

Success

by the author of "Rising to the Front."





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HELEN KELLER.

“How can you keep a determined soul from success? Place stumbling blocks in his way and he uses them for stepping stones; imprison him and he produces the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’; put him in a log cabin in the wilderness and we soon find him in the White House; deprive him of eyesight and he produces ‘Paradise Lost’ or writes the ‘Conquest of Mexico.’”

SUCCESS

A BOOK OF IDEALS, HELPS, AND EXAMPLES
FOR ALL DESIRING TO MAKE THE
MOST OF LIFE

BY

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

AUTHOR OF "PUSHING TO THE FRONT, OR SUCCESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES"
"ARCHITECTS OF FATE, OR STEPS TO SUCCESS AND POWER," ETC.

*ILLUSTRATED WITH FOURTEEN FINE PORTRAITS
OF EMINENT PERSONS*

"The ideal life, the life of full completion, haunts us all. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are."

"Build it well, whate'er you do ;
Build it straight and strong and true ;
Build it clean and high and broad ;
Build it for the eye of God."



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SUCCESS.

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PREFACE.



A PRELIMINARY description seems hardly necessary in a book whose every page is intended to stimulate, inspire, and encourage youth of all ages to do something and be somebody in the world, and to make the most of themselves and their opportunities. But a few words in explanation of the author's method of treating the various subjects considered may not be amiss.

Nearly every youth is ambitious to succeed in something. For success, heads ache, hearts pant, and hands work, everywhere and always. Whatever may be the motive or ideal, whether high or low, good or bad, the watchword and the goal are usually the same — SUCCESS.

But very few people are so constituted that they can overcome adverse circumstances without a spur of some kind, and in this volume the author has endeavored to furnish incentives to higher ideals and nobler endeavor. He has aimed to teach his lessons, as far as possible, by entertaining concrete examples. He believes that whoever would help the average twentieth-century youth must first interest him. Mere abstract precepts and goody-goody moralizing will have no attraction for such a youth, and it is only a waste of time to lament the fact. Of course it is true that the snap should be in the horse; but, when it is not, we must put it into the whip.

Yet the energy of the least ambitious youth is only latent. There is gunpowder enough in most any one if we can only get the spark to it. To do this is the work of every true teacher.

The age is intensely practical. The ambitious youth of to-day is eager for every bit of information, every suggestion or hint that will help him get on in the world, — that will teach him how he may acquire wealth or power. He does not care so much to know how genius succeeds, as how common, every-day people like himself have won the prizes of life.

The author has aimed to meet this demand on the part of young readers. He has tried to fill the book with suggestive material, with fresh, living truths; to make it a storehouse of incentives, a treasury of precious sayings; to put inspiration, encouragement, and helpfulness on every page; to drive his lesson home with such an abundance of telling illustrations drawn from actual experience that the reader will exclaim: "Why, these people were worse handicapped than I am! They succeeded; — why not I?"

But in and through and over all, the one great lesson he has tried to impress upon the reader is that manhood and womanhood are above all riches and superior to all titles, — that character is greater than any career.

"Everything wise has already been thought out," says a German writer; "one can only try to think it once more." Believing that this is largely true, the author makes no claim to originality except in his method. So far as his materials are concerned, he has culled flowers from many thought-gardens, and collected incidents from many typical lives.

He wishes, therefore, to express his obligation for many a hint and suggestion gathered from the works of other writers; and especially desires to acknowledge valuable assistance from Mr. Arthur W. Brown of West Kingston, R.I.

O. S. M.

BOSTON, MASS., May 25, 1897.

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SUCCESS.



CHAPTER I.

ENTHUSIASM.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm. Nothing great was ever achieved without it. — *Emerson.*

Nothing is so contagious as Enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the lute of Orpheus — it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and Truth accomplishes no victories without it. — *Lord Lytton.*

This world is given as a prize for the men in earnest. — *F. W. Robertson.*

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, — body and soul. — *Charles Buxton.*

A man in earnest finds means or, if he cannot find, creates them. — *Channing.*

But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mold the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native from the heart! — *Goethe.*

When people meet with empty minds, — people who live only for amusement, not for anything serious, — how commonplace and how superficial is the talk! Even when there is talent, culture, knowledge, if there is not earnestness, it does not go to the root of things, — it is unsatisfactory. — *James Freeman Clarke.*

“How ages thine heart — towards youth? If not, doubt thy fitness for thy work.”

There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. — *Dickens.*

I think I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above the others. — *Charlotte Cushman.*

“RUB-A-DUB-DUB, rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub-dub-dub,” sounded through the keen Alpine air; and cheerily from behind the drum looked forth the fresh, rosy face of a boy but ten years old, so bright

and pretty and buoyant among the grim, scarred visages of the army of veterans. When the cutting wind whirled a shower of snow in his face, he dashed it away with a jolly laugh, and awoke the echoes with a lively rattle of his drum, till it seemed as if the huge, beetling rocks, the icicles, and the pinnacles of snow around were all singing in the reverberating chorus.

“Bravo, *petit tambour!*” (little drummer), exclaimed “Fighting Macdonald,” one of the bravest of Napoleon’s marshals.

“Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub-dub-dub,” rattled the drummer, with redoubled zeal and a bright, optimistic air that spread a contagion of hope and ambition through the division.

“Long live our General!” shouted a hoarse voice, and from mouth to mouth a cheer rolled like distant thunder along the towering mountains.

But hark! What undertone is that, so tremulous yet so rustling, so faint yet so oppressive, so mysterious in its muffled whisper like the sound of viewless wings, yet so ominous in its husky menace of coming doom? It is not well to shout among the Alps, lest the drifted snow swoop downward on its storm-wings to punish the intruder.

Scarcely had the echo died away, when the second noise, so different in kind from the echo,—a strange, uncanny murmur,—seemed to moan and wail far up the mountain side. Nearer and nearer it swelled, and louder and harsher it grew, until all the air shuddered in the deep, hoarse roar.

“On your faces, lads! down, for your lives!” shouted Macdonald; “it’s an avalanche!”

Down thundered the ruin, sweeping the narrow path like a cataract, and bearing along heaps of bowlders and gravel, and uprooted bushes and trees, and great blocks of pale blue ice. Darkness as of midnight followed for a moment,—the darkness of the grave to many a soldier, caught in the whirlwind rush.

