. So I went on,

and, by and by, became somewhat familiar with your language." His addresses in England and the United States were among the most eloquent and finished speeches ever uttered in the English language.

"You know the story often related of Robert Bruce," said Kossuth; "defeated and hunted down by his enemies, fleeing before them, concealed in a rock cave, he saw a spider climbing up the uneven wall, to reach the spot where it was to spread its net. Six times it fell from the rocky surface, but the seventh time it reached its goal. This was a lesson for the despondent Bruce. The spider taught him one word, — *again*, and ever *again*, — and he freed his country. And *again*, and ever *again*, is our motto, too."

Talmage asked an aged man, in regard to his pastor, a man of great ability, "Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little heart and tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is, our pastor has *never had any trouble*. When misfortune comes upon him, his style will be different."

"Obstacles," says Michelet, "are great incentives. I lived for whole years upon the 'Æneid,' and found myself well off."

A barefooted Scotch boy applied for work at a manufactory; he was told he must "get shoes to wear." In two months he earned the shoes, and applied again; but "he was ragged." In six months he came well clad; but "you must read and write." For fifteen months longer he studied at evening school. That boy became foreman of the establishment.

A confectioner in Paris was an illustration of how some men make even disasters work for them. He had a large quantity of expensive chocolate confections manufactured; but, from some neglect, they became moldy,

For a moment he was chagrined at his loss. But very soon all Paris read the advertisement, "Chocolate confections. Monsieur Durell's is the *only chocolate known to take a mold!*" There was an immense run on this chocolate which was so *distingué!* This incident reminds us of Tom Sawyer, who, as Mark Twain tells the story, set at the disagreeable job of whitewashing a fence, made his drudgery appear to be so elevated an occupation, that he allowed the small boys to take a hand, on payment of all the tops, marbles, etc., which they possessed.

On a hot Sunday, at a summer hotel far from any church or other regular place of worship, a rising young clergyman consented to preach in the parlor. A choir of young ladies sang the opening hymn, the minister prayed, and then, stepping forward to a pulpit improvised from five soap-boxes covered with a piano cloth, he placed the loose leaves of his manuscript sermon thereon, holding them down with one hand, as he stood in the strong breeze between two open windows. Slowly and impressively he read three pages, and then, presuming upon a temporary lull in the breeze, he extended both hands in a comprehensive gesture.

A sudden gust blew every sheet away, no two in the same direction. When at length they were collected again, he saw that it would take some time to rearrange them; so he stuffed the papers into a pocket, and said:—

"My friends, I cannot preach the sermon I had written; but, if you will bear with me, I will say a few words without notes."

He gave them a better sermon than he had written, and never again used manuscript. After he became eminent, he told a friend that he owed much to that unexpected gust of wind.

No one should suppose that poverty in itself will

necessarily help a boy or girl to become rich or great. If it would, great men and women would be in the majority rather than so few, since there are scores of poor boys and girls for each rich one. The truth is that the rich youth, feeling no pressing need of exertion, is apt to take things easy; while his poor brother, forced to action by his very necessities, is likely to do his best, and, if he develop his powers to the best of his ability, is apt to win success. But if the rich boy would work as hard, his chances of success are really better than the other's.

Every step of the path of mechanical improvement is marked by signs of suffering and sacrifice. To the inventor all ages have been Dark Ages.

John Kay, the inventor of the fly-shuttle; James Hargreaves, who introduced the spinning-jenny; and Samuel Crompton, who originated mule-spinning, were all artisans, uneducated and poor, but were endowed with natural faculties which enabled them to make a more enduring impression upon the world than anything that could have been done by the mere power of scholarship or wealth.

In ancient times, it was a perilous thing to be an inventor; the man who could perform a scientific or mechanical feat which was beyond the knowledge of his neighbors, was regarded as dangerous. It is related of one of the Roman emperors, that, on a certain occasion when a subject exhibited to the court a large crystal vase which would not break when dashed to the ground, the monarch came to the conclusion that such a person was too clever to be at large, and had the poor wretch led off to immediate execution. Alex of Provence fared no better in the seventeenth century. He invented an automaton skeleton, placed it in his win-

dow, put a guitar in its hand, and set it playing, so that it could be heard and seen by all who passed. It was at once condemned as an instrument of magic and witchcraft; and poor Alex and his invention were burned together, by command of the Parliament. The elder Droz, for making an automaton writing-boy, was seized by the officers of the Spanish Inquisition, and barely escaped with his life.

Gutenberg and Faust, the inventors of printing, excited the jealousy and wrath of the priests, and the guild of writers, and suffered grievously from persecution, as well as from legal entanglements of their own creation. It was Gutenberg who first discovered and practiced the art of printing with movable types, in the perfecting of which he spent the whole of a large private fortune. Faust, his partner and co-worker, made a similar sacrifice; and, although they had the honor of issuing the first printed books from their press at Mayence, they lost almost everything else — wealth, position, and the favor of princes — by their invention, and, worse than all, impoverished themselves still further by going to law, one with the other, over the cost of their printing experiments.

“Glance Gaylord’s” stories for youth are now, after thirty years, on our public library shelves, fresh as ever. Who was he? — some robust man, like Oliver Optic? The story of this author’s life seems incredible. He was Warren Ives Bradley, who died at Bristol, Conn., on Magna Charta day, June 15, 1868. He was only twenty-one years old. He was always slender and frail. This boy, who hardly touched the threshold of man’s estate, won a prize of three hundred and fifty dollars, over seventy-two competitors, for his book, “Culm Rock,” and then, in the next three or four years, poured forth

no less than thirteen volumes, seven of which have from three to five hundred pages each. This boy's work for boys seems perennial.

A kite will not fly unless it has a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half a dozen promising responsibilities and their mother will make a higher and stronger flight than the bachelor who, having nothing to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody.

It is not when a cable lies coiled up on deck that you know how strong or how weak it is; it is when it is put to the test, when it is made to sing like the chord of a harp, in times when the ship is imperiled, and the waves are beating fiercely against it. And it is only when men are brought to the test that they can tell what their real nature is, or how strong their instincts and passions are. A house built upon sand is, in fair weather, just as good as if standing on a rock. A cobweb is as good as the mightiest chain cable when there is no strain on it. It is trial that proves one thing weak and another strong.

Matthew Hale Smith says Wedgwood, the potter, was early taught the rugged trade of his father. He was lame, and at best could be only a thrower of clay. He lost a leg, and with it his rough employment; but, being a resolute lad, determined in some way to earn his bread. He possessed the gift of imitation, and turned the rough clay into the resemblance of agate and jasper. He studied chemistry, and by its aid produced metallic clay that made elegant knife-handles, boxes, and mantel ornaments. He invented the yellow ware known as "Queen's Ware," which became popular. Queen Charlotte patronized him, and permitted him to write over his factory the cabalistic words, "Potter to Her Majesty."

He imitated cameos and antique vases, and other works of art, and became the most famous man in his line in the world. This poor lad, a cripple without education, money, or friends, turned his very misfortunes into elements of success.

“Judging by the standard of the ordinary man’s working-day,” said Edison, when forty-seven years of age, “I am much older than I look. The average working-day is eight hours long. For twenty-one years I have averaged nineteen hours per day. It makes me eighty-two years old. Most of that time has been taken up in trying things that would not work. You see my hair is gray. I shall soon be one hundred.”

By persistently experimenting day after day with things that would not work, this man has succeeded in finding more valuable ideas that will work than any of his contemporaries. He has made his failures teach him success in an almost unprecedented degree.

John Hunter used to say that the art of surgery would never advance until professional men had the courage to publish their failures as well as their successes.

Watt said of all things most wanted was a history of failure. “We want,” he said, “a book of blots.”

Scott valued his works very little in comparison with the house and lands which he hoped to gain for his descendants. Yet, while nearly all of these descendants are dead, and the great end for which he struggled so gallantly was practically lost, his great works have gained added luster from losing the well-fought battle. His triumph was greater than he ever dreamed of in his desperate struggle to gain a lower success.

General Grant had to learn by failures how to succeed. Both he and Sherman came very near being removed by the government, for want of success.

At an agricultural show two prizes were awarded for churns, — a first and a second. Three years after, the exhibitor who had received the second prize, meeting the judge of awards, said to him : —

“Just see the difference between us ; the winner went home, and on the strength of his success kept drunk for a fortnight, and his business is nearly ruined. I went home determined to succeed, and be at the top of the tree. I have now over two hundred men at work, and my churn and other dairy appliances go all over the world.”

- A distinguished investigator in science said that, when he encountered an apparently insuperable obstacle, he usually found himself upon the brink of some great discovery.

“We should brave trouble,” says Beecher, “as the New England boy braves winter. The school is a mile away over the hill, yet he lingers not by the fire ; but, with his books slung over his shoulder, he sets out to face the storm. When he reaches the topmost ridge, where the snow lies in drifts, and the north wind comes keen and biting, does he shrink and cower down by the fences, or run into the nearest house to warm himself ? No ; he buttons up his coat, and rejoices to defy the blast, and tosses the snow-wreaths with his foot ; and so, erect and fearless, with strong heart and ruddy cheek, he goes on to his place at school.

“Now, when the fierce winds of adversity blow over you, and your life’s summer lies buried beneath frost and snow, do not linger inactive, or sink cowardly down by the way, or turn aside from your course for momentary warmth and shelter ; but, with stout heart and firm step, go forward in God’s strength to vanquish trouble, and to bid defiance to disaster. If there is ever a time

to be ambitious, it is not when ambition is easy, but when it is hard. Fight in darkness; fight when you are down; die hard, and you won't die at all. That gelatinous-bodied man, whose bones are not even muscles, and whose muscles are pulp, — that man is a coward."

Misfortunes, obstacles, and inhospitable surroundings may be turned into sources of strength if we meet them with cheerfulness and determination. On the other hand, if we meet them with distrust, with a lack of confidence that somehow everything will work out for good, they bar our path, and become real stumbling-blocks indeed; but when met with smiles and sunshine, with a cheerful faith, they are transformed, as if by magic, into stepping-stones.

"Things which never could have made a man happy," says Phillips Brooks, "develop a power to make him strong."

The same furnace that hardens clay liquefies gold.

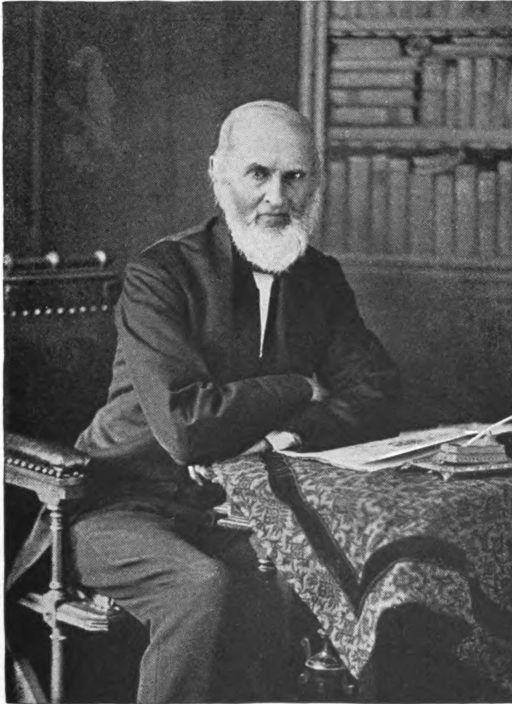
"A nation does wisely, if not well," says Charles Buxton, "in starving her men of genius. Fatten them, and they are done for."

To be beaten, but not broken; to be victorious, but not vain-glorious; to strive and contend for the prize, and to win it honestly or lose it cheerfully; to use every power in the race, and yet never to wrest an undue advantage or win an unlawful mastery, — verily, in all this there is training and testing of character which searches it to the very roots, and this is a result which is worth all that it costs us.

"The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide," said Longfellow.

In the reproof of chance

Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail



John Greenleaf Whittier

Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk !
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse ; where's then the saucy boat
 Whose weak, untimbered sides even now
 Co-rival'd greatness ! — SHAKESPEARE.

Fail — yet rejoice ; because no less
 The failure which makes thy distress
 May teach another full success.
 It may be that, in some great need,
 Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
 To help build up a lofty deed.

A. A. PROCTER.

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
 Our thirsty souls with rain ;
 The blow most dreaded falls to break
 From off our limbs a chain. — WHITTIER.

“There's always a river to cross,
 Always an effort to make,
 If there's anything good to win,
 Any rich prize to take ;
 Yonder's the fruit we crave,
 Yonder the charming scene ;
 But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
 Is the river that lies between.”

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
 And yet the tide heaves onward,
 We climb like corals, grave by grave,
 And pave a path that's onward ;

We're beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard camps to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow.

GERALD MASSEY.

“Sorrow must crop each passion-shoot,
And pain each lust infernal,
Or human life can bear no fruit
To life eternal.”

“God loves not sin, nor I; but in the throng
Of evils that assail us, there are none
That yield their strength to Virtue's struggling arm
With such munificent reward of power
As great temptations. We may win by toil
Endurance; saintly fortitude, by pain;
By sickness, patience; faith and trust by fear;
But the great stimulus that spurs to life,
And crowds to generous development
Each chastened power and passion of the soul,
Is the temptation of the soul to sin,
Resisted, and re-conquered, evermore.”

CHAPTER VII.

COURAGE.

I dare do all that may become a man :
Who dares do more, is none. — SHAKESPEARE.

Oh fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long, —
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong. — LONGFELLOW.

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

SHAKESPEARE.

Success is the child of audacity. — BEACONSFIELD.

But try, I urge, — the trying shall suffice; the aim, if reached or not, makes great the life. — BROWNING.

Without courage there cannot be truth; and without truth there can be no other virtue. — WALTER SCOTT.

Fear, either as a principle or a motive, is the beginning of all evil. — MRS. JAMESON.

If courage is gone, then all is gone. — GOETHE.

To endure misfortune is greater than to die. — CÆSAR.

Where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valor to dare to live. — THOMAS BROWNE.

There are some things I am afraid of; I am afraid to do a mean thing. — JAMES A. GARFIELD.

So that my life be brave, what though not long?

DRUMMOND.

He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where Duty bids, he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

WORDSWORTH.

“How long have I to live?” asked Captain de L——, an aid-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington, when he heard that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and was again at Paris.

“Although you are in an advanced stage of consump-

tion," replied the captain's physician, "with care you may live several months."

"Several months only!" exclaimed de L——, "then I may as well die in battle as in my bed." He rejoined his regiment, fought at Waterloo, received a wound which removed all the diseased part of his lungs, and lived for several years.

With courage and perseverance, inspired by enthusiasm, a man feels strong enough to face any danger, to grapple with any difficulty.

While Charles the Twelfth, during the siege of Stralsand, was dictating a letter to his secretary, a bomb was thrown upon the house, pierced the roof, and fell into the very chamber of the king. At this fearful sight, the pen dropped from the trembling hand of the secretary. "What is the matter?" said the king, calmly. "Ah, your majesty, the bomb." "Well," replied the king, "what has the bomb to do with the subject of the letter? Write on."

Moses found his rod a serpent till he took it by the tail; and, if we lay hold of things boldly, we shall find much that seemed terrible to be benign and helpful.

Zedlitz, the famous Prussian general, won his spurs by an act of daring. The eagle-eyed Frederick had singled him out as a hero, when he was a lieutenant in the army. He was ordered to attend the king in a reconnaissance. While crossing a bridge, the king suddenly said to the young soldier, "What would you do if both avenues to the bridge were in possession of the enemy?" "I would do this," said Zedlitz, and leaped his horse over the rail into the Oder. He swam safely ashore, and was saluted by the delighted king as major before he landed.

The thing most to be desired, in time of peace as in

time of war, in private life as in political life, is a steadfast soul.

Von Moltke was a man of great courage. When a young officer, he said to the German Diet, after they refused to accept his system of frontier defenses and plan of reorganizing the armies of the various states on a uniform basis, "Very well, then Prussia must do it alone."

While the mutinous Sepoys were attacking General Wheeler's intrenchments at Cawnpur, a shot from their batteries blew up the contents of a two-wheeled cart loaded with cartridges. It also set fire to the woodwork of the cart, which was standing in the place where the English ammunition was stored.

Both the mutineers and the English saw that, if the fire was not extinguished, there would soon be a most disastrous explosion. The Sepoy batteries, therefore, poured in a deadly stream of round shot, to prevent the English from putting out the flames.

A young lieutenant, Delafosse, unmoved by the concentrated fire of shot, threw himself under the blazing carriage, tore away the burning wood with his hands, and, by piling earth upon the blazing brands, stifled the fire before it could spread to the ammunition.

That was the sort of deed which stirred British lungs to cheers, and British generals to praise in official orders. It is for such deeds that the Iron Cross of Germany, the French Cross of the Legion of Honor, or the Victoria Cross of England are given. Each of these decorations marks the fact that a soldier has distinguished himself above his brave comrades.

At the bridge of Lodi, Lannes was the first to cross, and Napoleon the second. Lannes, in utter recklessness, dashed among the Austrians and seized a banner, when

his horse fell dead under him. He jumped on a horse behind an Austrian officer, ran his sword through the man's body, and hurled him from the steed. Taking his seat, he fought and killed six Austrians, alone, and made his way back to his troops. He was promoted on the field.

Dr. Lorimer came from Edinburgh when he was seventeen years of age. He had been well educated in classics and general literature, and was connected with the theatrical profession—principally in connection with the business department. When eighteen years old, he entered Walnut street Church, at Louisville, when a revival was in progress. He gave himself to Christ, and found employment easily as a teacher of *belles-lettres* and elocution. Soon after, however, he repaired to Georgetown College to fit for the ministry. Subsequently he became pastor of the church where he was baptized.

One Sabbath morning, in 1867, during the service in the Walnut street Church, Louisville, the hand of fellowship was given to one hundred persons. The house was crowded. In the midst of the sermon a man arose in the back part of the church, and fired a pistol in the direction of the pulpit. The bullet struck near Mr. Lorimer's foot. The pastor was self-composed. He requested the minister who was with him on the platform to retire, and asked the congregation to lower themselves in the pews, to be out of harm's way. While he stood exposed, a bullet whistled over his head, and another by his ear; he did not budge, but called out for some one to secure the ruffian.

It was moral courage which enabled George Stephenson to test the efficacy of the safety-lamp he had invented for the use of miners. Determined to give it a



COUNT VON MOLTKE.

thorough trial, he surprised his friends by descending a mine, and inquiring for the most dangerous passage. He was told of one level that was filled with gas, and at once started forward to make his test. The rest of the party shrank back, and got into safe quarters.

He was moving forward, perhaps to death, and to failure, which was worse than death; but his heart did not quail, nor his hand tremble. Having arrived at the place of danger, he stretched out his lamp in the full rush of the explosive gas, and patiently awaited the issue. At first the flame of the lamp increased, then it wavered, — it waned, — and gradually it expired. The foul air made no further sign. There was no explosion, and it was evident that Stephenson had discovered a tolerably safe means of lighting up a mine without risk of igniting its combustible air. In other words, he had provided for the safety of hundreds and hundreds of lives.

This was "the first practical miners' safety-lamp."

A train was approaching a station, and the signals to warn the late passengers were already up at the crossing, when a half-drunken man and his wife appeared. Like a reckless madman, deaf to his wife's entreaties, the man started to reach the other side of the track, when a misstep threw him within a few feet of the engine, and it seemed as though a miracle alone could save him.

Like a flash the station-master bounded to the place, leaped to the track, and, swinging round the drunken man, held him in a vice-like grip. The people on the platform seemed paralyzed with fear, while the wife lay in a swoon, unconscious of the terrible suspense. When the train was brought to a standstill, the brave station-master's voice broke the horrible spell, as he called for assistance with the drunken man, thinking

not of his heroism or his past danger, but only of the fact that a poor wretch needed attention.

The drunken man was only bruised from his wild struggle to get away from his deliverer; and the station-master himself, self-collected, brave man that he was, suffered nothing but a loss of a few nights' sleep from the excitement.

An instance of heroic devotion is recorded of John Maynard, "the helmsman of Lake Erie," who, with the steamer on fire around him, held fast to the wheel in the very jaws of the flames, until he had guided the vessel into harbor, and saved the many lives within her, at the cost of his own fearful agony, while slowly scorched to death by the flames.

Archbishop Hare, when a tutor at Trinity College, Cambridge, was once giving a lecture, when a cry of "Fire" was raised. Away rushed his pupils, and, forming themselves into a line between the building, which was close at hand, and the river, passed buckets from one to another. The tutor, quickly following, found them thus engaged. At the end of the line one youth was standing up to his waist in the river. He was delicate, and looked consumptive. "What!" cried Mr. Hare, "you in the water, Sterling; you, so liable to take cold?" "Somebody must be in it," the youth answered; "why not I as well as another?" The spirit of this answer is that of all great and generous doing. Cowardice or coldness, too, say, "Oh, somebody will do it;" and the speaker sits still. He is not the one to do what needs doing. But nobility of character, looking at necessary things, says, "Somebody must do it; why not I?" And the deed is done.

Ignatius said, "It is the part of a good athlete to be flayed with pounding, and yet to conquer." In view of

martyrdom he afterwards wrote Polycarp: "By the teeth of the beasts I shall be ground, that I may be found the pure wheat of God."

Every boy reader of "Tom Brown at Rugby" has thrilled when he came to the dormitory scene. George Arthur was a slender youth, and this his first day out of his mother's care, among the sturdy boys of Rugby school. He was made Tom's roommate, and they had gone to the dormitory. No boy had been known to kneel to pray in that company. The boys were laughing and talking, as they slowly undressed for bed. Gentle, homesick Arthur asked if he might wash. "Certainly," said Tom, and went on talking with the fellows. Then Arthur dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the little lonely boy. One of the crowd shied a slipper at him. Tom turned and saw what had happened, and in a moment he turned champion; "the boot he had pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully. 'If any other fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it.'" But this courageous defense of the praying boy proved the beginning of better days at Rugby.

Some fifty or sixty years ago, a family named Blake started to cross the mountains; the family consisted of the man and wife, with an infant boy. They were caught in a terrible New England snowstorm. The father started off for help, the sleigh having broken. The storm grew more terrible with blinding and deepening snow; night settled down; the cold became intense. As soon as possible the relief party came; they found the mother cold in death, but the babe, around which she had piled most of her clothing, was alive on her bosom.

De Quincey and Wordsworth have immortalized little Agnes Green, the latter by a poem, the former by twenty-five pages of the wonderfully pathetic narrative in his "Early Memorials of Grasmere." This little girl of nine years, in a far away hut in Westmoreland, for three days, in a terrible time of storm which piled the snow about the cottage, marshaled and mothered five smaller ones, in that long waiting for their parents, George and Sarah Green, who never returned, but had perished on the mountains. "That night, in little peaceful Easedale, six children sat by a peat fire, expecting the return of their parents, upon whom they depended for their daily bread. Every sound, every echo among the hills, was listened to for five hours, from seven to twelve. At length the eldest girl of the family — about nine years old — told her little brothers and sisters to go to bed. They had been trained to obedience, and all of them, at the voice of their eldest sister, went off fearfully to their beds. That night, and the following morning, came a further and a heavier fall of snow; in consequence of which the poor children were completely imprisoned." She scalded the milk, made oatmeal porridge, baked some wheaten cakes, with the two boys brought in fuel from the peat-shed, got out a few potatoes from the "brackens," milked the cow, then barred the door, undressed the two youngest, and sang them to sleep. It was not till the third day of this terrible waiting that the drifts changed so that she could force her egress. Little Agnes made her solitary way to the nearest house in Grasmere. Noble little heroine of Easedale!

Mrs. Judson was one of the missionary heroines. Refined and with superior mental endowments, she exiled herself from her New England home in delightful Bradford to far-off Burmah. On the breaking out of

war with England, she was called to share Dr. Judson's sufferings. While he was fettered in the death-prison, she was guarded in her own house by ten ruffianly men, deprived of her furniture and most of her personal effects. Released on the third day, she sought in various ways the comfort and release of her husband. "She followed him from prison to prison, ministering to his wants, trying to soften the hearts of his keepers, to mitigate his sufferings, interceding with government officials or with members of the royal family. For a year and a half she thus exerted herself, walking miles in feeble health, in the darkness of the night or under a noonday sun, much of the time with a baby in her arms."

Florence Nightingale braved not only the fever at Scutari, but, with a score of convalescents at her back, cut "red tape," and broke open the hospital stores, telling the astonished officials, "Report that Florence Nightingale did it on her own responsibility."

Hannah Dustin, in Colonial history, was captured at burning Haverhill, but escaped after killing nine Indians. Lydia Darrah, of Philadelphia, in the Revolution, carried information which, perhaps, saved General Washington from defeat.

Woman has shown great heroism in common life, in presence of trials and perils and poverty, ill-treatment, intemperance, sin, and misery, — courage manifested in various ways, as of the girl who came to the dentist to sell three of her fine set of teeth, to buy delicacies for her sick father.

A Nebraska blizzard, Jan. 12, 1888, was one of the worst the West ever saw. One who was in this storm speaks of "the blast and breath of the tempest. You are bewildered, frightened, or overpowered by it. You feel lost in spite of the surrounding safety. The famil-

iar outline of objects a few yards away is hidden. The paths and tracks are hidden by the driving snow. There is little to guide you but the direction of the wind. The ice and snow quickly cover face and eyes, and it is almost impossible to see anything. Some men with clear heads and strong bodies live in such a storm, but the great majority of those caught out die or suffer from freezing. Cattle were found dead standing. So quickly does the storm do its work that animal life cannot stand before it a great length of time.

“Here in our own county, a school-teacher was out with three scholars, and held one after another in her arms until they died; then at daybreak she crawled, crippled for life and just alive, into a farmhouse. In the next county, a teacher and eleven children all perished. One lady teacher tied her thirteen scholars all together, and led them out of the wrecked schoolhouse, over drift and through the storm, to a farmhouse half a mile away, carrying one child in her arms, and inspiring the rest with her own enthusiasm and courage.”

In after years the story of the great storm will be told with tales of Indian murders and other border experiences; the headstone in many a cemetery will read: “Died in the storm of Jan. 12, 1888.”

“I have often had occasion,” said Washington Irving, “to remark the fortitude with which woman sustains the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character that at times it approaches sublimity.”

A bankrupt merchant, returning home one night, said to his wife, “My dear, I am ruined; everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff.” After a few mo-

ments of silence, the wife looked calmly into his face and said, "Will the sheriff sell you?" "Oh, no." "Will the sheriff sell me?" "Oh, no." "Will the sheriff sell our children?" "Oh, no." "Then do not say we have lost everything. All that is most valuable remains to us, — manhood, womanhood, and childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune if our hearts and hands are left to us."

Women have prompted men to courage, and then bestowed the wreath of reward. The Spartan mother said to her son, who complained that his sword was short, "Add a step to it." "Return with your shield, or on it," was said by another Spartan mother to the boy she sent to the field. In our late war, one woman said to another, "I would rather be a soldier's widow than a coward's wife."

In Scotland, two women who refused to accept the established worship were sentenced to be drowned. They were fastened to stakes in the sand between high and low water mark, the elder woman nearest the advancing tide, in the hope that the sight of her death first might persuade the younger to renounce her faith. The sight was terrible, but the courage of the survivor was not wanting. She sang until the water choked her, when she was unbound and given a last chance to yield; but, true to her faith, she refused, and was drowned.

"From the crowd

A woman's voice cried, a very bitter cry,
 'Gie in, gie in, my bairnie, dinna ye drown,
 Gie in and tak' the oath.'

And still the tide flowed in,
 And drove the people back, and silenced them.
 She sang the psalm, 'To Thee I lift my soul.'

The tide flowed in, and, rising to her waist, —
 'To Thee, my God, I lift my soul,' she sang.
 The tide flowed in, and, rising to her throat, —
 She sang no more, but lifted up her face ;
 And there was glory over all the sky,
 And there was glory over all the sea,
 A flood of glory — and the lifted face
 Swam in it, till it bowed beneath the flood,
 And Scotland's noble martyr went to God."

The moral courage of Gladstone, when a schoolboy, was shown by his turning his glass down rather than drink a toast of which he disapproved.

When Benjamin Franklin was a youth in a printing-office, the other lads went out to bring in for lunch their foaming tankards of beer or porter. Franklin was then a total abstainer, from conviction, which was very rare in those days. His comrades jeered him to their hearts' content, as a milksop and a fool ; but he held his own with unwavering good-humor. All those other printers' lads died in humble obscurity, but Franklin rose to greatness and immortality.

"Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

In the courageous steadfastness of his boyish character we see one of the secrets of his future eminence.

Men always like a backbone better than a limp string. It is human nature to despise those over whom victory is easily gained. When a false friend is trying to persuade you to your own disadvantage, yield, and you win only his contempt ; firmly refuse, and he at once acknowledges you as his superior.

The circumstances which brought about Mr. Milburn's first election as chaplain of Congress are full of interest. He was traveling up the Ohio River on a steamboat, just

previous to a Congressional session. The passengers were largely members of Congress, then on their way to Washington. He had been excessively pained, during the trip, at the blasphemy, drunkenness, and gambling which prevailed among these lawmakers. When Sunday came, he was invited to preach. In the course of his remarks he said, "Among the passengers on this steamer are a number of members of Congress, and from their position they should be examples of good morals and dignified conduct, but, from what I have heard of them, they are not so. The Union of these States, if dependent on such guardians, would be unsafe, and all the high hopes I have of the future of my country would be dashed to the ground.

"These gentlemen for days past have made the air heavy with profane conversation, have been constant patrons of the bar, and encouragers of intemperance; nay, more; the night, which should have been devoted to rest, has been dedicated to the horrid vices, gaming, profanity, and drunkenness. And," continued the preacher with great solemnity, "there is but one chance of salvation for the great sinners in high places, and that is, to humbly repent of their sins, call on the Savior for forgiveness, and reform their lives."

The boldness and ability of the young preacher challenged their admiration. Mr. Milburn returned to his stateroom. Soon after, a purse of money was brought to him in the name of the Congressmen, with the request that he would accept it as a testimonial of their respect for his character, and appreciation of his sermon. Still further (for they were not disposed to let the matter end even there), they promised to make him chaplain of Congress, then about to convene; and the promise was kept.

“Have courage to show your respect for honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.”

“A great deal of talent is lost in the world,” says Sydney Smith, “for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves obscure men whom timidity prevented from making a first effort; who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand back, shivering, and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see his success afterwards; but at present, a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother and his particular friends, till one day he finds he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time to follow their advice.”

Suppose Copernicus had waited to see whether his great discovery would be acceptable to the church; suppose Luther had kept silence because to speak was full of danger; suppose Columbus had allowed himself to be disheartened because the wisest men of his time declared there could be no new world beyond the sea. How changed would have been the course of history! Suppose Peter had yielded to the threats of the Sanhedrim; suppose John had preferred apostasy to banishment; suppose Paul had trembled before Felix, instead of Felix trembling before Paul. Or what if Noah had been laughed out of his belief in the coming deluge, and Da-

vid had fled before the giant, and Moses had chosen to be the son of Pharaoh's daughter rather than the liberator of his race? How not only would the stream of history have been changed, but what a loss it would have been to the dignity of man!

A mountain guide, with two others, was leading a party over one of the most precipitous passes of the higher Alps. The men, as is usual, were tied together by a long rope. As they scaled the wall of ice they slipped on the edge of a frightful chasm. The guide was at the end of the rope. Without his weight there was a chance for the others to regain their footing; with it, there was none. With instant courage he drew his knife from his belt, saying quietly to the man next him, "Tell mother how it was, José," cut the rope, and fell, never to be seen again.

The last four years of Palissy's life were spent in prison. Henry III. gave way at last to the evil counsel of the Guise party, and issued an edict condemning all who exercised the reformed faith to death. Under this edict Palissy was committed to the Bastille; and there Henry visited him, and urged him to renounce the new religion. The king told the potter that he would be compelled to order Palissy, and two girls who were his fellow-prisoners, to death, unless they recanted. Palissy returned the following characteristic answer to the monarch: "You have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said '*I am compelled.*' That is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, will teach you to talk royally. The Guises, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay."

Dr. Johnson tells us that when Charles V. read upon

the tombstone of a Spanish nobleman, "Here lies one who never knew fear," he wittily said, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers!"

A few years ago a young doctor died in one of the London hospitals under circumstances which aroused the sympathetic attention of the whole country. As a last resource, in a case of malignant diphtheria, it became necessary to try to clear the choked throat of the patient by suction. No one knew better than this young doctor the frightful risk of contagion involved in such an experiment. The risks of a battlefield, or even a campaign, were slight in comparison. Yet, in the interests of science and humanity, this youth, standing upon the threshold of a brilliant career, volunteered for the task, and saved the patient's life at the sacrifice of his own.

"Above fear" is literally true of some souls, governed by higher considerations. A mother rushing among horses' hoofs for her child is "above fear" for herself. To "screw the courage up" is to present to one's mind considerations that lift one above thought of personal peril.

Absolute courage is a condition of soul which betrays no ripple of daring. The supremely courageous man is not even observed to be courageous; he does as a matter of course that to which other men would have to rise. He lives in high considerations which make him superior, invulnerable to personal peril, bears a "charmed life," like the man whose steel corselet defies bullets. Socrates before his judges does not seem to us courageous; because it is natural for such as Socrates to say that he had not been warned against the trial or its consequences, so its upshot was indifferent to him, — and his conclusion, "The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways, I to die, and you to live. Which is bet-

ter, God only knows." The Divine Man never seems to us courageous; but all feel that he always does and says that which he wants to do and say, in any presence, under any circumstances. He has no more fear than the sun has to shine. Before Caiaphas, Pilate, Herod, they are perturbed, not he. Even his agony in Gethsemane is not a shrinking from personal peril or pain. On the cross and to the cross he seems almost impassible. The secret is, the considerations in which he "lives and moves and has his being" are "above fear." "Herod will kill thee," — "Go and tell that fox that I do cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected." "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" "Thinkest thou I cannot pray to my Father, and He will give me twelve legions of angels?" These supreme ones are like the mountain whose crest is far above tempests.

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm.
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Some men rise to this secret, and live "above fear" in considerations not personal, or connected with peril to self — Chrysostom at the Council of the Oak, declaring that "death was only a martyr's crown." "What would you do, Mr. Wesley," some one asked the great divine, "if you knew you were to die to-morrow at midnight?" "Just what I am going to do," — detailing his plans, concluding, "lie down with prayer, to wake up in glory." Bismarck said, "Were I no longer a Christian, I would not remain at my post an hour." "Take away my connection with and relationship with God, — *Zusammenhang mit Gott*, — and I should pack up to-morrow, and return to sow oats at Varzin."

The greater part of the courage that is needed in the world is not of a heroic kind. Courage may be displayed in everyday life as well as on historic fields of action. The common need is for courage to be honest, courage to resist temptation, courage to speak the truth, courage to be what we really are, and not to pretend to be what we are not, courage to live honestly within our means, and not dishonestly upon the means of others.

A great deal of the unhappiness and vice of the world is owing to weakness and indecision, in other words, to lack of courage and want of industry. Men may know what is right, and yet fail to exercise the courage to do it; they may understand the duty they have to do, but will not summon up the requisite resolution to perform it. The weak and undisciplined man is at the mercy of every temptation; he cannot say "no." And if his companionship be bad, he will be all the more easily led away by bad example into wrong doing.

Nothing can be more certain than that the character can only be sustained and strengthened by its own energetic action. The will, which is the central force of character, must be trained to habits of decision; otherwise it will never be able to resist evil nor to follow good. Decision gives the power of standing firmly, when to yield, however slightly, might be the first step in the downhill course to ruin.

"Our culture," says Emerson, "must not omit the arming of the man. Let him hear in season that he is born into the state of war, and that the commonwealth and his own well-being require that he should not go dancing, in the weeds of peace, but warned, self-collected, and neither defying nor dreading the thunder; let him take both reputation and life in his hand, and with perfect urbanity dare the gibbet and the mob, by

the absolute truth of his speech and the recitude of his behavior."

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
 "Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere — "Be bold;
 Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
 Than the defect; better the more than less;
 Better like Hector in the field to die,
 Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

LONGFELLOW.

For 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. — VICTOR HUGO.

To stand with a smile upon your face against a stake from which you cannot get away, — that, no doubt, is heroic. But the true glory is resignation to the inevitable. To stand unchained, with perfect liberty to go away, held only by the higher claims of duty, and let the fire creep up to the heart, — this is heroism. — F. W. ROBERTSON.