“Where’s our Pierre? Where’s our little drummer?” were the first words that broke the awful stillness when the avalanche had come to rest in the valleys, and its echoes had died among the hills.

Where indeed?

A cry of grief burst from many a veteran who had looked unmoved into the muzzles of a line of leveled muskets.

“Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub-dub-dub, dub-dub,” came the faint roll of a drum beating the charge from far below.

“What courage! What enthusiasm!” exclaimed an old grenadier, with tears in his eyes. “We must save him, lads, or he’ll freeze to death down there! He must be saved!”

“He shall be saved!” broke in the deep voice of Macdonald, as he threw off his cloak on the very brink of the precipice.

“No, no, General!” cried the grenadiers; “you mustn’t run such a risk as that. Let one of us go instead; your life is worth more than all of ours put together.”

“My soldiers are my children,” said Macdonald, quietly, “and no father grudges his own life to save his son.”

Down, down by a rope they lowered their General until he disappeared in the cold, black depth below.

“Pierre!” shouted he as loud as he could; “where are you, my boy?”

“Here, General,” came a weak voice from a huge mound of snow whose softness alone had saved the little fellow.

“All right now, brave boy,” said Macdonald, as he pulled the half-buried drummer out. “Put your arms round my neck and hold tight; we’ll have you out of this in a minute.”

But the stiffened fingers of the boy had lost their strength; and, even when the General clasped the tiny arms about his neck, their hold gave way at once.

The numbing cold of that dismal place would soon make him as powerless as the boy. What could be done?

Tearing off his sash and knotting one end to the rope, he bound Pierre and himself together with the other, signaled upward, and soon they were on the cliff above. Forgetting all risk of an avalanche, the soldiers gave cheer after cheer, and the echoes joined until it seemed as if the hills shared in the rejoicing.

“We’ve been under fire and snow together,” said the General, tenderly chafing the cold hands of the boy, “and nothing shall part us as long as we live.”

In an hour Pierre felt as well as ever; and, when the order was given to advance, his "rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub-dub-dub," rolled from the drum with redoubled determination and zeal. All through that fearful winter "Passage of the Splugen," — more terrible in many ways than Napoleon's feat of crossing the Alps in summer, — the little drummer's enthusiasm proved an inspiration and encouragement to officers and men alike.

What may not even a boy do when his whole heart is in his work?

Rufus Choate was so moved by the sight of his audience that it was necessary for him to remain in the anteroom until it was time for him to speak, to reserve his strength and magnetism.

After Spenser had finished his poem, "The Fairy Queen," he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of that day. When the manuscript was sent to the Earl, he read a few pages and ordered his servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading on, he cried in rapture, "Carry that man another twenty pounds." Turning a few more pages, he exclaimed, "Give him twenty pounds more." But at length he lost all patience and said, "Go, turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read further I shall be ruined."

"I would give my skin for the architect's design of that building!" exclaimed Christopher Wren, as he gazed at the Louvre in Paris, whither he had gone to get ideas for the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. His enthusiasm seemed to possess

him. When he died, the following epitaph was placed on his tombstone:

“Underneath is laid the builder of this church and city, Christopher Wren, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself, but for the public good. Reader, if you seek his monument, look around!”

He who does look around will soon find that the finest architecture in England is the work of Christopher Wren.

Nearly all the great improvements, discoveries, inventions, and achievements which have elevated and blessed humanity have been the triumphs of enthusiasm.

What is enthusiasm but a passionate belief in what seems to be a high and holy aim, — an unselfish devotion to some noble cause, — a consecration of heart and mind and soul to the attainment of a great object? What is it but an earnest effort to attain the heights of spiritual and intellectual endeavor? What is it but the life, the force, the power, which makes individuals or nations capable of enduring much and waiting long, in the conviction that ultimately the thing they have at heart will be accomplished? It is easy to ridicule this boundless hope, this all-embracing faith, to sneer at visionaries, and laugh at their dreams. But in the eyes of the Pharisees *was not our Lord an enthusiast*, and his kingdom a delusion or a deception? And *what was St. Paul but an enthusiast* in the opinion of King Agrippa, as he turned from him with an easy smile, protesting that he was “almost persuaded” to be a Christian? And

the saints and martyrs of the first two centuries, — those men who went on their way unmoved by the fatal cry of “*Christiani ad leones*,” — by threats of torture in the Roman arena, — what were they but enthusiasts? *Are not all men enthusiasts who, at the risk of their heart's blood and the sacrifice of much that is very dear, incessantly labor to purify and better the world?*

Palissy, toiling in the face of poverty and failure to discover the secret of the white enamel, was so intoxicated with enthusiasm that men thought him a fool. God's fool he was, with a great hope in his heart for which he gladly suffered the loss of all things. When he saw in a show-window an imported enameled cup which no one in his country knew how to duplicate, the ware fascinated him, and he could not rest until he had discovered the secret of its manufacture.

“Crank, my son?” asks Robert J. Burdette. “The world is full of them. What would we do were it not for the cranks? How slowly the tired old world would move, did not the cranks keep it rushing along! Columbus was a crank on the subject of discovery and circumnavigation, and at last he met the fate of most cranks, — was thrown into prison, and died in poverty and disgrace. Greatly venerated now? Oh, yes, Telemachus, we usually esteem a crank most profoundly after we starve him to death.

“Harvey was a crank on the subject of the circulation of the blood; Galileo was an astronomical crank; Fulton was a crank on the subject of steam navigation; Morse was a telegraph crank; all the

abolitionists were cranks ; John Bunyan was a crank ; any man who doesn't think as you do, my son, is a crank.

“ And by and by the crank you despise will have his name in every man's mouth, and a half-completed monument to his memory crumbling down in a dozen cities, while nobody outside of your native village will know that you ever lived. Deal gently with the crank, my boy. Of course, some cranks are crankier than others, but do you be very slow to sneer at a man because he knows only one thing and you can't understand him. A crank, Telemachus, is a thing that turns something, it makes the wheels go round, it insures progress. True, it turns the same wheel all the time, and it can't do anything else, but that's what keeps the ship going ahead.