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. — EMERSON.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just. — LOWELL.

Then nerve thy spirit to the proof, and blench not at
thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof; the sage may frown,
yet faint thou not;
Nor heed the shaft too surely cast, the foul and hissing
bolt of scorn,
For with thy side shall dwell, at last, the victory of en-
durance born. — BRYANT.

CHAPTER VIII.

SELF-CONTROL.

I will be lord over myself. — GOETHE.

Chain up the unruly legion of thy breast;
Lead thine own captivity captive, and be Cæsar within thyself.

THOMAS BROWNE.

Whatever day makes man a slave, takes half his worth away. —
The Odyssey.

He that would govern others first should be the master of himself.
— MASSINGER.

Keep cool, and you command everybody. — ST. JUST.

A sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows keener with constant use. — WASHINGTON IRVING.

It is tranquil people who accomplish much. — THOREAU.

Real glory springs from the conquest of ourselves; and without that, the conqueror is naught but the veriest slave. — THOMSON.

Strength of character consists of two things, — power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence, — strong feelings and strong command over them. — F. W. ROBERTSON.

Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer. — WALTER SCOTT.

Every man has a weak side. Every wise man knows where it is, and will be sure to keep a double guard there. — MASON.

The foes with which they waged their strife

Were passion, self, and sin;

The victories that laureled life

Were fought and won within.

EDWARD H. DEWART.

Reader, attend — whether thy soul

Soar fancy's flights above the pole,

Or darkly grub this earthly hole,

In low pursuit:

Know, prudent, cautious self-control

Is wisdom's root. — BURNS.

“Do you think,” asked Mrs. Rasper, “that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?” “Certainly not,”

replied her husband; "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

Mrs. Livingstone, the mother of the missionary, and Mrs. Byron, the mother of the poet, had each put into their hands one of nature's finest gems: the calm Christian temper of the one preserved her gem for a life of almost unqualified nobility; the uncontrolled temper of the other made hers little better than a splendid ruin.

No one has a temper naturally so good that it does not need attention and control; and none a temper so bad but that, by proper culture, it may become pleasant. One of the best-disciplined tempers was that of a gentleman who was naturally quick, irritable, rash, and violent; but by having the care of the sick, and especially of deranged people, he so completely mastered himself that he was never known to be thrown off his guard.

A medical authority of highest repute affirms that excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth, and intemperance, are all deadly enemies to human life; but are none of them as bad as violent and ungoverned passions, — that men and women have frequently lived to an advanced age in spite of these, but that instances are very rare where people of irascible tempers live to extreme old age.

The celebrated Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun was possessed of a very irritable temper. His butler intimated his intention of seeking another place, when Mr. Fletcher proceeded gently to urge him to continue his service. "I cannot bear your temper, sir," said the butler. "I am passionate, I confess," said Mr. Fletcher; "but my passion is no sooner on than it is off." "Yes," rejoined

the butler, "but then it's no sooner off than it's on again!"

Dumont heard Mirabeau deliver a report on Marseilles; every word was interrupted by abusive epithets, — "calumniator, liar, assassin, scoundrel." Mirabeau paused, and, in honeyed tone, addressing the most furious, said, "I wait, Messieurs, till these amenities be exhausted."

"I have heard," says Matthew Henry, "of a married couple, who, though both of a hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together by observing a rule on which they had agreed, — never to be both angry at the same time."

A gentleman stopping at Mount Vernon heard through the partition the voice of Mrs. Washington. He could but understand that it was a curtain lecture she was giving her husband. The great man listened in silence till she was done, and then, without a remark upon the subject in hand, said, "Now, good sleep to you, my dear."

"Rousseau had not the 'talent of Silence,' an invaluable talent in which few men of these times excel," says Carlyle. "The suffering man ought really to 'consume his own smoke;' there is no good emitting *smoke* till you have made it into *fire*. Rousseau has not depth or width, nor calm force for difficulty; — the first characteristic of true greatness. A fundamental error, to call vehemence and rigidity strength! A man is not strong who takes convulsion-fits, though six men cannot hold him then. He that can walk under the heaviest weight without staggering, he is the strong man. We need forever, especially in these loud-shrieking days, to remind ourselves of that. A man who cannot *hold his peace*, till the right time, for speaking and acting, is no right man."

"I am Apollyon," said a crank who invaded the li-

brary of the Duke of Wellington; "I am sent to kill you." "Kill me? Very odd." "I am Apollyon, and must put you to death." "Obliged to do it to-day?" "I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission." "Very inconvenient," said the duke, "very busy,—great many letters to write. Call again, and write me word,—I'll be ready for you." The duke went on with his correspondence. The maniac was appalled and calmed by the matter-of-fact coolness of the stern, immovable old man, and backed out of the room.

When Socrates found in himself any disposition to anger, he would check it by speaking low. If conscious of being in a passion, keep your mouth shut, lest you increase it. Many a person has dropped dead in a rage. Fits of anger bring fits of disease. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." "Keep cool," says Webster, "anger is not argument." "Be calm in arguing," says George Herbert, "for fierceness makes error a fault, and truth discourtesy."

Herbert Spencer says that "the most important attribute of man, as a moral being, is the faculty of self-control."

Roger Sherman made himself master of his temper. After receiving his highest honors, he was sitting in his parlor, reading. A roguish student, in a room close by, held a looking-glass in such a position as to pour reflected rays of the sun directly in Mr. Sherman's face. He moved his chair once, twice, and a third time, but the glass still poured sunlight into his eyes. He laid aside his book, went to the window, and many witnesses expected to hear the ungentlemanly student severely reprimanded. He raised the window gently, and shut the blind!

“Mr. Sherman was not ashamed to maintain the forms of religion in his family. One morning he called them together, as usual, to lead them in prayer; the ‘old family Bible’ was laid on the table. Mr. Sherman took his seat, and beside him placed one of his children, — a small child, a child of his old age; the rest of the family were seated round the room; several of these were grown up. Some of the tutors of the college, boarders in the family, were present. His aged mother occupied a corner of the room, opposite where he sat. He opened the Bible and began to read. The child made some little disturbance, upon which Mr. Sherman paused, and told it to be still. He proceeded, but again paused to reprimand the little offender, whose playful disposition would scarcely permit it to be still. This time he gently tapped its ear. The blow, if it might be so called, caught the attention of his aged mother, who, with some effort, rose from her seat, and tottered across the room. She reached Mr. Sherman’s chair, and she gave him a blow on the ear. ‘*There,*’ she said, ‘*you strike your child, and I will strike mine.*’

“The blood was seen rushing to the face of Mr. Sherman; but it was only a moment when all was calm and mild as usual. He paused, he raised his spectacles, he cast his eye upon his mother, again it fell upon the book from which he had been reading. Not a word escaped him. He calmly pursued the service, and soon after sought in prayer ability to set an example before his household which should be worthy of their imitation. Such a victory was worth more than the proudest triumph ever achieved on the field of battle.”

“How do you keep out of quarrels?” asked a friend of another. “Oh, easily enough; if a man gets angry with me, I let him have the quarrel all to himself.”

In the window of a room in Queen's College, Oxford, is an inscription which records that it was once occupied by the young hero-king, Henry V., who is described as, —

“VICTOR HOSTIUM ET SUI,”

conqueror of his enemies and of himself. He conquered his enemies at Agincourt; but the conquest of himself required a far more desperate struggle.

Aristides sat as judge between two persons; one of them charged the other with having done many injuries to Aristides. Aristides was not swerved from his equanimity by this device. “Tell me,” said he, “what injury he hath done thee, for it is thy cause I am judging, not my own.”

Beaconsfield was asked how he managed to retain the favor of the queen. His answer was, “You see, I never contradict, and I sometimes forget,” — a good rule for others besides prime ministers.

A new-fledged nominee of his political party was directed to an experienced politician as one who would give him lessons in political success, and the way to gain votes.

The elder gave his terms, and “five dollars for every time you break my directions.”

“All right,” said the nominee.

“When will you begin?” asked the instructor.

“Right off, this moment.”

“Very well; the first lesson is, *you must never resent any evil you hear of yourself*. Be on your guard all the time.”

“Oh, that I can do; I can brace up against what people say of me. I care nothing for that.”

“Very well; that is the first of my lessons; though,

after all, I must be frank to say that I don't want such an unprincipled rascal as you are elected."

"Sir, how dare you" —

"Five dollars, if you please."

"Oh! Ah! it's a lesson, is it?"

"Well, yes; it's a lesson. But then, I mean it all just the same."

"You impudent" —

"Five dollars, please."

"Oh! Ah!" he gasped, "another lesson. That makes ten dollars so soon."

"Yes, ten dollars; would you mind paying as we go; for, unless you pay better than you have the name of paying your debts in general" —

"You infernal rascal!"

"Five dollars, please."

"Ah! another lesson. Well, I would better try to keep my temper."

"Well, I'll take it all back; I didn't really mean it, of course. For I think you are a very respectable sort of man, considering what a low-lived family you come from, and what a disreputable man your father was."

"You infamous scoundrel!"

"Five dollars, please."

This was the first lesson in self-control, for which he paid so dearly.

"Now," said the elder politician to the nominee, "instead of a five-dollar bill, bear in mind that you lose one vote, at least, every time you lose your temper or resent an insult, and that votes are worth more to you than bank-bills."

Children should be early taught the power of patience, of an even and unruffled temper, of quiet contentment

with their lot, to keep the body in harmony and ward off disease. They should be taught that a pure, clean life, a good conscience and cheerfulness are better medicines than the physician or the druggist can supply. They should be taught that bad morals, evil thoughts, a poisoned imagination, whatever produces moral discord, tend to produce physical discord also, and may develop latent disease lurking in the body, or lessen the power of resistance.

Nothing else makes such havoc in the lives of ordinary men and women as yielding to sudden fits of anger.

The Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsular campaign, was sitting at breakfast with Picton and other officers, just before an engagement. Orderlies were riding up to the tent every few minutes with news of the steady approach of the enemy. The duke did and said nothing, but by the knitting of his brows was supposed to be deep in thought. Presently he turned to his companion and asked, "Was your egg well cooked, Picton? Mine was abominable." The "Iron Duke" was not careless of the issue of the battle about to be fought, but had made his arrangements long before, and knew exactly how the enemy would advance, and what he should do to counteract them.

How sweet the serenity of habitual self-command! How many stinging self-reproaches it spares us! When does a man feel more at ease with himself than when he has passed through a sudden and strong provocation *without speaking a word, or in undisturbed good humor!*

When, on the contrary, does he feel a deeper humiliation than when he is conscious that anger has made him betray himself by word, look, or action? Nervous irri-

tability is the greatest weakness of character. It is the sharp grit which aggravates friction, and cuts out the bearings of the entire human machine.

When the advance of the army at Monmouth was in retreat through the cowardice and incapacity of General Lee, Washington, meeting Lee, demanded, "What is the meaning of all this, sir?" Lee hesitated. Washington again demanded, with a fierce look, the meaning of the confusion. Lee made an angry reply; and Washington, unable to control himself, called him a "—— poltroon." Lafayette said this was the only time he ever knew Washington to be profane.

"There is an anger that is damnable," says Beecher; "it is the anger of selfishness. There is an anger that is majestic as the frown of Jehovah's brow; it is the anger of truth and love."

Washington once, in his early days, had a heated discussion with Mr. Payne, in which he uttered something very offensive, and Payne immediately knocked the young officer down. Washington next day sent for him; Payne expected a challenge or something like it. But Washington came up to him. "Mr. Payne, to err is natural; to rectify error is glory. I believe I was wrong yesterday; you have already had some satisfaction, and, if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand, let us be friends." Payne, as may be supposed, accepted the hand of reconciliation.

After Washington became the first man in America, Payne, passing by, stopped at Mount Vernon, yet somewhat anxious as to his reception. Washington cordially received him, and introduced him to Mrs. Washington with some playful reminder of the past.

Gilbert Stuart once told General Lee that Washington had a tremendous temper, but held it under wonder-

ful control. Breakfasting with the President and Mrs. Washington a few days later, Lee commenced:—

“I saw your portrait the other day, but Stuart says you have a tremendous temper.”

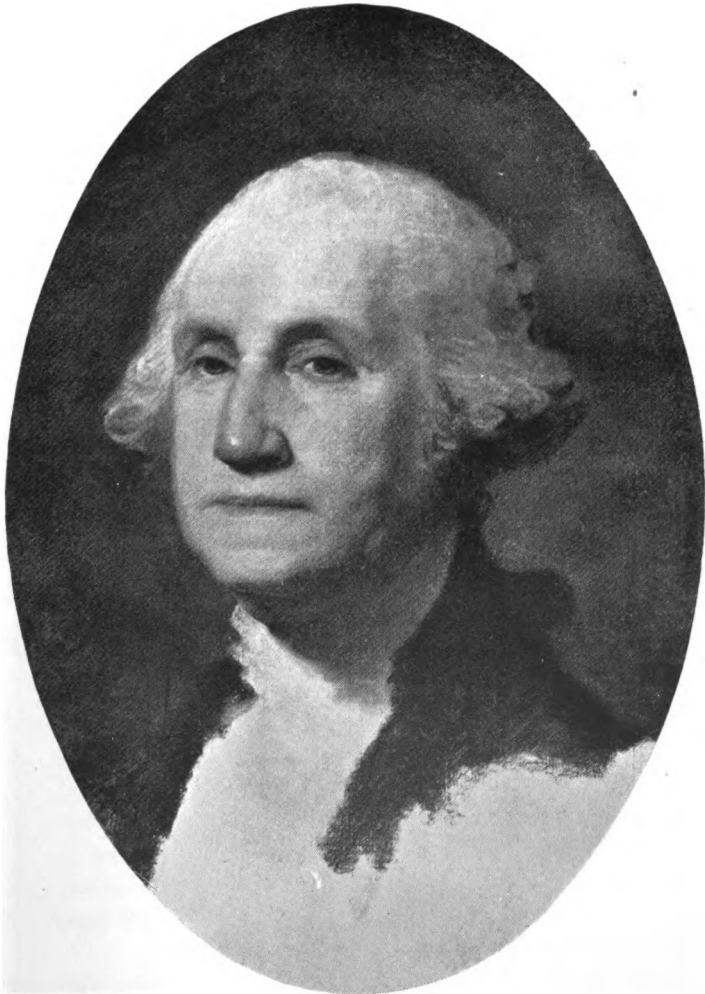
“Upon my word,” said Mrs. Washington, coloring, “Mr. Stuart takes a great deal upon himself, to make such a remark.”

“But stay, my dear lady,” said General Lee; “he added that the President has it under wonderful control.”

“With something like a smile,” says Miss Stuart, who tells the story, “General Washington remarked, ‘He is right.’”

“G. Washington,” says Artemus Ward, “was about the best man this world ever sot eyes on. He was a clear-headed, warm-hearted, and stiddy-going man. He never slopt over! The prevailing weakness of most public men is to *Slop Over*. They rush things. They travel too much on the high presher principle. They git on to the fust hobby-horse witch trots along, not carin’ a sent whether the beest is even-goin’, clear-sited, and sound, or spavined, blind, and bawky. Of course, they git throwed eventooally, if not sooner. When they see the multitood goin’ it blind, they go Pel Mel with it, instid of exertin’ theirselves to set it right. They can’t see that the crowd which is now bearin’ them triumphantly on its shoulders, will soon diskiver its error, and cast them into the horse-pond of Oblivion, without the slightest hesitashun. Washington never slopped over. That wasn’t George’s stile.”

Wendell Phillips appeared calm in the midst of his terrible “philippics” against slavery. In the tumultuous scene in which he made his mark in Faneuil Hall, he is said to have “leaped to the platform, confronting



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the raging multitude, himself an embodied Vesuvius, only the lava did not at once begin to flow; the eruption was in reserve. His easy attitude, his calm dignity, the classic beauty of his face, challenged attention. In quiet, dulcet tones, he began his terrible arraignment of the attorney-general." The multitude demanded retraction of his words, but he did not retract, and ruled the storm.

"Erratic as many suppose Garrison," says Wendell Phillips, "intemperate in utterance, mad in judgment, an enthusiast gone crazy, the moment you sat down at his side, he was patient in explanation, clear in statement, sound in judgment, studying carefully every step, calculating every assault, measuring the force to meet it, never in haste, always patiently waiting until the time ripened, — fit for a great leader."

At Chester, Penn., lived a shopkeeper, noted for patience. One day a man determined to try it. He asked for this cloth and that, of half a dozen kinds and colors. At last one seemed to suit him. "That's what I want. Now you may give me a cent's worth." The imperturbable shopkeeper took out a cent, cut a piece of cloth to cover it, did it up in a paper, and passed it to the discomfited customer.

John Henderson was debating with an Oxford student, when the latter grew angry, and threw a glass full of wine in his face. Henderson calmly wiped his face, and coolly said, "This, sir, is a digression; now for the argument."

"Can a mother," asks the author of "Mother at Home," "expect to govern her child when she cannot govern herself? Family government must most emphatically begin *at home*. It must begin in the bosom of the parent; she must learn to control herself, to subdue her own passions;

she must set her children an example of meekness and of equanimity, or reasonably expect that all her efforts to control their passions will be ineffectual. A child becomes irritated and strikes his mother, and the mother gets irritated and strikes the child. Both mother and child have been guilty of precisely the same misdemeanor. Each has in anger struck another."

"This self-control, at all times and under all circumstances, is one of the most important and difficult things to be acquired. Many cases will occur which will exceedingly try a mother's heart. Unless naturally blessed with a peculiarly quiet spirit, or habituated from early life to habits of self-government, she will find that she has much to do with her own heart."

Spies have exhibited self-control in the highest degree; a moment off guard, and they hang for it. One spy, when captured, pretended to be deaf and dumb. The most ingenious devices were resorted to, but he kept deaf and dumb; at last his captors said, "Well, you can go," but he did not show by the slightest sign that he knew the ordeal was over. They said, "He is what he pretends to be, or a fool." His perfect self-control saved his neck.

"I was never utterly put down by an opposition," says Gough. "I found it was of no use to employ arguments with those who were determined to annoy me, but if possible would think of some story to get the laugh on them, and then I always succeeded in maintaining my ground. Endure all you can before putting any of your audience to shame."

Professor Blaikie once put the notice on his recitation-room door, "Will meet the Classes to-morrow." A wag erased the C, making the notice read, "Will meet the lasses to-morrow." The professor, happening to pass by

the room before he left town, saw, smiled, and erased the "1,"—"Will meet the asses to-morrow." His self-control and ready wit made the students "asses" to themselves.

Donald McCrie was a Scot, whose canniness once stood him in good stead. Down in the country he kept a small grocery and variety store, with dim windows, dusty cobwebs, and slow sales. He sent up to London for "forty pons" (pounds) of indigo, replenishment to last a dozen years. The order was misread; but what was known of Donald was favorable, and his supposed order was honored, and the invoice of forty tons was sent.

Amazement possessed poor Donald. For a week he went about as if dazed, but kept his counsel. He thought of all the ways indigo could be used, — but — forty tons! Yet he kept still. Down came a spruce drummer from the metropolis, with coach and span, found Donald in his close quarters, glibly told him that the London firm were convinced there was a mistake, and that he had come to rectify it, and take back the consignment, and would generously pay the freight. "The firm would not send a man in this style for nothing," thought Donald, and would not admit there was a mistake. The agent said, "Come over to the public-house;" but Donald controlled his love for the good wine, thinking, "Now is the time for a clear head." By every means the agent tried to make him talk; but Donald parried, and said that "he must not suppose a Scotchman would act without knowing what he was doing." The clerk lost his self-control, and said, "The fact is, we have had a call for more indigo than we had by us, and we will pay you a bonus of five hundred pounds, and the freight." Donald shook his head; his thought was that he must see the length of that rope. Another offer was refused;

at last the clerk pulled out his instructions and said: "Here, obstinate man, that is as far as I can go, — five thousand pounds." Donald calmly accepted. The crop had failed in the West Indies, and government troops had to have blue for their army coats. Donald McCrie made a fortune by his self-control.

A self-controlled mind is a free mind, and freedom is power.

Abraham Lincoln in early manhood was quick-tempered and combative; but he learned self-control, and became as patient as he was forceful and sympathetic. "I got into the habit of controlling my temper in the Black Hawk war," he said to Colonel Forney, "and the good habit stuck to me as bad habits do to so many."

Profanity never did any man the least good. It is a sign of weakness. No man is richer, happier, or wiser for it. It recommends no one to society; it is disgusting to refined people, and abominable to the good.

"My lads," said a naval captain, when reading his orders to the crew on the quarter-deck to take command of the ship, "there is a favor which I ask of you, and which, as a British officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen. What say you, my lads? Are you willing to grant your new captain, who promises to treat you well, one favor?" "Hi, hi, sir," cried all hands; "please to let's know what it is, sir." "Why, my lads," said the captain, "it is this; that *you must allow me to use the first oath in this ship.*"

Perfect self-control means such thorough mastery over self as Robert Ainsworth, the lexicographer, possessed, who, when his wife, in a fit of passion, committed his voluminous manuscript to the flames, calmly turned to his desk and recommenced his labors. A similar misfortune befell Thomas Carlyle, and was similarly met.

You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him.

“Did you never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? Or did you never see a man in anguish, stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself?—or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who with strong passions remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly power of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself and forgive,—these are strong men, the spiritual heroes.”

When Ulysses sailed past the isle of the Sirens, he filled the ears of his crew with wax, and bound himself to the mast, lest they be overcome by the wonderful music which charmed all who listened to it. But when Orpheus sailed by this isle, in search of the Golden Fleece, he made so much better music that he charmed the Sirens, and sailed by in safety.

Sailing past the isle of temptation, we may not be safe by mere morality (bound to the mast or with wax in our ears); but if we are filled with the divine music of Christian manliness and noble character, we can defy all sirens.

The passions are the winds which urge our vessel forward, and reason is the pilot which steers it; the vessel could not advance without the winds, and without the pilot it would be lost.

Alexander won the day at Issus, the Granicus, and Arbela, and founded one of the most colossal and enduring of the empires of the world, before he was thirty-three years old; yet, hopelessly subdued by his own baser instincts, the glorious young Greek died as a fool

dieth, drunken and debauched, at Babylon. The little word *no* would have saved that famous youth, while the delusive plea, "Only for once," consummated his ruin.

Napoleon I. won a hundred terrible battles amid all the pomp and circumstance of magnificent war; yet, when he was flung to die on a barren Atlantic rock, he condescended to ignoble squabbles with Sir Hudson Lowe about etiquette and champagne.

Shakespeare pictures many phases of the ruin of body and soul wrought by ungoverned passion. His King John, in ever-increasing lust for power, gradually stifles every noble impulse, every higher attribute of manhood, and sinks almost to the level of a brute. Lear is shown as a victim of uncontrolled rage. In Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, ambition overmasters all sense of duty and honor, and prompts even to murder, after which horror and remorse bring swift and terrible retribution. Othello is slowly consumed by the fires of his own jealousy; and many other characters enforce the lesson that all who yield to passion must expect to be whipped by the scorpion lash of their master.

Writing to a lady about some companions, Burns said, "Madam, they would not thank me for my company if I did not drink with them, so I must give them a slice of my constitution." Do not give a slice of your constitution, young man, for the applause of a million fools.

A vessel, sailing from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, when a mile or two above Niagara Falls, took fire. The flames soon obtained complete mastery of the ship; and crew and passengers having been taken off in their boats, she was abandoned to her fate. It was night; and, as the huge vessel glided down the river, she seemed a floating furnace, the flames shooting high into the heavens.

Watch her as she approaches the rapids. The banks

are lined with people in breathless suspense, waiting for the inevitable moment. On she glides, calmly and steadily, toward the awful verge. At length, with frightful plunge and hissing noise, and coruscations of fire, and gleaming spray, she makes the bound, and instantly disappears amid the whelming flood.

There are hundreds of men on fire with evil habit, floating down the current through the dark night of temptation toward the eternal plunge. They stretch out their pleading hands, and entreat us to stop them. We cannot stop them. God only can arrest.

How often we read the following sign over the threshold of life: "For sale — grand opportunities, for a song;" "golden chances, for beer;" for exchange — a beautiful home, devoted wife, lovely children, for drink; for sale cheap, all the possibilities of a brilliant life, a competence, for one chance in a thousand at the gaming-table; for exchange, bright prospects, a brilliant outlook, a cultivated intelligence, a college education, a skilled hand, an observant eye, valuable experience, great tact, all exchanged for rum, for a muddled brain, a bewildered intellect, a shattered nervous system, poisoned blood, a diseased body, for fatty degeneration of the heart, for Bright's disease, for a shameful death.

With almost palsied hand, at a temperance meeting, John B. Gough signed the pledge. For six days and nights in a wretched garret, without a mouthful of food, with scarcely a moment's sleep, he fought the fearful battle with appetite. Weak, famished, almost dying, he crawled into the sunlight; but he had conquered the demon which had almost strangled him.

"Every moderate drinker could abandon the intoxicating cup if he would," said the conqueror; "every inebriate would if he could."

A young man was found in the Mersey River, England, drowned. On a paper found in his pocket was written: "A wasted life! Do not ask anything about me. Drink was the cause. Let me die; let me rot." Within a week the coroner received over *two hundred letters* from fathers and mothers all over England, asking for a description of that young man. Two hundred homes made sad by the intelligence of one young man's untimely death! Two hundred homes in mourning over absent sons, and hearts made to bleed afresh because no tidings of *their* missing sons came back to them. That demon that lurks in the whisky-bottle mantles millions of homes in the deepest gloom.

General Grant, at the banquet given in his honor in Chicago, turned his glass bottom side up and kept it so. He told the professors in Girard College, in Philadelphia, not to let the students of that institution use tobacco in any form. Yet General Grant was an inveterate smoker. He knew better than most men the bad effect of the tobacco habit which enslaved him, for it was this that aggravated and fed the dreadful malady that cut off his great life in its prime. Shall a man call himself free, and every day yield to little rolls of tobacco? He thinks he can renounce them at will, but can he?

A German spoke thus at a temperance meeting: "I put my hand on my head, der vas one big pain. Den I put my hand on my pody, and der vas anodder. Den I put my hand in my pocket, and der vas nutting. Now der is no more pain in my head, de pains in my pody are all gone, and der is twenty tollars in my pocket. I shall stay mit der temperance."

The monosyllable *no*, one of the easiest learned by the child, but the most difficult to practice by the man, contains within it a life's import, and an eternity's weal

or woe. The philosophy of the ancients and the wisdom of the moderns may well be summed up in this utterance — NO.

The power to utter the word NO is given to the weakest, and the weakest may utter it strongly and defiantly; but the power comes from its exercise. Let no man think that at any advanced period of his life he has simply to resolve, and that the resolution will arm him with strength and skill for the conquest. Think you that the purpose of a moment shall in a moment demolish a life's practice?

He who reigns within himself, rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.

No man can hope to attain any degree of advancement in life, in character-building or success, without self-control. It is the very essence of manliness and of character.

The truly successful man has all his faculties under self-control. He has a strong grip upon himself, and holds himself to his task, under good fortune and bad, through prosperity and adversity. The man without self-control, however great his abilities, is always at the mercy of his moods and circumstances. He cannot fling himself against the enemy.

Self-control will succeed with one talent, while self-indulgence will fail with ten.

Clarendon said of the great Hampden: "He was supreme governor over his passions, and he had thereby great power over other men's." Self-control gives confidence, not only in the possessor, but in others. Self-control gives credit among business men. Banks will trust a young man who can control himself; he is more reliable. Business men know that the young man who cannot control himself can control neither his own nor

others' affairs. A young man may succeed without education and without health; but he cannot succeed without self-control — that mighty grip upon himself which enables him to march to the front through opposition and misfortune.

“In the supremacy of self-control,” says Herbert Spencer, “consists one of the perfections of the ideal man. Not to be impulsive, — not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost, — but to be self-contained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined, — that it is which education, moral education at least, strives to produce.”

The Jews had a saying, — “Shammaï's severity drives proselytes away; but Hillel's gentleness brings them under the wings of divine mercy.”

Plutarch says of “Olympian,” Pericles' name of honor: “So dispassionate a temper, a life so pure and unblemished in the height of power and place, might well be called *Olympian*, in accordance with our conception of the divine beings.” “When Pericles went up to the *bema* to speak, he prayed the gods that no word might slip unaware, unsuitable to the matter and the occasion. There was a rude fellow who dogged and reviled him, all the afternoon, and at night followed him home, still reviling him, at the door. Pericles called his servant, and told him to get a lantern and light the man home.”

A “Fabian policy” in war is a famous expression, derived from Fabius Maximus, the great Roman antagonist of Hannibal. The “Fabian policy” was that of “masterly inactivity,” which saved Rome in a critical time. This great general was not deficient in daring. Sent to

Carthage as ambassador, he rose, after an unsatisfactory session, folded his cloak so as to form a cavity, then addressed the nobles of Carthage: "Here we bring you peace and war; take which you please." Being answered that he might give which he pleased, he indignantly exclaimed, "Then I give you war."

Then Hannibal, the Carthaginian Alexander, rapidly overran Spain, climbed and crossed the Alps, poured down into northern Italy, and defeated the Roman army at Lake Trasimene. Then all Rome called on Fabius. But this was the time for self-control; and he decided at once on the policy which gained him his name *Cunctator*, or "Delayer." "He dogged his enemies' steps, but would never risk an engagement. The richest districts of southern Italy were laid waste under his very eyes. But he could not be provoked into any rash movement. By a succession of skillful movements, marches and countermarches, always choosing good defensive positions, he harassed his antagonist, who could never draw him into ground favorable for attack, while Fabius watched every opportunity from mistake or neglect on Hannibal's part." "Maneuvering among the hills, where Hannibal's horses were useless, he cut off his supplies, harassed him incessantly, did everything except fight. His steady adherence to this plan, in spite of all misconceptions which his caution had aroused at Rome, evinced the moral strength of the man. He was suspected of an ambition for prolongation of his command. Hannibal was one of the few men in Italy who understood him. The policy was new to the Romans, accustomed to attack. The tactics of Fabius disgusted the men. Minucius, in his absence, gained a slight victory; he was given half of the army, and would have been annihilated, but Fabius came to the rescue. Fabius' six

months being passed, he withdrew, warning the new commander against attacking. Disregard of that warning was followed by the disaster at Cannæ, in which the Roman army was cut to pieces; eighty senators were killed, and a bushel of rings taken from the fingers of the Roman knights was gathered from the field. The self-control of Fabius was seen in the fact that, instead of taunting his rival, he thanked him, "because he had not despaired of the republic." Again he was called to the command, with Marcellus, together "the Shield and Sword of the Republic." The Fabian policy saved Rome.

"Let others write of battles fought,
Of bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death, the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
Against *himself*, and wins."

"Here lies a soldier, whom all must applaud;
Who fought many battles at home and abroad.
But the hottest engagement he ever was in,
Was the conquest of self in the battle of sin."

Who conquers self, — he is a hero born,
His name may die, forgotten by his peers,
But yet the seed he sowed in care and tears
Shall bear rich harvests through immortal years.

F. A. SHAW.

A few rash *words* will set a family, a neighborhood, a nation, by the ears; they have often done so. Half the

lawsuits and half the wars have been brought about by the tongue. — JAMES BOLTON.

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless, — nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The “last word” is the most dangerous of infernal machines; and the husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell. — DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Give me a man so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of, — whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working-order, ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind. — HUXLEY.

He is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree. — SHAKESPEARE.

If men had only temptations to great sins, they would always be good; but the daily fight with little ones accustoms them to defeat. — RICHTER.

Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young. —
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

We learn not at school, but in life. — SENECA.

I am persuaded that the best education in the world is that which we insensibly acquire from conversation with our intellectual superiors. — BULWER.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true we can give advice but we cannot give conduct. But they that will not be counseled cannot be helped; and if you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles. — FRANKLIN.

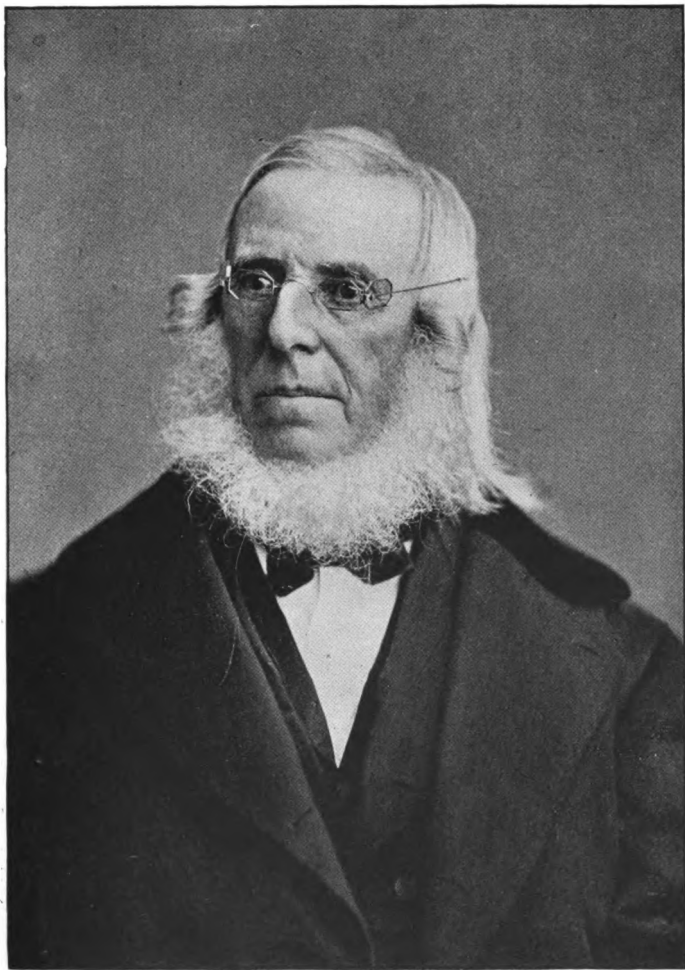
From the basket and acanthus is modeled the graceful capital;
The shadowed profile on the wall helpeth the limner to his likeness;
The footmarks stamped in clay lead on the thoughts to printing;
The strange skin garments cast upon the shore suggest another hemisphere;

A falling apple taught the sage pervading gravitation;
The Huron is certain of his prey, from tracks upon the grass,
And shrewdness, guessing on the hint, followeth on the trail;
But the hint must be given, the trail must be there, or the keenest sight is as blindness. — M. F. TUPPER.

No man ever manages a legitimate business in this life that is not doing a thousand-fold more for other men than he is trying to do even for himself; for in the economy of God's providence every right and well-organized business is a beneficence and not a selfishness; and not the less so because the merchant thinks mostly of his own profit. — BEECHER.

Things always bring their own philosophy with them, that is, prudence. No man acquires property without acquiring with it also a little arithmetic. — EMERSON.

"SHOEMAKER, shoemaker, work by night and run about by day," shouted a little boy through a keyhole to Samuel Drew, who was working very late to make up for time lost the day before in the discussion of politics.



PETER COOPER.

“Did you not run after the boy and strap him?” asked a friend to whom Drew afterwards told the story. “No, no,” was the reply; “had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, and said to myself, ‘True, true; but you shall never have that to say of me again.’ To me that cry was as the voice of God, and it has been a word in season throughout my life. I learned from it not to leave till to-morrow the work of to-day, or to idle when I ought to be working.” From that moment he dropped gadabout politics, and became independent as a business man, and famous as a scholar and author.

“Go on, sir, go on,” were the words the discouraged Arago found when he examined the waste leaf used to stiffen the cover of a text-book on mathematics which he was binding. “The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn, and shine with increasing clearness on your path.” It was a copy of a letter from D’Alembert to a young friend; but Arago made it his motto, and became the foremost astronomical observer of his age. “That maxim,” said he, “was my greatest master in mathematics.”

“Our antagonist,” said Edmund Burke, “is our helper. This conflict with difficulty makes us acquainted with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.”

Thomas Clarkson, when twenty-four, wrote an essay on slavery, and the facts he discovered made such an impression on him that he devoted himself to its abolition.

The following was placed in the corner-stone of Cooper Institute by its grand founder: “The great object that I desire to accomplish by the erection of this institution is to open the avenues of scientific knowledge to the youth of our city and country, and so unfold the volume of

nature that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Author from whom cometh every good and perfect gift."

The object of an education is to unfold and to lay open to the sunlight all the faculties and powers of the body, mind, and soul. A rosebud may be a beautiful thing in possibility; but its petals must be unfolded, its tints must be developed, its fragrance evolved, before it becomes a rose, or before it answers the call of its existence.

To be educated is to have every faculty of body, mind, and heart naturally unfolded and developed to the utmost possible sensibility, so that they shall respond to the slightest stimulus of everything in the universe which can possibly give physical, mental, or moral delight, or which can aid in their expansion or culture; while, at the same time, the man's original genius is quickened or disciplined to do or produce its best.

The celebrated French juggler, Robert Houdin, says in his memoirs, that, in educating his son in the same business, he made him walk slowly past the shop windows in Paris, exercising his powers of observation to the utmost, until at last he was able to remember every article exhibited in a window, from once going by. It is wonderful to what extent the power of observation can be extended.

There is a story about one of the young members of an old manufacturing establishment, to the effect that he was ordered to learn his father's business, which he did in an original way. He went to the foreman of each department to which he successively rose, and promised him a vacation on condition that within a certain time he should be made able to take the foreman's place during such vacation. His plan was to hurry along, and to

spend only six or nine months in a department which, unaided, he might not master in a year.

A wealthy and famous French *restaurateur* sent his son to France to learn the same business. That practice is almost a cast-iron custom with successful Europeans who wish to continue their business through generation after generation. They import the custom to this country. The peculiarity of the European method is that the boys are sent to other establishments, away from the one they are to own. There are two reasons for this practice. One is, that the boy will learn other methods in rival establishments, some of which methods are apt to be better than those practiced at home. Another is, that the boy will get no favoritism. His fellow workmen at home might curry favor with him, or lighten his labor, or the foreman might take so much off his hands that he would miss a great deal of that which he was expected to learn. Sent away to a better and bigger establishment, he will have his ambition stirred, and learn improved ways of working, and he will be treated precisely as if he were dependent on his wages and his ability to earn them.

This French confectioner sent his son to a famous Parisian restaurant, where he began literally at the foot of the ladder, by washing dishes with the scullery men and maids. He worked on and up until he became a storehouse keeper, carver, and then assistant cook, making sauces and gravies, and finally was pronounced a full-fledged *chef*. From the kitchen he went to the office. Now he is helping to run his father's restaurant.

One very old publishing-house in New York includes men of the third generation, some of whom have families. More than two dozen heads of families have sprung from the founder of the house, and many representatives of

these families are in the establishment. The same is true of other great houses in commerce, shipbuilding, and manufactures; for there are now many businesses from fifty to one hundred years old in and near New York.

"A boy who is coddled by his parents," says Charles Nordhoff, "who sits behind the stove in winter when others are playing in the snow, who lies abed late and has his pockets full of candy, who must not go into the water until he has learned to swim, and whose precious life and breath are the objects of his own and his parents' incessant solicitude, may look with pity upon his neighbor, who runs about barefooted, gets up early to feed the cows, has few clothes and no candy, and must work for his food; but all human experience and all history show that the hardier boy has by far the best chance of becoming a useful man, and making an honorable figure in the world." Nature curses inaction, whether among rich or poor.

"The world itself is a university. Travel and contact with men and things, a mental collision with different races and peoples, and the struggle to get on in the world, are themselves educators in the highest degree. Those must have been uncongenial and often desolate periods in which young Lincoln was braving the Western frontier, spending his time in splitting rails, sailing a flatboat, and finally practicing law in a rude, primitive neighborhood; but those things were a part of his college. And I do not hesitate to say that they were better for him than a college diploma is to multitudes of bright young men. For, hard as his many hardships were, he achieved, somewhere along the line, something very much like culture out of what seemed persistent adversities."

A student gets forms, rules, and guideboards in col-

lege, but he must get power from actual contact with the acting, living world.

Locke said that schools fit us for the university rather than for the world. The boy who leaves school or college with a head full of knowledge, but hating his lessons, shows that his education was a failure. It would be far better if he had only half the knowledge and left school in love with learning; for, no matter how much he may know, he will soon forget it if he does not love it. The greatest benefit the teacher can confer upon the pupil is to create a thirst for knowledge which, once acquired, is rarely extinguished.

Analyze the hundreds of young men gathered from all parts of the United States, just entering Harvard or Yale. One has brought a great crude lump of gold. He is uncouth, awkward, dull, heavy, wholly unconscious of the prize he has brought. Another has brought refined gold. He is modest, self-depreciating, silent. Here is a lad with a great mass of pewter; he will be heard from; he is loud-mouthed, assertive, has an opinion on all questions. The gold boys envy him; he will make himself known in the world; he feels sure he has the best material in him, and that he will make his mark some day. But weeks and months pass, and the boys begin to change places. Those who were on top begin to settle to the bottom; those of genuine worth begin to rise. The boys begin to see that the college is no institution of alchemy, and that they must carry away just the same kind of material they brought to the mint. It may be more polished, more refined, more comely in shape, and molded into a greater symmetry; but if they brought pewter to college, they will take pewter away; if they brought iron, they will take iron away; if they brought wood, although the polish may have brought out the

grain and showed its texture, they will carry wood away.

One of the great lessons of a college course is to teach its limitations. It shows us where to get material, tools, to work with. It is a means, not an end. Those who rely upon a college training to get on in the world will never get very far.

“As we pass before some painting, or some poem,” says E. R. Sill, “the question is, what does this give me? It may give the imagination some pretty image of nature. That is something. It may give the feeling of peace or tranquillity. That is more. But if it be a great picture, or a great poem, the whole spirit in us is quickened to new life.” Our sense of color and form, our perception of harmonious relations, “our interest in some crisis of human destiny, our thought concerning this, a hundred mingled streams of fancy and reflection and will-impulse, are set flowing in us; because all this was present in the man of genius who produced the work, and because his expression of it there means the carrying of it over from his spirit into ours. If it be a work of the greatest rank, we are more from that moment and forever.”

Beecher says that God sends experience to paint men's portraits. Does some longing youth look at the settled face of a Washington, whose lineaments have been transmitted to us by the artist's skill, and strive to wear as noble a mien? That look,—the winds of the Alleghanies, the trials of Valley Forge, the sufferings at Cambridge, the conflicts with Congress, wrought it out; and he who would gain it must pass through as stern a school.

If Jefferson Davis, Stonewall Jackson, and General Lee had been born and bred under the shadow of Bunker

Hill, and educated at Harvard College, or if Garrison and Phillips and Lincoln had been reared in South Carolina, they would probably have taken altogether different parts in the Civil War. Who can say that Lee might not have taken Grant's sword at Appomattox under these changed circumstances?

The great preacher, Frederick Robertson, once fell into deep doubt and despondency touching the truth of revelation and the condition of his own soul; and it was not until he had visited the giant mountains of the Tyrol that he recovered his faith and peace of mind. Under the shadow of the Alps, in the presence of the most stupendous works of the Creator, he found that peace, that assurance of faith, that conviction of the existence of a heavenly Father, which no books, no sermons, no arguments of men, could give him.

Healthy exercise and pleasant environment brace the mind wonderfully.

"I passed my childhood among some of the grandest scenery of the North," says Mr. Edward Grieg, the Norwegian composer; "and ever since I can remember, the beauty of my country has impressed me as something wonderful and magnificent beyond expression. It is our mountains, our lakes and forests, which have influenced my work far more than any human being has done; and even now, though I am forty, they have the selfsame power over me." Thomas Gray, the poet, after a visit to the Scottish Highlands, exclaims, "These mountains are ecstatic, and ought to be visited in pilgrimage once a year. None but these stupendous creations of God know how to join so much beauty with so much horror. A fig for your poets, painters, gardeners, and clergymen that have not been among them."

While the inhabitants of North America are distin-

guished for energy, perseverance, and intelligence, those of South America are noted for indolence, superstition, and ignorance.

Robert Waters says that the face of a country has a strong influence on the disposition or temperament of its inhabitants. Dwellers in mountainous countries are generally of a cheerful, happy disposition; those of level, monotonous countries are strongly inclined to melancholy and pessimistic views. The people of the Alps, for instance, especially the peasants of the Tyrol, are celebrated for their lively disposition and their habit of constantly singing at their labor,—in fact, Tyrolese songs are almost as famous as Scottish songs; whilst the Russians, inhabitants of the plain, are noted for their sad disposition, and their strong inclination toward melancholy views of life. Mr. Edmund Noble, in his interesting book on Russia, has this striking passage:—

“The tendency universal in Russia is to pessimism. This penetrates all spheres of thought, gives its hues to every coterie and school, creates resemblances between the most diverse productions of the pen, restores as with a bond of gloom the shattered solidarity of society. Not to be pessimistic in Russia is to be divorced from all contact and sympathy with the national life; to be cut off, either by foreign birth or by some monstrous denial of nature, from the tree of the national development. All influences and epochs have contributed to the tendency. A monotonous landscape, the loss of free institutions, Byzantinism with its cruel lawgiving and ascetic tyranny, the fiscal burdens of the new state, the antitheses suggested by European culture, the crushing of the individual, the elimination from Russian life of all those healthy activities which engage citizenship in other countries, the harassing restrictions upon thought and

movement, the state-created frivolities of society, — all these have contributed to the gloom of the mental atmosphere, until, to-day, pessimism may be said to be the normal condition of all Russian thought."

But the difference in the amount of mental activity is the striking fact. Scotland, with her 3,500,000 inhabitants and 31,000 square miles, has produced twenty times as many men of eminence in art and literature as Russia with her 100,000,000 inhabitants and 2,000,000 square miles. This, it may be said, is not because the one country is mountainous and picturesque, the other flat and dull; but because the one is free and the other enslaved. But what made the one free and the other enslaved? Is it not because mountain fastnesses inspire courage, create a spirit of independence, a defiance of danger, and a love of freedom? Is it not because a flat country produces an indifference to liberty, and a dread of resisting tyranny? Is it not because a mountainous country breeds a strong, hardy race, sound in mind and limb, and noted for manly thinking and manly feeling? The mountaineer is accustomed from earliest youth to face danger and difficulty, to look upon dizzy precipices and overhanging rocks without fear, to encounter fierce storms and roaring torrents without flinching; while the inhabitant of the plain, living always on a level surface, where nothing hazardous is ever required of him, is seldom or never required to exert energy of body or mind, and remains an undeveloped creature.

"Scotland's contribution to our foreign-born population is given in the census as 170,136, or two and a half per cent. of the whole population. This relative strength is absurdly out of proportion to the figure which that nationality cuts in the annals of the Union. No other race has given us, relatively, — positively, might almost

be said, — such an array of leading names. Among statesmen, there are Henry, Monroe, Madison, Hamilton, Jackson, Taylor, Buchanan, Calhoun, Polk, Douglas, Houston, Breckinridge, Randolph, Beck; among soldiers, Scott, Grant, McClellan, Stirling, Mercer, Macomb, St. Clair, Stonewall Jackson, Sidney Johnston, and J. E. Johnston; and in our slender naval register, Paul Jones, Stewart, and Macdonough, — all of Scottish lineage, and exemplifying generally in their careers that combination of common sense, intense conviction, and dogged obstinacy which is usually ascribed to the race.”

If you look over a history of eminent Americans, you will find that the ablest among them, as well as the greatest number, sprang from rock-bound and mountainous New England. The greatest of our orators, poets, preachers, artists, inventors, hail from Yankee-land. There has recently been published a little book in which the author gives an account of no fewer than one hundred and ninety-one eminent men and women, artists, orators, poets, and prose writers, who were born or who lived, spoke, wrote, or became otherwise eminent, within the borders of Essex County, Massachusetts. What flat region can show a record like that?

The sea is a great educator. Holland is flat, nether lands indeed, and, but for the dikes, under water; but with the ocean came that conflict which made the Dutch at one time the first maritime power in the world, and gave them their sturdy independence and metropolitan tolerance.

England owes to the ocean which girds her round about much of her hardiness, her enterprise, and her empire, “on which the sun never sets.”

America lies between two great oceans, the great Gulf and the Great Lakes, with a wide outlook on every side.

“And the classics are the voices
Of the mountain and the glen
And the multitudinous ocean
And the city filled with men,—
Voices of a deeper meaning
Than all drippings of the pen.

“Yes, the mountains are a classic,
And an older word they speak
Than the classics of the Hebrew
Or the Hindoo or the Greek.
Dumb are they, like all the classics,
Till the chosen one draws near,
Who can catch their inner voices
With the ear behind the ear;
And their words are high and mystic,
But the chosen one can hear.

“And the ocean is a classic;
Where’s the scribe shall read its word?—
Word grown old before the Attic
Or Ionian bards were heard,
Word once whispered unto Homer,
Sown within his fruitful heart,—
And he caught a broken message,
But he only heard a part.
Listen, thou; forget the babblings
And the pedantries of art.

“And the city is a classic,—
Aye, the city filled with men;
Here the comic, epic, tragic,
Beyond painting of the pen.
And who rightly reads the classic

Of the city, million-trod,
Ranges farther than the sky-line,
Burrows deeper than the sod,
And his soul beholds the secrets
Of the mysteries of God.

“Give to me to read these classics :—
Life is short from youth to age ;
But its fleetness is not wasted
If I master but a page.”

Beecher says that newspapers are the schoolmasters of the common people, — a greater treasure to them than uncounted millions of gold.

Dickens's practical experience as a newspaper reporter gave him great power in writing his masterpieces.

The daily newspaper is the modern miracle, giving the services of an army at the price of a postage-stamp.

Porter claims that the newspaper “is largely the educator and controller of public sentiment, hence has become a most potent instrument and depository of power. The editor is at this moment apparently more influential than preachers, judges, or legislators. He is mightier than all these united.

“Study the newspaper ; if possible, study it with cyclo-pedia, with atlas, with gazetteer ; but study it. Waste no time on the scandals, the bitter political controversies, the ecclesiastical broadsword exercises, and the idle paragraph gossip. But how God is evoking a new continent out of Africa by the labor of a Livingstone and a Stanley ; how He is laying the foundation of a new free commonwealth in Bulgaria ; how He is redeeming France from the curse she brought upon herself by the cruelties, first of a religion without humanity, and then of a human-

itarianism without religion, — these are themes worthy of study, and the newspaper is the library in which to study them. There is no more fascinating intellectual occupation than watching the course of contemporaneous history. The romance of fiction is inane by the side of the romance of facts.”

The average newspaper is higher than the average conversation. Its language is sometimes coarse and gross; but as a rule it does not swear, and is not very vulgar. Newspapers have put us in sympathy with all mankind, broadened our charities by acquainting us with the miseries and misfortunes of others.

Newspaper reading weakens the memory, and, when carried to excess, the grasp of the mind. The habit of running over newspapers, just for the intellectual excitement of the news, without any effort whatever to retain and grasp what we read, is weakening and demoralizing to the mind, and enfeebles the memory. Excessive newspaper reading becomes a mental dissipation. Memory can be strengthened only by exercise. We do not remember without distinct attention. Most people do not expect to remember what they read in newspapers; they skim them over from habit. They cannot tell you what they read in the newspaper yesterday except a few facts or incidents so striking that they made a special impression. Youth should be cautioned against indiscriminate, aimless reading of newspapers, without attention, or endeavor to retain what they read.

“The daily newspapers, morning and evening,” said Jay Gould, “give the best reading for one who would gain a fundamental knowledge of business methods, especially the page devoted to the markets of the world.”

The higher nature is molded by its own emotions, by

art, music, and literature, and, above all, by the beautiful in nature, and the divine in law and conduct.

Children should be taught to look for beauty everywhere, to read the great poem of creation in the great panorama of nature. To the cultivated mind the objects of nature are the Almighty's hieroglyphics by which He records the story of creation, and His message to mankind.

As nature tries in every way to induce us to obey her laws by rewarding their observance with health, pleasure, and happiness, and by punishing their violation by pain and disease, so she resorts to every means to induce us to expand and develop the great possibilities she has implanted within us. She nerves us to the struggle, in which all great blessings are involved, and beguiles the tedious marches, by holding up before us glittering prizes, which we may almost touch, but never quite possess. She covers up her ends of discipline through trial, of character-building through suffering, by throwing a splendor and glamour over the future; lest the hard, dry facts of the present dishearten us, and she fail in her great purpose. How else could nature call a youth away from all the charms that hang around young life, but by presenting to his imagination pictures of future bliss and greatness which will haunt his dreams until he resolves to make them real? As the mother teaches her babe to walk, by holding up a toy at a distance, not that the child may reach the toy, but that it may develop its muscles and strength, compared with which the toys are mere baubles, so nature goes before us through life, tempting us with higher and higher toys, but ever with the object in view,—the development of the man.

When we make our own that which the vision shows

us in the distance, she holds up another prize, more alluring still. If we have been faithful in pursuit of the last, our eyes are opened to catch a glimpse of the hand which beckons us up and on, our muscles are stronger for the struggle. Our hearing is more acute through listening for the still small voice, and every sensibility is keener for the severe discipline.

Labor is the great schoolmaster of the race. It gives the grand drill in life's army, without which we are only confused and powerless when called into action. What a teacher industry is! It calls us away from conventional instructors, and books, and brings us into the world's great school — into actual contact with men and things. The perpetual attrition of mind upon mind rasps off the rough edges of unpractical life, and gives polish to character. It teaches patience, perseverance, forbearance, and application; teaches method and system, by compelling us to crowd the most possible into every day and hour. Industry is a perpetual call upon the judgment, the power of quick decision; it makes ready men, practical men.

Men are naturally lazy, and require some great stimulus to goad on their flagging ambition, and enable them to overcome the inertia which comes from ease and consciousness of inherited wealth, which is the great barrier to self-elevation. Whatever lessens in a young man the feeling that he must make his own way in the world cripples his chances of success. Poverty has ever been the priceless spur goading man up to his own goal.

O much maligned Want, thou art the great teacher of our race! Thou hast educated men from obscurity, and led them up through the wilderness of difficulties into the land of promise. What brave souls hast thou revealed, what unselfish devotion begotten!

Thou hast found woman a barbaric slave, and hast given us a Nightingale, a Victoria, a Frances E. Willard, a Julia Ward Howe, a Mary A. Livermore. Thou hast given a soul hands with which it subdues the earth and grasps heaven.

Thou hast found a Poussin painting signboards on the road to Paris, and made him one of the greatest of artists. Thou hast met a Chantrey driving an ass with milk-cans on its back, to supply his mother's customers, and made him one of the great sculptors of the century. Thou hast found Richard Foley fiddling his way to Sweden, to learn the Swedish method of nail-splitting, and hast made him a man of renown. Thou hast seen a Shakespeare holding horses at a theater door, and hast driven him to write the immortal Hamlet. Thou hast found a Homer wandering on the shores of Greece, and made him sing the Iliad of all time.

It is the discipline of tireless plodding, the culture from perpetual drill, that enable us to build up a grand, symmetrical character. All life is a continual struggle for existence; it is a hand-to-hand fight with a thousand diseases which dog our steps from the cradle to the grave. No education, no skill, no dexterity of any kind, no culture, no expertness, can be gained without a constant and prolonged struggle to overcome obstacles and form habits of facility. Scholars who dally with their lessons instead of learning them, who fool away their time instead of studying, people who go round the hill of difficulty instead of going over it, students who never trouble themselves with difficult problems, who slide over the hard places instead of conquering them, never gain strength or skill.

Whoever evades the burden misses the blessing. True living is never easy; there never comes a day when a

noble life can be lived without effort. It is never easy to be good ; the cross ever lies at our feet, and daily it must be taken up and carried. It is because we have to rise at a certain time in the morning whether we feel like it or not, and pursue our daily vocation, however disagreeable ; no matter what headaches or heartaches, whether it rains or shines, we must stick to the work, day in and day out, year in and year out ; it is because the ledger must be balanced to a cent, because the books must tally exactly with the invoice ; it is because the student's lesson must be learned, whether he feels like it or not ; it is because the practice on the piano or violin must not be omitted a single day, — it is because of this perpetual grind and drudgery in the performance of duty, of the humdrum and plodding of everyday life, and only because of these, that we are able to lay the foundation stones upon which the superstructure of a noble character can stand.

Death does not end the influence of those who have wrought to the utmost of their strength, and with entire singleness of aim. Down the ages their voices are still heard, urging us to make the most of life and its opportunities.

“The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle still speaks. The Mantuan bard still sings in every school. The philosophy of the Stagirite is still felt in every academy. The bard of Avon is still translated into every tongue. Mohammed still lives in his disastrous influence in the East. Napoleon still is France, and France is almost Napoleon. Martin Luther's dust sleeps at Wittenberg, but Martin Luther's accents still ring through the churches of Christendom. Milton and Byron live in their influence for good or evil.” The apostle from his chair, the minister from his pulpit, the martyr from his

flame-shroud, the statesman from his cabinet, the soldier in the field, the sailor on the deck, who all have passed away to their graves, still live in the practical deeds that they did, in the lives they lived, and in the powerful lessons they left behind them. "None of us liveth to himself," — others are affected by that life; "or dieth to himself," — others are interested in that death.

To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal, and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney, comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm he finds himself. — EMERSON.

The country is both the philosopher's garden and library, in which he reads and contemplates the power, wisdom, and goodness of God. — WILLIAM PENN.

To him who in the love of nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language: for his gayer hours,
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And gentle sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. — BRYANT.

The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs. — CICERO.

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can. — WORDSWORTH.

Of all the arts, great music is the art
To raise the soul above all earthly storms.

LELAND.

The world must have great minds, even as great spheres
Or suns, to govern lesser restless minds,
While they stand still and burn with life; to keep
Them in their places, and to light and heat them.

P. J. BAILEY.

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch shall start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward through the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
So, when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men. — LONGFELLOW.

The mightiest souls of all time hover o'er us,
Who labored like gods among men, and have gone
Like great bursts of sun on the dark way before us.
They're with us, still with us, our battle fight on.
Looking down victor-browed, from the glory-crowned hill,

They beckon, and beacon us, on, onward still;
 And the true heart's aspirings are onward, still onward;
 It turns to the future, as earth turneth sunward.

GERALD MASSEY.

Drums and battle cries
 Go out in music of the morning star;
 And soon we shall have thinkers in the place
 Of fighters; each found able as a man;
 To strike electric influence through a race,
 Unstayed by city-wall and barbican.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

They have not perished; no!
 Kind words, remembered voices, once so sweet,
 Smiles, radiant long ago,
 And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

BRYANT.

“The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
 That stirred our hearts in youth;
 The impulse of a worldless prayer,
 The dream of love and truth,
 The longings after something lost,
 The spirit's yearning cry,
 The strivings after better hopes,—
 These things shall never die.”

CHAPTER X.

BEING AND SEEMING.

What's that, the King? What, that man there!
 Why, I seed a man at Bartlemy Fair
 More like a king than that man there. — PETER PINDAR.
 God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

SHAKESPEARE.

Pigmies are pigmies still though perched on Alps,
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales. — YOUNG.

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;
 The rest is all but leather and prunella. — POPE.

“They who derive their worth from their ancestors resemble potatoes, the most valuable part of which is underground.”

Lasting reputashuns are of a slow growth; the man who wakes up famus sum morning, iz very apt to go to bed sum night and sleep it all off. — JOSH BILLINGS.

The great are only great because we are on our knees; let us rise up. — PROUDHON.

“You may be great, you may be good,
 You may be noble more or less;
 But all that will be understood
 Will be your *tangible* success.”

God knows I'm no the thing I should be,
 Nor am I even the thing I could be,
 But twenty times I rather would be
 An atheist clean,
 Than under gospel colors hid be
 Just for a screen. — BURNS.

Be substantially great in thyself; and more than thou appearest unto others; and let the world be deceived in thee as they are in the lights of heaven. — THOMAS BROWNE.

“WHY, you thuperlative pa!” exclaimed a girl collegiate returning home for vacation, as she flung herself into the arms of her father, who had come to meet her

at the Union Depot, Albany; "how delightfully jolly! I'm tho utterly glad to thee you!"

The old man started back in doubt, as the story is told; but there was no mistaking that sealskin cloak which he had paid for with the bay mare, so he closed his arms, discharged a kiss that for the moment drowned the depot hubbub, and soon had Miss Maria *Æsthetica* and her bundles in the wagon.

"Pa, dear," said the young lady, eying the team critically, "do you conthider thith quite too ekthethively beyond?"

"Hey? quite excessively beyond what? Beyond Greenbush? I consider it somewhere near two miles beyond Greenbush, coming from the Bath-way, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, no, no, pa, you don't underthtand me; I mean thith horthel and wagon. Do you think they are thoulful? — do you think they could be thtudied apart in the light of a thymphony or even a thingle poem, and appear ath intenthely utter to one returning home ath one could ekthpreth?"

The old man mumbled something about the vehicle having been an express wagon before he bought it to deliver groceries in, and then kept his mouth closed until they reached home.

"Oh, there ith that ineffable and conthummate ma," screamed the returned collegiate, as she sprang from the wagon and into the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at supper, "an' how do you like your school?"

"Well, there, pa, now you're thyouthing — I mean, I conthider it too beyond. It ith unquenachably thrilling. The girlth are thumptuouthly thtunning, — I mean grand,

— tho ekthquithite, — tho intenthe; and then the partieth, the callth, the rideth — oh, the patht weekth have been oneth of thublime harmony.”

“I s’pose so, — I s’pose so; but how about your books, readin’, writin’, grammar, rule o’ three, — how about them?”

“Pa, don’t! the rule of three! grammar! It ith French, and muthic, and painting, and the divine in art that hath made my thkool-life the both, — I mean that hath rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmic blith, — incomparably and ekthquithitely all but.”

After a long pause the mother asked, “How do you like the biscuits, Maria?”

“They are too utterly utter for anything, and thith plum-pretherve ith thimply a poem of itthelf.”

“Maria,” said her father at breakfast next morning, “me an’ your mother have been talkin’ the thing over, an’ we’ve come to the conclusion that this boarding-school business is too much nonsense. Me an’ her consider that we haven’t lived sixty odd consummate years for the purpose of raisin’ a curiosity, an’ there’s goin’ to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness. Now, after you’ve finished eatin’ that poem of fried sausage an’ that symphony of twisted doughnut, you take an’ dust upstairs in less’n two seconds, an’ peel off that fancy gown an’ put on a caliker, an’ then come down here an’ help your mother wash the dishes. I want it distinctly understood that there ain’t goin’ to be no more rhythmic insanity in this house so long as your superlative pa an’ your ineffable an’ consummate ma’s runnin’ the ranch. You hear me, Maria?”

“Certainly, pa, if you wish it,” said Maria, opening her eyes very wide; “I’ll be there in just a minute.”

Not every father and mother, afflicted with too æs-

thetic daughters, or sons, for that matter, have the rare good sense to reduce them at once to their lowest terms, and give them good wholesome work as well as advice, to take the nonsense out of them.

Whatever we really are, that let us be, in all fearlessness. Whatever we are not, that let us cease striving to seem to be.

The "Philosopher's Scales," as described by Jane Taylor, weighed everything put into them at their real intrinsic value. For instance, —

"Next time he put in Alexander the Great
With a garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight;
And though clad in armor, from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up and the garment went down."

Self-overvaluation is offensive and ridiculous assumption, which the world is prompt to see, resent, and discount.

Esse quam videri, "To be rather than to seem," is the motto of more than thirty English families, an honorable exhibit of sturdy Anglo-Saxon honesty of thought.

"Paint me as I am, warts and all, or I will not pay you for the picture," exclaimed Oliver Cromwell to the painter who was smoothing his rugged features in a portrait.

Wedgwood, though risen from a workman, was never satisfied till he had done his best. He would tolerate no inferior work. If it did not come up to his idea of what it should be, he would break the vessel, and throw it away, saying, "That won't do for Josiah Wedgwood." Character makes reputation; and Wedgwood pottery, with Wedgwood's character behind it, won world-wide celebrity.

"I must request you to teach him a favorite maxim

of the family whose name you have given him," wrote Granville Sharp, in reply to a letter announcing that an American child had been named in his honor: " 'Always endeavor to be really what you would wish to appear.' This maxim, as my father informed me, was carefully and humbly practiced by his father also, whose sincerity became the principal feature of his character, both in public and private life."

It is a common saying, that in Boston, where they worship intellect, the main question is, in regard to any new arrival, "How much does he know?" In Philadelphia, where they worship rank, it is, "Who was his father?" And in New York, where they worship the dollar, it is, "How much is he worth?" One's estimate of a man is not to be determined by his wealth, or by his birth, or even by his learning. "The man's the gowd for a' that."

"Thee shall do as well by me as I do by thee," said a Quaker tanner, when he took an apprentice. The boy won his employer's confidence by his honesty, good nature, and industry. "Henry," said the Friend, "I think of making thee a fine present when thy time is out. I cannot tell thee what it is to be; but it shall be worth more to thee than a hundred pounds." When the apprenticeship expired, the Quaker said, "I will give thy present to thy father," adding, as he addressed the latter, "Thy son is the best boy I ever had. This is the present, a good name." Henry's golden visions vanished; but his father said, "I would rather hear you say that of my son than to see you give him all the money you are worth, for 'a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.'"

"Whatever we may think, or opine, or speculate, or imagine, or dream, or desire, *things are as they are.*"

This apothegm has exercised a restraining power upon the life of at least one scholar, who read it in boyhood.

Yet seeming may serve a good turn, now and then, if there be worth behind. Judge Hoxie, a plain country justice of the peace, while traveling in England, wished to hear a great trial. The court-room was crowded; officials barred him out. He sent in, by the ushers, a card on which was written, "Justice Hoxie of America desires permission to hear the trial." With great ceremony, the venerable, white-haired "Justice Hoxie of America!" was announced, and escorted to a seat near the chancellor.

La Tour d' Auvergne, alone in the besieged castle, multiplied himself, in effect, by shooting first from one window, then from another. When the terms of surrender were arranged, the "garrison" was allowed to march out with the honors of war. To the astonishment of all, one man, the "First Grenadier of France," came forth, and stacked arms. "But the garrison must abandon the castle!" expostulated the Austrian chief; "where is the garrison?" "I am the garrison," replied La Tour, proudly. Yet this man alone was really worth a company of ordinary grenadiers.

"There are hypocrites within the church, but many more outside," is a true remark. "Jekyll and Hyde," "The Scarlet Letter," and other similar books owe their popularity to the fact that they touch a responsive chord in the human heart. They greatly exaggerate a truth in order to enforce it; but all men are conscious of a dual personality, that which they are, and that which they wish to be and often seem to be.

Bacon says, "Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations, as one would, and the

like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and displeasing to themselves ? ”

“ A jewel is a jewel still, though lying in the dust ;
And sand is sand, though up to heaven by the tempest thrust.”

Yet it is unmeet to allow the jewel to remain in the dust ; for, as Horace reminds us, “ Excellence, when concealed, differs but little from buried worthlessness.”

Socrates says, “ The way to attain a good reputation is to be what you desire to appear.”

“ A man’s reputation is like a shadow, which sometimes follows, sometimes precedes him, and which is occasionally shorter, occasionally longer, than he is.”

“ Silence does not always mark wisdom,” says Coleridge. “ I was at dinner some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me, and said nothing for a long time ; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, toward the end of the dinner, some apple-dumplings were placed on the table ; and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with — ‘ Them’s the jockeys for me.’ ”

In time the reputation fades, however acquired, if character is not behind it. A true character and reputation are like the vitality of the tree, which exhibits itself in a steady expansion of branch, bough, and foliage. As J. G. Holland says, “ Character lives *in* a man, reputation *outside* of him.”

“ It is an Age of Shams,” wrote an American reviewer. “ Shoddy is the Grand Duke of Shams. Alas ! we have sham idols, sham heroes, sham politicians, sham scholars, and sham schools.” Is this complaint of a generation ago true to-day ?

“ People are not content,” says an English writer,

“to be as their fathers were; they must soar higher. This feeling pervades every class of society. The worst is, it does not take its rise in honest, legitimate ambition, the striving to get on by patient degrees, but it is the wish to be fine and grand. ‘Here we go up, up, up,’ sings everybody; and it often results in having to cry, as the children do in their play, ‘Here we go down, down, downy.’”

“How little do they see what is,” says Southey, “who frame their hasty judgments upon that which seems.”

Lucian tells of a hollow statue whose surface was of the purest Parian marble, but the interior was filled with rags and refuse. Longfellow likens one who is outwardly virtuous but inwardly vile to “those panels of doors and altar-pieces the old monks painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary on the outside, and on the inside Venus.”

Outside success is Birmingham jewelry, of which an old copper coal-scuttle and a sovereign can make, as they say, a thousand pounds’ worth.

Dr. Hall tells the story of a Scotchman who sang most piously the hymn, —

“Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,”

and all through the singing was fumbling in his pocket to make sure of the smallest piece of silver for the contribution-box.

“We pass for what we are,” says Emerson. “Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue, or vice, by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emits a breath every moment.”

“Among all animals, man is the only one who tries to pass for more than he is, and so involves himself in the condemnation of seeming less.”

It is easier to be than to seem,—to acquire power than to hide the lack of it.

How a young man is tempted on every hand to pass off counterfeits and imitations, chromos for real paintings,—chromos of thought and feeling, of love and friendship, of dress and worship, of virtue and manhood; but we can easily tell a star from a planet,—both shine, but only one twinkles. Imitation suns can only shine when the real sun is gone. It matters but little how cunning or crafty our counterfeits, or how perfect our imitations, some one at some time will detect them.

It is better to pass for a man of plain common sense, in ordinary conversation, than to attempt to be brilliant or facetious at an expense which you cannot well bear for any length of time. Few can deal in this commodity, without feeling their need of borrowing; and he who is in the habit of borrowing, will soon cease to remember that what he freely uses is not his own.

Dr. Livingstone came across tribes in the interior of Africa who had never seen a looking-glass, or any of its substitutes. Once, when some of them were looking at their own faces in his mirror, and seeing for the first time how they looked, he heard them exclaiming about themselves, “How ugly I look!” “What a queer fellow!” “What a homely nose!” Thus we are astonished when we see our hearts for the first time in the mirror of truth.

Be careful of your reputation, not through vanity, but that you may not harm your life's work, and out of love for truth. There is still something of self-seeking in

the refined pride which will not justify itself, that it may feel itself superior to opinion. It requires ability to make what we seem agree with what we are, and humility to feel that we are not really great.

Geikie tells of a gin-house keeper who, instead of going to church on Sundays, sat before his bar waiting for custom, with the Bible open on his white apron.

Men with bad characters often have good reputations.

The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no song; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit.

These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real good nature; but without it are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Soldiers in Southern prisons were not allowed to send letters home until they had been read by Confederate officers. After a prisoner had written in ink what he wanted the officer to read, he wrote a different letter between the lines, in lemon-juice or some other invisible fluid. These hidden lines did not appear until the letter reached the soldier's home, and was heated. Then the thought, which had been concealed for weeks, and sometimes months, would appear on the paper as if traced by an invisible hand.

We write with a bold hand whatever we wish the world to see, and that by which we wish to be judged; but our real opinions and criticisms, our real estimate of others, in short, most of our real life, we write between the lines, hoping that society will never apply the test of heat. But the lines, once written, can never be erased.

They may be forgotten ; but like the spark which sleeps in the flint, they only wait for friction to call them out. The heat of momentary passion, or a single unguarded act, will often call out lines traced years before. Judas was never suspected of treachery until the money-bag betrayed him.

At Ticonderoga, Valcour Island, Quebec, and Saratoga, Arnold was writing in a bold hand the story of his heroism. These lines were written in ink for the world to read. But see him at Philadelphia at midnight, deliberately planning the doom of the very country for which he publicly declared himself ready to die. Neither Saratoga, Quebec, nor even Philadelphia suspected what he was writing between the lines. West Point furnished the heat which revealed the hidden story of that infamous plot to sell our country to the British. It was at West Point that the staff upon which a nation had leaned was found to be only a broken reed.

A story nearly as dark was written between the noble lines of one who rose from a bed of fever to march with Arnold through the trackless forests of the North. A bright star set when Aaron Burr became a licentious man, a duelist, and a scheming politician.