“ The thing that goes in for variety, versatility, that changes its position a hundred times a day, that is no crank ; that is the weather-vane, my son. What? You nevertheless thank Heaven you are not a crank? Don't do that, my son. Maybe you couldn't be a crank if you would. Heaven is not very particular when it wants a weather-vane ; almost any man will do for that. But when it wants a crank, my boy, it looks about very carefully for the best man in the community. Before you thank Heaven that you are not a crank, examine yourself carefully, and see what is the great deficiency that debars you from such an election.”

It is this *solid faith in one's mission*, — the rooted belief that it is the one thing to which he has been

called, — this enthusiasm, attracting an Agassiz to the Alps or the Amazon, impelling a Pliny to explore the volcano in which he is to lose his life, and nerving a Vernet, when tossing in a fierce tempest, to sketch the waste of waters, and even the wave that is leaping up to devour him, — that marks the heroic spirit.

Watt's whole heart was buried in his engine. "I can think of nothing else," he says, "but I cannot let my family starve."

Raphael's enthusiasm inspired every artist in Italy.

Turner could not bear to sell a favorite painting. It was a portion of his being; to part with it was the rendering up, the blotting out of that space of his life spent in its creation. He was always dejected and melancholy after such a transaction. "I lost one of my children this week," he would sadly exclaim, and that with tears in his eyes.

From the baking of a loaf of bread for the family to the law-making of a statesman for a nation, there must enter in this vivifying element that electrifies and makes potent every effort. Just as soon as this dies away, no matter what success has been attained in the past, a season of dry rot sets in, and the end is death to further accomplishment.

"I should think myself a criminal," says Charles Dudley Warner, "if I said anything to chill the enthusiasm of the young scholar, or to dash with any skepticism his longing and his hope. He has chosen the highest. His beautiful faith and his aspiration are the light of life. Without his fresh enthusiasm,

and his gallant devotion to learning, to art, to culture, the world would be dreary enough.

“Through him comes the ever-springing inspiration in affairs. Baffled at every turn, and driven defeated from a hundred fields, he carries victory in himself. He belongs to a great and immortal army. Let him not be discouraged at his apparently small influence, even though every sally of every young life may seem like a forlorn hope. No man can see the whole of the battle. It must needs be that regiment after regiment, trained, accomplished, gay and high with hope, shall be sent into the field, marching on, into the smoke, into the fire, and be swept away. The battle swallows them, one after the other, and the foe is yet unyielding, and the ever-remorseless trumpet calls for more and more. But not in vain; for some day, and every day, along the line, there is a cry, ‘They fly, they fly’; and the whole army advances, and the flag is planted on an ancient fortress, where it never waved before. And even if you never see this, better than inglorious camp-following is it to go in with the wasted regiment, to carry the colors up the slope of the enemy’s works, though the next moment you fall and find a grave at the foot of the glacis.”

The foreman of a bootblack shop in Madison Square, New York, is a continual source of surprise to the customers, but his conduct justifies his employer’s confidence. He is the hardest worker among the employees, and frequently takes the brushes from one of his subordinates when there are not enough

customers to keep all busy. He never allows a customer to go away unless he is satisfied that his boots have been polished in the best manner possible. He is ever full of enthusiasm, and works at the end of a busy day with as much energy as at the beginning. His humor never lags, and his muscles never tire.

“It is a lesson in enthusiasm; watch that fellow,” said a spectator; “he is the only man I ever saw who always seems to love to work.”

There is a wide range of skill in the blacking of boots, from that which covers them with a coarse, fibrous, lustreless paste to that which changes them to polished ebony. I have seen an artistic zeal and pride in his work shown by a shabby, grimy little street Arab which would have redeemed many an ambitious canvas from ignoble mediocrity.

The clerks in a large mercantile house ridiculed a young companion who began as an office boy, for doing so many things which did not belong to him to do. They laughed at his enthusiasm and interest in the business, saying that there was no sense in it, and that he would never get a cent for it. Not long afterwards, he was selected from all the employees and taken into the firm as a partner, and became in time manager of one of the largest concerns in the country.

The most irresistible charm of youth is its bubbling enthusiasm. Youth sees no darkness ahead, — no defile that has no outlet, — it forgets that there is such a thing as failure in the world, and believes that mankind has been waiting all these centuries for him

to come and be the liberator of truth and energy and beauty.

Carnot was chairman of the Committee of Public Safety during the French Revolution, and directed the operations of fourteen armies, which turned back the invaders who rushed down from the Alps and Pyrenees. As a proof and explanation of his great military genius, it is told of his boyhood that he was taken to the theatre to witness the representation of a battle scene. At one stage of the play he saw that the attacking party was exposed to the sweep of a battery, and he startled the audience by crying out to the commanding officer to change his position or his men would be shot.

Enthusiastic youth faces the sun, its shadows all behind it. The heart rules youth; the head, manhood. Napoleon had conquered Italy at twenty-five. Henry Kirke White died at twenty-one, but what a record for a youth he left! Byron and Raphael died at thirty-seven, an age which has been fatal to many a genius, and Poe lived but a few months longer. Romulus founded Rome at twenty. Gladstone was in Parliament in early manhood.

It is the enthusiasm of youth which cuts the Gordian knot age cannot untie.

John Jacob Astor would hang a fine fur in his counting-room as others hang pictures; he would stroke it with enthusiasm, extol its beauty, and add that it was worth five hundred dollars in Canton.

The simple, innocent Maid of Orleans with her sacred sword and consecrated banner, and her belief

in her great mission, sent a thrill of enthusiasm through the whole French army, which neither King nor previous leader had been able to produce. Her zeal carried everything before it, and made hers a name of dread to the English army. Charles VII., who had not dared to appear on the scene of action until inspired by this simple girl, boldly set out for Rheims, where, Joan told him, he would be crowned; and, although the intervening country was in the hands of the English, every city-gate opened to them as they advanced. The coronation occurred as she had said it would.

It was enthusiasm that sent Phil. Sheridan dashing down the Shenandoah valley, to utterly rout Early and his rebel host. The same power enables the Cubans to hold out against the policy of a tyrannical government and will eventually bring them to a well-deserved freedom.

Courage recognizes the danger and meets it with a serene front. Confidence in one's powers, the thought of the prize to be won, the love of glory and reputation, a knowledge of the means at our disposal, and a faith in fortune are the considerations which strengthen courage, and if they are marshaled in battle array and led by enthusiasm, the fears which hovered over our path will be routed like flocks of evil-boding birds.

It is this most potent factor that is present in all accomplishment which is of value. Does a speaker thrill you with the magic of an eloquence that seems to carry you out of your ordinary self, and sometimes

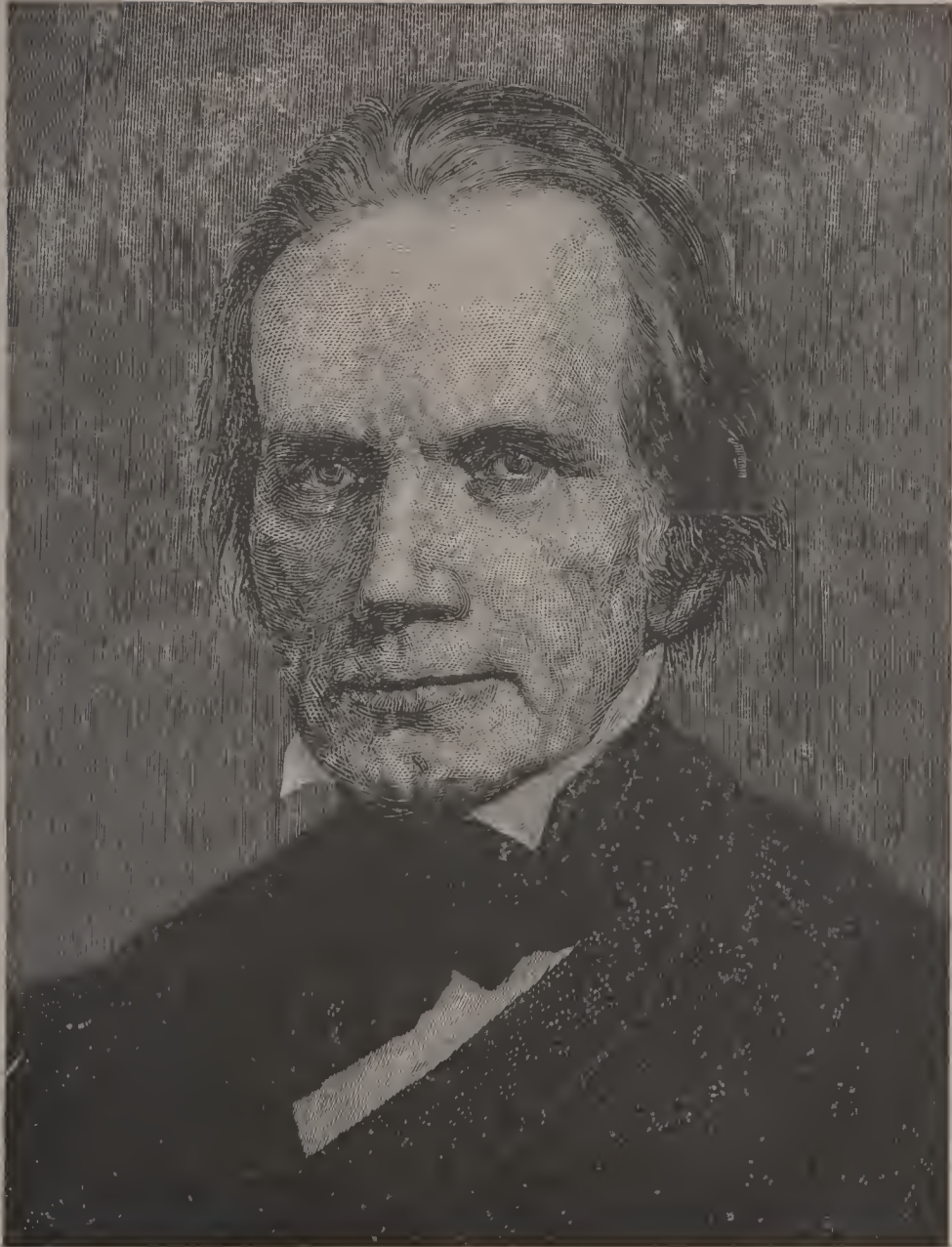
to lead your very convictions captive? Be assured that it is because the speech is vitalized with the enthusiasm of an earnest belief which knows no doubt or hesitation. It enters into every invention, every masterpiece of painting or sculpture, every great poem, essay, or novel that holds the world breathless with admiration.

It is a spiritual power. It has its birth among the higher potencies. You never find true enthusiasm in those people who are always groveling in the dirt at the feet of the senses. In its very nature it is uplifting.

Earnest, practical, and patriotic, Henry Clay needed little assistance from books to teach him what to say. When speaking in the Senate he forgot himself as completely as if he were a father pleading for his children. On one occasion in appealing to the President of the Senate, he became so oblivious of everybody and everything but his subject, that he left his place on the floor of the Senate Chamber, and by gradual steps came down to the chair of the Vice-President, where he stood appealing to him as if none but the latter and himself were present, leaving behind him all his colleagues, who were watching him and listening to him in silent but wondering admiration.

It was enthusiasm that led Patrick Henry to utter those patriotic words so familiar to every boy and girl, and the same element made Webster defend right rather than a selfish desire.

Professor Roentgen was enthusiastic in his research



HENRY CLAY.

“The only conclusive evidence of a man’s sincerity is that he gives himself or a principle. Words, money, all things else are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practise, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.”

for knowledge which has made his name a household word throughout every civilized land. Arouse yourself, wake up, don't dream; this is a bad habit during the night, but a ruinous one after sunrise. Don't be a leaner, but an enthusiastic lifter.

Do not be afraid of enthusiasm. Let people call you an enthusiast with an inflection of pity or half contempt in the voice. If a thing seems to you worth working for at all, if it appears to you of moment enough to challenge any effort, then put into what you do all the enthusiasm of which you are capable, regardless of criticism. He laughs best who laughs last. It is never the half-hearted, the coldly critical, the doubting and fearing, that accomplish the most.

Enthusiasm will steady the heart and strengthen the will; it will give force to the thought, and nerve the hand until what was only a possibility becomes a reality.