It is said that it is one of the most difficult things in the world for a lawyer to convince a jury unless he believes in his heart that his client's cause is just. Somehow the truth will come out in the manner, as by a glance of the eye, an unguarded tone, or even an unintentional expression. In spite of all our efforts to deceive, there is a little monitor within watching every opportunity to declare the truth. Swedenborg tells of a group in the spiritual world who were trying to articulate a proposition which they did not believe ; but, in spite of great efforts, they could not give it utterance.

"We cannot conceal shoddy in the great web of life," says Emerson. "Every wicked, rotten, sleazy thread will stretch itself across the fabric, and testify against us forever."

We cannot cover up our blemishes. Every guest that enters the heart leaves his autograph upon the character. Our scars and stains tell of our weaknesses, and they are cut so deep in the marble of our lives that he who runs may read. The finger of time has no power to erase the scars of folly, nor the blasts of fourscore winters to bleach the stains of youth.

Probably no other thing so stands in the way of a young man's advancement as the constant temptation to pass himself off for more than he is worth. We seem to forget that, sooner or later, the world will know to a hair's breadth how much we measure, and to a grain how much we weigh. Perhaps not to-day, possibly not to-morrow, but in the long run we pass for just what we are worth. What we are, like our shadows, always follows us.

"Consider the importance of a good character to your success in the world. If a young man completes the time of his apprenticeship or clerkship with good principles and a fair character, he is made for life. His reputation is better to him than the richest capital. It makes friends; it creates funds; it draws around him patronage and support; and opens for him a sure and easy way to wealth, to honor, and to happiness."

How startled and chagrined some of us would be if we could see the tables of our rating which all who know us hold. For instance, one acquaintance is rated a hundred for his politeness, seventy-five for his kindness, fifty for his veracity, twenty-five for his sagacity, and so on. Our great aim should ever be to keep near

the hundred mark in the estimation of every person with whom we deal, or with whom we come in contact, for after every interview each person rearranges his table of rating. Every time we come in contact with others, we must step upon the scales of their estimate, and be weighed; and our loss or gain from the last weighing will be carefully noted. The world knows whether we are going up or down. Think upward, strive upward, look upward, live upward. How few of us realize that we go through life labeled all over with the tags of estimates of all who know us. How many of us rank high in most respects, but our average is cut down very low by some contemptible weakness or some vicious habit. How easy it is to forget that the strength of the chain lies in its weakest, not the strongest link; that a small leak will sink a ship as surely as a large one, it being only a question of time.

What infinite pains we take to mask our ignorance, to make nothing pass for something. What if, as some one suggests, all the false weights, measures, yardsticks, boxes and barrels were endowed with voice, and should proclaim the little lies to which they silently testify? What a pile of lies in the basements and at the back doors of our stores; boxes of lies, barrels of lies, bottles of lies, — lies in patent medicines, lies in labels, lies in advertisements, lies in clothes, lies in manners, lies in the parlor, lies in politics: shoddy clothes and shoddy characters!

You put your whole self into all that you do. If that self be small and lean and mean, your entire life-work is paltry, your words have no force, your influence has no weight. If that self be true and high, pure and kind, vigorous and forceful, your strokes are strong, your notes staccato, your work massive, your influence cogent, — you can do what you will.

An artist puts his painting upon exhibition, but exhibits himself. The painting has gathered up into itself the whole character of the man. Every thought, emotion, deed, and circumstance of that artist's life is brought to a focus upon his canvas. But, paint as we may, it is an inexorable law that only the fittest will survive. Only the true and pure can stand the test of time. All that is false, impure, affected; all shoddy, shams, and imitations — must disappear, like the crumbling clay in the image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream.

A Californian sent a box of gold-dust to a Boston chemist to be assayed; not that there was any doubt of its worth, but he wanted the value of his mine established by scientific indorsement. The chemist reported the dust to be iron pyrites.

Thousands of men pass for gold until tried by the chemistry of disappointment, of trouble, or of misfortune, when they are found to be only iron pyrites. Thousands of real paupers live in palaces, while millionaires of character often die in poorhouses.

"Sailing from Cuba," said a sailor, "we thought we had gained sixty miles one day on our course; but at the next observation we found we had lost more than thirty. There was an undercurrent. The ship had been going forward by the wind, but back by the current." So a man's course may seem to be right, but the currents of habit underneath sweep him backward.

An Indian chief in Texas went to a railroad station to buy a ticket, and offered wampum and beads in payment. When the agent refused him the ticket, he was very indignant, saying, "I am the richest man in my tribe, and can't buy a ticket over your road." He was very rich at home, but very poor when among civilized men.

Many a man who is called rich here will find that all

his millions will not buy him a seat beside his faithful servant in the land where character, not gold, is legal tender.

After the Emperor of Russia had presented Audubon, out of admiration for his splendid drawings of American birds, with a signet ring studded with diamonds, a frontiersman thus vented his indignation: "So the great, overgrown Emperor of Russia gave that hateful little bird-shooting, alligator-catching, and rattlesnake-stuffing, crazy fellow a gold ring, did he? Well, upon my word, it is just like the emperors; plenty to throw away on fellows who never do an honest day's work in their lives, and nothing for the industrious poor man. Audubon is the kind they like. I've seen him loafing about my clearing for a month at a time, so dreadfully lazy he would sit all day under a tree, pretending to watch a bird, as big as my thumb, build its nest; and what's more, he'd shoot humming-birds with a rifle, and let deer and turkeys (that's game,) pass unnoticed. I don't think his pictures were worth the paper he made 'em on, nor was he worth the powder that would blow him up."

"Eh, man," said a worthy Scot, "he maun ha'e been a wonderfu' man, that Shackspear. There war things cam' into his heid that wad never ha'e coom into mine ava." "Even Wordsworth," said Charles Lamb, "one day told me he considered Shakespeare greatly over-rated. 'There is an immensity of trick in all that Shakespeare wrote,' he said, 'and the people are taken by it. Now, if I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakespeare.' So you see," proceeded Lamb quietly, "it was only the mind that was wanting."

"How easily you earn your bread and butter," said a merchant to an editor; "I am in my office nine hours

a day, while you sit down at your desk, dash off a few anecdotes or fancies, and get well paid for them." "Did it ever occur to you," replied the journalist, "that my work is of the sort that is never done, or that I never take one step or glance which I don't utilize? My friend, I never see a stranger without wondering if his face or form will work into a story; I never hear a conversation without separating the wheat from the chaff to use as material; I never see anything lovely in nature without longing to put it into words for other eyes to enjoy through the medium of a printed page."

A stranger at Aldworth asked a farmer where Tennyson lived, adding: "He is a great man, is he not?" "I don't know about that," said the farmer; "he only keeps one manservant, and he doesn't sleep in the house."

It was the brain of Alexander H. Stephens that directed the Confederate Cabinet, and his was the skill that planned the foreign alliances that were so nearly successful. When Lincoln, who had heard much of Stephens, met him for the first time, he was thunderstruck at sight of the diminutive, sickly man who stood before him, the body seeming altogether too small for the soul that animated it. Stephens wore a big ulster, and Lincoln looked to see a large figure appear when it was taken off. "Well," he remarked, with one of his peculiar smiles, "you are the biggest pea in the smallest pod I ever met."

Lincoln was one of the most unfashionable men this world has produced. Although he was the butt of ridicule, but little cared he for Mrs. Grundy. His great ambition was to be right. He was ridiculed by the aristocratic and fashionable world, but the common people loved him.

"The gentleman is solid mahogany. The fashionable

man is only veneer. One seeks only to make the world useful to himself, the other to make himself useful to the world."

"Away with your masks," cries Carlyle; "let us see your true features. Enough of comedy, masking, lying philosophies, false philanthropic sentiments, and empty hypocrisies. Show us what you are, let your thoughts be your own; dare to be yourself, have the courage to dare to be something, anything, so that you are not false."

Every deed we perform has a tongue in it which betrays its origin, and prophesies our future. Every act is a guideboard that tells the world which way we have gone along. The light we give betrays the oil we use. However discreet we may be, we sometimes leave the heart's doors ajar, and our most secret thoughts steal out and betray us. Our premeditated acts point to what we seem to be, but our spontaneous deeds point to what we are. The great battles of life are fought in the heart, yet the world knows when our higher nature has lost or won. The world knows when shame and disgrace have pulled down the chaste banner of virtue and manhood, and raised their own flag there; for we carry in our very faces and bearing the record of our defeats and victories. As truly as the influence of calm or tempest, of sunshine and dew, is stamped upon every fiber of the mountain oak, from pith to bark, so every thought we think, every motive we cherish, writes its autograph indelibly upon every fiber of our lives. Thought externalizes itself. What we think, that we become.

Nor does it take the whole of a man to tell his whole history. As each ray of light reveals every element that enters into the sun's composition, so a single original thought or spontaneous act gathers up into itself all

the characteristics of the man, and gives us his whole life in epitome. Each thought intersects every previous thought of his life, and gives us a cross-section of the whole man. The minutest part of his individuality, under the microscope of a dissecting mind, would reproduce the whole man.

"We never know a man's measure till we take it for his coffin." The earth is not deep enough nor broad enough to bury the Lincolns, the Goughs, the Mrs. Brownings, the Miss Willards.

A Persian sage, poorly clad, attended a great banquet. He was slighted, and even insulted. No one seemed willing to sit near him. He went home, bedecked himself with robes of silk and satin adorned with lace and jewels, placed a diamond aigrette upon his head, fastened a saber with jeweled hilt to his belt, and returned to the banquet. The guests all paid him great honor. Stretching out his jeweled slipper, he took hold of his golden robe, and said, in a sarcastic manner, "Welcome, my lord coat! welcome, most excellent robe! What will your lordship please eat? For," said he to his chagrined host, "I ought to ask my coat what it will eat, since the welcome is solely to it."

Be what you wish others to become; let yourself, and not your words, preach for you.

"Let our teachers and preachers tell men plainly and distinctly that no amount of believing will do them any good so long as their lives give the lie to their belief."

The "beggarly Homer, who strolled, God knows when, in the infancy of the old world," was richer far than Cræsus in all that is desirable, and added more wealth to man's store than Rothschild or Astor, Gould or Rockefeller. The great man makes the thing great. "Where McGregor sits, there is the head of the table."

It is not well for a man to pray cream and live skim-milk. — BEECHER.

Hypocrisy desires to seem good rather than to be so; honesty desires to be good rather than to seem so. — WARWICK.

Let us abandon this miserable false artificialism, and take up again with the good wholesome sincerity that will stand us in the time of need. When the days shall come, — as they must come, — that the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl broken, we shall want to look back on a life of earnestness, not on one of acted hypocrisy. — *Argosy*.

Angels may dress in rags, and devils wear silks and broadcloths;
Fools may sit on thrones, with real kings and queens
for vassals.

His be the praise, who, looking down with scorn
On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares
To be, not to be thought, an honest man.

PHILEMON.

Sooner or later every man will shine for all he is worth. — TALMAGE.

True worth is in being, not seeming, —
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good, not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

ALICE CARY.

CHAPTER XI.

DECIDE.

In a word, they willed one thing, to which all other things were made subordinate, — subservient; therefore they accomplished it. The wedge will rend rocks, but its edge must be sharp and single; if it be double, the wedge is bruised in pieces and will rend nothing. — CARLYLE.

Our life is March weather, savage and serene in one hour. We go forth austere, dedicated, believing in the iron links of destiny, and will not turn on our heel to save our life; but a book, or a bust, or only the sound of a name, shoots a spark through the nerves, and we suddenly believe in will: fate is for imbeciles: all is possible to the resolved mind. — EMERSON.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.

LOWELL.

The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion — makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes.

HANNAH MORE.

Vacillation is the prominent feature of weakness of character. — VOLTAIRE.

Irresolution in the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest causes of all our unhappiness. — ADDISON.

Nothing of worth or weight can be achieved with half a mind, with a faint heart, and with a lame endeavor. — BARROW.

Begin; to begin is half the work. Let half still remain; again begin this, and thou wilt have finished. — AUSONIUS.

“WHILE you stand deliberating which book your son shall read first,” says Dr. Johnson, “another boy has read both.”

The secret of Jeanne d’Arc’s success was that she saw the problem, and moved to solve it. Not in her courage

nor her visions, but in her decision, or the rare qualities which go to make up decision, was her strength. She pronounced Charles VII. the heir, in God's name, reassured him of his legitimacy, and sanctified this declaration by gaining the victory over the English.

Columbus succeeded because he had a definite aim, and a determination to go straight on at whatever cost. It did no good to rebuff him. He had nursed his youthful purpose until it had become a passion.

How many young men and women we all know who have no rudder in their lives. Shiftless, purposeless, nerveless, aimless, characterless, they drift about from day to day without aim or purpose, without direction or plan; they are creatures of circumstances. They have no strong purpose running through their lives, which alone can unify and give meaning to their faculties and powers. A chest of tools without a trade is of very little use, and a headful of faculties is but a chest of tools without the carpenter's purpose or aim. One without a definite aim in life can neither be useful nor happy.

A single stroke without a definite outline of the image in the mind might ruin the statue; we should never strike a blow until we have decided upon the statue.

Some people seem to think that, if they pound away hard on the marble all day, if they only keep at work, no matter if they have no definite image in view, they will accomplish something. But no; they would better never touch the chisel and mallet than spoil the block. It would better be left uncut than be ruined.

One with a purposeless life, a life which acts upon impulse, never makes a strong character; his ship does not draw any depth of water. He does not make much of a figure in a community, because no one can foretell

to-day what he will do to-morrow, or whether he will do anything, because he may not feel like it; he may not have the impulse or the decision: he is like a ship at sea without a rudder; if the wind favors him, he may drift into port; if not, he may go to pieces on the rocks or float about indefinitely.

A hesitating, wavering, halting, undecided policy in the dark days of the Colonies' peril would have rendered independence forever impossible. Very seldom in history has there been displayed such clear "grit" and sublime decision, as were shown by the men who framed the Constitution and signed the Declaration of Independence, thus laying the foundations of our liberty.

All along the shores of life we see stranded ships upon the rocks and bars, splendidly built and finely equipped, but powerless to float. We see human wrecks thrown up on either side, and left stranded because they allowed themselves to be whirled into this eddy or that, to be turned out of the current of the tide by overhanging branches, stopped in their career as leaves and chips and driftwood are stopped, and turned from their course by every obstruction they encountered. The weak and vacillating character, like a vane, is ever at the mercy of the breeze, of temptation, opinion, or outward pressure. He cannot say "Yes," and he dares not say "No."

How fortunate the man who possesses a mind superior to doubt and fluctuation; who is disdainful of ease and pleasure, who laughs at opposition; who feels within himself the power to will and to do, who believes in his lucky star, who has a sublime confidence in his own power to carry out whatever he wills; who knows that no timid lingerings, no ghosts of distrust, no pleadings of ifs or buts, no doubts or misgivings, can keep him

back from the trial; who can laugh at the menacing glare and the ominous tones of obstacles and opposition; who easily knows and dares to do all that becomes a man; who is larger than his calling, superior to opinion; who cannot be intimidated by reproaches, nor bought by favor nor applause; who is impervious to contempt and ridicule, and who can laugh at scoffers and persecutors.

William Pitt was a remarkable example of definiteness of purpose and singleness of aim. From a child he was made to realize that a great career was expected of him, worthy of his renowned father. This was the one keynote of all his instruction. Wherever he was, or whatever he did, whether in school or college, whether at work or play, he was never once allowed to forget this grand parental idea, — that great things were expected of him as a statesman. It was ingrained into every fiber of his being, and with such energy of purpose and determined aim did he bend himself to this one task, that at twenty-two he was in Parliament, at twenty-three chancellor of the exchequer, and at twenty-five prime minister of England. What an inspiration is such an example of one unwavering aim! He bent every energy, all his moral forces, and his imperious will-power, sacrificing everything that interfered, to this one, all-absorbing passion of his life.

Who can estimate the great advantage of this early training and direction of his studies? He did not waste years, after leaving college, trying to make up his mind what he would better do, but rushed straight to his goal.

“When I have once taken a resolution,” said Cardinal Richelieu, “I go straight to my aim; I overthrow all, I cut down all.”

“This man neither advances nor recedes,” said Webster of an opponent; “he simply hovers.”

"Nine men out of every ten," says Dr. William Mathews, "lay out their plans on too vast a scale; and they who are competent to do almost anything, do nothing, because they never make up their minds distinctly as to what they want, or what they intend to be. Hence the mournful failures we see all around us in every walk of life."

An evenly balanced mind, no matter how strong, will never accomplish anything if it lacks decision of will. A man who can see two sides to the question equally well can never be a prompt actor without a strong and decisive will-power. The arguments for and against any action come up before him so vividly, each side urging its claims, that, unless he has a strong will-power, he cannot make the necessary sacrifice of the one for the other.

And even when he has made his choice of one and sacrificed the other, unless he has grit, tenacity, and unflinching determination, he will be thwarted again and again before he has accomplished his object, by the perpetual claims of the side he has sacrificed.

The man who would succeed must ever hear dinning in his ears, "Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer."

"The secret of the whole matter was," replied Amos Lawrence, "that we had formed the habit of prompt acting, thus taking the top of the tide, while the habit of some others was to delay till about half-tide, thus getting on the flats."

Count Von Moltke, the great German strategist and general, chose for his motto, *Erst wägen, dann wagen*, "First weigh, then venture," and it is to this he owed his great victories and successes. He was slow, cautious, careful in planning, but bold, daring, even seemingly reckless in execution the moment his resolve was made.

Calling upon others for help in forming a decision is worse than useless. A man must so train his habits as to rely upon his own courage in moments of emergency.

When Julius Cæsar came to the Rubicon, — the sacred and inviolable, — which formed one boundary of Italia, even his great decision wavered at the thought of invading a territory which no general was allowed to enter without the permission of the Senate. But his alternative was “destroy myself, or destroy my country,” and his intrepid mind did not waver long. “The die is cast,” he said, as he dashed into the stream at the head of his legions. The whole history of the world was changed by this moment’s decision. The man who said, “I came, I saw, I conquered,” could not hesitate long. He, like Napoleon, had the power to choose one course and sacrifice every other, on the instant. When he landed with his troops in Great Britain, the inhabitants resolved never to surrender to the foreign invader. Cæsar’s quick mind saw that he must commit his soldiers to victory or death. In order to cut off all hope of retreat, he burned all the ships which had borne them to the shores of Britain. There was no hope of return; it was victory or death. This action was the key to the character and triumphs of this great warrior.

Alexander, when asked how he had conquered the world, replied that he did it by not delaying.

Napoleon never hesitated in an emergency. He seized instantly what he considered the wisest course, and sacrificed all others, which he would not allow to tempt him by constantly arguing their side. It is a rare mind which has the decisive vigor which can choose instantly upon the wisest course, and sacrifice every other.

Napoleon was the master of Europe, until he seemed to lose the power of prompt decision. He lost Water-

loo because he did not exercise that rare and decisive vigor which had ever before characterized him, which prompts to an immediate choice and sacrifice. He seemed to have lost that swiftness of decision which he had exercised in other great emergencies.

At the battle of Marengo, the French army was defeated; and, while Bonaparte and his staff were considering their next move, Dessaix suggested there was yet time to retrieve the disaster. Napoleon rallied his men, renewed the battle, and won a great victory over the Austrians, though the unfortunate Dessaix lost his own life on that field.

Napoleon's mighty will, which subdued nearly the whole of Europe, was as prompt and decisive in the minutest detail of command as in the greatest battle. His will was like a huge burning-glass which concentrates the sun's rays until it melts even the hardest diamond. Nothing could stand before his mighty will.

When General Grant proposed to throw his army below Vicksburg, his plan was opposed by all his generals, even by Sherman. He persisted, however, and this persistence caused the fall of Vicksburg.

It was no accident that gave Nelson command of the British fleet, a title, and a statue at Trafalgar Square. He gave the keynote of his own character when he said, "When I don't know whether to fight or not, I always fight." He was distinguished for personal attention to details on his ship, and by attention to most minute circumstances. His last order showed this. As he was borne from the deck to the cockpit to die, after his fatal wound, he saw a rope out of place, and feebly gave the command, "Tighten that tiller-rope."

A remarkable example of firmness of decision was exhibited by a jurymen in a noted murder trial. Eleven



NAPOLÉON.

were for conviction; but this man told them frankly that he would never yield, that he would die rather than give his consent to a verdict for conviction. He told them that he would starve in confinement rather than give his consent to condemn a man whom he considered innocent. The others were firm on the opposite side; but after twenty-four hours of waiting, finding there was no possibility of winning over their opponent, they acceded to his verdict of acquittal.

At the trial of the seven bishops of the Church of England for refusing to aid the king to overthrow the Protestant faith, it was necessary to watch the officers at the doors, lest they send food to some jurymen, and aid him to starve the others into an agreement. Nothing was allowed to be sent in but water for the jurymen to wash in, and they were so thirsty they drank it up. At first nine were for acquitting, and three for convicting. Two of the minority soon gave way; the third, Arnold, was obstinate. He declined to argue. Austin said to him, "Look at me. I am the largest and the strongest of the twelve; and before I will find such a petition as this libel, here will I stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco pipe." Arnold yielded at six in the morning.

Galileo was compelled to choose between a solemn denial of demonstrated truth, or the most agonizing of deaths. What he should have done in these circumstances is a question of morals which has been discussed for two hundred years without result, since it is a question which every one decides according to his own character. Galileo decided to recant. On his knees, with one hand upon the Bible, he pronounced the form of words required, "I adjure, curse, and detest the error and heresy of the motion of the earth, and promise that I will never more teach, verbally or in writing, that the

sun is the center of the universe, and immovable, and that the earth is not the center of the universe, and movable." Rising from his knees, indignant at the outrage done to truth through him, he muttered between his teeth the words which will never be forgotten, "The earth moves, notwithstanding."

Many men noted for great decision have had such hardness of heart and such insensibility to suffering that they could not possibly have their own serious approbation unless conscience were dead. It is said that the King of Prussia, upon one important occasion, in order that he might in the night make an important movement in his camp, which was exposed to the enemy, gave orders that, on pain of death, all lights should be put out by eight o'clock. The king went out of his tent, the moment after the time had passed, and found a light burning in the tent of Captain Zeitern. He entered the tent just as the officer was folding up a letter. The captain, who knew him, fell upon his knees, and begged for mercy. The king asked to whom he had been writing. He said he had retained the candle a few minutes beyond the time, to finish a letter to his wife. The decided king coolly ordered him to rise and write one line more, which he would dictate. This line informed his wife, without a word of explanation, that by such an hour the next day he should be a dead man. The letter was sealed and dispatched. The next day the captain was executed. Here was a case of inflexible decision without mercy. The exigency of the occasion, the necessity of secrecy in the king's movements, made it imperative that his command should be obeyed. This necessity was all the king could see. The heartbroken wife, the stricken family, were all obscured by the necessity of the emergency.

The decision must be intelligent. A mule may make a decision ; but his decision is to thwart, and his resolution we call mulishness. Do not confound obstinacy with manly resolution. Obstinacy is the dogged tenacity in holding to ill-considered plans or objects, reason or no reason.

An educated will must be self-reliant, self-restrained, self-directed, and under self-control.

Sometimes a person encounters emergencies where he must make a decision, although aware that it is not a mature decision, approved by the whole cabinet of his mental powers. In that case he must bring all his comprehension and comparison into active, instant exercise, and feel that he is making the best decision he can at the time, and act. Many important decisions of life are of this kind, — off-hand decisions.

Fanny Fern (Mrs. James Parton,) said that when with General Butler, during war-time, she was astonished at his power of prompt conclusion. "Matters of grave importance would be brought to his tent for decision," she said. "He focused his thought, like a burning-glass, upon the topic brought to him, decided it, and then, once decided, he seemed to have dismissed the matter from his sphere of thought."

There is a story of a father who attempted to redeem his two sons, who had been captured in war by the army of a tyrant. He offered his own life as a ransom, and a sum of money. He was informed that this offer would be accepted as a ransom for one son only, and he might choose which he would redeem. The afflicted father was only too anxious to save one, even at the expense of his own life ; but he could not decide which should die by choosing that the other should live, and in the agony of his dilemma he remained until both were executed.

There is nothing like knowing one's weak points, and then guarding them, and bracing them up. There is nothing which will help a vacillating mind like forming a habit of always acting promptly and energetically. One should then never allow the contemplative or reflective faculties to continually bring up first one side and then the other, balancing motives, and splitting hairs over non-essentials. The decision would better be final and irrevocable, and carried out with energy, even if sometimes wrong, than for one to form a habit of forever balancing, contemplating, and procrastinating. After this habit of prompt decision has been pursued, even mechanically for a time, confidence in one's judgment will begin to be born, and a new spirit of independence will be acquired.

“The man who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first,” says William Wirt, “will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend,— who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan, and veers like a weather-cock to every point of the compass, with every breath of caprice that blows,— can never accomplish anything great or useful. Instead of being progressive in anything, he will at best be stationary, and, more probably, retrograde in all. It is only the man who carries into his pursuits that great quality which Lucan ascribes to Cæsar, *nescia virtus stare loco*;— who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit,— that can advance to eminence in any line.”

Hamlet is a good example of indecision, one of the diseases of the will. There was a disproportion between

the practical and the ideal faculties of his mind. A man who can see only one thing can easily decide or tell what course to take, but Hamlet saw all sides. His mind was crowded full of ideas, fears, conjectures, and he was unable to decide. He could not tell whether the ghost was really his father's spirit or not. Indecision is sometimes a disease of excessive mental culture, where the intellect is highly cultivated, and the powers for action almost paralyzed.

The vacillating man, however strong in other respects, is always pushed aside in the race of life by the determined, the decisive man, who knows what he wants to do, and does it; even brains must give way to decision.

"I once knew a student," says Todd's "Student's Manual," "who somewhere read of a great man who wrote over his door, "*Dum loquimur tempus fugit*;" and immediately he put it in staring capitals over his own door. Again he read that a very learned man used to admire Blackstone; at once he purchased Blackstone's "Commentaries." These he began to read with great eagerness; but, happening to hear that Oliver Ellsworth was in the habit of getting most of his information from conversation, he concluded to abandon Blackstone, and, going from room to room, to gather information by conversation. It is hardly necessary to say that a college full of such students, all condensed into one, would not make a single real student."

Thousands of men owe their failures in life simply to procrastination.

Many a business man has made his fortune by promptly deciding at some nice juncture to expose himself to a considerable risk.

Says a wise man, "To educate one's self up to a just decision of character is part of that moral and mental

training which constitutes the chief work of life, by which alone one can attain to 'the stature of the perfect man.'

"So important to us seems the habit of decision of character, that we are quite prepared to risk the chance of an occasional premature act or judgment. It can do no more harm for a man to decide wrongly than never to decide at all. He must be hopelessly crazed in intellect and awry in morals if his decisions be invariably erroneous. But as decision of character almost necessarily implies accuracy of perception and clearness of reasoning, there is little fear that it will ever lead to ill conclusions. It must not be confounded with obstinacy, which, indeed, is the vice of a feeble rather than of a strong character."

"Better at once to set about trying to enlighten one man," says another, "than to dream for a lifetime of enlightening the world."

Prompt decision and sublime audacity have carried many a successful man over perilous crises, where deliberation would have been ruin.

When the preliminary survey was being made for the line between St. Petersburg and Moscow, Nicholas learned that the officers intrusted with the task were being influenced more by personal than technical considerations, and he determined to cut the Gordian knot in true imperial style. When the minister laid before him the map, with the intention of explaining the proposed route, he took a ruler, drew a straight line from one terminus to the other, and remarked in a tone that precluded all discussion, "*You will construct the line so.*" And the line was so constructed.

The British governor of one of the Indian provinces, commenting on his good fortune in getting out of the

country before the breaking out of the mutiny, said, "I never could have fought well, for I never could make up my mind whether the conquest of India was a divinely inspired act or a terrible mistake." Nothing saps the strength like loss of faith.

Motley said, "The doubt of Charles V. changed the destinies of the civilized world."

Immediately after the battle of Antietam, the President said to his cabinet, "The time for the enunciation of the policy of emancipation can no longer be delayed." He thought public sentiment would support this policy, and had promised his God that he would adopt it. He had made a solemn vow that, if Lee were driven back from Pennsylvania, he would crown the result by declaring freedom for the slaves.

The poet Goethe said to a young man who began to talk to him about his doubts, that, if he believed anything, he would be glad to hear it, but that he had enough doubts of his own.

The great art of accurate decision in business matters is not acquired in a few weeks of commercial life. It is not only the power within himself, but the experience behind him, that makes a successful business man. The commercial world is only a greater school than the one of slates and slate-pencils.

Nothing is more destructive of character than for a man to lose faith in his own resolutions, because he has often failed to do what he has resolved.

Confidence imparts a wonderful inspiration to its possessor. — MILTON.

We spend our days in deliberating, and we end them without coming to any resolve. — L'ESTRANGE.

How long halt ye between two opinions? — 1 *Kings* xviii. 21.

“ For indecision brings its own delays,
 And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
 Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute :
 What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
 Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.”

I shall remember,
 When Cæsar says — do this, it is performed.

SHAKESPEARE.

The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that
 of a man in the court of his own conscience. — BEECHER.

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the
 most invincible resolution. — SENECA.

Irresolution is a worse vice than rashness. He that
 shoots best may sometimes hit the mark; but he that
 shoots not at all can never hit it. Irresolution loosens
 all the joints of a state; like an ague, it shakes not this
 nor that limb, but all the body is at once in a fit. The
 irresolute man is lifted from one place to another; so
 hatcheth nothing, but addles all his actions. — FELTHAM.

No great deed is done
 By falterers who ask for certainty.

GEORGE ELIOT.

CHAPTER XII.

TENACITY OF PURPOSE.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect. — SHAKESPEARE.

Perseverance is king. — H. W. SHAW.

All philosophy lies in two words, "sustain" and "abstain." —
EPICTETUS.

Let a broken man cling to his work. If it saves nothing else, it
will save him. — BEECHER.

He that endureth to the end shall be saved. — JESUS CHRIST.

Perpetual pushing and assurance put a difficulty out of counte-
nance, and make a seeming impossibility give way. — JEREMY COL-
LIER.

I'm proof against that word "failure." I've seen behind it. The
only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose
he sees to be best. — GEORGE ELIOT.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait, — not in
listless idleness, — but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always
willing, and fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that, when the
occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. — LONGFELLOW.

"Never give up, there are chances and changes,
Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one;
And, through the chaos, High Wisdom arranges
Ever success, if you'll only hold on.
Never give up; for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,
Is the stern watchword of 'Never give up!'"

"THERE is a mark, and here is a ball," said a shrewd
employer to thirty applicants who had answered his ad-
vertisement for a boy; "let me see which one of you,
in seven chances, can hit it oftenest." All missed the
mark. "Come back to-morrow," said he, "and see if
you can do better."

The next day brought but one little fellow, who said

he was ready for the test; and, when he tried, he hit the center every time.

“How is this?” asked the man, in surprise. “Why,” said the boy, “I wanted the place very much, to help my mother, so I practiced all night in the shed.” It is needless to say that he was engaged, for he was a boy made of the right stuff, and he brought it out for use and promotion.

In a manufacturing town in England, a young lady applied for a Sunday-school class. The superintendent told her he had no vacant classes; but that, if she liked to go out and hunt up a class of boys for herself, he would be glad to have her help. She gathered a class of poor, ragged boys, among the worst and most unpromising of them being one named Bob. At the superintendent's request, they all went to his house the week after the class was formed, and each received a new suit. After two or three Sundays, Bob was missing, and when the teacher found him, his clothes were torn and dirty. The superintendent gave him another suit, and when the same thing happened again, the teacher, greatly discouraged, said she must give him up. “Please don't do that,” said the superintendent, “I am sure there is something good in Bob. *Try him once more.* I'll give him a third suit of clothes if he'll promise to attend Sunday-school.” Bob seemed to change wonderfully from that time; he became an earnest and persevering seeker after religion, joined the church, and took a class. He afterwards studied for the ministry, and the church gained in him one of the greatest missionaries to China, the Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language.

It is related of Tamerlane that, when closely pursued by his enemies, he took refuge in a ruined building,

where, left to his solitary musings, he espied an ant tugging and striving to carry a single grain of corn. His unavailing efforts were repeated sixty-nine times, and at each brave attempt, as soon as he reached a certain projecting point, he fell back with his burden, unable to surmount it; when lo! the seventieth time he bore away his spoil in triumph, and left the wondering hero re-animated and exulting in the hope of future victory.

Failure is the final test of persistence and of an iron will; it either crushes a life or solidifies it.

Give me the young man who sees longevity in his cause, no matter what others see, or what others say; and who has the pluck and tenacity of purpose, amidst ridicule and defeat, to await the issue. It is the home stretch that tests the man.

All true artists value their art far beyond money. Jules Dupré could not be induced by the offer of a reward in money to alter the character of art, as he understood it, to suit the opinions of one who, though rich in worldly goods, was poor indeed in true perception of art. Dupré was forty thousand francs in debt when he went to housekeeping, and a wealthy merchant offered to wipe out the obligations, if the artist would make some concessions in his work to suit others. He was sorely tempted, but hesitated, and his wife, understanding him, said, "Refuse; we will pay our debts slowly in time." And they did; success came to the faithful household, and a feeling of peace supplanted that of anxiety.

Had Franklin Pierce not been one of the most persevering of men, he would never have been elected President of the United States. When he made his *début* at the bar, he broke down completely. Although deeply mortified, he was not discouraged, as many would

have been. He said he would try the experiment nine hundred and ninety-nine times more, and then, if he failed, he would repeat it for the thousandth time. Nothing is denied to such perseverance.

“Some of the good people of Georgetown, Ripley, and Batavia, go far in their attempt to show how very ordinary Ulysses S. Grant was,” says Hamlin Garland. “A boy of thirteen who could drive a team six hundred miles across country and arrive safely; who could load a wagon with heavy logs by his own mechanical ingenuity; who insisted on solving all mathematical problems himself; who never whispered or lied or swore or quarreled; who could train a horse to pace or trot at will; who stood squarely upon his own knowledge of things, without resorting to trick or mere verbal memory, — such a boy, at this distance, does not appear ‘ordinary,’ stupid, dull, or commonplace. That he was not showy or easily valued is true. His unusualness was in the balance of his character, in his poise, in his native judgment, and in his knowledge of things at first hand, and in his ability to persist.

“Even at sixteen years of age, he had a superstition that to retreat was fatal. When he set hand to any plan, or started on any journey, he felt the necessity of going to the turn of the lane or the end of the furrow. He was resolute and unafraid always; a boy to be trusted and counted upon — sturdy, capable of hard knocks. What he was in speech, he was in grain. If he said, ‘I can do that,’ he not merely meant that he would try to do it, but also that he had thought his way to the successful end of the undertaking. He was an unusually determined and resourceful boy.”

During a period of great anxiety, Frank B. Carpenter, the artist, painting “The Signing of the Proclamation,”



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

at the White House, asked the chief magistrate, "How does Grant impress you as compared with other leading generals?" "The great thing about him," answered the President, "is cool persistency of purpose. He is not easily excited, and he has got the grip of a bulldog. When he once gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off."

Lincoln made up his mind to put himself before the public, and discussed his plans with his friends. "I have talked with great men," he told his fellow-clerk and friend, Greene, "and I do not see how they differ from others." In order to keep in practice in speaking, he walked seven or eight miles to debating clubs. "Practicing polemics," was what he called the exercise.

He sought Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, and asked his advice about studying grammar.

"If you are going before the public," said Mr. Graham, "you ought to do it."

But where could he get a grammar? There was but one in the neighborhood, Mr. Graham said, and that was six miles away.

"Without awaiting further information, the young man walked immediately to the place, borrowed this rare copy of Kirkham's Grammar, and before night was deep in its mysteries. From that time on, for weeks, he gave every moment of his leisure to mastering the contents of the book. Frequently he asked his friend Greene to 'hold the book' while he recited, and when puzzled by a point he would consult Mr. Graham.

"Lincoln's eagerness to learn was such that the whole neighborhood became interested. The Greens lent him books, the schoolmaster kept him in mind, and helped him as he could, and even the village cooper allowed him to come into his shop and keep up a fire of shavings

sufficiently bright to read by at night. It was not long before the grammar was mastered."

"Well," said Lincoln, "if that's what they call science, I think I'll go at another."

He had made another discovery — that he could conquer subjects by sticking to them.

Daniel Webster had as a boy no remarkable traits of character. He was sent to Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, and stayed there only a short time. A neighbor, finding him crying on his way home, and asking the reason, Daniel said he despaired of ever making a scholar. He declared the boys made fun of him for always being at the foot of the class, and that he had decided to give up and go home. The friend said that he ought to go back and see what hard study would do. He went back, applied himself to his studies with a determination to win, and it was not long before he silenced those who had ridiculed him, by reaching the head of the class and remaining there.

Some of the first experiments in burning coal were failures, because the experimenters did not persist. They left it in despair, but, returning later, found a hotter fire than they had ever known.

Just so, thousands of men have been failures in life because they *did not go quite far enough*. They did not quite learn a trade to the point of efficiency; in other words, they stopped just this side of success.

The Patent Office in Washington is full of contrivances which are almost successes; if the inventors had had the power to hold on a little longer, they might have achieved the longed-for success, and died rich instead of poor.

"Alas!" said a widow, speaking of her brilliant but careless son, "he has not the gift of continuance."

Professor Drummond saw at a fair a glass model of a famous mine. The owner drove a tunnel a mile long through the strata he thought contained gold, spent one hundred thousand dollars on it, and in a year and a half had failed to find the gold. Another company drove the tunnel a yard farther and struck ore. So the gold of life may be to us only a yard away.

It is not the man who dreams of better mechanical ways of doing work, but he who by intelligent experiments works out the mechanical forms that translate the dream into a reality, who is entitled to the name of inventor.

There is no other invention in any age that has exercised so powerful an influence upon the destinies of the nations of the world as the steam-engine, of which Watt may well be called the father; and yet it is a fact that a steam boiler, and an engine propelled by steam, were constructed by Hero two hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. The apparatus was very crude and elementary; but the fundamental idea was there. Had the ancient experimentalist persistently followed up the line of investigation which his curious experiments suggested, the history of mechanics might have been set forward two thousand years.

Denis Papin, in 1688, with his piston inclosed in a cylinder, and Thomas Newcomen, of later date, with his condensing engine, were both standing on the very threshold of the greatest mechanical invention of the age; but it was only when Watt brought his powers of intelligent and patient search to bear upon Newcomen's crude mechanism that the steam-engine of the nineteenth century was produced.

The principle on which the magnetic telegraph depends had been known since 1774, but Professor Morse

was the first to apply that principle for the benefit of man. He began his experiments in 1832, and five years afterwards succeeded in obtaining a patent on his invention. Then followed another long delay; and it was not until the last day of the session in 1843 that he procured from Congress an appropriation of \$30,000. With that money was constructed, between Baltimore and Washington, the first telegraphic line in the world. Perhaps no other invention has exercised a more beneficent influence on the welfare of the human race.

John Fitch was poor, ragged, and forlorn, jeered at, pitied as a madman, discouraged by the great, and repulsed by the rich; yet he and his friends kept on until, in 1790, they had a steamboat on the Delaware, which ran, with the tide, eight miles an hour, and, against it, six miles.

The bicycle was long restricted to the use of those who were acrobatically inclined. The introduction of the chain gave us the safety wheel, and the popularity of the bicycle was thereby largely increased, although the most important feature of all was yet lacking. It was only when the pneumatic tire, — an old idea, — was perfected and applied to it, that the wheel became the most popular means of recreation in our day, and one of the greatest blessings of the century.

George Stephenson, by careful study, by noticing the defects of others, and seeking a remedy, by careful attention to details, when a less persevering man would have been sure to fail, finally, in 1815, produced an engine, — “The Puffing Billy,” — that was really serviceable and economical. But he had a hard battle to fight before he conquered. He was the only man who had faith in the ultimate use of this method of travel. However, in spite of all obstacles, in 1830 he had a locomotive,

"The Rocket," in essential principles the same as to-day, running on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and the success of his ideas was established.

Stephenson was not the author of the iron rail, nor of the idea of a steam-driven vehicle running upon iron rails, and carrying its own water and fuel. These leading features were present in the earlier engine of Trevethick. Had Trevethick labored to remedy the defects of his locomotive with the perseverance which was so strong a characteristic of his successor, it is likely that he, and not Stephenson, would have been named the father of the modern locomotive.

If you have not this persistence by nature, you must cultivate it. With it you can succeed, you can make difficulties bend, you can make opposition give way, doubt and hesitancy yield to confidence and assurance. Without it the more shining qualities of nature will not ensure your success, and will very likely bring nothing but failure.

Amos Lawrence attributed his solid fortune to the disappointments of his first year. He anticipated that his profits in the twelve months would be four thousand dollars. He was deeply mortified to find his balance only one thousand. This threw him back on himself. He increased his hours of work, reduced his store expenses, cut off all personal superfluities, refused to go into company, and gave himself up thoroughly and resolutely to business. The habits of diligence, economy, and thrift, formed in this period of his career, attended him through life. He closed the second year of his business with the coveted earning of four thousand dollars. His own words are, "Had I made four thousand dollars the first year, I should probably have failed in the third." Punctuality, exactness, persistency, honor, and

integrity were the stones with which he builded his success.

"The longer I live," says Fowell Buxton, *"the more certain I am that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is ENERGY — INVINCIBLE DETERMINATION — a purpose once fixed, and then Death or Victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; — and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a MAN without it."* And this man's life spoke this sentiment more powerfully even than his words. In his boyhood, when told to deliver a message to a pig-driver, he went by field or road, through mud and mire, guessing his way, as best he could, by the footmarks of the herd, till he overtook the man, and fulfilled his mission. With the same resolution and tenacity, amid all opposition and delays, he worked to secure the emancipation of slaves.

"How is it that Mr. Gladstone was able, at eighty-four years of age, to bear the immense weight of business and responsibility which the leadership of the Liberal party, a national election campaign, and the premiership of England entail, without breaking down?" asks Mathews. "I will tell you. He has made himself equal to it; he has been under fire for forty years; he has grown to his work. He is no longer annoyed and rendered sleepless by the defection or the adverse criticism of friends and the savage attacks of enemies. He has made up his mind that he is right, and will go right on without minding them. He can rest at any moment; he can shake off the cares of state, and go to sleep whenever he gets a chance. Without that, he would break down in a month. He says to himself, 'The ship is on

her right course; everything is in order; every officer in his place; now let her drive!' and goes to sleep."

When Mr. Gladstone was on a visit to the north of England, a working-man traveled some distance to see him. Gladstone spoke to the man in the kindest manner, and asked what he wanted. The poor fellow, in some confusion, apologized, but made bold to say, "I have come all the way from Bradford to see you. They are well pleased there with you and your government in the main, but they think that you hardly go fast enough." Mr. Gladstone kindly patted his admirer on the shoulder, and said, "*You must keep knocking* at the door," and there the interview ended.

Von Moltke, the greatest master of strategy the world has ever seen, was sixty-six years at school to himself before he was ready for his task. Though born with the century, and an army officer at nineteen, he was an old man when, in 1866, as Prussian chief of staff, he crushed Austria at Sadowa, and drove her out of Germany. Four years later, the silent, modest soldier of seventy, ready for the still greater opportunity, smote France, and changed the map of Europe. Glory and the field marshal's baton were his, after fifty-one years of hard work. No wonder Louis Napoleon was beaten by such men as he. All Louis Napoleons have been, and always will be. Opportunity always finds out frauds. It does not make men, but shows the world what they have made of themselves; it calls out reserves.

Louis Napoleon also won his position by persistency; he lost it because he failed to keep his grasp on military details. All his early life seemed a preparation for glory; he made himself "one of the best fencers, riders, and swimmers in the whole school;" he studied artillery and engineering, served as a volunteer, and consolidated

his knowledge in his "*Manuel d'Artillerie.*" From the death of Napoleon's son, in 1832, "his whole life, speculative and practical, was devoted to what then became his 'fixed idea,' that he was destined to be the sovereign of France." He published works to keep himself favorably before the French. In 1836, he made his famous attempt at a *coup d'état* at Strasburg, in which an eagle figured, — a ludicrous failure. In England, he became "the silent man," — but he kept on thinking; he dreamed out his "*Idées Napoléoniennes,*" made another attempt — a gross failure, — to stir France, and was condemned to "perpetual imprisonment" at the fortress of Ham; but, for all that, he managed to become President and Emperor of the French, — after some score of years of persistency.

We envy a man who has achieved great success, but we do not see the failures and heart-aches upon heart-aches which he buried beneath his triumph.

"The aster has not wasted spring and summer because it has not blossomed," says Beecher. "It has been all the time preparing for what is to follow, and in autumn it is the glory of the field, and only the frost lays it low. So there are many people who must live forty or fifty years, and have the crude sap of their natural dispositions changed and sweetened, before the blossoming time can come; but their lives have not been wasted."

John Stuart Blackie declared that he never knew a man good for anything in the world, who, when he had a piece of work to do, did not know how to stick to it.

"The foreman of the jury, however," says Whipple, "was a hard-hearted, practical man, a model of business intellect and integrity, but with an incapacity of understanding any intellect or conscience radically differing from his own. Mr. Choate's argument, as far as the

facts and the law were concerned, was through in an hour. Still he went on speaking. Hour after hour passed, and yet he continued to speak with constantly increasing eloquence, repeating and recapitulating, without any seeming reason, facts which he had already stated and arguments which he had already urged. The truth was, as I gradually learned, that he was engaged in a hand-to-hand — or, rather, in a brain-to-brain and a heart-to-heart — contest with the foreman, whose resistance he was determined to break down, but who confronted him for three hours with defiance observable in every rigid line of his honest countenance.

“‘You fool!’ was the burden of the advocate’s ingenious argument. ‘You rascal!’ was the phrase legibly printed on the foreman’s incredulous face. But at length the features of the foreman began to relax, and, at the end, the stern lines melted into acquiescence with the opinion of the advocate, who had been storming at the defenses of his mind, his heart, and his conscience for five hours, and had finally entered as victor. The verdict was ‘Not guilty.’”

Look at Disraeli. From his birth, the odds were against him. The child of a hated and branded race, he made himself the greatest power in the most conventional country in the world. Without a liberal education, he won honors by literary skill and scholarship; without aristocratic connections, he became a star of fashion in the most exclusive society in Europe. Coughed and hissed down at his first essay in Parliament, he assured the house that “the time would come when they would hear him,” and he persevered until those under whose laughter he had winced, writhed in turn under his terrible sarcasm. Look at Brougham. Ranging during sixty years over the fields, not only of law and poli-

tics, but of science and literature, he triumphed in all; and such was his love of excellence, so indefatigable his perseverance, that it has been said that, if he had begun life as a bootblack, he would never have rested content until he had become the best bootblack in England.

Think of a genius like Michael Angelo, plodding away for seven long years decorating the Sistine Chapel with his immortal "Last Judgment," and "Story of the Creation," until the muscles and cords of his neck had become so rigid that he could not look down without bending his body.

For weeks together he did not remove his clothes, and carried his bread with him on the scaffold that he might work while he ate, and so not lose a moment. Think of this man whom the world calls one of its greatest geniuses, with a block of marble in his sleeping-room, and chisel and mallet ever ready to obey the call of a new thought. "Yet I am learning," said he, after he was three score years and ten, and had immortalized himself in sculpture, architecture, and painting. What a lesson is his life for the youth who considers his education "finished" when he receives his diploma at school.

To the unreflecting observer, a splendid statue, a marvelous painting, or a great book leaves on the mind only a beautiful and inspiring impression of its grandeur; but seldom rouses a single thought of that grinding, plodding persistence that has made the artist and his work what they are.

With what delight we read Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," perhaps the most powerful romance that ever came from an American pen. It seems impossible that such beauty of diction, such facility of expression, and delicacy of touch, could be elaborated by any amount of

drudgery. But the notebooks of this shyest and most bashful of mortals reveal the secret of his genius. Drudgery, drudgery, drudgery, is written all over his efforts. Nothing was too trivial for record in his notes. Everything he saw, or heard, or touched, or felt, was imprisoned in his notebook, and compelled to pay tribute to his fiction.

The stream which floated his thought with such beauty and facility of expression was made up of little rivulets from ten thousand sources. Even while he was writing his immortal "Scarlet Letter," he believed it would go unrecognized, as had many other things which he had produced, some of which he had burned in disgust. He had been dismissed from his position in the custom-house in Salem, and many a day had made his dinner of chestnuts and potatoes, because he could not afford meat. For twenty years he worked on, unrecognized and unknown.

"Fit, square, polish thyself," says Richard C. Trench. "Thy turn will come. Thou wilt not lie in the way. The builders will have need of thee. The wall has more need of thee than thou hast of the wall."

"Genius, that power which dazzles mortal eyes,
Is oft but perseverance in disguise.
Continuous effort, of itself, implies,
In spite of countless falls, the power to rise.
'Twixt failure and success the point's so fine
Men sometimes know not when they touch the line.
Just when the pearl was waiting one more plunge,
How many a struggler has thrown up the sponge!
As the tide goes clear out, it comes clear in;
In business 'tis at turns the wisest win.
And oh! how true, when shades of doubt dismay,

'Tis often darkest just before the day.'
A little more persistence, courage, vim!
Success will dawn o'er fortune's Cloudy rim.
Then take this honey for the bitterest cup:
'There is no failure, save in giving up,
No real fall as long as one still tries,
For seeming setbacks make the strong man wise.
There's no defeat, in truth, save from within;
Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win.'"

"September, 1856, made a new era in my life," said George Eliot, "for it was then I began to write fiction. It had always been a vague dream of mine that some time or other I might write a novel; and my shadowy conception of what the novel was to be varied, of course, from one epoch of my life to another. But I never went farther toward the actual writing of a novel than an introductory chapter describing a Staffordshire village and the life of the neighboring farmhouses; and, as the years passed on, I lost hope that I should ever be able to write a novel, just as I desponded about everything else in my future life. I always thought I was deficient in dramatic power, both of construction and dialogue, but I felt I should be at my ease in the descriptive part of a novel.

"One morning, as I was thinking what should be the subject of my first sketch, my thoughts merged themselves into a dreamy doze, and I imagined myself writing a story, of which the title was 'The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton!' The result was the now famous 'Scenes from Clerical Life,' which first appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and which achieved an instant success almost as great as that of 'Waverley' at its first appearance."

It is inspiring to note Herbert Spencer's completion, at the age of seventy-six, of the tenth and last volume of his great work. Rarely has the world seen a more remarkable example of a tremendous task, a vast life-work, adhered to under so many discouragements, and especially after the failure of health.

When starting the "New York Herald," James Gordon Bennett had no time to waste on "interviewers." When a "Herald" was wanted, he pointed with his pen to the pile, and the buyer laid down his copper and helped himself. The struggle was longer and harder than even that of the "Tribune," and often, after a hard week's toil of seventeen and eighteen hours a day, there would not be a quarter of a dollar left over for Saturday night. But he never swerved from his purpose, and, after nearly forty years of service in the editorial harness, handed it down to his son, one of the most valuable newspaper properties in the world.

"Oh, there is no alternative but to keep pegging away," replied Lincoln, when asked what he would do if, after three or four years, the rebellion were not crushed.

A poor London boy started out, determined to visit every office and place of business until he found a situation, no matter how long it might take. After persisting in this for a time which would have utterly discouraged most boys, he called at an office, and was told they never took boys who had had no experience, and was asked who sent him there.

The old gentleman was so pleased at the boy's pluck when he told him that he was calling at every office, and should continue to do so until he found a situation, that he told him to go home, and write him a letter in his best hand, and he would see what he could do for him. Many

a boy has lost a situation by bad handwriting, bad spelling, or an unbusiness-like letter. But this boy's letter was neat, tasty, and satisfactory, and he got the situation. He proved valuable, and has been with the firm ever since.

It is the boy who sticks to his bush that fills his pail with berries. It is the miner who digs away as soon as he finds paying dirt who makes money at mining. One in ten thousand may stumble upon big lumps of gold by continually roaming, but the other nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine will not; and, in the end, the man who digs persistently will usually find the most and the largest nuggets.

See how the daffodil pushes silently but persistently the tufted sod one side with its tiny head, and forces itself up to the light by the very persistency of growth.

Nature is very exacting, and will not pay until the work is done. The student must conquer before he can taste the conqueror's victory. He shall not taste the delights of scholarship without the probation of the student. He shall not be master until he has served his apprenticeship. He shall not command until he has learned to obey. He shall not be a specialist until he has been a generalist. He shall not be a general until he has been a soldier. He shall not master others until he has mastered himself. He shall not taste of victory until he has fought the battle.

There is genius in persistence. Indeed, perseverance is the right hand of genius, which wins for us the strength it overcomes. It is said that even a violin will improve by being played upon.

Gaining high success in a profession is often like the slow growth of the American aloe; for many years hardly perceptible, then, all at once, the plant shoots up

a stalk ten or fifteen feet high, hung with innumerable flowers.

Pascal was forbidden by his father to mention mathematics, or to look at a book on that subject, even though he begged to see one. With no help whatever, not even knowing the name of a circle, which he called "a round," he worked out the first thirty-two problems of Euclid, or what corresponded to them, inventing names as he went along.

The great scholar Erasmus could not afford, when a boy, to buy a torch, so he read by moonlight. John Milton, when quite a youth, had mastered Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Italian, and French. When studying at St. Paul's school, his ardor for knowledge was so great that he rarely went to bed before twelve o'clock. In the same way all great men have achieved success by unswerving diligence. The grand old German emperor, William I., was by no means a genius; the secret of his power lay in tireless perseverance. Although he climbed to a lofty height of glory, he remained to the last a simple, faithful, hard-working man. A friend says of him, "When I passed the palace at Berlin, night after night, however late, I always saw that grand imperial figure standing up beside the green lamp, and I used to say to myself, 'That is how the imperial crown of Germany was won.'"

People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are many thousands of converts in Madagascar to-day. People laughed at Dr. Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are many thousands of believers in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Dr. Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years with-

out a single conversion; but China has many thousand Christians now. People laughed at the missionaries at Tahiti for preaching for fifteen years without a single conversion, and at other missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single convert; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

A fledgeling of a minister in India asked the Duke of Wellington what were the chances for the conversion of that empire. "Stick to your marching orders, young man," was the Iron Duke's reply.

A cobbler, when asked how long it takes to become a good shoemaker, answered, "Six years, — and then you must travel." That cobbler had the artist-soul. I told a friend the story, and he asked another cobbler the same question: "How long does it take to become a good shoemaker?" "All your life, sir." That was still better, — he was a Michael Angelo of shoes! David Maydole, the hammer-maker of central New York, was an artist. "Yes," said he, "I have made hammers here for twenty-eight years." "Well, then, you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time." "No, sir," was the answer, "I never made a pretty good hammer. I make the best hammer made in the United States."

America will never produce any very great art until our immense resources are developed, and we get more time. As a people, we have not yet learned the art of patience. We do not know how to wait. Think of an American artist spending seven, eight, ten, and even twelve years, on a single painting, as did Titian, Michael Angelo, and many of the other old masters. Think of an American sculptor spending years and years upon a single masterpiece, as did the Greeks and Romans.

Persistency is characteristic of all men who have ac-

complished anything great. They may lack in some other particular, have many weaknesses or eccentricities, but the quality of persistence is never absent from a successful man. No matter what opposition he meets or what discouragements overtake him, he is always persistent. Drudgery cannot disgust him, obstacles cannot discourage him, labor cannot weary him. He will persist, no matter what comes or what goes; it is a part of his nature. He could almost as easily stop breathing.

It is not so much brilliancy of intellect, or fertility of resource, as persistency of effort, constancy of purpose, that makes a great man. Persistency always gives confidence. Everybody believes in the man who persists. He may meet misfortunes, sorrows, and reverses, but everybody believes that he will ultimately triumph because they know there is no keeping him down. "Does he keep at it? is he persistent?" are the questions which the world asks about a man.

Even the man with small ability will often succeed if he has the quality of persistence, where a genius without persistence would fail.

Money, position, influence, — these are as nothing compared with brains, energy, and perseverance.

Why not allow the schoolboy to erase from his list of studies subjects that appear to him useless? Would he not erase everything which taxes his pleasure and freedom? Would he not obey the call of his blood rather than the advice of his teacher? Ignorant men, who have made money, tell him that the study of geography is useless; his tea will come over the sea to him, whether he knows where China is or not. What difference does it make whether verbs agree with their subjects or not? Why waste time learning geometry or algebra? Who keeps accounts by these? Learning spoils a man for

business, they tell him; they begrudge the time and money spent in education. If their children go to school, they want cheap and rapid transit through college for them. Veneer, instead of solid mahogany, will answer every practical purpose for them, or even paint and pine will do.

Keep at it, whatever your work may be, with a dogged determination. Set your teeth, and say, "*I will.*" Let your motto be "*Tenacity of Purpose!*" When you hear it, it should act on you as the bugle call does on a war-horse. You must feel the inspiration that can be found in the consciousness and full realization of your own perseverance. Perseverance? Realize what this means. It means determination, resolution, firmness, energy, obstinacy, and self-command, all combined, and working in harmony with an enthusiasm that must carry its possessor to victory.

Blind Milton, who lost his eyesight because he persisted in writing a treatise necessary for his country's defense before the world, declared, as he sat in darkness:—

"Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

And he "steered right onward," in his blindness, to write his immortal masterpiece.

"Await the issue," said Carlyle. "In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory

over him. He dies, indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives.

“Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no farther, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be; but the truth of it is part of nature’s laws, co-operates with the world’s eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.”

We are told that it is lesson after lesson with the scholar, blow after blow with the laborer, crop after crop with the farmer, picture after picture with the painter, and mile after mile with the traveler, that secures what all so much desire — *Success*.

“If you have tried, and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that’s great and good is done
Just by patient trying.”

Hurried results are worse than none. We must force nothing, but be partakers of the divine patience. . . . If there is one thing evident in the world’s history, it is that God hasteth not. All haste implies weakness. Time is as cheap as space and matter. — GEORGE MACDONALD.

Life should be full of earnest work,
Our hearts undashed by fortune’s frown;
Let *perseverance* conquer fate,
And *merit* seize the victor’s crown.

PHOEBE CARY.

Perseverantia omnia vincit.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ART OF KEEPING WELL.

Health is the first wealth. — EMERSON.

Life is not mere living, but the enjoyment of health. — MARTIAL.

No man is in true health who cannot stand in the free air of heaven, with his feet on God's free turf, and thank his Creator for the simple luxury of physical existence. — T. W. HIGGINSON.

Health is the vital principle of bliss. — THOMSON.

“Oh to be strong! Each morn to feel
 A fresh delight to wake to life;
 To spring with bounding pulse to meet
 Whate'er of work, of care, of strife
 Day brings to me! Each night to sleep
 The dreamless sleep that health can give;
 No weary ache, no wearing pain, —
 Ah, then, indeed, 'twere joy to live!

“Oh to be well! The red, red blood
 To swiftly course thro' veins of mine,
 And wake anew hope and desire,
 Each breath like draught of sparkling wine;
 No more to dread the coming day,
 Nor hopeless hate the morning light,
 To hail with joy the night of rest, —
 Ah, then to live were keen delight!”

Genius is health, and beauty is health, and virtue is health. — EMERSON.

Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. — FRANKLIN.

We should be keefer how we encurridge luxuries. It is but a step forard from hoe-caik to plum-puddin', but it is a mile and a half by the nearest road when we have to go back again. — JOSH BILLINGS.

I was well, wished to be better, took physic, and died. — *Epitaph.*

I think you might dispense with half your doctors, if you would only consult Doctor Sun more, and be more under treatment of these great hydropathic doctors — the clouds. — BEECHER.

Water, air, and cleanliness are the chief articles in my pharmacopœia. — NAPOLEON.

I believe it is in the power of every one to become a centenarian. — DR. DE BOSSY, at 103.

"WELL, sir, how much longer do you expect to live," asked Dr. Jackson, a distinguished physician, of Josiah Quincy.

"Till I send for a doctor," was the answer.

"And when did you last send for one," continued Dr. Jackson.

With a smile, Mr. Quincy replied, "Just eighty-six years ago," naming the precise day of his birth.

"I am very unfortunate!" exclaimed the Marchioness of S——, at the age of ninety-eight, when a friend attempted to console her for the death of the last of her daughters, who was nearly seventy; "of five children whom the Lord has blessed me with, I have been unable to raise one." This seems like an exaggeration, but not more so than many stories current in the East.

"What is the matter?" asked a traveler, in an apocryphal tale, at sight of a man two hundred years old weeping bitterly. "Boo-hoo," was the reply, "father has just punished me because I wouldn't drive the cows to pasture for grandfather, who's been helping us do the chores."

How long life may be, in the better millennial days, is a problem of science. But science has no patience with our present short, sickly years.

"Men do not usually die; they kill themselves," says a French authority.

Henry Jenkins was born in Yorkshire, England, May 17, 1500, and died in his one hundred and seventieth year. He rose early, drank a pint of water every morning before breakfast, and lived principally upon cold meats and salads. Throughout life he continued the use of flannel and warm clothing. He was strictly temperate, except that he drank moderately of beer.

Thomas Parr, one of the most notable instances of

longevity in English history, was born in 1483. He was first married when he was eighty-eight, and again at the age of one hundred and twenty. At one hundred and forty-five he was able to run races, thresh grain, and accomplish almost any kind of laborious work. He was accustomed to eat at night as well as in the daytime, but always of the plainest food. His biographer says: "The cause of his death was attributed chiefly to the change of food and air; forasmuch as, coming out of a clear and free atmosphere, he came, even at that time, into the comparatively more impure air of London; and after a long-practiced plain and homely country diet, he was taken into a luxurious family, where he was encouraged, under the mistaken notion of thereby improving his health, and further prolonging his life, to feed high, and drink plentifully of the best wines, whereby the natural functions of his body were overcharged, his lungs obstructed, and the habit of the whole body quite disordered; the consequence of which was a certain speedy dissolution. Had such not been the case, the appearance of his body, internally, indicated that he might yet have lived for a number of years. He died in 1635, aged one hundred and fifty-two."

Many who have read that Parr was accustomed to use medicines made from roots and herbs, have taken similar decoctions, and supposed that they would necessarily lengthen their life. But if you or I would expect similar results, we must obtain and take the medicines under similar circumstances.

We must go at early dawn and collect the herbs ourselves, we must dig down into the earth in pursuit of those precious roots which shun the light of day, imbibing the perfumes emitted from the fresh-turned earth. And then we might find that the benefit consisted, not

only in the decoctions from the herbs and roots, but from the exercise in the fresh morning air. We might find, as the Eastern prince found, that it was not the medicine in the cunningly prepared ball that he was commanded to kick up and down his palace, but the exercise of kicking, which produced his cure.

It is said that M. Jean Maximilian, Count Waldeck, page to Marie Antoinette, soldier of the Republic and the Empire, "the living history of a century," died a few years ago, in Paris, at the age of one hundred and ten. He died young because he believed and illustrated the fact that years do not necessarily make a man old.

Among the books of which he was the author, one sets forth the idea that a man never dies, but commits suicide, whatever his age may be. At a dinner-party where he and his beautiful wife were present, the following conversation took place between a gentleman and Madame Waldeck:—

"Madame," he said, "you made a heroic sacrifice in devoting yourself to this gallant of another century."

"No," she said, "he is not of my century, for we *fêted* his hundredth birthday nine years ago; but he is of my age."

"I never doubted, madame, your love for M. de Waldeck. I love him, too, as one would love the eighth wonder of the world."

"I understand you, sir; but I love him as a woman loves her husband. I do not count his years. I have trouble in believing that he is one hundred and nine, and that I am only forty-two."

"Pardon the curiosity of a philosopher whose study is woman. Permit me to place an interrogation point before your heart. Did you love him at eighty-three

because he was a gentleman in spirit as well as birth, or did you love him from love ? ”

“ I loved him from love. I was at that time somewhat in demand. If among all my suitors I chose Count Waldeck, it was because I found him the most irresistible.”

“ And why, madame, was he the most irresistible ? ”

“ Because he was the youngest. He was not eighty years of age ; he was twenty, four times over.”

At this moment, Count Waldeck rose with his glass in his hand, improvised a pretty stanza in honor of the hostess, and, when the glass was emptied, turned it upside down on the hand of the Maréchale, and kissed away the last pearly drop, saying, “ That is what we did at the Court of Louis XVI.”

Dr. De Bossy, when one hundred and three years old, was Dean of the French Physicians, hale and hearty as ever, and still in the practice of his profession at Havre, France.

“ I rise at seven winter and summer,” he declared, “ and as soon as I am dressed go on my rounds, generally on foot ; I eat and enjoy all kinds of food ; my teeth are sound and good.

“ The secret of longevity is *consideration in all things, cleanliness, and a pure life ; and I believe it is in the power of every one to become a centenarian.*”

The celebrated Galen, who died in 271, aged one hundred and forty, was, as he reports of himself, of a weak and delicate constitution ; but by the observance of strict temperance and evenness of temper, he was enabled to attain his advanced age. His uniform rule was, always to rise from the table while his appetite was good.

In a small town about eight miles from Boston, there recently lived an old gentleman who was hale and hearty

at the age of eighty-one, and whose erect carriage would put many a younger man to shame.

Not long ago he had a visit from an old school-friend, a few years his junior, who exclaimed at the old gentleman's strength and youthful appearance.

"I may look fairly young for my age," was the reply, made with some sadness, "but I'm not what I was. Why, last week I made one of my monthly trips to Boston, and I had to take to the cars coming home."

"Take to the cars coming home!" repeated his friend. "You don't mean to say you're in the habit of walking any such distance!"

"Why, man alive, I'm only eighty-one!" cried the old gentleman, testily. "Of course I've always walked to Boston and back; and I can tell you, sir, that, when I took those cars to come home, I said to myself, 'If this thing's going on, Martin Foster, you might just as well take to your bed and done with it!' That's the way I felt, sir! Only eighty-one, and obliged to take the cars home from Boston!"

When an old man, Washington threw a stone across the Rappahannock, and hurled an iron bar twenty feet beyond that of a champion who was the boast of the country.

As Senator Pettus of Alabama was going to his home on Capitol Hill, Washington, he met a very decrepit old fellow who seemed hardly able to cross the street. General Pettus caught the tottering patriarch by the arm, and helped him upon the sidewalk. The latter returned his thanks very effusively, and then said, with a touch of some pride in his voice, "If I were as young as you, and you were my age, it would give me pleasure to assist you in this way."

"Yes," said General Pettus, "and how old are you?"

"Seventy-four," said the aged man.

"My friend," said the Alabama statesman, "I shall be seventy-six next June."

General Neal Dow, when ninety years old, rose daily at five o'clock, and took a three-mile walk every morning "to keep the bloom of youth upon his cheeks."

Not long before his death, General Dow wrote the author the following letter:—

Yours of the 12th inst., asking me to give you the secret of my long and happy life, is at hand, and I have only time for a few words. I came of a strong stock on my father's side. He was hardly sick a day in his life of nearly ninety-five years. His father died at eighty-five, his grandfather at a very advanced age, and his grandmother at one hundred and two, in full possession of all her mental powers, and physically active up to the day before she died, as I have been told.

Industry, frugality, and temperance, through several generations, distinctly impressed their effect upon the physical characteristics of the family. I inherited a good constitution, robust health, bodily activity, a fondness for all athletic exercises, in which as a boy I was generally equal to my schoolfellows, and afterwards to the young men of my acquaintance. This inherited tendency to long life has undoubtedly been strengthened by my own regular and temperate habits, and perhaps more yet by my keeping myself constantly employed. When not otherwise engaged, reading has been my chief delight, so that I have never known an idle moment, and time, therefore, has never hung heavy on my hands. Nature has no room for uselessness; and, all other things being equal, a life conscious of usefulness is likely to be long, as it is sure to be happy.

Very respectfully yours,

NEAL DOW.

“Every man is either a fool or a physician after thirty,” is a saying which may mean that, after thirty, if not before, a man may not be a fool if he will begin seriously to study and practice the preservation of life and health. By thirty a man ought to have become deeply sensible of the importance of health and strength; to have gained by study a good knowledge of the anatomy, physiology, and hygiene of the body; to know, for himself, what to eat and drink and wear; to know how to work and exercise, to rest and sleep. He ought to know the foes of health, and his own weak points and hereditary liabilities; and especially to guard head, chest, stomach, and feet against heat and cold; to have a trained instinct against quack medicines, and withal a good practical sense of his own limitations of knowledge, and when he ought to “call the doctor;” in a word, how to take care of the body. At thirty a man should be like an oak vessel, with strong sails to catch the breezes, to weather storms, with a rudder strong to steer, to career victoriously over ocean in wind and wave, and carry a great cargo to a good port.

Many wild animals, living a more natural life than man, attain a greater age.

When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought valiantly for the king, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: “Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun.” The elephant was found with the inscription three hundred and fifty years after.

The horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages fifteen to twenty-five years.

Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live one thousand years.

An eagle died at Vienna at the age of one hundred and four; ravens have frequently reached one hundred; swans have been known to live to three hundred. Pelicans, also, are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live one hundred and seven years.

The average life in Rome during the time of the Cæsars was but eighteen years, and but twenty years in England during the Elizabethan period. In Rome, today, the average is forty, while in England it is even greater. In France, the average life during the past half century has increased from twenty-eight to forty-five years. In our country, America, we may boast of the greatest average length of life of any people on record.

From the dawn of history, men have sought to discover how death may be averted, and life prolonged. The ancient Egyptian physicians advised frequent emetics, and keeping up perspiration. So general was the practice, that "How do you sweat?" became the customary salutation, instead of "How do you do?" The degree of perspiration was supposed to indicate the state of health.

What else is so grand as to stand on life's threshold, fresh, young, hopeful, with a consciousness of power equal to any emergency, — a master of the situation? The glory of a young man is his strength. Weakness of any kind minimizes him, belittles him, cripples him; it is a deformity. No industry nor will-power can eliminate it, no apology cover it, — no matter what the weakness is, whether a lack of energy, vigor, will-power, or of physical stamina.

The most exquisite feeling possible is, perhaps, the sense of ability to overcome obstacles, to conquer.

The great prizes of life ever fall to the robust, the

stalwart, the strong, — not to a huge muscle or powerful frame necessarily, but to a strong vitality, a great nervous energy. It is the Lord Broughams, working almost continuously one hundred and seventy-six hours ; it is the Napoleons, twenty hours in the saddle ; it is the Franklins, camping out in the open air at seventy ; it is the Gladstones, firmly grasping the helm of the ship of state at eighty-four, tramping miles every day, and chopping down huge trees at eighty-five, — that accomplish the great things of life.

To prosper you must improve your brain-power ; and nothing helps the brain more than a healthy body. The race of to-day is only to be won by those who will study to keep their bodies in such good condition that their minds are able and ready to sustain the high pressure on memory and mind which our present fierce competition engenders. It is health rather than strength that is now wanted. Health is essentially the requirement of our time to enable us to succeed in life. In all modern occupations, — from the nursery to the school, from the school to the shop or world beyond, — the brain and nerve strain go on, continuous, augmenting, and intensifying.

As a rule physical vigor is the condition of a great career. The weak, chestless, calfless, forceless, languid, hesitating, vacillating young man may manage to live a respectable sort of life ; but he seldom climbs, is not a leader, rarely gets at the head of anything important.

It is said that one of these dandies in Iowa had legs so attenuated that the authorities had him arrested because he had *no visible means of support*. The very thought of such a fellow conducting a business or leading in a profession provokes but a jest. While the weak and half-developed physically do sometimes accomplish immortal things, yet it is ever at a great disadvantage.

They keep on the strain to do what the stalwart and the strong do almost from natural momentum. Many of our graduates, when they come from college, are anything but fine specimens of humanity. "Sicklied o'er by the pale cast of tho't," they look as if they had been "blasted by the excess of light."

They are overcultured; there is too much polish for the substance, like timbers in a cathedral which are weakened by the carvings, until it is doubtful if they will support the structure. They have been ornamented to death at the cost of solidity and strength.

"Let it not be said," writes George Eliot, "that the young men of this age are squashy things; that they look well, but won't wear."

At least in this life, so dependent is mind upon material organization, — the functions and manifestations of the soul upon the conditions of the body it inhabits, — that it is natural for the materialist to run into the extravagance of supposing that thought and passion, wit, imagination, and love, may be only emanations from exquisitely organized and judiciously nourished matter.

What achievement is comparable to health? "What to it are nuggets or millions?" asked Carlyle, of the Edinburgh students. It was a bitter sense of his own crippled life from ill health, his sense of inability to perform that which his towering ambition urged him to do, that called out these words.