“What do you think of Mr. Whitefield?” asked a man who had just been listening to the great preacher. “Think of him?” asked a ship-builder; “I tell you, sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but were I to save my soul, under Mr. Whitefield I could not lay a single plank.”

A hot iron, even though blunt, will penetrate further into a board than a cold tool, though it be sharp.

“The best method is obtained by earnestness,” said Salvini. “If you can impress people with the

conviction that you feel what you say, they will pardon many shortcomings. And above all, study, study, study! All the genius in the world will not help you along with any art unless you become a hard student. It has taken me years to master a single part."

A certain bishop once said to Garrick, the famous actor, "How is it, Mr. Garrick, that you can, by your acting, persuade people that a made-up story is true, while I have difficulty in making them believe the real truth?" "Is it not, my lord," said Garrick, "that you preach the truth as if you did not believe it, while I act that which is not true as if I did believe it?"

The "Moses" of Michael Angelo is one of the colossal figures designed by him for the mausoleum of Julius II., and is now in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome. It stood in the sculptor's workshop for over forty years, and it is related that the master so deeply impressed himself with the lifelike appearance of the figure that he rushed up to it and, striking it vehemently with his hammer, — making a crack in one knee, — exclaimed, "Speak to me!" thus, in one moment, marring the crowning work of a lifetime.

Mozart declared on his death-bed that he began "to see what may be done in music."

In the course of the investigation which Professor Tyndall made, seeking to separate light from heat, he made one of the most daring experiments that ever a scientific man ventured to attempt. Knowing that a layer of iodine placed before the eye intercepts

the light, he determined to place his own eye in the focus of strong invisible rays. He knew that if in doing so the dark rays were absorbed in a high degree by the humors of the eye, the albumen of the humors might coagulate and ruin the sight; and, on the other hand, if there were no high absorption, the rays might strike upon the retina with a force sufficient to destroy it. When he first brought his eye, undefended, near the dark focus, the heat on the parts surrounding the pupil was too intense to be endured. He therefore made an aperture in a plate of metal, and, placing his eye behind this aperture, he gradually approached the point of convergence of the invisible rays. First the pupil and next the retina were placed in the focus without any sensible damage. Immediately afterwards a sheet of platinum foil placed in the position which the retina had occupied became red-hot.

“Men are nothing,” exclaimed Montaigne, “until they are excited.” Like the new and added power of the young lover to paint in hues of paradise the ugliest object, enthusiasm gives the otherwise dry and uninteresting subject or occupation a new meaning. As the lover has finer sense and more acute vision, and sees in the object of his affections a hundred virtues and charms invisible to all other eyes, so a man permeated with enthusiasm has his power of perception heightened and his vision magnified, until he sees beauty and charms others cannot discern which compensate for drudgery, privations, hardships, and even persecution. Dickens says he was haunted,

possessed, spirit-driven, by the plots and characters in his stories which would not let him sleep or rest until he had committed them to paper. On one sketch he shut himself up for a month, and when he came out he looked haggard as a murderer. His characters haunted him day and night.

Ole Bull showed a great passion for music at an early age, according to one of his biographers. Nothing could restrain the enthusiastic lad, and music nearly crazed him. Near his home on the island of Valestrand, a cave is still pointed out as the place where young Ole practiced on the violin. He passed nights and days in his practice. The weird sounds that came from the cave filled the rustics with astonishment and alarm. They thought the fairies were holding carnival. In that solitary dwelling-place he secured the wonderful mastery over the violin which marked all his public career. He had undoubted talent, but it was his enthusiasm, his magnetism and industry, that bore away all barriers. With no friend but his violin, at twenty, he started for Paris. He desired to hear the great artists of the world and to perfect himself in playing. He formed alliances that tinged and affected his whole life. The gay capital recognized his genius, and he produced, throughout the French Empire, a furore that had never been equaled.

Ole Bull was educated for the ministry. Afterwards he studied law and was admitted to the bar. No study and no discipline could repress his love for the violin.

Like so many men of genius, an accident brought him to the front. He was at Bologna, under depressing circumstances, trying to compose a piece of music. Madame Rossini, by chance, passed his apartment. Her attention was arrested by the ravishing music she heard. The Philharmonic Society was in distress owing to the failure of distinguished artists. Ole Bull was sent for, was received with great applause, and entered upon a career of success that followed him round the globe. The sympathy that existed between him and his violin bewitched an audience. He talked to it, petted it, caressed it, and breathed his soul into it. The violin responded to his caresses, and with it the great artist swayed the multitude, as forests are swayed by the tempest. He played into it as if he were indifferent to all else, toyed with it, laid his head upon it, and held it as if he were afraid it would escape him. Whatever he willed it, that it became, and his enthusiasm was irresistible.

The affection the Norwegians bore him seemed unparalleled. He was a popular idol, a sort of household god. His face was in all the public places of Norway. It was embossed on the teacups, drinking-cups, and household goods of the nation. Honors were conferred on him, and he scattered his great wealth in liberal donations. His face, luminous as a cathedral window lit up for Christmas, seemed to carry joy everywhere.

The Pope was so overjoyed when Raphael finished his "Theology" or "La Disputa," that he

threw himself upon the ground, it is said, exclaiming with uplifted hands, "I thank thee, great God, that thou hast sent me so great a painter."

Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" was bought by the Elector of Saxony for \$40,000. The throne of Saxony was displaced to give this miracle of genius a home. When Correggio gazed upon it, he exclaimed, "I too am a painter."

He who respects his work so highly (and does it so reverently) that he cares little what the world thinks of it, is the man about whom the world comes at last to think a great deal.

"The best product of labor," said Horace Greeley, "is the high-minded workman, with an enthusiasm for his work."

"That which stirs his pulse," says Mr. Huxley, "is the love of knowledge and the joy of the discovery of those things sung by the old poets, the supreme delight of extending the realm of law and order ever farther towards the unattainable goals of the infinitely great and the infinitely small, between which our little race of life is run. Nothing great in science has ever been done by men, whatever their power, in whom the divine afflatus of the truthseeker was wanting."

A great audience sat listening breathlessly to Othello's expression of mingled grief and remorse at the bedside of his murdered Desdemona. At the very climax of the scene, just as he was about to plunge the dagger into his own breast, a plain man in every-day dress, the mayor of the town, stepped

upon the stage with a paper in his hand and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, Lee has surrendered." What cared the people for Desdemona or Othello when they were transported by patriotic enthusiasm?