Michael Angelo, in his great paintings, nowhere admitted either to heaven or hell any but the physically powerful. Such was the Romans' love of physical power.

Youth flatters itself with the sense that it is endowed with superabundant health and strength. He says, she says, that the stock of vitality is inexhaustible. They look with scorn on the hobbling old man, the woman

suffering neuralgia, the man or woman wearing glasses, — they do not even think to deny that they shall ever come to those things. He can lift a barrel of flour, work seven days a week, recuperate from a debauch by a few wet cloths or a sleep; she can dance all night, twice a week or more, — it will always be so with them. Why, life's battles, they can fight them with one hand tied behind them. Each is like a soldier with three days' rations dealt out, who should gormandize them all in one day; only the soldier would do it in defiance of his knowledge of the limit. But youth ought to reflect or to be instructed, as we were not, — this superabundance of life, more than you think you shall ever want, is a reservoir which is to last seventy years; and when you are fifty, and life comes to its greatest interest, scope, usefulness, and activity, then you will not exult, however temperate and disciplined you have been, that you have one ounce too much of vitality, of body or brain, for what lies before you, which your whole soul longs to enter upon.

It has been well said health and strength depend largely upon a careful avoidance of whatever disturbs the digestive organs, or exposure to sudden or protracted cold with insufficient defense against it. Nutrition suitable in quantity and quality is necessary for sound and continued good health. Articles of food that may be taken with impunity by some persons should always be avoided by others, who invariably suffer from indulgence in them. Some drinks, absorbed in large quantities by many people, can never be taken by others without injury to the system, which is disturbed and worn out by them as the machinery of a watch would be worn if dust were admitted among its works.

Taking too much food should be avoided. Such a

habit will always be injurious to the system. It is not uncommon to see a man suddenly broken down by food that his system could not digest, as well as by drink, which damages the digestive organs. Eat slowly, and masticate the food thoroughly; to this end, it should be a rule, never unheeded, to cut one's food into small pieces, so as not to put too much work upon the masticating machinery. I recently saw an account of a man strangled by a piece of steak one inch long, an inch wide, and three-quarters of an inch thick!

The race-horse must not be fed like the truck-horse. The brain workers' food must stimulate nervous energy; there must be phosphorus and albumen in it to constantly renew the gray thinking matter of the brain. If he should eat roast beef and salt pork merely, he would get the day laborer's muscular force, but very little brain or nerve force. He must eat fish, chicken, relishes, the finer cereals, must have a vegetable and fruit diet largely. On the other hand, the laboring-man wants food that will give muscular force, physical energy, stamina, vigor. He wants physical power which will lift and carry. A teacher requires very different food from a servant-girl who performs heavy house-work. Students require a peculiar diet for brain-work; and, as most of them have not reached maturity, they need also building-up material. Children need a large amount of bone, nerve, and muscle material, for their waste is very great, on account of their great activity.

Carlyle was wont to remark that he was a happy man until he found out that he possessed a stomach. From that day on that stomach and functional dyspepsia made for Carlyle a life of misery. On the other hand, Prince Bismarck could stow away a dozen hard-boiled eggs, a quart of beer, and a quart of champagne, with number-

less links of sausage, for his dinner, besides smoking either cigars or a pipe continuously when not eating.

According to Sir John Lubbock, were a man to attempt to equal the comparative capacity of an average spider, he would have to stow away under his belt at least two oxen, thirteen sheep, a dozen of average-sized porkers, and four barrels of fish within twenty-four hours. Were a man to eat thus much he would simply, bulk for bulk, equal the capacity of the spider.

A man out West, who attended a late dinner and ate heartily of roast beef, turkey, chicken, lobsters, oysters, mince-pie, plum-pudding, ice-cream, cake, nuts, and raisins, was found dead in bed the following day. The medical examiner reported that he died of "heart failure."

Food and drink should not be taken together, because the salivary organs will supply sufficient fluid for proper mastication, and that fluid is far better for the purpose than any other liquid. Very fat meats and pastry are to be avoided, because they put too much work upon the digestive organs. One should not eat heartily when over-fatigued by hard labor, because the digestive organs are not in proper condition to do their work well.

When temporarily unwell, do not eat, unless it be gruel, which may be prepared in many ways to tempt the appetite; give rest to the digestive machinery.

Do not fret. Whatever the aggravation, fretting will not help it, but disturbs the system, especially the alimentary canal. If you can help it, do so; but don't fret.

Do not brood over a possible misfortune that is feared; anxiety and trouble will not help it, but will disturb the whole system, especially that of digestion. The misfortune may not come; people often suffer fearfully for

misfortunes that do not fall upon them, more, indeed, for such than for those that do overtake them.

Comfortable and continuous sleep is necessary to sound health and a long life. Whatever reasons one may have for anxiety on account of a misfortune, real or expected, banish it all from the mind at bedtime. That can be done by a little effort. Sleep is absolutely necessary to good health; without it the system soon breaks down, and becomes a ruin, mental and physical.

I knew one who, through fear of a misfortune that did not come, became a lunatic, and died in a few months, though he had vigorous health before the great anxiety possessed him.

If time hangs heavily on one's hands, there's no better remedy than work and books. Good books they should be, — histories, biographies, travels, novels, entertaining books and instructive as well. When fondness for good literature has been acquired, time will never drag; it will seem too short.

Professor Lorenzo N. Fowler, phrenologist, who died at eighty-five, gives these as his rules for long life: "Work hard, but easily. Avoid worry and chafing. Approach as near your ideal as possible, and use the talents given you. Do not live at too high a pressure. Keep within your income and your strength. Take three meals a day, and let these consist largely of fruits, nuts, cereals, eggs, and milk. Be a total abstainer at the outset, and remain one all your life. Never smoke a pipe, a cigar, chew, or take snuff. Take regularly daily exercise. Remember that cleanliness is next to godliness. Avoid strong tea and coffee. Sleep the sleep of the just when you retire, and take one day in the week for rest, and ten chances to one you will succeed in becoming an octogenarian."

Daniel Webster visited John Adams a short time be-

fore his death, and found him reclining on a sofa, evidently in feeble health. He remarked to Mr. Adams, "I am glad to see you, sir, and hope you are getting along pretty well." "Ah, sir, quite the contrary," replied Mr. Adams. "I find I am a poor tenant occupying a house much shattered by time. It sways and trembles with every wind, and has in fact almost gone to decay; and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can find out, don't intend to make any repairs."

Some one has said that "a strong mind in a weak body is like a superior knife-blade in an inferior handle. Its workmanship may be ever so finished, its temper ever so true, its edge ever so keen; but for want of means to wield it properly, it will not cut to much purpose."

When Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tennyson were at a great public dinner, it was said that, while the ex-premier enjoyed his food with a keen relish, and laughed and chatted and told anecdotes with all his wonderful brilliancy and animation, Tennyson was silent and sad, and looked horribly bored with the whole affair. The poet laureate was the younger man of the two, and had done far less work. He sadly neglected his health. He smoked far too much. He would sit by the hour with a number of clay pipes beside him, which he smoked one by one, breaking them after he had finished one "fill" of tobacco, and throwing them into his wastebasket. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, always made a wise and careful study of health. No one ever found him gouty, or mopish, or disagreeable.

Dr. E. B. Turner of England, the cycling doctor, gives his opinion, in "Wheeling," on the subject of A. V. Linton's untimely death. He considers that a word of warning to other riders is necessary, lest they also be tempted

to presume on their strength, and to meet a similar fate. Dr. Turner holds that for weeks young Linton's system must have been poisoned by the "ptomaines" engendered by his all but continuous exertions. He points out that the blood of any man who has competed in a distance race on foot or on a cycle is found afterwards to be full of poisonous substances produced by the forced combustion of his tissues; and, if a man before he has recovered from the effect of one race, rides in another, he adds fresh poison to his system. Linton gave himself no rest to get rid of the poison, and, whether his fatal ailment was true enteric or acute fever, it is certain that, being full of poison, he was in no way able to resist the onset of any serious illness. Dr. Turner concludes that this is the first instance during his experience of twenty-six years in which he can attribute a fatal result to athletic competition, but he warns the modern school of distance racers that nature must be obeyed.

From time out of mind it has become an axiom that a man is the better for all the physical exercise he can take, short of exhaustion or damage to his organs. Prejudice alone has prevented this view being held with regard to women.

With cycles as now perfected, there is nothing in the anatomy or the physiology of a woman to prevent their being fully and freely enjoyed within the limits defined by common sense.

The effect of cycling, within the physical capacity of a woman, acts like a charm for gout, rheumatism, and indigestion. Sleeplessness, so-called "nerves," and all those petty miseries for which the "liver" is so often made the scapegoat, disappear in the most extraordinary way with the fresh air inhaled, and with the tissue

destruction and reconstruction effected by exercise and exhilaration.

"Sleep is the gift of God," sang old Homer, as it descended upon the tired combatant Greeks around old Troy.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," has become a proverb in epitome.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me, if that any is,
In gift or grace surpassing this,
He giveth His beloved *sleep!*"

"As a day of rest," said Dr. John Richard Farre, in his famous testimony in 1832, before the British House of Commons, "I view the Sabbath as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labor."

"I consider, therefore, that in the bountiful provision of Providence, for the preservation of human life, the sabbatical appointment is to be numbered amongst the natural duties, if preservation of life be admitted to be a duty, and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act. This is said simply as a physician, and without reference at all to the theological question. But if you consider, further, the proper effect of real Christianity, namely, peace of mind, confiding trust in God, and good will to men, you will perceive in this source of renewed vigor to the mind, and through the mind to the body, an additional spring of life imparted from this higher use of the Sabbath as a holy rest." Dr. Farre's testimony has been again and again indorsed by medical associations.

Dr. Haegler, a medical authority of Basle, has given a graphic diagram, from his physiological studies, in a line zigzagging downward, with alternating labor and sleep, but restored to the level of the original starting-point by the Sabbath uplift.

Dr. Mussey, of the Ohio Medical College, made this striking statement: "Under the due observance of the Sabbath, life would, on the average, be prolonged more than one-seventh of its whole period; that is, *more than seven years in fifty.*"

The French, during the Reign of Terror, wished to break away from everything Christian, and they abolished the Sabbath and declared a *décadi*, or "tenth day;" but William Humboldt testified that it did not work; and Proudhon testifies that somehow, explain it how you will, one day in seven is the proper and essential proportion of rest to labor, for the benefit of mankind.

"Water, air, and sunshine, the three greatest hygienic means, are free, and within the reach of all."

"Twelve years ago," says Walt Whitman, "I came to Camden to die. But every day I went into the country, and, naked, bathed in the sunshine, lived with the birds and squirrels, and played in the water with the fishes. I received my health from nature."

"It is the unqualified result of all my experience with the sick," said Florence Nightingale, "that second only to their need of fresh air, is their need of light; that, after a close room, what most hurts them is a dark room; and that it is not only light, but direct sunlight they want."

"Where there is sun," she goes on, "there is thought; all physiology goes to confirm this. Where is the shady side of deep valleys, there is cretinism [a species of

idiocy with which the goitrous inhabitants of Alpine valleys are afflicted]. Where are cellars and the un-sunned sides of narrow streets, there are the degeneracy and weakness of the human race, mind and body equally degenerating. Put the pale plant and human being into the sun, and, if not too far gone, each will recover health and spirit. Almost all patients lie with their faces toward the light, even when it 'hurts' them. They say they do not know why. But it is for the same reason that plants turn to the sun."

Valuable lives are thrown away through disregard of some of nature's simplest laws, — as in the sudden checking of perspiration in a "cold." The best and greatest waste their lives by ignorance which is amazing. Lord Bacon's death was caused, says Hall, by "something which any old woman who did not 'know B from a bull's foot' would have had sense not to do — sleeping in a damp bed." Washington Irving hastened death by taking the advice of a fool instead of his physician.

Edward Everett became overheated in testifying in a courtroom, then went to Faneuil Hall, which was cold, and sat in a draught till his turn came to speak; "but my hands and feet were ice, my lungs were on fire." "In this condition I had to go and spend three hours in the courtroom." He died in less than a week from the checking of the perspiration. "It was enough to kill any man," says Dr. Hall.

The Emperor Nicholas of Russia reviewed his troops on a January day, and took a severe cold; his special medical adviser counseled him not to repeat the review.

"Would you make as much of my illness, if I were a common soldier?" asked the emperor, in good-natured pleasantry.

"Certainly, please Your Majesty; we would not allow a common soldier to leave the hospital, if he were in the state in which Your Majesty is."

"Well, you would do your duty; I will do mine." The exposure was repeated, and he died a week afterwards.

Hufeland calls the stomach the *atria mortis*, the entrance-hall, or vestibule, of death.

General Zachary Taylor, just inaugurated President, in a hot day in summer, in bodily exhaustion after certain cornerstone exercises, went home to a bowl of berries and milk and a hearty dinner; cholera slew the man who said to Santa Anna, "General Taylor never surrenders."

Health is largely dependent upon the condition of the mind. Even invalids suddenly thrown into responsible positions by the death of parents or relatives, or upon sudden loss of property, have been forced to do what they thought impossible before, and have not only succeeded in their efforts, but have steadily improved in health.

An education is a health tonic. Disease, or delicate health, often results from a lack of healthy brain development. Nothing is more common than to see delicate boys and girls improve in health in school and college, when parents and friends thought them entirely too delicate to stand the strain. A broad, intellectual development, self-culture, have a decided influence on the bodily health. Other things equal, intelligent, educated, cultured people enjoy the best health.

The man who would succeed in the twentieth century must keep his body in such a condition that his mind will be able to sustain the high pressure of an intense civilization. Health will be an essential requirement in the future to those who would succeed in life.

“’Tis the mind that makes the body rich.’

The mind is the natural protector of the body. A well-balanced, cultured, and disciplined intellect reacts powerfully upon the physique, and tends to bring it into harmony with itself. On the other hand, a weak, vacillating, one-sided, uncertain, ignorant mind will ultimately bring the body into sympathy with it. Every pure and healthy thought, every noble aspiration for the good and the true, every longing of the heart for a higher and better life, every lofty purpose and unselfish endeavor, reacts upon the body, making it stronger, more harmonious, and more beautiful.

Not even a Raphael could paint the face of Christ, with a Judas in his mind as a model. Phidias could not call an angel from the marble while he had a fiend in his mind. A flaw in the thought will appear in the statue.

We can never accomplish anything great without a high ideal; and how can we expect to gain that exquisite pose, that rhythmic pose, which we call health, for which a thousand conditions must be met, when we have a defective model or ideal?

Every thought tends to reproduce itself, and ghastly mental pictures of disease, sensuality, and vice of all sorts produce scrofula and leprosy in the soul, which reproduces them in the body. The mind devours everything that is brought to it,—the true, the false, the good, the bad,—and it will produce soundness or rottenness, beauty or deformity, harmony or discord, truth or error, according to the quality of the food we give it. The body is governed by the thought. “As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.”

“Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things

are of good report ; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, *think* on these things."

Chastity, virtue, holiness, pure thoughts, clean minds, tend to longevity ; high ideals, noble living, a generous heart, charity, an unselfish love for humanity, all tend to lengthen life, while their opposites tend to shorten it.

Happiness is often another name for holiness. It is difficult for a fractious, fretting, discordant, ailing soul to be good. Healthy exercise of the body and brain tends to produce a healthy exercise of the moral faculties. For these three great strands, the mental, the moral, the physical, the triple cord of life, are all bound together ; and whatever affects one, affects all. Every form of dissipation and vice tends to produce discord in the great temple so wonderfully and fearfully made, and to shorten life.

A well-balanced, well-disciplined, and highly cultured intellect reacts very powerfully upon the physique, and tends to bring it into harmony with itself. While a weak, vacillating, unsteady, and ignorant mind will ultimately bring the body into sympathy with it, until the whole structure is weakened.

As love is the great panacea for the ills of the world, so it is the great uplifter, sustainer, and health preserver. Whence comes the strength that enables that puny, delicate woman, year after year, to support her drunken husband and half a dozen sickly children ; working all day, and up half the night with the sick ones ? What man could withstand the strain for a single month ?

Success is a powerful tonic simply because it brings into healthy exercise the faculties which produce it, and tends to bring about a harmony between our ambition and our aspirations or longings ; and harmony is health.

When a man finds his place in life, and is doing the work which he likes to do, he is both healthier and happier. The successful attainment of what the heart longs for, as in happy marriages, as a rule improves health and brings happiness. Generally we not only find our treasure where our heart is, but our health also. Who has not noticed men of indifferent health, perhaps even invalids, and men who lack energy and determination, suddenly become roused to a realization of undreamed-of powers and unexpected health upon attaining some signal success?

Professor James of Harvard College, an expert in mental science, says, "Every small stroke of virtue or vice leaves its ever-so-little scar. Nothing we ever do is, in strict literalness, wiped out."

There are many ways of ruining the body besides smoking or getting drunk, or indulging in other sensual vices. Anger changes the chemical properties of the saliva to a poison dangerous to life. It is well known that sudden and violent emotions have not only weakened the heart in a few hours, but have caused death and insanity.

It has been discovered by scientists that there is a chemical difference between that sudden cold exudation of a person under a deep sense of guilt, and the ordinary perspiration; and the state of the mind of a criminal can sometimes be determined by chemical analysis of the perspiration, which, when brought into contact with selenic acid, produces a distinctive pink color.

It is well known that fear has killed thousands of victims; while, on the other hand, courage is a great invigorator.

Anger in the mother may poison a nursing child. Rarey, the celebrated horse-tamer, said that an angry

word would sometimes raise the pulse of a horse ten beats in a minute. If this is true of a beast, what can we say of its power upon human beings, especially upon a child? Strong mental emotion often causes vomiting. Extreme anger or fright may produce jaundice. A violent paroxysm of rage has caused apoplexy and death. Indeed, in more than one instance, a single night of mental agony has wrecked a life.

Grief, long-standing jealousy, constant care, and corroding anxiety sometimes tend to develop insanity. Sick thoughts and discordant moods are the natural atmosphere of disease, and crime is engendered and thrives in the miasma of the mind.

Although superstition is not so prevalent as in former times, there is no lack of people who believe that, come what will, "a man will not die before his time comes;" and that, "when his time comes, nothing will save him." Such people show that they do not believe their own words, for they are very prompt and persistent in seeking medical advice for every ailment. Josh Billings touches their bubbles with a sharp-pointed pen:—

"Manifest destiny iz the science ov going tew bust, or enny other place before yu git thare. I may be rong in this centiment, but that iz the way it strikes me. The tru way that maniffess destiny had better be sot down iz, the exact distance that a frog kan jump down hill with a striped snake after him; i don't kno but i may be wrong onst more, but if the frog don't git ketched the destiny iz jist what he iz a looking for.

"When a man falls into the bottom ov a well, and makes up hiz minde tew stay thare, that aint maniffess destiny enny more than having yure hair cut short iz; but if he almoste gits out, and then falls down in agin 16 foot deeper, and brakes off his neck twice in the same

plase, and dies and iz buried thare at low water, that iz manifess destiny on the square.

“Mi dear reader, don’t beleave in manifess destiny until yu see it. Thare iz such a thing as manifess destiny, but when it occurs it iz like the number ov rings on the rakoon’s tale, ov no great consequense onla for ornament. Man wa’n’t made for a machine; if he waz, it waz a locomotiff machine, and manifess destiny must git oph from the trak when the bell rings, or git knocked higher then the price ov gold. Manifess destiny iz a disseaze, but it iz eazy tew heal; i hav seen it in its wust stages cured bi sawing a cord ov dri hickory wood.”

O blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure; ’tis thou who enlargest the soul, and openest all power to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He that has thee, has little more to wish for; but he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee. — STERNE.

Health is the greatest of all possessions; and ’tis a maxim with me, that a hale cobbler is a better man than a sick king. — BICKERSTAFF.

“Take the open air,
 The more you take the better;
 Follow Nature’s laws
 To the very letter.
 Let the doctors go
 To the Bay of Biscay;
 Let alone the gin,
 The brandy and the whisky.
 Freely exercise,
 Keep your spirits cheerful;
 Let no dread of sickness
 Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food,
 Drink the pure, cold water,
 Then you will be well,
 Or, at least, you 'oughter.'"

No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
 For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

BRYANT.

The deepest-rooted cause of American disease is that overworking of the brain and over-excitement of the nervous system which are the necessary consequences of their intense activity ; hence nervous dyspepsia, with consumption, insanity, and all its brood of fell disorders in its train. In a word, the American works himself to death. — JAMES STIRLING.

Rest is a fine medicine. Let your stomachs rest, ye dyspeptics : let your brains rest, ye wearied and worried men of business. — CARLYLE.

“ Health and strength
 Are both in thine own keeping, life and death.
 Morally right is physically best :
 Thou mayest poison all the springs of health,
 Abridge life's lease, and die before thy time ;
 Or lengthen out thy threescore years and ten
 By peaceful joy and temperate exercise.”

Outdoor exercise is the best physic. — NAPOLEON.

The ingredients of health and long life are
 Great temperance, open air,
 Easy labor, little care. — PHILIP SIDNEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

PURITY IS POWER.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart. — *Psalms*.

What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. — ST. PAUL.

So spake the cherub, and his grave rebuke,

Severe in youthful beauty, added grace

Invincible: abashed the devil stood,

And felt how awful goodness is. — MILTON.

'Tis the stainless soul within

That outshines the fairest skin. — A. HUNT.

Virtue alone raises us above hopes, fears, and chances. — SENECA.

Even from the body's purity, the mind

Receives a secret sympathetic aid. — THOMSON.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. — SHAKESPEARE.

Virtus mille scuta — Virtue is a thousand shields. — *Motto of the Earl of Effingham*.

No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,

And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

OWEN MEREDITH.

My strength is as the strength of ten,

Because my heart is pure. — TENNYSON.

“If ye were re-elected tae Pairliment, what wa'd ye be inclined tae tak the tax aff?” shouted a dirty-looking man, interrupting a Scotch member of Parliament, who was speaking from the hustings.

The speaker looked at his interlocutor's soot-begrimed face and hands, and replied, grimly, “Off soap, my friend.”

"I have such a rich story that I want to tell you," said an officer, who one evening came into the Union camp in a rollicking mood. "There are no ladies present, are there?"

General Grant, lifting his eyes from the paper which he was reading, and looking the officer square in the eye, said slowly, but deliberately:—

"No, but there are gentlemen present."

"A great trait of Grant's character," said George W. Childs, "was his purity. I never heard him express an impure thought, or make an indelicate allusion in any way or shape. There is nothing I ever heard him say that could not be repeated in the presence of women. If a man was brought up for an appointment, and it was shown that he was an immoral man, Grant would not appoint him, no matter how great the pressure brought to bear."

The writer has heard of several incidents characteristic of the great general's answer to impure stories. On one occasion, when he formed one of a dinner-party of American gentlemen in a foreign city, conversation drifted into references to questionable affairs, when he suddenly rose and said, "Gentlemen, please excuse me, I will retire."

It is the glory of a man to have clean lips and a clean mind. It is the glory of a woman not to know evil, even in her thoughts.

Isaac Newton's most intimate friend in young manhood was a noted foreign chemist. They were constant associates until one day the Italian told an impure story, after which Newton would never mate with him.

Put purity before you, then, as a badge of the noblest manhood.

A man will be what his most cherished feelings are.

If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse impure, bitter, and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison; and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

The fleshly passions are like mutinous sailors, — to be kept below decks. “Never allow your lower nature anything better than a steerage passage.”

“Young man, keep your record clean!” exclaimed John B. Gough, uttering the words on the platform in Philadelphia, at the very instant when death laid his finger on his lips, — words in which the whole teaching of the eloquent orator seemed compressed.

If the heart be not pure, you may be certain the thoughts will not be pure, nor the conversation, nor the life. It is impossible to overestimate the value of thorough transparency of character. Sometimes the remark is made regarding such and such a person, “I like that man, he is genuine and straightforward; you can see through and through him.”

The Gulf Stream flows like a river through the ocean, so that a vessel may have its prow in warm water and the keel in cold. Just so, a pure and holy life may flow through worldliness and pleasure-loving associations, and not mingle with them at all.

When Vice-President Wilson was on his deathbed, he said: “If I had to do, to think, to act, and vote just as I was directed by one man, I should choose Whittier. I believe him the purest man living on earth, — a soul as white as heaven.”

“No, no, these are not trifles,” said George Whitefield, when a friend asked why he was so particular to bathe frequently, and always have his linen scrupulously clean; “a minister must be without spot, even in his

garments." Purity in a clergyman cannot be carried too far.

A beautiful lady went to a photographer to sit for her picture. After the sitting, the man retired to examine the plate. He was greatly puzzled, upon developing the picture in the chemical bath, by the appearance of a number of dark spots on the face, although not the least trace of blemish could be detected in the face of the lady. The next day the explanation came. The spots then became distinctly visible. The lady had contracted small-pox, and soon died. The faint yellow spots, before they could be detected by the human eye, were faithfully portrayed by the searching and pure rays of the sun.

So the first harboring of impure thoughts will mar the loveliest soul, and, if not resolutely warred upon with all spiritual weapons, these unholy imaginings will drag their victim down to ruin.

Shun evil thoughts as you would shun temptation to crime. Do not harbor them, for an instant, lest their foul contagion contaminate your soul with pictures which even religion is powerless to erase. A single glance at a bad picture, or a bad book, has ruined the peace of many a fine life.

A boy once showed to another a book of impure words and pictures. He to whom the book was shown only had it in his hands a few minutes. In after-life he held high office in the church, and years and years afterwards told a friend that he would give half he possessed had he never seen it, because its impure images, at the most holy times, sometimes arose unbidden to his mind.

The mind's phonograph will reproduce a bad story while life lasts, even up to the point of death. Don't listen to even one; you can never get the stain out of your

life ; its deadly sound will haunt you forever. Physicians tell us that every particle of the body changes once in about seven years ; but no chemistry, human or divine, can entirely expunge from the mind a bad picture. Like the paintings buried for centuries in Pompeii, without the loss of tint or shade, these pictures are as brilliant in age as in youth.

That which poor, imprisoned Queen Caroline Matilda, of Denmark, wrote on her chapel window, ought to be the prayer of all, — “Oh, keep me innocent ! make others great.”

The blossoms of the Judas-tree appear before the leaves, and they are of brilliant crimson. The flaming beauty of the flowers attracts innumerable insects, and the wandering bee is drawn to it to gather honey ; but every bee that alights upon the blossoms imbibes a fatal poison, and drops dead. Beneath this enticing tree, the earth is strewn with the victims of its fatal fascinations.

At the river Lar, in Persia, there is a large rock with two apertures a few feet apart. It is called the Devil's Hill. Near the rock, one hears a deep and perpetual roar, far down in the bowels of the earth. No one has ever ventured down to see what is going on below, for a deadly mephitic gas exhales from the openings, which causes death to every living thing that breathes it. Around the rock there are ever a score or two of birds dead from inhaling the air, and often a bear has been seen lying at the entrance, stark and stiff. There are social depths where death reigns, which ever diffuse contagion.

Who that has caught the least waft of that intoxicating odor of impurity which fills the world, has not felt that something has gone out of his life, — a bloom, a

fragrance, a blessed guilelessness, — and realized that something has come into it which has spread a contaminating darkness through the soul?

How true it is that physical sin brings its own punishment. How many forms we see degraded, and how many eyes clouded, by secret indulgence; the natural harmony broken, and all fineness of perception destroyed; all that is highest and best shut out from the heart, and nothing that is desirable remaining. In losing their purity, men lose themselves.

“The man who is not virtuous can never be happy,” said Epicurus.

No other treasure in this world is so rich as the consciousness of purity, and in order to retain it one must avoid not only the acts, but also the impure thoughts which would destroy it. Men and women alike should venerate their physical as well as their spiritual natures. One might as well hope to escape fever while chained to a fever corpse, as to hope to remain pure while entertaining unchaste thoughts. To escape fever, you must guard against it.

Innocency, like youth, once lost, cannot be recovered; but purity, which is higher, may be attained by every one who strives and faints not.

“Keep the imagination sane,” said Hawthorne; “that is one of the truest conditions of communion with heaven.”

Many a ruined life began its downfall in the dry rot of a perverted imagination. How little we realize that by subtle, moral manufacture, repeated acts of the imagination weave themselves into a mighty tapestry, every figure and fancy of which will stand out in living colors in the character-web of our lives, to approve or condemn us. Perhaps the greatest power given us to

bless or destroy is the imagination, which, without self-control, would ruin a saint.

What a boon it is to humanity to be able to call up at will worlds and scenes that never existed, and people them with beings never seen by man; to hang before the eyes in an instant tapestries more beautiful than were ever woven; to throw upon the canvas of the mind scenes more beautiful than those pictured in the "Arabian Nights;" — what a blessing to be able at all times to surround ourselves with a world of exquisite beauty, to cheer, to lift, and to ennoble.

But how degrading and damning this power becomes when perverted. Very few realize the power of a diseased imagination to ruin a precious life. Perhaps the defect began in a little speck of taint. No other faculty has such power to curse or bless mankind, to build up or tear down, to ennoble or debauch, to make happy or miserable, or has such power upon our destiny, as the imagination.

Learn to hate all impurity or indelicacy of thought, or speech, or conduct.

Peter Lilly would never look upon a bad picture, lest his own pencil should catch the taint, which, like the spot upon Lady Macbeth's hand, would not out.

"I solemnly warn you," says Beecher, "against indulging a morbid imagination. In that busy and mischievous faculty begins the evil. Were it not for his airy imaginations, man might stand his own master, — not overmatched by the worst part of himself. But, ah! these summer reveries, these venturesome dreams, these fairy castles, buidled for no good purposes, — they are haunted by impure spirits, who will fascinate, bewitch, and corrupt you. Blessed are the pure in heart. Blessed art thou, most favored of God, whose THOUGHTS ARE

chastened ; whose imagination will not breathe or fly in tainted air, and whose path hath been measured by the golden reed of purity."

One day, when Arthur was holding a high feast with his Knights of the Round Table, the Sangreal, or vessel out of which the last passover was eaten (a precious relic which had long remained concealed from human eyes because of the sins of the land), suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequence of this vision was that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreal. But, alas! it could be revealed only to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry, and *pure and guiltless of all evil*. All Sir Lancelot's noble accomplishments were rendered vain because he had yielded to temptation, and in his quest he encountered only disgraceful disaster.

To be pure in heart is the youth's great commandment. Do not listen to men who tell you that "vice is a necessity." Nothing is a necessity that is wrong. Says Milton, "All wickedness is weakness." Vice and vigor have nothing whatever in common. Purity is *strength, health, power*.

"Children must be *taught* purity," says H. R. Storer. "There is no doubt that in many of them an improper tone of thought is established, even before the age of puberty. For a boy to reach his teens without learning from his associates something of those matters, is simply impossible."

Why this foolish, fatal silence, in regard to these vicious plants which grow, flower out, and emit their pestilential odors in the darkness ?

"I have noticed," says William Acton, "that all patients that have confessed to me that they have practiced vice, lamented that they were not, when children, made

aware of its consequences ; and I have been pressed over and over again to urge on parents, guardians, school-masters, and others interested in the education of youth, the necessity of giving their charges some warning, some intimation, of their danger. To parents and guardians I offer my earnest advice that they should, by hearty sympathy and frank explanation, aid their charges in maintaining pure lives." What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?

A prominent writer says that, "If young persons poison their bodies and corrupt their minds with vicious courses, no lapse of time, after a reform, is likely to restore them to physical soundness and the soul purity of their earlier days."

If a man deliberately and willfully gives himself up to the fatal spell of passion, and then complains that vice is a necessity, he is a hypocrite, and stands self-condemned. The little leaven of coarseness or vulgarity, which gains entrance to the meal of youth, will never cease its work until the whole man is leavened.

There is only one panacea for impurity. Constant occupation and pure, high thinking are absolutely necessary to a clean life. The spiders of impurity soon spin their webs in the chambers of an idle life.

The study of mathematics and of the pure sciences is recommended by the best physicians the world over for minds tainted with impurity.

"I should be a poor counselor of young men," wrote a true friend of youth, "if I taught you that purity is possible only by isolation from the world. We do not want that sort of holiness which can only thrive in seclusion; we want that virile, manly purity which keeps itself unspotted from the world, even amid its worst debasements, just as the lily lifts its slender

chalice of white and gold to heaven, untainted by the soil in which it grows, though that soil be the reservoir of death and putrefaction."

We forget too easily the sanctity of life. It uplifts a man to feel respect for himself, to feel that life proceeds from God, and that it gathers up in itself all the pain of the past and hope of the future. When a man understands this, he willingly sacrifices a fleeting gratification in order to keep life pure, strong, invincible, and to transmit it undefiled as he received it.

When a resolute determination to resist the inroads of these contaminating and destructive evils is not made and kept, from that hour there is a difference in the feelings, the condition, and the prospects of the young man who thus relinquishes himself to the mastery of morbid and impure thoughts. He may not be aware of the change; but the ingenuous confidence of innocence is lost. Home is no longer the home that it has been. The presence and companionship of parents and sisters, hitherto affording delight in mutual confidence and intercourse, now only occasion embarrassment and confusion, — the result of the loss of innocence and the natural purity of thought. That which is obtained in exchange for previous, open, ingenuous, cheerful demeanor, is morbid sullenness, reserve, and passionate irritability. And what a punishment follows! — to have every fine feeling dulled, if not destroyed, to contract a repugnance to everything of a religious nature, — prayer and public worship becoming irksome, and a penance instead of an enjoyment! Against this destruction of life, — of all that is holy and all that makes life happy, — the battle must be fought with all one's energy.

Some shepherds once saw an eagle soar out from a crag. It flew majestically far up into the sky, but by

and by became unsteady, and began to waver in its flight. At length one wing dropped, and then the other, and the poor bird fell swiftly to the ground. The shepherds sought the fallen bird, and found that a little serpent had fastened itself upon it while resting on the crag. The eagle did not know that the serpent was there. But it crawled in through the feathers, and, while the proud monarch was sweeping through the air, its fangs were thrust into his flesh, and he came reeling into the dust. It is the story of Samson: it is the story of many a life. *Some secret sin* has long been eating its way into the heart, and at last the proud life lies soiled and dishonored in the dust.

“There is yet another fool whose portrait my album contains,” says a noted writer; “he is known by many an ugly name, — libertine, prodigal, SENSUALIST. I shall not affront my readers by describing him further than by saying he is a slave of his baser passions, and wallows in the mire of bestiality. The pure shrink from his lecherous touch; his very breath blights every innocent thing. The stenchful ichor of his lustful life makes a Sodom of every place which he habituates. He leers in the face of virtue, and has only a sneer for every mention of purity. His literature is the refuse of Holywell Street; his haunts are the tavern, the casino, and places which I hardly dare to name. Ah! an awful Nemesis is at his heels. Rather would I see a son of mine laid in a pauper’s grave, than see him fall into the maw of this besotted devil.”

“Oh,” cries the poor, soiled, broken-spirited man in his hour of shame, “create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me!”

Thousands of men would cut off their right hands to be free from the results of impurity.

“I waive the quantum of the sin,
The hazard of concealing ;
But och, it hardens all within,
And petrifies the feeling.”

To put it on the very lowest ground, I am certain that if young men knew and realized the fearful risks to health that they run by indulging in grosser impurities, they would put it by with a shudder of disgust and aversion. It may very easily happen, it very often actually does happen, that one single step aside from the path of purity not only clouds a man's whole life with misery and suffering, but entails lifelong disease on children yet unborn.

Keep good, pure company. Never take for companions or friends those who have no high aim in life, or those who sneer at virtue. Choose those who are clean, wholesome, and who want to be somebody and to do something in the world. Have no secret companions to whom you would not introduce your sister or mother.

Jeremy Taylor shows the various effects of purity on all the mental and moral life: “A pure mind in a chaste body is the mother of wisdom and deliberation, sober counsels and ingenuous actions, open deportment and sweet carriage, sincere principles and unprejudicate understanding, love of God and self-denial, peace and confidence, holy prayers and spiritual comfort, and a pleasure of spirit infinitely greater than the sottish pleasure of unchastity.”

Milton also describes the virtue he had in such an eminent degree: —

“So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,

Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear ;
Till oft converse with heavenly visitants,
Begins to cast and teem on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence
Till all be made immortal."