Disraeli considered enthusiasm an incomparable faculty, a divine gift, which enables a statesman to command the world.

Gladstone's intense earnestness and enthusiasm have been a continual inspiration to his associates.

The power of Phillips Brooks, at which men wondered, lay in his tremendous earnestness.

Without earnestness no man is ever great, or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men, he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular, but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in it the depth of shadow. — *Peter Bayne*.

When one of the common multitude happens to light upon a work of genius, he does not have that deep, abiding, affectionate interest which a kindred spirit takes in it. He does not fall in love with it; dote on it; dwell with rapture on its beauties; return again and again to it, and see new beauties in it every time. — *Robert Waters*.

No matter what the object is, whether business, pleasure, or the fine arts, whoever pursues it to any purpose must do so *con amore*. — *Melmoth*.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him. — *Lowell*.

CHAPTER II.

EDUCATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

I came upstairs into the world, for I was born in a cellar. — *William Congreve*.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail. — *Bulwer*.

There are no crown-wearers in heaven who were not cross-bearers here below. — *Spurgeon*.

I do not remember a book in all the depths of learning, nor a scrap in 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. — *Beecher*.

There is no excellence uncoupled with difficulties. — *Ovid*.

Though in the strife thy heart should bleed,

Whatever obstacles control,

Thine hour will come — go on, true soul!

Thou 'lt win the prize, thou 'lt reach the goal. — *C. Mackay*.

Oh gods, gods, here in a garret, waiting for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk score! — *Goldsmith*.

Surmounted difficulties not only teach, but hearten us in our future struggles. — *Sharpe*.

In all countries where Nature does the most, man does the least; and where she does but little, there we shall find the acme of human exertion. — *Colton*.

Education is not a sure guarantee of success; many other things enter into the consideration of the subject; but I am saying that, other things being equal, he who knows the most will do the best. — *Comegys*.

“I AM poor, unknown, and friendless,” thought Ti Yin of Quong Si, “and it is more than twelve hundred miles to Peking, where the great civil-service examination will be held a month hence; but what is a walk of twelve hundred miles to a healthy youth with ambition for a government office, and in China who ever heard of poverty and lack of influence standing in the way of merit, learning, and justice?”

“From earliest childhood I have studied diligently and have improved every opportunity to increase my store of learning. I feel that I am worthily prepared, and who will say that I may not hope to take the first degree, or possibly the second degree of Tszin S. S.? I sometimes think that I should not presume too much if I should try to get the third degree of Han Lin, or even, perhaps, that of Chung Yuen, highest of all and honored throughout the Empire. I will go and do my best. The richest youth can do no more.”

Long and weary was the journey; but the young aspirant, although poorly clad, gaunt from hunger, and footsore from his month's tramp, was received with as much consideration as the wealthiest competitor. He remained long enough to hand in a full set of essays; but he had spent his last penny, and was forced to leave before the awards were made, too tired and sick to give more than passing thought to what he had come to consider a waste of time and effort. So despondent had he become that he had almost determined to commit suicide.

“What is the matter?” asked a kind-hearted waiter at a little inn where Ti stopped for a few minutes' rest; “your sorrowful looks would add gloom to a funeral.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Ti Yin, with a sigh, “I have studied for years for the civil-service examination, and have undergone great hardship to attend it, only to find myself forced to withdraw before the decision, for lack of money, and probably without having

won a degree, so unfitted was I from hunger to do myself even scanty justice."

"Never mind," said the waiter; "I will tell the innkeeper, who is a kind man, and he may find a way to aid you."

"Yes," said the landlord, when he had heard the story; "you shall be my assistant clerk until you can earn enough to proceed homeward in tolerable comfort. So cheer up! Things are bad, but not so bad as they might be."

"It is one of the strangest things that ever happened," Ti heard a guest remark a few days later; "when the highest degree of Chung Yuen was awarded at the examination, nearly a month ago, no one appeared to claim it, so the Emperor dispatched his special herald to Quong Si, the home of the successful candidate, but he could not be found there, and the Emperor feels very anxious for his safety."

"But what name, sir?" asked the astonished restaurant clerk, in tones which attracted the attention of all.

"What concern is that of yours, you young intruder?" asked one of the aristocratic guests; "you seem to have a brotherly sympathy for the Emperor's anxiety."

"Ti Yin is the name of our new Imperial Councilor," said another guest, a little more civil than his fellows. "Do you claim the honor of his acquaintance?"

The young clerk withdrew modestly, without replying; made himself as presentable as possible with

scanty means; excused his departure to the inn-keeper, and hastened to report to the Department of Ceremonies.

“You cannot enter here,” said the guard.

“But I have important business to attend to,” said Ti, “and must have immediate audience with his Majesty, the Emperor.”

“Begone!” shouted the guard, as he drove the ragged stranger from the gate; “this is no place for vagrants.”

Ti Yin soon returned and renewed his request for an audience, but was arrested and imprisoned as a dangerous character. He remained in confinement for some time, while without the whole Empire was in a ferment over the strange disappearance of the new “Chung Yuen,” who had not been seen during the month which had elapsed since the examination.

“General!” exclaimed one of the prison guards, addressing the jailer, “I beg you to liberate this inoffensive stranger and allow him to go his way in peace; for,” he added, “my heart goes out to this man who, I feel sure, is more sinned against than sinning. I will pledge my life that he is not one to do evil.”

“Well,” said the jailer, after inquiring carefully into the matter, “I am willing to order his release; but first he must needs receive the corporal punishment due on account of his conviction for vagrancy and disturbing the peace.”

“Have I not borne humiliation enough?” cried Ti

when he heard of this; "tell your jailer that I, Ti Yin, am here basely confined, and that I command him to appear before me and in person loose these fetters from my limbs."

"Oh! my master," began the kind-hearted guard, as he knelt and clasped the knees of his distinguished charge; but at that moment the doors of the prison were thrown open, and his words were drowned by a laugh from the President of the Board of Ceremonies, who had just returned from an unsuccessful search for Ti Yin, and was overcome by the sight of an officer upon his knees before a prisoner. "What is the meaning of all this?" he asked in surprise; but when he had heard the story, he hurriedly descended from his chair of state.