A preacher once took occasion to instance the way in which God judges *purity*, and spoke of men who had one standard of morality for women, and another — and much lower one — for themselves. He pointed out that in China, while infidelity in a wife would be visited by capital punishment inflicted in a manner too horrible to describe, yet, in case of a husband, the sin was practically regarded as a very unimportant matter. Shortly after, a well-dressed man in the congregation rose from his seat, and, coming up to the preacher, said: "Sir, you have taught me to-day a lesson which I shall never forget. You have made me feel that God requires purity in men as much as in women. I had never thought of these things in this way before. I shall remember what you have said, and I thank you for it."

It would be loosening the foundations of virtue to countenance the notion that, because of a difference in sex, men are at liberty to set morality at defiance, and to do that with impunity which, if done by a woman, would stain her character for life. To maintain a pure and virtuous condition of society, therefore, man as well as woman must be virtuous and pure, both alike shunning all acts infringing on the heart, character, and conscience, — shunning them as poison, which, once imbibed, can never be entirely thrown out again, but mentally embitters, to a greater or less extent, the happiness of after-life.

In Eastern countries the leper is compelled to cry, "Unclean, unclean," upon the approach of any one not so cursed. What a blessing to humanity it would be if all the moral lepers were compelled to cry, "Unclean, unclean," before they approach innocent victims with their deadly contagion!

In the language of the Basutos it appears that the words "happiness" and "purity" are synonymous.

Walter Scott, when on his deathbed, said to his son-in-law, "Lockhart, I have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man: be virtuous, be religious."

The most dangerous writers in the English language are those whose artful insinuations and mischievous polish reflect upon the mind the image of impurity, without presenting the impurity itself. A plain vulgarity in a writer is its own antidote. It is like a foe who attacks us openly, and gives us opportunity for defense. But impurity, secreted under beauty, is like a treacherous friend who strolls with us in a garden, and destroys us by the odor of poisonous flowers proffered to our senses.

Novels of the French school, and of English imitators, are sometimes called common sewers of society, into which drain the concentrated filth of the worst passions, of the worst creatures, of the worst cities. "I am ashamed and outraged when I think that wretches could be found to open these foreign seals and let out their plagues upon us, — that any Satanic Pilgrim should voyage to France to dip from the dead sea of her abomination a baptism for our sons. It were a mercy, rather, to import serpents from Africa and let them out on our prairies; lions from Asia, and free them in our forests; lizards and scorpions and black tarantulas, from the Indies, and put them in our gardens. Men could slay these, but those offspring-reptiles of the French mind,

who can kill them? You might as well draw sword on a plague, or charge a malaria with the bayonet."

"Keep thyself pure."

A mind, retaining all the dew and freshness of innocence, shrinks from the very idea of impurity, as if it were sin to have thought or heard of it, — as if even the shadow of the evil would leave some soil upon the unsullied whiteness of the virgin mind. "When modesty is once extinguished it knows not a return."

A mayor of Philadelphia said he could rid the jails of two-thirds of the boy criminals in the next year, if he could banish bad plays from the boards of the variety theaters, and put bad books out of print.

An officer of the British government declares that nearly all of the boys brought before the criminal courts owe their downfall to impure reading.

To read authors whose lines drip with the very gall of death; to vault in elegant dress as near the edge of indecency as is possible without treading over; to express the utmost possible impurity so dexterously that not a vulgar word is used, but rosy, glowing, suggestive language, — this, with many, is refinement. But to expose the prevalent vice; to meet its glittering literature with the plain and manly language of truth; to say nothing except what one desires to say plainly, — this, it seems, is vulgarity!

Those authors who soften evil, and show deformity with tints of beauty; who arm their general purity with the occasional sting of impurity, — these are they who take the feet out of the straight road into the guiltiest path of seduction. He who feeds an inflamed appetite with food spiced to fire is less guilty than he who hides in the mind the leaven which produces this appetite.

Finally, O young man or young woman, guard your

heart purity! Keep innocency! Never lose it; if it be gone, you have lost from the casket the most precious gift of God. The first purity of imagination, of thought and of feeling, if soiled, can be cleansed by no fuller's soap; if lost, cannot be found, though sought carefully with tears. If a harp be broken, art may repair it; if a light be quenched, the flame may kindle it; but if a flower be crushed, what art can repair it? if an odor be wafted away, who can collect or bring it back?

Our thoughts are heard in heaven. — YOUNG.

And there are things that blight the soul as with a mildew blight,

And in the temple of the Lord put out the blessed light.

MRS. E. O. SMITH.

Love virtue, she alone is free;
 She can teach you how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime,
 Or, if virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

MILTON.

By two wings a man is lifted up from things earthly; namely, by simplicity and purity. — *Imitation of Christ.*

“Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul;
 Scatter thy light through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.”

CHAPTER XV.

A HOME OF MY OWN.

Home makes the man. — SAMUEL SMILES.

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home. — GOETHE.

To Adam, Paradise was home; to the good among his descendants, home is paradise. — HARE.

The strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people. — MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Home, in one form or another, is the great object of life. — J. G. HOLLAND.

To love, and to be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence. — SYDNEY SMITH.

A happy marriage is a new beginning of life, a new starting-point for happiness and usefulness. — DEAN STANLEY.

All men require something to poetize their natures, and the love of an estimable woman surely does this. — BAYARD TAYLOR.

While valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the throne. — HOLMES.
Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought.

LONGFELLOW.

There are as many pleasant things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who dwell by cottage hearths,
As those who sit on thrones. — PHOEBE CARY.
I want (who does not want?) a wife, —
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share:
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind, —
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment refined. — JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

“I WOULD say to every man, buy a home if you can, and own it. If a windfall has come to you, buy a home.

Do not let any one tempt you to put all your earnings back into the pool. Take out enough to buy a home, and buy it. Put the rest back if you will, but buy the home first. Buy it, and sell it not. Then the roses that bloom there are yours; the clematis and jasmine that climb upon the porch belong to you."

"Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house, and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love," says Holmes. "All the elegance in the world will not make a home; and I would give more for a spoonful of real heart-love than for whole shiploads of furniture and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather."

"Marriage hath more of safety than the single life," says Jeremy Taylor; "it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strength of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, fills cities and churches, and peoples heaven itself."

Byron had a miserable home and a passionate mother, and his whole life was blighted and unhappy. He sneered at purity, doubted all goodness, and scoffed at sacred things. His wretched, profligate career was but the legitimate consequence of his defective home training.

I have heard men tell in public discourse what a man is, but what is a woman? Until some one shall give a better definition, I will tell you what a woman is. She is direct from Heaven, a sacred and delicate gift, with affections so great that no measuring line short of that of the infinite God can tell their bound; fashioned to refine and soothe and lift and irradiate home and society

and the world; of such value that no one can appreciate it, unless his mother lived long enough to let him understand it, or unless, in some great crisis of life, when all else failed him, he had a wife to re-enforce him with a faith in God that nothing could disturb.

“The permanent union of one man with one woman establishes a relation of affections and interests which can in no other way be made to exist between two human beings.”

“O, ye builders of homes, who hold in your hands this great power for good or evil, do not make the fatal mistake of caring for everything else but this; of spending all your time, and exhausting all your energies in pursuit of wealth, society, honor, or fame, forgetting that, compared with a happy home, all these are but ‘vanity and vexation of spirit.’”

Some of the most promising marriages fail through lack of intellectual sympathy in the wife. How sad it is to read these words of John Stuart Mill in his essay on the liberty of women, — “Young men of the greatest promise generally cease to improve as soon as they marry;” a result which he attributes directly to the absence of sympathy in their wives for that which constitutes the highest culture, and often a direct opposition to it.

When General Lafayette was in the United States, two young men were introduced. He said to one, “Are you married?” “Yes, sir,” was the the reply. “Happy man!” quoth the general. He then put the same question to the other, who replied, “I am a bachelor.” “Lucky dog!” said the general. This is the best essay on matrimony extant.

A man who avoids matrimony on account of the cares of wedded life, cuts himself off from a great blessing for

fear of a trifling annoyance. He rivals the wiseacre who secured himself against corns by having his legs amputated.

“Weel, aunty, what is your thochts about marryin’?” said a young Scotch beauty of seventeen to a decent spinster, who had reached the shady side of life without committing matrimony. “Deed, lassie,” frankly replied her relative, “I hae had but three thochts about it a’ my days, and the last is like to be the langest. First, when I was young, like yoursel’, I thoicht, ‘Wha’ll I tak’?’ Then, as time began to wear by, I began to think, ‘Wha’ll I get?’ An’ after I got my leg broken wi’ that whumel oot o’ Saunders M’Drouthie’s cart, my thoicht syne was, ‘Wha’ll tak’ me?’”

“A woman should be very careful that, when her husband comes home, *Pax* (‘Peace’) shall be written on the doorpost,” said George Dawson. “No house can go on right except it contain the trio — man, woman, and child. The man is often only a night-lodger in his own house, pleading that the necessities of business require him to leave early and begin late. Would it not be better to have a smaller house and live at a lower expenditure?”

There have been men good men, whose lives, measured by ordinary standards, were successful, who never married; but those who hear or read of them feel that such careers were incomplete.

The world is full of stage-struck girls who fancy that, if they could be in Calvé’s place, they would be in paradise. Does Calvé, “the adored,” fancy that she is in paradise? A reporter asked her some time ago what advice she would give to a girl with a good voice who wanted to go on the stage. “I should tell her,” replied the prima donna, “to go home and mend her stockings,

do anything but go on the stage. *There is no happiness in stage life.* It is a life of continual worryment. The stage is no place for the woman who is not absolutely wedded to her art. The artist should not think of marrying. While she is on the stage, she is not fit to be the wife of any man. There is always a divided heart, and no man wants that. The husband should be the head. He wishes his wife for himself. He does not wish his name to be upon billboards, nor his wife's picture in every window. That is right. That is as it should be. No, no, the stage, alluring, fascinating as it is, is not the place for the wife, but for the woman who lives only for art. That is why I say to the stage-struck girls, 'Stay at home; sew, read, teach, marry, — do anything rather than go upon the stage.'

Thomas More, the great statesman, said that it was hard work, with his public duties, to find time for private study, because, "I must talk with my wife, and chat with my children, and have somewhat to say to my servants, for all these things I reckon as a part of my business, except a man will resolve to be a stranger at home."

For a book which John Howard Payne wrote on "The Neglected Geniuses of America," he never could obtain a publisher. The song "Home, Sweet Home" was suggested to him by an air which he had heard from the lips of an Italian peasant-girl; it seemed a great mystery to him that, while he had done all he could to make pleasant the homes of other people, he had never been able to have a home himself.

"Home! It is a charmed word!" exclaims T. De Witt Talmage. "Through that one syllable thrills untold melody, and the laughter of children; the sound of well-known footsteps and the voices of undying affec-

tion. Home! I hear in that word the ripple of meadow brooks, in which knee-deep we waded, the lowing of cattle coming up from the pasture, the sharp hiss of the scythe amid the thick grass, the breaking of the hay-rick where we trampled down the load.

“Home! Upon that word there drops the sunshine of beauty and the shadow of tender sorrows, the reflection of ten thousand voices and fond memories.

“Home! When I see that word in a book or newspaper, the word seems to rise and sparkle and leap and thrill and whisper and chant and pray and weep. It glitters like a diamond; it springs up like a fountain; it trills like a singing bird; it twinkles like a star; it leaps like a flame; it glows like a sunset; it sings like an angel. And if some lexicographer, urged on by the spirit of evil, should seek to cast forth that word from the language, the children would come forth and hide it in the grass and wild-flowers, and the wealthy would go forth and cover it with their diamonds and pearls, and kings would hide it under their crowns; and after Herod had hunted its life from Bethlehem to Egypt, and utterly given up the search, some bright, warm day, it would flash from among the gems, and breathe from among the flowers, and shine from among the coronets; and the world would read it, bright and fair and beautiful and resonant as before.”

“There is something in the word ‘home,’” says another writer, “that wakes the kindest feelings of the heart. It is not merely friends and kindred who render that place so dear; but the very hills and rocks and rivulets throw a charm around the place of one’s nativity. It is no wonder that the loftiest harps have been tuned to sing of ‘home, sweet home.’ The rose that bloomed in the garden where one has wandered in early years, a

thoughtless child, is lovely in its bloom, and lovelier in its decay.

“No songs are sweet like those we heard among the boughs that shade a parent’s dwelling, when the morning or the evening hour found us gay as the birds that warbled over us. No waters are bright like the clear silver streams that wind among the flower-decked knolls, where, in childhood, we have often strayed to pluck the violet or the lily, or to twine a garland for some loved schoolmate.

“We may wander away and mingle in the ‘world’s fierce strife,’ and form new associations and friendships, and fancy we have almost forgotten the land of our birth; but at some evening hour, as we listen, perchance, to the autumn winds, the remembrance of other days comes over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood’s scenes. We roam again the old familiar haunts, and press the hands of companions long since cold in the grave, and listen to the voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which, like Ossian’s music, is pleasant, though mournful to the soul.

“The African, torn from his willow-braided hut, and borne away to the land of strangers and of toil, weeps as he thinks of home, and sighs and pines for the coccoland beyond the waters of the sea. Years may have passed over him, strife and toil may have crushed his spirit, all his kindred may have found graves upon the corals of the ocean; yet, were he free, how soon would he seek the shores and skies of his boyhood dreams!

“The New England mariner, amid the icebergs of the northern seas, or breathing the spicy gales of the evergreen isles, or coasting along the shores of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven

locks, and care have plowed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart have been chilled by the storms of the ocean, till the fountains of his love have almost ceased to gush with the heavenly current; yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks out upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, he will think of home; his heart will yearn for the loved of other days, and his tears flow like the summer rain.

"How, after long years of absence, does the heart of the wanderer beat, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glimpse of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lips of a brother or a sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream look as in days gone by! We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted; but that will not usurp the place of home."

"I was very poor at the time," said a great New York publisher, "but, regarding it simply from a business standpoint, the best move I ever made in my life was to get married. Instead of increasing my expenses, as I feared, I took a most valuable partner into the business, and she not only made a home for me, but she surrendered to me her well-earned share of the profits."

Luther, a man full of human affection, speaking of his wife, said, "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Cræsus without her."

An old darkey says:—

"Woman's lub, like India rubber,
It stretch de more de more you lub her."

Woman's love is stronger than death; it rises superior to adversity, and towers in sublime beauty above the niggardly selfishness of the world. Misfortune cannot suppress it; enmity cannot alienate it; temptation can-

not enslave it. It is the guardian angel of the nursery and the sick-bed; it gives an affectionate concord to the partnership of life and interest; circumstances cannot modify it; it ever remains the same to sweeten existence, to purify the cup of life on the rugged pathway to the grave, and melt to moral pliability the brittle nature of man. It is the ministering spirit of home, hovering in soothing caresses over the cradle and the death-bed of the household, and filling up the urn of all its sacred memories.

On hearing of the death of his wife, the great explorer, Dr. Livingstone, wrote to a friend, "I must confess that this heavy stroke quite takes the heart out of me. Everything else that has happened only made me more determined to overcome all difficulties; but, after this sad stroke, I feel crushed and void of strength. I had only three short months of her society, after four years' separation! I married her for love, and the longer I lived with her, I loved her the more. A good wife, and a good, brave, kind-hearted mother was she, deserving all the praises you bestowed upon her, at our parting dinner, for teaching her own and the native children, too, at Kolobeng. I try to bow to the blow as from our Heavenly Father, who orders all things for us. . . . I shall do my duty still, but it is with a darkened horizon that I again set about it."

The story of the wife of Tom Hood, and her tender devotion to him, during a life that was a prolonged illness, is one of the most affecting things in biography. A woman of excellent good sense, she appreciated her husband's genius, and, by encouragement and sympathy, cheered and heartened him to renewed effort in many a weary struggle for life. She created about him an atmosphere of hope and cheerfulness, and nowhere did the

sunshine of her love seem more bright than when lighting up the couch of her invalid husband.

“It makes all the diff’rence in the world what a person marries for. I’m so thankful that I didn’t make any mistake,” said a small, shabbily dressed, tired-looking woman, who was cane-seating chairs at a house where she had asked for work. Her tongue was as nimble as her fingers, but her views on all topics were so cheery and hopeful, notwithstanding her manifest poverty, that her garrulity did not become tiresome. Her opinions on marriage, coming as they did from a woman to whom marriage had brought poverty and unceasing labor for an invalid husband, were refreshing, and had the ring of a true heart.

“Yes,” she said, “folks that marries for any other but one thing makes a dreadful mistake. I often think to myself, ‘What if I had married for anything in the world but love, real, genuine, sure-enough *love!* What a fix I’d be in to-day!’

“You see, my husband’s been an invalid for nine years. He went into slow consumption four years after we were married, and he ain’t worked six weeks, all told, since; and I’ve had all the support of him and our three children for nine years, and I’ve done it by trailin’ ’round from house to house cane-seatin’ chairs; and all the feelin’ I’ve had about it has been one of thankfulness that I was able and willin’ to do it.

“S’posin’ I hadn’t married for love? S’posin’ I’d married for riches, and they’d taken wings and flew away? S’posin’ I’d married for beauty, and sickness and mis’ry had robbed my husband of his good looks? Wouldn’t I be in a nice fix?

“But I didn’t marry for a thing on earth but respect and love for a good man, and I ain’t regretted it, and I

ain't a bit unhappy or discontented, exceptin' in the sorrow that comes from the certainty that I ain't goin' to have my husband with me much longer.

"He's failin' fast now, poor dear! I ain't never looked on him as a burden. I ain't throwed it up to him that I've had the livin' to make. I ain't fretted nor complained, nor done any of the things I would surely have done if I'd made the dreadful mistake of marryin' for anything but real affection.

"Folks that marries for anything else has got a lot of unhappiness before 'em that I don't know anything about."

"A great many difficulties arise from falling in love with the wrong person," says Ruskin.

The true girl, it has been well said, has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally, she is not rich. But, oh! what a heart she has when you find her! so large and pure and womanly. When you see it, you wonder if those showy things outside were women. If you gain her love, your two thousands are millions. She'll not ask you for a carriage, or a first-class house; she'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think the parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought, how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home (if you don't, you are a brute), and teach you how to pity, while you scorn, a poor, fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy.

"How many women," says Holmes, "are born too finely organized in sense and soul for the highway they must walk with feet unshod."

Love, amid the other graces in this world, is like a cathedral tower which begins on the earth, and at first is surrounded by the other parts of the structure. But at length, rising above buttressed walls and arch and parapet and pinnacle, it shoots, spire-like, many a foot right into the air — so high that the huge cross on its summit glows like a star in the evening sky, when the rest of the pile is enveloped in darkness. Here love divides the honors with the other graces, but they will have felt the wrap of night and darkness about them, when *it* will shine luminous against the sky of eternity.

Far wiser is the young man who marries the stupidest girl in the world, if she be affectionate, than he who marries the brightest girl in the universe, if she be cold, clammy, and unresponsive. Enough is it for him if she is affectionate in her nature, sympathetic with his work, responsive to his thoughts, appreciative of his best qualities. These are the traits in a woman which last the longest, and remain with a man throughout his life.

The truest, best, and sweetest type of the American girl of to-day does not come from the home of wealth; she steps out from a home where exists comfort rather than luxuries. She belongs to the great middle class — that class which has given us the best American wifehood; which has given helpmates to the foremost American men of our time; which teaches its daughters the true meaning of love; which teaches the manners of the drawing-room, but the practical life of the kitchen as well; which teaches its girls the responsibilities of wifehood and the greatness of motherhood.

The loving heart of a good girl is better than all the wealth and social accomplishments which she can bring to a man. It is something that comes back to a man three hundred and sixty-five times in a year. We can

get along with a little money in this world if we will; but love is a quality of which we cannot have too much.

When Theodore Parker was married, he entered in his journal, on his wedding-day, the following resolutions:—

First. — Never, except for the best reasons, to oppose my wife's will.

Second. — To discharge all duties for her sake freely.

Third. — Never to scold.

Fourth. — Never to look cross at her.

Fifth. — Never to worry her with commands.

Sixth. — To promote her piety.

Seventh. — To bear her burdens.

Eighth. — To overlook her foibles.

Ninth. — To save, cherish, and forever defend her.

Tenth. — To remember her always in my prayers.

Thus, God willing, we shall be blessed.

These commandments which Parker put upon himself are like the old Decalogue, all comprehended in one — love. Love is the fulfilling of the matrimonial as well as of the Jewish law.

The heart of every woman is like a page written with sympathetic ink. It seems blank, but warm it sufficiently, and you will find a love-letter written on it.

“Much friction,” said Mrs. P. T. Barnum, “comes of the inability of the average woman to comprehend that her husband has many thoughts, moods, and feelings in which she has absolutely no part. If wives could realize this, and accept the fact, how many unhappy moments would be spared them. Love may be, and is with a good man, the greater and better part of his life, but it is not *all* his life. It is unfortunately true that with a woman, love — the love she bears her husband — is her ‘whole existence.’ She cannot disassociate herself, ever so lit-

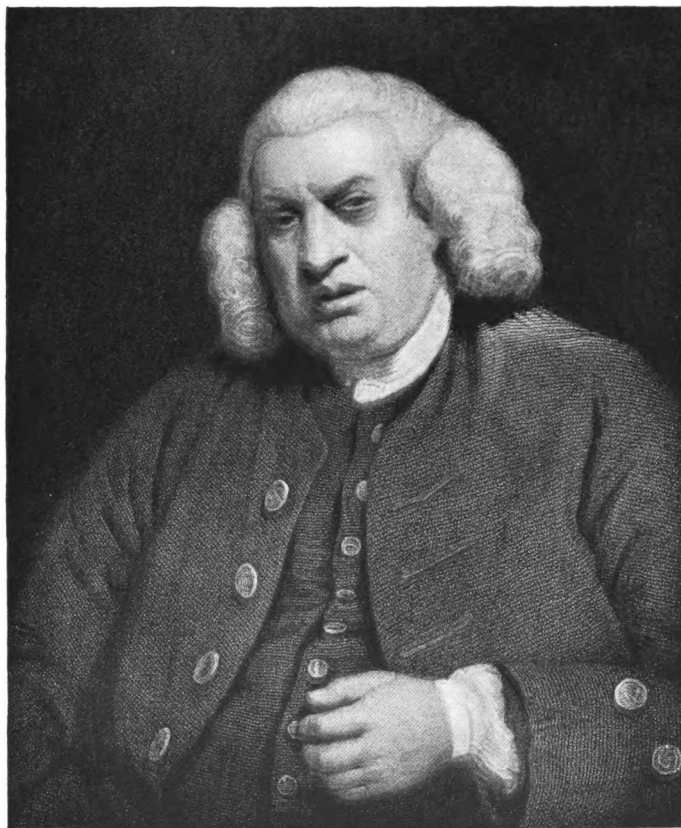
tle, for even the briefest time, from that love. It tinges every thought, affects every action. Men are not made that way; and the most devoted has hours when he is as uninfluenced by the existence of his truly loved wife as if she had never been. This is not treason, for it is unconscious; and woe to the woman who confounds this phase of man's mentality with disloyalty, for she will weary her husband with reproaches he does not merit, and cannot understand. A husband may at times be silent and preoccupied, and yet it does not argue that he is indifferent to, or tired of, his wife. He may be depressed, and yet not feel that marriage for him is a failure. He may be captious and fretful, and yet feel no irritation against his wife. I am not absolving men from the obligation to be agreeable to their womenkind, nor extenuating their frequent lack of marital amenities; I am only assuring you, for your own good, that these things are often the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual disaccordance which you have not caused, and about which you would be unwise to grieve."

"Above all things, my dear nephew," says Thackeray, "try to have a cheerful wife."

To have a happy home, there must be a similarity of tastes between husband and wife, a congeniality of desires and aspirations. If the husband is an ignoramus, and the wife a lady of refinement and culture, there will not be much social enjoyment around the evening lamp.

"A girl who is always finding fault with her beau during courtship is sure to scold him intolerably after marriage, and one who is hard to please before marriage will be much harder after."

"The whole endeavor of both parties, during the time of courtship," says Dr. Johnson, "is frequently to hin-



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der themselves from being known; to disguise their natural temper and real desires in hypocritical imitation, studied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love was avowed, neither sees the other but in a mask; and the cheat is managed often on both sides with so much art, and discovered afterwards with so much abruptness, that each has reason to suspect that some transformation has happened, and that by a strange imposture, as in the case of Jacob, one has been courted and another married."

One of the greatest hindrances to happiness after marriage is deception before marriage. One rarely forgives deception entirely, even of friends. We readily pardon mistakes, even blunders, and can overlook all sorts of defects; but deception strikes at the heart of integrity, and is hard to condone. It is a great mistake to think that you must hide your defects from each other to prevent a shock.

Be very plain with each other. Deformities and defects are best borne while love is hot. Perhaps nothing else so shocks one after marriage as the discovery of defects and blemishes of character or condition, which were kept secret before the ceremony. It is better to be too plain than not plain enough, for wedlock brings out all the little imperfections of character, as well as all the finer traits. Always be natural, and show yourself exactly as you are. Whoever else you deceive, you cannot afford to deceive each other.

"You must take two *bears* with you into your home, my dear," said a quaint old lady to her nephew, "if you want to be happy." "Two *bears*?" he asked in astonishment. "Yes," she said, "bear and forbear."

"When thee went a courting, I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open," said a Quaker to his son, on his wed-

ding-day. "Now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them half-shut."

Were the kitchen more of a studio in American homes, we should see a higher style of art in the drawing-room. The worst preparation for a day's work is a poor breakfast, and its shabbiest reward is a bad supper.

We believe it would be a wise provision of law that no girl could marry without having first passed an examination, and received a diploma certifying to her qualifications, in knowledge and experience of the hygiene of the kitchen.

A good English education and a knowledge of domestic economy will add more to a young man's happiness than all the foreign languages or polite accomplishments that it is possible for any one young lady to be the mistress of.

"There is a good deal of domestic happiness in a well-dressed mutton-chop or a tidy beefsteak for breakfast. The woman who can cook contributes more to the happiness of society than twenty who cannot cook."

If a wife cannot make her home bright and happy, so that it shall be the cleanest, sweetest, cheerfulest place her husband can find refuge in, — a retreat from the toils and troubles of the outer world, — then God help the poor man, for he is virtually homeless.

If, then, we can make our faces to shine on strangers, why darken them on those who should be dear to us? Is it, that we have so squandered our smiles abroad, that we have only frowns to carry home? Is it, that while out in the world, we have been so prodigal of good temper, that we have but our ill humors with which to cloud our firesides? Is it, that it requires often but a mere passing guest to enter, while we are speaking daggers to beings who are nearest to us in life, to change our tone,

to give us perfect self-command, that we cannot do, for love, what we do for appearance?

The mother makes an Eden or a desert.

“A wife and mother in prospered circumstances and greatly admired was giving her chief time to social life. The husband spent his evenings away. The son, fifteen years of age, got the same habit; and there was a prospect that the other children, as they got old enough, would take the same turn. One day the wife aroused to the consideration that she would better save her husband and her boy. Interesting and stirring games were introduced into the house. The mother studied to find interesting things to tell her children. One morning the son said, ‘Father, you ought to have been home last night. We had a grand time, — such jolly games, and such interesting stories.’ This went on from night to night, and, after a while, the husband stayed in to see what was going on, and he finally got attracted; and added something of his own to the evening entertainments; and the result was that the wife and mother saved her husband and saved her boy, and saved herself. Was not that an enterprise worth the attention of the greatest woman that ever lived since Abigail at the foot of the rock arrested the four hundred armed warriors?”

Every true home should be a real “Old Point Comfort” in the memory of all who dwell within it.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in her papers in the “Ladies’ Home Journal” on “Henry Ward Beecher as I Knew Him,” tells of the first of their life in Brooklyn, after her husband became pastor of Plymouth Church.

Each morning, after breakfast and prayers, Mr. Beecher left the house for his study at the church. Mrs. Beecher says she had an abundance of work to keep her busy, but somehow a feeling of loneliness would always creep

over her, as Mr. Beecher's study had previously been in the home, and every little while he used to call her for something.

"In an hour or two," says Mrs. Beecher, "my husband would return, and instantly detect a look of trouble."

"Nothing but a little nonsense, dear," she would say, in answer to his anxious inquiry. But he would insist on knowing.

"Well, I hardly know myself; it all seems strange, our life here. I know you will call me foolish, but when you have your study at the church, we seem so separated. I feel that we have quarreled."

After one of his real old-time hearty laughs, he would reply, "I imagine we are both foolish, then, for that is just the way I was feeling, and ran round to find out if we really had quarreled."

He said they must conquer that little foolishness. "Yet," he continued, "I am not sure if it is childishness. Our lives and work have been so close together, and they always shall be."

"The last few years of his life," Mrs. Beecher goes on to say, "brought us more closely together than ever, for 'Age upon the heart can never creep.'"

"You ought to acquire the faculty of being at home in the best society," said a fashionable woman to her honest nephew. "I manage that easily enough," was the reply, "by staying at home with my wife and children."

Men give up a great deal for their families, — their time, their strength, the knowledge they have gained in life's experiences, — they spend everything freely for their home's sake; and the home should pay its debt in much outspoken love.

“Home is a residence, not merely of the body, but of the heart. It is a place for affections to unfold and develop themselves, for children to love and learn and play in, for husband and wife to toil smilingly together, and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family to see a happy fireside.”

Theodore Parker says of marriage, “Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well sorted. But nature allows no sudden change, — marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal-day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple, and gold, with its hopes of day to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth.”

What domestic life was to Lord John Lawrence may be seen from the following anecdote. He was sitting in his drawing-room at Southgate, with his sister and others of the family; all were reading. Looking up from the book in which he had been engrossed, Lawrence discovered that his wife had left the room. “Where’s mother?” said he to one of his daughters. “She’s upstairs,” replied the girl. He returned to his book, and, looking up again a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading; once more he looked up, with the same question on his lips. His sister ex-

claimed, "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on five minutes without your wife!" "That's why I married her," he replied.

The great German general, Von Moltke, married Miss Burt, an English girl, and lived most happily with her until her death, which took place on Christmas Eve, 1868. Very touching was his devotion to her memory. Upon his estate at Kreisau he built a mausoleum, situated on an eminence, embowered in foliage. In front of the altar of this little chapel was placed the simple oak coffin, always covered with leaves, in which the remains of his wife reposed. Sculptured in the apse was a finely carved figure of our Lord in an attitude of blessing. Above were inscribed the words: "Love is the fulfillment of the law."

It was, no doubt, from feeling his helping hand in her daily life that the wife of General Sir Bartle Frere thus described her husband. She had driven to meet him at a railway station, and had told the footman to go and find the general. The servant, who was a new one, and had been engaged in his master's absence, asked, "But how shall I know him?" "Oh," replied Lady Frere, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody." The description was sufficient. The servant went, and found the general helping an old lady out of a railway carriage.

Writing of the greatness of Dwight L. Moody, Professor Drummond said, "If you were to ask Mr. Moody what, apart from the inspirations of his personal faith, was the secret of his success, of his happiness and usefulness in life, he would assuredly answer, 'Mrs. Moody.'"

The professor meant more than merely to state the fact that Mrs. Moody has greatly aided her husband in his successful and useful life. He intended to show that

Mr. Moody knows she has powerfully helped him to attain his commanding position, and is willing that the world should also know his indebtedness to her.

This acknowledgment, Professor Drummond thought, is one evidence of Mr. Moody's greatness.

The professor was right. There are too many successful men who trade upon their wives' capital, and never acknowledge that, though silent, they are effective partners.

Daudet, the famous French writer, resembles the American evangelist in confessing his indebtedness to his wife.

"I must say," he remarked to a friend, "that in my literary work I owe nearly all to my wife. She re-reads all my books, and advises me on every point. She is all that is most charming, and has a wonderful mind, and a sympathetic spirit."

All that was worth admiration in the character of Henry VI. was a reflection of the services of his wife Margaret. William, Prince of Orange, was restored to the right path by the grand qualities of his wife Mary. Justinian confesses that his wise laws were the suggestions of his wife Theodora. Andrew Jackson had his mightiest re-enforcement in his plain wife, whose inartistic attire was the amusement of the elegant circles to which she was invited. Washington wore, for forty years, a chain around his neck, that chain holding the miniature likeness of her who had been his greatest inspiration, whether at Valley Forge, or amid the honors of the presidential chair. Pericles said he got all his eloquence and statesmanship from his wife.

Robert Burns married a farm-girl, with whom he fell in love while they worked together in a plowed field. Milton married the daughter of a country squire, and

lived with her but a short time. He was an austere literary recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass, who could not endure the restraint imposed upon her, so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins — of fidelity rare in the long line of English monarchs, wherein the marital vows were scarcely observed, — and between them sincere affection existed. Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter. Washington married a woman with two children. It is easy enough to say she was worthy of him, and they lived as married people should live — in perfect harmony with each other. John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John being a lawyer. John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity; and, besides this, was fifty-two years old, while he was but twenty-five. He wouldn't take "no" for an answer, and they were married and lived happily until she died, which occurred two years afterwards. Peter the Great of Russia married a peasant. She made an excellent wife and a sagacious empress. Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her, and they were happy.

The idea of the great electrician Edison's marrying was first suggested by an intimate friend, who told him that his large house and numerous servants ought to have a mistress. Although a very shy man, he seemed pleased with the proposition, and timidly inquired whom he should marry. The friend, annoyed at his apparent want of sentiment, somewhat testily replied, "Anyone." But Edison was not without sentiment when the time came. One day, as he stood behind the chair of a Miss

Stillwell, a telegraph operator in his employ, he was not a little surprised when she suddenly turned round and said: "Mr. Edison, I can always tell when you are behind me or near me." It was now Miss Stillwell's turn to be surprised, for, with characteristic bluntness and ardor, Edison fronted the young lady, and, looking her full in the face, said, "I've been thinking considerably about you of late, and, if you are willing to marry me, I would like to marry you." The young lady said she would consider the matter, and talk it over with her mother. The result was that they were married a month later, and the union proved a very happy one.

Referring to the obscurity of much of Browning's poetry, Wordsworth said, when he heard that the poet was going to marry Miss Barrett, the poetess, "I hope they'll understand one another." Certainly Mrs. Browning did think that she understood her husband, for she wrote to a friend, "Nobody exactly understands him except me, who am in the inside of him, and hear him breathe." If it is a risk to marry any poet, it seemed to Miss Barrett's friends a tempting of Providence, and a doubling of the risk, for two of this irritable profession to wed. Contrary to expectations, the result was exceptional happiness. Mrs. Kemble, who saw a great deal of the Brownings in Rome, remarked that "Mr. Browning was the only man she had ever known who behaved like a Christian to his wife."

What a happy man must Edmund Burke have been, when he could say of his home, "Every care vanishes the moment I enter under my own roof!" Of marriage Luther observed, "The utmost blessing that God can bestow on a man is the possession of a good and pious wife, with whom he may live in peace and tranquillity, — to whom he may confide his whole possessions, even

his life and welfare." Again he said, "To rise betimes, and to marry young, are what no man ever repents of doing."

One of the most helpful adjuncts to a man's largest success is, surely, a restful home-life. "I once asked the late Hepworth Dixon," writes a well-known authoress, "with whom I happened to be talking on this subject, what he thought was the reason why some women hold their husbands' hearts securely and forever, while others are but the brief tenants of a few months or years. 'What,' I asked, 'is the quality in a woman that her husband loves the longest?' 'That she should be a pillow,' answered Mr. Dixon; and then, meeting the inquiry in my eyes, he went on, 'Yes, that is what a man needs in his wife, — something to rest his heart on. He has excitement and opposition enough in the world. He wants to feel that there is one place where he is sure of sympathy, a place that will give him ease as a pillow gives it to a tired head. Do you think a man will be tempted to turn from a woman whose eyes are his flattering mirror, — who heals where others wound?' And surely," adds this gifted lady, "he was right." The wife should do what the wife of Mohammed did for him, — believe in him when other people do not.

Prince Bismarck, in speaking of his wife, has declared, "She it is who has made me what I am."