"Mayest thou, O master, live a thousand years!" he exclaimed.

"Imagine the picture!" exclaims a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, — "the still manacled prisoner; the kneeling officers; the crowd of awe-struck onlookers; the death-like silence in that gloomy prison-room! Could there be imagined a greater tribute to knowledge and education than was there expressed? The physical power of a mighty nation doing homage to the intellectual power of an individual. Although trite, still is true the proverb that 'knowledge is power.'"

"May I remove these disgraceful fetters from the limbs they profane?" at length asked a thoughtful member of the President's suite.

"No!" said Ti Yin, proudly and firmly; "he

who put them on, and he alone, has the right to remove them."

The jailer fell upon his knees, unlocked the manacles, and besought forgiveness for bringing disgrace upon so illustrious and noble a man.

"Rise," said Ti Yin, and sternly added: "Never again act hastily in matters pertaining to the duties of your office, or render less willing aid to those appearing poor and helpless than to those whom you know to be both rich and powerful. It is the greatest wrong of all. The tears of the helpless and oppressed shall be garnered in heaven, and poured out in fiery vengeance upon the oppressor's head, and her ears will refuse to listen to impious prayer. Go in peace."

It is hardly necessary to add that Ti Yin, second in rank to the Emperor, proved a wise and efficient Imperial Councillor.

"Those who live," said Victor Hugo, "are those who struggle; are those whose high resolves fill soul and eyes; who, urged by noble destiny, ascend the slopes."

"I once knew a little colored boy whose father and mother died when he was but six years old," said Frederick Douglass, addressing a colored school not long before he died. "He was a slave and had no one to care for him. He slept on a dirt floor in a hovel, and in cold weather he would crawl into a meal bag head foremost and leave his feet in the ashes to keep them warm. Often he would roast an ear of corn and eat it to satisfy his hunger, and

many times he has crawled under the barn or stable and secured eggs which he would roast in the fire and eat.

“That boy did not wear pantaloons, as you do, but a tow-linen shirt. Schools were unknown to him, and he learned to spell from an old Webster’s spelling-book, and to read and write from posters on cellar and barn doors, while boys and men would help him. He would then preach and speak, and soon became well known. He became a presidential elector, United States Marshal, United States Recorder, United States Diplomat, and accumulated some wealth. He wore broadcloth, and didn’t have to divide crumbs with the dogs under the table. That boy was Frederick Douglass.

“What was possible for me, is possible for you. Don’t think because you are colored, you can’t accomplish anything. Strive earnestly to add to your knowledge. So long as you remain in ignorance, so long will you fail to command the respect of your fellow-men.”

“I learned grammar when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day,” writes William Cobbett. “The edge of my berth, or that of the guard-bed, was my seat to study in ; my knapsack was my book-case ; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table, and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil ; in winter, it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even at that. To buy a pen or a

sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of my food, though in a state of half-starvation. I had no moment of time that I could call my own ; and I had to read and write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and bawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men. I remember, and well I may, that upon one occasion I had, after all absolutely necessary expenses, on a Friday, made shift to have a half-penny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a red-herring in the morning ; but when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had lost my half-penny. I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child.

“If I,” said he, “under such circumstances, could encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there be in the whole world, a youth to find any excuse for its non-performance?”

Could there be a more striking example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties?

“Never mind, father, blindness shall not interfere with my success in life,” said the young law student, Henry Fawcett, when his father reproached himself for carelessly destroying all his son’s prospects of advancement.

One pleasant day in 1858, the two had gone hunting together. A flock of partridges flew over a fence where the father had no right to shoot ; but as he was moving forward, they flew back toward his son. The father, so eager to bring down a bird that he

did not think of his son's danger, fired. Several shots entered Henry's breast, and one went through each glass of a pair of spectacles he wore. In an instant he was stone blind for life.

But within ten minutes from the time of the accident, which deprived him of eyesight forever, this boy of iron nerve had determined that even blindness should not swerve him from his purpose.

"Will you read the newspaper to me?" were his first words to his sister when they carried him home.

He was obliged to abandon law, but he began the study of Political Economy with a zeal rarely equaled; meanwhile having friends read to him, in his moments of leisure, the works of Milton, Burke, Wordsworth, all of George Eliot's novels, and a wide course of general literature, for he was determined that his blindness should not limit the breadth of his culture.

He became Professor of Political Economy at the University of Cambridge, a member of Parliament, and an unusually successful Postmaster General of England, as well as the author of several able books.

Helen Keller, who, under the care of her friend and companion Miss Sullivan, made such marvelous progress in her studies during the first nine years of conscious intellectual life since her teacher first joined her, entered the regular classes at The Cambridge School for young ladies. The object of her friends in placing her among seeing and speaking girls was to develop her powers of self-guidance in greater degree than could have been possible under private tuition. Mr. Arthur Gilman, the director of the school, wished, when Miss

Keller was first brought to him, to find out how great had been her progress in the different subjects which she had studied. To this end he gave her some of the preliminary Harvard examination papers, — the same papers which were presented to candidates at Harvard and Radcliffe colleges. Though she had never had any preparation for college examinations, in fact had never had examinations of any sort, she passed the papers submitted with great credit. The time allowed for each paper was precisely the same as that given at regular examinations, but the questions had of course to be read to Miss Keller, which made the time left for answering them considerably less. The answers were type-written in clear, precise English, and with very few mistakes, either in spelling, punctuation, or subject-matter. The Harvard examiners to whom they were submitted agreed that, judged by the same standard by which they are accustomed to judge all papers, Miss Keller passed in every subject tried. These subjects were English, French, German, and history. Thus she passed five hours of Radcliffe's elementary examinations; this, too, at the uncommonly early age of sixteen, after only nine years of conscious development. At the Cambridge School Miss Keller studied Latin, history, and arithmetic with the regular classes. Miss Sullivan was with her constantly at school, and the two friends lived together at Howells House on Concord Avenue, one of the home buildings connected with the school. Miss Keller, a tall, bright-faced girl of sixteen, told her visitors, with evident pleasure, that she

was preparing for Radcliffe. Professor Bell asserted that she spoke better than any other mute in this country. She was still very young for Radcliffe, and two or three years more would not make her older than most freshmen, though much more keen, intellectually, than any of them. She is very popular among her bright school friends, all of whom take great interest in her.