Very different would have been the verdict concerning Walter Savage Landor. His was a case of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. The poet met his future wife at a ball, and determined on the instant to marry her. Not long after he had done so, Mrs. Landor came to think that "a conversation with her husband was incomplete without a quarrel," and generally ended with the remark that she should not have married a man so

many years older than herself. Even in the honeymoon she wounded the poor man's vanity: Landor was reading some of his own verses to his bride — and who read more exquisitely? — when all at once the lady, releasing herself from his arm, jumped up, saying, “Oh, do stop, Walter, there's that dear, delightful Punch performing in the street; I must look out of the window.”

A judicious wife is always snipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in the wrong direction. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare you will do some absurd thing, she will find means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to woman. The wisest things which a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is the grand wielder of the moral pruning-knife. When you see a man appearing shabby, hair uncombed, and no buttons on his coat, nine times out of ten you are correct in concluding that he is a bachelor.

A lamp in the house will often do us more good than a star in the sky.

Some one gives this wise counsel as to the manner of treating a wife: “First, get a wife; second, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world, but do not, therefore, carry to your home a clouded or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials which, though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. A kind, consoling word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom.”

While your trials often take place in the fresh open air, your wife is usually shut up from morning till night

at home, where her health and spirits gradually become weakened.

“Notice kindly her efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you consider her duty to you.”

Don't treat her sincere affection with indifference; and, above all, do not think it undignified and ill befitting a “man” to yield to her wishes. Her preferences are as strong as yours, and it is harder than you ever think for her to yield to you the thousand and one little things which you never so much as notice. Did you ever think of that? If not, consider it sometime, when you feel the difficulty of “giving in;” and then have more compassion and feeling, when you see your wife doing her best (and she generally succeeds, you know,) to make your wishes hers.

Don't treat your wife so that she will think you do not love her. She is very liable to mistake that habitually cold and indifferent manner that you affect. Be manly, so that she will look up to you, rely upon you always, and feel secure in putting her confidence in you.

“There is no doubt,” said Frances E. Willard, “that marriage offers the most effective opportunities for spoiling the life of another. Nobody can debase, harass, and ruin a woman so fatally as her own husband; and nobody can do a tithe so much to chill a man's aspirations, to paralyze his energies, as his wife. A man is never irretrievably ruined in his prospects until he marries a bad woman; and nothing much worse can happen to a woman than marrying a bad man.

“On the other hand, as George Eliot says, ‘What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel

that they are joined for life, — to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the last parting ?’

“Each is a good half, but an impossible whole; it is only when the wrong halves are joined that unhappiness follows.

“A real happy marriage of love and judgment between a noble woman and a worthy man is one of the things so very beautiful that, if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes upon such a spectacle.

“This happy state of married life is possible to all, in the degree that the husband and wife are in earnest; in the degree of their love for each other, and their desire for what we mean by a true home.

“He must indeed be a poor apology for a man who, in this land of opportunity, cannot get a home of his own. There is perhaps no other country in the world where a young man can so easily become the possessor of a home as in America, provided he is not imbued with the false philosophy which is now so fully believed in by many of both sexes. It is one of the saddest features of our modern civilization that there is this tendency to remain single; and an increase in the number of those who ‘cannot afford’ to get married will be a serious thing for our modern civilization.

“There is, of course, a limit to the chances a man should take of being able to support a wife. He should be as sure as it is possible to be that his position will be permanent so long as he is satisfactory to his employers; and his salary should be such that it has enabled him to lay aside a little, so that, in case of an emergency, there will be something ahead to encourage him. The

girl who has promised to share his lot will, if she has in her the make-up of a true wife, help rather than hinder him in making his little paradise. It may, perhaps, be humble at first, — perhaps always so, if Fortune does not beam on them with a golden smile; but that will not make them unhappy. Naturally the lover (who ought never to be lost in the husband,) will have many a pang of regret that he cannot support his wife as other men are able to do; but, through it all, through the days of joy and sorrow, — for both will come, — there will be still the same sacred happiness that came to these two, at first, in their little home.”

“The most subtle and deceitful hope which ever existed, and one which wrecks the happiness of many a young girl’s life,” writes Evangelist Dwight L. Moody, “is the common delusion that a woman can best reform a man by marrying him. It is a mystery to me how people can be so blinded to the hundreds of cases in every community where tottering homes have fallen and innocent lives have been wrecked, because some young girl has persisted in marrying a scoundrel in the hope of saving him. I have never known such a union, and I have seen hundreds of them, result in anything but sadness and disaster. Let no young girl think that she may be able to accomplish what a loving mother or sympathetic sisters have been unable to do. Before there is any contract of marriage, there should be convincing proof that there has been real and thorough regeneration.”

To a certain degree, a young man should look upon marriage from a utilitarian standpoint. A good wife is so much capital. She makes him to be, by a kind of grace, a great deal more than he is by nature. She contributes the qualities needed in order to convert his



DWIGHT L. MOODY.

vigor into a safe as well as productive efficiency. She introduces, for instance, into his intellectual nature that ingredient of sentiment which intellect requires in order to be able to do its best work. Heart and brain need to conspire in order to the attainment of the true, and without caring to assert that man is naturally heartless, any more than I should wish to assume that woman is by nature brainless, yet heart in its way is just as precious as brain in its way, and woman, so long as she is untainted by the passion of wanting to be a man, will be that member of the connubial corporation that will in particular contribute to the capital stock its affectional element. Some women may resent this, but I would like to caution young men against cherishing matrimonial designs upon any woman who is *likely* to resent it. If what you want is a wife, and not merely a housekeeper, you must keep your eye well open for a warm bundle of femininity that will be to you in a personal way what the fire on the hearth is to you in a physical way — a fund of tropical comfort that will keep the stiffness out of your thinking, the frost out of your feeling, and the general machinery of your life in a condition of pleasurable activity.

A wife without sympathy may cost a man the loss of all his friends.

It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a potato-patch or a flower-garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

At an address before a girls' school in Boston, ex-President John Quincy Adams, then an old man, said with much feeling: "As a child, I enjoyed perhaps the greatest of blessings that can be bestowed upon man — that of a mother who was anxious and capable to form

the characters of her children rightly. From her I derived whatever instruction (religious especially and moral,) has pervaded a long life — I will not say perfectly, or as it ought to be ; but I will say, because it is only justice to the memory of her I revere, that in the course of that life, whatever imperfection there has been, or deviation from what she taught me, the fault is mine, and not hers.”

“I would be glad,” says a wise man, “to see more parents understand that when they spend money judiciously to improve and adorn the house, and the grounds around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home as much as possible, and enjoy it; but when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home, — that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention, and make the most display.”

If we recall the works of the great painters, Raphael and all the master artists of the various schools, we find that their chief and perpetuated fame rests upon the simplest of painted subjects. It was not Sappho, nor Cleopatra, who inspired the brush of ages, but, in most instances, nothing more, nothing less, than the Madonna or the Madonna and Child, beautified according to the artist's type of country-woman, — at once the lowliest and the loftiest subject of the past, or of the future. And so time shall prove in *our* future, just as in the past, that the simplest of virtues makes enduring charms, and that the end-of-the-century-woman, despising that old-fashioned and becoming gentleness, is indeed a new woman, — but *not* that best, though last, of all created works, the woman from whom Poesy seeks her inspiration, and Fancy paints her angels.

Women in health are the hope of the nation. Men who exercise a controlling influence, — the master spirits, — with a few exceptions, have had country-born mothers. They transmit to their sons those traits of character — moral, intellectual, and physical, — which give stability to institutions, and promote order, security, and justice. — DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

She is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one. — BURKE.

Let us glorify the vocation of motherhood above all others, for the only queen that shall survive is the mother on her rocking-chair throne, with a curly-headed subject kneeling by her side, a soft hand on its pure forehead, and its sweet voice saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep." But that mother must be regnant over all earthly powers, even the divine one that dares invoke another life; she must be God's and her own, a free woman, to whom shall never come the annunciation of her highest office and ministry save from the deepest intuitions of her nature responding to the voice of a love so pure that it is patient, and abides its time until the handmaid of the Lord shall say: "Be it unto me even as thou wilt." — FRANCES E. WILLARD.

A child is a flower plucked from the gardens of God, transplanted into the soil of humanity, and left to be watered and cared for by man. It flourishes best in the sunshine of love, and has need to be watered with the tears of tenderest sympathy, and cultivated by a kind solicitude that wearies not.

Those who have these God-flowers to care for have great honor, because of the nobleness of the work their hands have been given to do. When the gardener plucks, may the flower be ready. — EVERETT McNEIL.

Home-keeping hearts are happiest. — LONGFELLOW.

Vas marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot depends
 Altogeddher on how you look at id, mine friends.
 Like dhose double-horse teams dot you see at der races,
 Id depends pooty mooch on der pair in der traces;
 Eef dhey don'd pull togeddher rightd off at der start,
 Ten dimes outd of nine dhey vas beddher apart.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine,
 Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean.
 Dhen she say: "Mr. Strauss, shust come here, eef you
 bleaze."

Und she dake me vhere Yawcob und leedle Loweeze
 By dher shnug trundle-bed vast shust saying dheir brayer,
 Und she say, mit a smile: "*Vas der some failures dhere?*"
 YAWCOB STRAUSS, in the "*Boston Pilot.*"

O, the toils of life!
 How small they seem, when love's resistless tide
 Sweeps brightly o'er them! Like the scattered stones
 Within a mountain streamlet, they but serve
 To strike the hidden music from its flow,
 And make its sparkle visible.

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

CHAPTER XVI.

MAKING THE MOST OF LIFE.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not. — EMERSON.

Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
Greatly begin! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime, —
Not failure, but low aim, is crime. — LOWELL.

There is nothing at all in life except what we put there. — MME. SWETCHINE.

“We are building, every day,
In a good or evil way;
And the structure, as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose.”
All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme;
For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

LONGFELLOW.

Alas! what differs more than man from man!
And whence this difference? — whence but from himself?

WORDSWORTH.

Time the shuttle drives, but you
Give to every thread its hue,
And elect your destiny. — W. H. BURLEIGH.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade. — WHITTIER.

A MAN took a large, beautiful onyx to a noted artist to see what he could do to cover up a tinge of iron rust,

which seemed to make the stone almost worthless. The artist engraved out of the blemish the figure of a lovely goddess. God makes diamonds of carbon and rubies of clay. The successful man turns the commonest events, the homeliest things, into the mosaic of life.

"Is there no one here?" asked one of three men who had just galloped up to a blacksmith's shop in a Vermont village, one summer day in 1777. "Yes, I am here," replied Luke Varnum, a boy of fifteen, who was lame in his left foot, and had been left at home for that reason while all the "able-bodied" men and boys had gone to join General Stark near Bennington. "I see that," said the first speaker, laughing. "What I mean is, is there nobody here that can set a shoe?"

"I think I can," said Luke. "I often tend fire for Jonas. I can blow the bellows, and I can hold the horse's foot. Anyway, I will start the fire."

"What luck!" exclaimed a fourth stranger, who came along soon afterwards, his horse on a walk; "here we find a forge with a fire lighted!" "We found one," said Marvin, who spoke first, "with a boy who knew how to light it." The fourth dismounted in haste, for his was the horse that needed attention. "It's a poor fit, much too large," said Luke, as he measured it; "but it will have to do." "Yes," said the owner of the animal, "but she is very tender-footed, and I could not trust her five miles unshod." The little blacksmith did the work well and quickly, and used, for pride's sake, two nails he had made himself.

"Tell Jonas that I het up the forge and put on the shoe," said he, as he finished. "Yes, we'll tell him," laughingly replied the owner. One of the horsemen tarried behind to say, "Boy, no ten men who have left you to-day have served our country as you have. That is Colonel Seth Warner."

“When I read in history how Colonel Warner led up his men just in time to save the day at Bennington,” says Edward Everett Hale, who tells this story, “I am apt to think of Luke Varnum, the lame young blacksmith.”

Mendelssohn once went to see the great Freiburg organ. The custodian, not knowing who he was, would not let him touch it. After much persuasion, he allowed the persistent youth to touch a few notes. The old man stood entranced; he had never heard such melody before. At length he asked the great player his name; and, when he had been told, he stood humiliated and self-condemned. A greater musician than Mendelssohn, unknown to us, perhaps, has stood by the human organ which very possibly has given out only “wolf-notes” before to the world, pleading with us to let Him touch the strings and bring out music divine. But we have refused till age and disuse have rendered the instrument almost unfit to express harmony, even at the touch of the Divine Hand. We have not made the most of our lives.

There is no one so small that he cannot make his life great by high endeavor; no sick, crippled child on its bed that cannot fill a niche of some kind in the world.

“Be your own palace, or the world’s your jail.”

Beautiful lives have blossomed in the darkest places, like pure white lilies full of fragrance springing from the slime of stagnant waters.

One man will turn the prosiest life into poetry, while another will transform the most poetic surroundings into the prosiest of prose. He who puts his soul into his work, however lowly that work may be, turns it into poetry. Life is a fine art. Character, conscientiousness, will evoke harmony and beauty from the meanest sur-

roundings. Some women will make a sweet and beautiful home in a house without a picture, a carpet, or a piece of bric-a-brac. They have the secret of compelling harmony and sweetness to live with bare floors and pictureless walls. Others could not make a home with a million dollars. There may be plenty of books, superb furnishings, elegant pictures, but no warmth, no harmony, no love, no sweetness, no contentment, none of that indescribable charm which beautiful natures cast upon everything about them; that atmosphere of harmony which surrounds noble natures, and in which grows all that is beautiful and uncramped, is wanting. We have been in the houses of millionaires whose forbidding coldness chilled us to the bone; where there was no sense of harmony or soul-proportion; where nothing appealed to the higher life or touched the finer sensibilities; where everything seemed to partake of the vulgar dollar. We have been in the homes of poverty where an air of refinement and sweet culture rested like a benediction on every member of the family, and clung to every piece of furniture. Liberty dwelt there. High thinking went with plain living; an unrestrained simplicity and transparency pervaded the very atmosphere.

The noblest sight this world offers is a young man bent upon making the most of himself.

A merchant in Boston failed in an apparently flourishing business. He had a wife, a goodly number of girls, and a beautiful and luxurious home. When the crash came, everything salable was sacrificed. The house, servants, horses, and carriages were given up, and, retiring several miles into the country, the family took a humble cottage with a few acres of ground; and there those delicately reared girls, with true New England grit, went to work in various ways to help their father

retrieve his fortunes. They did not sit down, as so many would have done, and bemoan their reverses, and tell each other there was nothing left to live for, but immediately began to turn their education and accomplishments to account. The two eldest considered themselves fortunate in getting positions as teachers of French and German, which they were quite competent to fill; and in their leisure hours they gave private lessons in these languages and on the piano. In about a year they were earning very comfortable salaries, and living at home. The third daughter, in the summer months, derived good profits from five large cherry-trees and half an acre of strawberries, doing most of the work herself, with the younger children to help in picking, and sending the fruit into a Boston market. In the winter this daughter was busy in making the clothes of the family, for she had a talent for sewing and designing, and so large dressmaker bills were saved. Of course, they all worked hard. Even the two little girls had their flower-garden in summer, and sent cut flowers to the city with their sister's strawberries and cherries. The father thus cheered was soon in commercial lines again. In about four years this family was again in comfortable circumstances.

“Do not begin life fancying that such a fine young fellow as you are, one so spruce, so handsome, so well-dressed, so accomplished in various ways, deserves a high place. Do not flatter yourself that life owes you more than it owes anybody else. It owes you, in common with all others, just as much fruit as, climbing, you can bring down. It owes you *a chance to be something*. It will give you that and nothing more.”

All may not rise equally, yet each, on the whole, rises very much according to his deserts. “Though all

cannot live on the piazza," as the Tuscan proverb has it, "every one may feel the sun."

The heroine of a novel, when there was nothing but bread for dinner, cut it up in half a dozen different ways, and pretended to serve it in courses, — soup, fish, roast, and so on. No doubt the bread digested better for the playful subterfuge.

Infuse into the purpose with which you follow the various employments and professions of life, no matter how humble they may be, the sense of beauty, pleasure, and harmony, and you are transformed at once from an artisan to an artist. The discontent you feel with the work you are compelled to do comes from your doing it in the spirit of a drudge. Do it in the spirit of a master, with a perception of the beauty which inheres in all honest work, and the drudgery will disappear in delight. It is the spirit in which we work, not the work itself, which lends dignity to labor; and many a field has been plowed, many a house built, in a grander spirit than has sometimes attended the government of empires and the creation of epics. How few, even in this magnificent life-gallery, where nature holds perpetual carnival of harmony and beauty, see anything of value except dollars and merchandise. As Emerson says, the farmer sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of the *man* on the farm.

Life is not mean, it is grand; if it is mean to any, he makes it so. God made it glorious. It is paved with diamonds, its banks He fringed with flowers. He over-arched it with stars. Around it He spread the glory of the physical universe, — suns, moons, worlds, constellations, systems, — all that is magnificent in motion, sublime in magnitude, and grand in order and obedience.

God would not have attended life with this broad march of grandeur if it did not mean something.

There are joys which long to be ours. God sends ten thousand truths which come about our souls like birds, seeking inlet; but we shut them out, and so they bring us nothing, but sit and sing awhile on the roof, and then fly away.

Every man's soul is a gallery: he can hang it with works of art, he can fresco it with faithfulness, and decorate it with beauty; or he can mar the walls with half-done and botched work, he can hang it with daubs instead of beautiful pictures, he can blot and bespatter it, he can stain and spoil it. He cannot leave the walls blank, for if he is idle they will grow dingy and grimy, moldy and forbidding; idleness will smite, corrode, and blast. Something he must do, and every touch of the brush is indelible. He cannot change or erase it, and begin again. Every indifferent or careless stroke will remain there forever, to reproach him for his folly.

He can never get out of this gallery. It must be his home forever, through time and eternity. He can make it a place of beauty which shall inspire and elevate, which will be a constant uplifter to his thought and purpose, and which will lead him into a higher life of beauty and holiness; or he can fill it with hideous images which will haunt his disappointed soul through eternity. The canvas is given him, the brush is placed in his hand by an unseen messenger when he enters life. As he looks forth for the first time in this gallery, these words confront him: "The canvas waiteth. What will you do with it? Will you make the most of it?"

Consider man as a sculptor, and the figure is equally applicable. Chisel and mallet are placed in his hands at birth, and the block on which he must work. "The

marble waiteth." It is the "possible angel" we must look for in the block.

A thousand years hence, every right blow of chisel or stroke of brush in life will help him on to higher and more perfect work; every false blow or stroke will stand out upon the wall to mar his vision, blur his ideal, and make his hand unsteady through the ages to come. Every right effort and noble aspiration to-day will add to his skill and tend to brighten his vision through all the centuries ahead.

A poor artist was regally entertained in a castle, but had nothing with which to repay his friends. He shut himself up in his room for some days before he left them, locking the door, and refusing to come out or let any one in. When he went away the sheets of his bed were missing, and it was thought that he must have stolen them. But, on searching, they were found in a corner; and, when unrolled, were found to have a glorious picture of Alexander in the tent of Darius painted upon them.

The first prize at a flower-show was taken by a pale, sickly little girl, who lived in a close dark court in the east of London. The judges asked how she could grow it in such a dingy and sunless place. She replied that a little ray of sunlight came into the court; as soon as it appeared in the morning she put her flower beneath it, and, as it moved, moved the flower, so that she kept it in the sunlight all day.

A servant takes a block of wood and throws it upon the fire; Gasparo Bercerra seizes it from the flames, and carves from it an immortal statue.

"The author of 'The Scarlet Letter,'" says Horace Scudder, "did not need to draw his breath of inspiration from any mediæval chronicle, or under the shadow of

Strasburg Cathedral. An old newspaper in the Salem Custom-house was enough for him."

"How will you endure life in that stupid little place?" asked a young lady about to graduate from college, of a classmate whose family ties made it necessary for her to settle down in a small village; "you will not have one companion of your own age." "Oh," said the other, serenely, "I have plenty of old friends there, and it would be a pity if my education were of no use to them. I mean to start a reading circle, and a natural history club, and a class for art study, and one thing and another."

The bee is not the only insect that visits the flower, but it is the only one that brings honey away. "The same instruction, the same surroundings, stir great thoughts, kindle high aspirations, in one mind, and leave another stolid and passionless as a clod."

"Human nature is an infinitely improvable substance. If a log can be improved into paper, and a boulder into a \$50,000 statue, and common sand into stained glass windows, who can set a limit to the perfection of human nature? Compare the puny wild flowers of the forest with the gorgeous blossoms of the hothouse. Compare the clumsy broncho of the prairie with the fleet winner of the Derby, and then grant to man the same chance of development."

A boy has been likened to a hundredweight of good iron, which, in its ordinary form, may not be worth more than a dollar; but, when carbonized into steel, it is worth twice as much; when made into inch screws, a hundred dollars; if drawn into fine wire, five hundred dollars; if changed into fine needles, a thousand dollars; if into small fishhooks, twenty-five hundred dollars; if into minutest watch-screws, three hundred thousand dollars;

if into finest hairsprings, one million, five hundred thousand dollars, or sixty times the value of an equal weight of gold. The higher the development, the more hammering, beating, rolling, pounding, and polishing, the more valuable the iron becomes.

It is not the longest lives that have been the fullest. Raphael died when he was thirty-seven, while Michael Angelo lived to be ninety.

We cannot all create those things of beauty which fill the heart of humanity with a perpetual joy, like a Raphael, a Titian, a Mozart, a Mendelssohn. But we can all do something to swell the sum of human happiness, to make the world better and purer than we found it. In our trade or profession we can set an example of honorable dealing and straightforwardness, punctuality, truthfulness, and independence.

Better be born blind than not to see the true glory of life.

We can never work well while there is friction in our lives, nor gain in our work that "beauty which is born of power, and the sympathy which is born of love," of which Ruskin speaks.

It is just as important to set apart time for the development of our æsthetic faculties as for cultivating the money-getting instinct. A man cannot live by bread alone. His higher life demands an impalpable food. It takes a large bill of fare to feed an immortal being. The mind and soul in a well-developed man are ever more imperious in their demand for the true and the beautiful than is the body for material food.

— "What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more:

Sure He that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused."

"Do everything as a disciple of Antoninus," says Marcus Aurelius. "Remember his constancy in every act which was conformable to reason, and his evenness in all things, and his piety, and the serenity of his countenance, and his sweetness, and his disregard of empty fame, and his efforts to understand things; and how he would never let anything pass without having first most carefully examined it, and clearly understood it; and how he bore with those who blamed him unjustly without blaming them in return; how he did nothing in a hurry; and how he listened not to calumnies, and how exact an examiner of manners and actions he was; not given to reproach people, nor timid, nor suspicious, nor a sophist; with how little he was satisfied, such as lodging, bed, dress, food, servants; how laborious and patient; how sparing he was in his diet; his firmness and uniformity in his friendships; how he tolerated freedom of speech in those who opposed his opinions; the pleasure that he had when any man showed him anything better; and how pious he was without superstition. Imitate all this, that thou mayest have as good a conscience, when thy last hour comes, as he had."

The only real success worthy of the name is that which comes from a consciousness of growing wider, deeper, higher, in mental and moral power, as the years go on. To feel the faculties expanding and unfolding, to feel the leaven of truth permeating the whole being, this is the only life worth living.

Fortunate indeed is the child who is trained to see beauty in everything and everywhere. An eye so trained is a perpetual magnifying glass, revealing beauties invisible to the uncultivated vision. This self-culture, if properly conducted, will open a thousand new avenues of enjoyment, beyond the reach of the ignorant.

Let youth be taught to look for beauty in all they see, and to embody beauty in all they do, and the imagination will then be both active and healthy. Life will be neither a drudgery nor a dream, but will become full of God's life and love.

The fine art of living is for each person to seek fullest development. Friendship is in itself as fine an art as music, or painting, or sculpture. The one not endowed with the artist's genius produces discords, daubs, or meaningless rhyme. So it is with life. The individual gifted with tact, faith, sweetness, and a charming manner creates the very qualities in which he believes and which he possesses. He "gets on" with people harmoniously. It is the exquisite result of high qualities.

Of course we must look at life from a long range if we are to get the most out of it as a whole. It will not do to ask the question every morning, "How can I accomplish most in my business to-day?" or, "How can I scrape the most dollars together?" The great question to ask is, "How can I get the most possible out of this day, considered from the standpoint of my best welfare throughout life here and hereafter?"

Every man and woman we meet is a chisel which helps to bring the image of manhood and womanhood out of the marble of our life.

If you present to the world a broad, sympathetic nature, you will have friends, whether rich or poor.

It is the constant comparing of ourselves with others, the perpetual struggle to equal or surpass others in the daily conflict of life, the constant exercise of self-respect, the daily habit of estimating our capacities, the measuring of our swords, the trial of our strength, and the struggle to overcome inhospitable surroundings and to live as well as or better than others, that school our faculties and develop our powers.

Ian Maclaren tells us of a picture in the refectory of San Marco of Florence, wherein St. Dominic is seated at table with his monks, and is asking a blessing over cups that hold no wine, and platters without bread. His companions are amazed, but, even while the saint is praying, the angels of God are moving unseen through the room, carrying that bread, of which, if any man eat, he shall never hunger again.

The invariable mark of wisdom is to see the miraculous in the common.

In factories for making cloth a single broken thread ruins a whole web; it is traced back to the girl who made the blunder, and the loss is deducted from her wages. But who shall pay for the broken threads in life's great web? We cannot throw back and forth an empty shuttle; threads of some kind follow every movement as we weave the web of our fate. It may be a shoddy thread of wasted hours or lost opportunities that will mar the fabric and mortify the workman forever; or it may be a golden thread which will add to its beauty and luster. We cannot stop the shuttle, or pull out the unfortunate thread which stretches across the fabric, a perpetual witness of our folly.

A beautiful legend tells us how the inhabitants of an ancient hamlet proposed to welcome their king, when it was announced he would honor them with his presence.

Early and late they toiled to beautify their village, to make their homes pleasing in his sight. At length, their utmost done, they rested on the eve of their sovereign's coming. But lo, in the night, while they slept, the angels came down and transformed all their work. The morning sunlight unfolded a scene of radiant splendor. On the sites of lowly cottages stately mansions rose. Snow-white marble gleamed where simply wood had been. Golden pinnacles shone aloft in the bright sunlight. Fountains sent forth their wealth of spray. Palm-trees, in graceful loveliness, stood around their village green. Though but a fable, this story is substantially true. Thus God, with the smile of approval, enriches, ennobles, beautifies, the labors of those who love Him, and out of love serve Him. When at the evening of our little day He comes to us, or sends His messenger to bid us to our home, not the great things we have done, but faithfulness in doing the little things lying at our hands, will win His approval at His judgment seat.

“The man with the ‘muck-rake’ is one of Bunyan’s most striking pictures: ‘There was a man that could look no way but downward, with a muck-rake in his hand; there stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up, nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor.’”

Verily, there are men whose “most of themselves” is the muck-rake and the straws it gathers, rather than the crown they might wear. “See that no man take thy crown,” said one, who did not lose his.

A young man picked up a sovereign in the road. Ever afterwards he kept his eyes on the ground, in hope

of finding more coins. And he did, in the course of a long life, find a few bits of gold and silver. But all these days he saw not the bright sky above, and fair nature about. He died an old man, to whom earth was only a dirty road where one could now and then pick up money.

Dr. David Nelson visited Congress, where the discussions seemed trivial. "James," said he, "I hope you will not spend your life in making marks on the sand, or scratching in the ashes, like" — and he mentioned some well-known Congressmen.

Dr. Johnson says, "By those who look close to the ground, dirt will be seen. I hope I see things from a greater distance."

Ruskin's eye could see in common clay the radiance of the future opal. His acute mind could evolve from a lump of mud the finest porcelain, the dazzling sapphire. His analytic sense could follow the molecules of carbon from their bed of earth until they flashed as diamonds in a monarch's crown; could trace the foul water of a gutter through its evaporation to its deposit as a radiant dewdrop. His eyes could see exquisite beauty and progress where the uncultured eye could see only ugliness and deformity.

Agassiz could see more in a grain of sand, in a fish-scale, than some people would see in walking along the shore from Sandy Hook to Cape Cod.

The possibilities of education and pleasure in an educated eye are beyond computation.

Dignifying your employment is a great step in making the most of yourself; not merely elevating yourself through it, as one who makes a fortune selling rags, — "clean money by dirty work," as the saying is, — nor in elevating yourself in it through degrees of skill and posi-

tion; we do not mean these now, but the occupation itself.

“I am fond of imagining,” said Dr. Blagden, speaking to young men on “Hope,” “that every occupation of human life, not excepting the humblest among men, is capable of being elevated, under the influence of hope, into the dignity of a science.

“Yes! let the wood-sawyer,” continues Dr. Blagden, “who labors in our streets, hopefully and diligently use and combine all the facts that he may gather, — by reading, observation, and experience, — respecting the kinds of wood, the metal, and the other materials he may use in his humble calling; and will any one say that, in process of time, he may not, humble though he be, elevate his occupation into a scientific dignity; which, by that common vinculum that binds all the parts of human knowledge together, may shed its own unpretending, but not useless ray, into the glories of the highest human attainments, and help in contributing to their advancement?”

“There is something,” Beecher declares, “in the most forbidding vocation, around which a man may twine pleasant fancies, out of which he may develop an honest pride. A fine specimen of just the thing we mean we met not long since. He began life a blacksmith. ‘I never wanted to be anything but a mechanic,’ said he. He determined to make himself respectable and honorable, not in spite of his business, but by means of it. He entered with heart and soul and ambition into it. Little by little he improved it. Selecting a single line of articles, he began manufacturing them. ‘When I first entered the market,’ said he, ‘I found everybody trying to sell cheaper than his neighbor, and so making poorer and poorer articles, and running down the trade. I determined that I would not *undersell*, but *excel*.’

“In this spirit he entered heartily into his work, was proud of it, nursed and nourished it, and is now, in his own department, without a competitor in the market. He has gathered riches, which he employs benevolently, and is respected and honored by his townsmen. The good which this mechanic has done will not stop with himself. A man can impart to a business a flavor of honor by his own conduct, which shall make it thereafter more creditable to any one who enters it. Franklin left upon the printing-office an impress which has benefited the profession of printers ever since. Blacksmiths love to speak of the yet uncanonized St. Elihu Burritt.”

“Mr. Dowse” — to whose “Dowse Lectures” the Cambridge people throng every winter, — “by tanning and currying amassed a fortune, and bequeathed it and its literary products to the public in Boston and Cambridge; and we venture to say that, hereafter, that business will be easier and more encouraging to every lad that is bound apprentice to the nasty trade. Once let a man convert his business into an instrument of honor, benevolence, and patriotism, and from that moment it is transfigured, and men judge its dignity and merit, not by what it externally is, but by what it has done and can do. It is better to stick to your business, and, by patient industry and honorable enterprise, crown it with honor, than to run away from it, and seek prosperity ready-made to your hand. It is not what a man *finds* that does him good, but what he *does*.”

Home is doubtless essential to the average man in making the most of himself.

“Here, manhood struggles for the sake
Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,
The graces and the loves which make

The music of the march of life ;
And woman, in her daily round
Of duty, walks on holy ground."

Holland sketches a "Vision of Life and its Meaning," in words that have made hearts glow. "Manhood and Womanhood meet, and lives that were separate melodies become a harmony. True love between man and woman — the love that gives its all for life, for the simple rewards of congenial companionship, — seems to me the most lovely outgrowth of human nature. God and all good things breathe a benison upon it.

"And now begins the united life. Hand in hand and heart to heart, they resume their passage up the long incline. In the early morning, I see them kneeling side by side, worshipping the God of their life. If one takes up a cross, it is lightened by the other's hand. If one gathers a joy from the boughs of Heaven's munificence, the other is called to share it. With no heart wanderings, no selfish monopoly of delight, they pass on for months, till now I see that the wife has become a mother, and bears a little babe upon her bosom. It is a gift of God, beyond all price; and when they kneel again, they thank God for it, — for all the hallowed sympathies it calls into play, for the new springs of pleasure and life which it uncovers to them. Soon the little one is on its feet, and dances along the way, while another takes its place in the maternal arms. And as the years pass away, another and another are added to the pilgrim group, till they look like a band of attendant cherubim.

"That is my vision. That little creed of Mrs. Brown-ing, uttered impulsively, in a flash of inspired conviction, has a world of meaning in it that the slow soul does not perceive. 'I do believe in God and love,' said

the sweet songstress. To live a life thus informed is a peerless privilege — no matter at what cost of transient pain or unremitting toil. It is a thing above professions and callings and creeds. It is a thing which brings to its nourishment all good. It is the greatest and best thing under the whole heaven. Place cannot enhance its honor; wealth cannot add to its value. It is the highest thing. Its course lies through true manhood and womanhood, through true fatherhood and motherhood, through true friendship and relationships, of all legitimate and natural sorts whatsoever. It lies through sorrow and pain and poverty and all earthly discipline. It lies through unswerving truth to God and man. It lies through patient, self-denying heroism. It lies through all heaven-prescribed and conscientious duty, and it leads as straight to heaven's brightest gate, as the track of a sunbeam to the bosom of a flower.

“‘And so, ’twixt joy,
 And love, and tears, and whatsoever pain
 Man fitly shares with man, these two grow old;
 And, if indeed blest thoroughly, they die
 In the same spot, and nigh the same good hour;
 And setting suns look heavenly on their grave!’”

A carpenter in England, working on a fine chair for the chief justice, was asked why he took so much pains with it. He answered that he was doing it against the time he should come to sit in it. The reply was laughed at as the speech of a braggart; but the carpenter did finally sit in the chair.

Self-expansion or self-elevation constitutes only part of the making the most of one's self; he must make himself larger or fitter to take a part in the cause of humanity and human progress. Queen Dido saw in Æneas a goodly hero to look upon; but when he told of

the Trojan War, saying modestly but proudly, *Quorum pars fui*, "of which I was a part," he was greater still. To make part of a great cause is a step in making the most of yourself. Rich you may be, learned, educated, popular, yet you never can make the "most of yourself" without a motive that associates you with the advancement of humanity. What would you care for a Grace Darling who saved no drowning man, a Florence Nightingale who did not nurse the sick, a John Howard who did not minister to the needs of prisoners? What interest would you take in a Morton who did not discover ether, a Livingstone who did not enlighten a "Dark Continent," a Gough who rescued no drunkard, a Garrison who took no part in the emancipation of the slave? Would you care for the Brownings, without their poetry? for Burns had he not cheered humanity by his songs, for Paul had he not risked all to carry the gospel? These men, apart from their work for humanity, would never have been worth mentioning. "The greatest is the server of all," said He who serves every creature.

"A great motive makes a man shine, like a lamp within a porcelain vase. You can never make the most of yourself without a great motive,—a motive that connects you with humanity. Be part of a great cause to make *much* of yourself; be the greatest part you can of the greatest cause to make the *most* of yourself. "Thomas Carlyle, Bookmaker," Gough as a lecturer, John Wanamaker as a Christian storekeeper, made the most of life. Through your *vocation* or *avocation* you must bless humanity, or humanity will forget your name, as it should, while every beneficent thread you weave into humanity's garment will entitle you to the gratitude of the human family.

We try to grasp too much of life at one time. We think of it as a whole instead of taking the days one by one. Life is a mosaic, and each tiny piece must be cut and set with skill.

Let nothing within you go to waste.

And above all let your nature stretch itself towards that sense of infinity that comes with the thought of God. There is nothing that so deepens and amplifies the nature as the use of it in moral and spiritual ways.

The world hath nothing to bestow —
From our own selves our bliss must flow.

COTTON.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

LONGFELLOW.

He gave it for his opinion that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind. — DEAN SWIFT.

Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood ;
'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart.

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

BAILEY.

Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness, — to make one nook of God's creation more fruitful, better, more worthy of God ; to make some human heart a little wiser, manlier, happier, — more blessed, less accursed. — CARLYLE.

“Let’s find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it :
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.

Oh, there is slumbering good in all,
And we, perchance, may wake it :
Our hands contain the magic wand :
This life is what we make it.”

If we would see the color of our future, we must look for it in our present ; if we would gaze on the star of our destiny, we must look for it in our hearts. — **CANON FARRAR.**

Honor and shame from no condition rise :
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

POPE.

I have made as much of myself as could be made of the stuff, and no man should require more. — **JEAN PAUL RICHTER.**

The end of life is to be like God ; and the soul following Him will be like Him. — **SOCRATES.**

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