She is affected by the mental condition of those about her, and can tell immediately on meeting a person whether that person is happy or unhappy. She bursts into speech the moment she is introduced to a stranger, her evident wish being to get from the new personality all that is interesting in it; at the same time her questions are not unpleasantly personal.

Helen Keller was born in Alabama, June 27, 1880, her father being a former Confederate officer, and later a United States Marshal. No attempt at education was made for the first seven years of her apparently hopeless life. It was when about eighteen months old that she lost all senses but that of touch. In 1887, Miss Annie M. Sullivan went to Alabama and became her instructor. From that time, Miss Sullivan's life was devoted to the work of Helen's education. She had for a while the advantages of the Perkins Institution in South Boston.

Three years later she had learned to articulate with a rapidity undreamed of by those who had to do with children in the full possession of all their faculties. In 1894 she was removed to the Wright-Humason School in New York, refusing to become an inmate

of a school built in London and named after her. Soon after she became apt in interpreting the speech of others by feeling their lips, and now is able to communicate with any one within reach of her sensitive finger-tips.

Those finger-tips, resting lightly on the lips of her friends, carry to Helen Keller's mind the messages from the world in which she lives unseeing and unhearing. Those fingers keep her in touch with the intellectual life of the world. She reads German, French, and English with her fingers resting on the raised letters of the books which have been published for her. She seems almost to have gray brain-matter in her finger-tips.

If it has been possible for this girl—deaf, dumb, and blind—to make such wonderful progress in her education, and, at the age of sixteen, to be prepared to pass the Harvard College examinations, what might not some of the boys and girls who are blessed with all their faculties accomplish, though perhaps possessing only ordinary ability, if they could only realize the value of the gifts they have, instead of idling away their time, waiting and longing for genius to help them along!

Years ago an English lady, who had a deaf and dumb daughter, read in the newspaper one morning that a professor, A. Graham Bell, in America, had invented a system of visible speech by which it was possible for the deaf and dumb to learn to speak. She told her husband that she was going to America. He laughed at her folly, for they were poor. Besides,

what could she do with such a complicated system to assist her child? But no impossibilities could dissuade her from her purpose. To America she went, found Professor Bell, learned the system, returned to England, and not only taught her daughter to speak and relieved her from a monotonous life of silence, but taught many other poor, English deaf-mutes to speak, thus bringing gladness, intelligence, and beauty into many a blighted life.

James Watt's career is full of romantic interest. "A young man," observes Sir Robert Kane, "wanting to sell spectacles in London, petitions the corporation to allow him to open a little shop without paying the fees of freedom, and he is refused. He goes to Glasgow, and the corporation refuses him there. He makes the acquaintance of some members of the University, who find him very intelligent, and permit him to open his shop within their walls. He does not sell spectacles and magic lanterns enough to occupy all his time; he occupies himself at intervals in taking apart and remaking all the machines he can obtain. He finds there are books on mechanics written in foreign languages; he borrows a dictionary, and in his leisure hours learns those languages to read those books. The professors, as well as the students of the University, wonder at him, and are fond of dropping into his little room in the evenings to tell him what they are doing, and to look at the queer instruments he constructs. A machine in the University collection wants repairing and he is employed. He makes it a new machine. The steam-engine is con-

structed later, and the giant mind of Watt stands out before the world, — the author of the industrial supremacy of his country, the herald of a new force in civilization. But Watt was educated! Where was he educated? At his own workshop and in the best manner. Watt learned Latin when he wanted it for his business. He learned French and German; but these things were tools, not ends. He used them to promote his engineering plans as he used lathes and levers.

“All the inventions and improvements of recent times, if measured by their effects upon the condition of society, sink into insignificance when compared with the extraordinary results which have followed the employment of steam as a mechanical agent. To one individual, the illustrious James Watt, the merit and honor of having first rendered it extensively available for that purpose are pre-eminently due.”

James Ferguson, the peasant boy, who acquired for himself the title of astronomer, fought his way somehow through the fields of knowledge, out of the wilds of Banffshire, got to London, and left a name which the world will not willingly let die.

His biographer says that little James Ferguson had not the benefit of instruction at first hand; and it is curious to think of the rustic boy sitting, with round eyes intent, listening to phrases far above his understanding, sounded forth in his father's deep bass, or the unwilling gasps of his brother's childish voice, to whom the gates of knowledge were thus painfully opened.

That the child should have managed to pick up an acquaintance with printed characters in this way is strange enough; but Dogberry was nearer right than many suppose, when he said that reading and writing come by nature, and he might have added "spelling."

"Ashamed to ask my father to instruct me," he writes, "I used, when he and my brother were abroad, to take the Catechism and study the lesson he was teaching my brother; and when any difficulty occurred I went to a neighboring old woman, who gave me such help as enabled me to read tolerably well before my father had thought of teaching me." This was when the little chap, too shy to ask his father to teach him, was six years old.

It was after this that he saw the wonderful mystery of the lever, which sent him to science after his alphabet.

"Some time after," he goes on to say, "father was agreeably surprised to find me reading by myself, and all my further instruction, after he taught me to write, consisted of three months at the Keith grammar school." And it was no bad essay in the way of education, though, perhaps, not quite enough for a future Fellow of the Royal Society.

Once, while he lay recovering from a sickness and unable to work, he made a clock on the only model he knew,—a wooden clock, with the neck of a broken bottle inserted for the bell on which the hours struck. He puzzled his brain to think how any other kind of time-keeping machine could be made, and how a

watch could keep itself going in a man's pocket, without weights or pendulum.

One day a man rode by, and, thinking he might have a watch, James asked him the time. "He took out his watch," said the boy, "and told me with so much good nature that I begged him to show me the inside of it. Although a perfect stranger, he immediately opened the watch and put it into my hands."

Imagine the excitement, the eagerness, the awe, as he peeped into that turnip-case of wonders. A steel spring, was it? but James had never seen a spring but that of the lock of his father's gun. The stranger good-naturedly explained all he could, and with the watch safe in his pocket rode away, smiling at the young rustic's questions, pleased at the sense of having answered them very well.

James went immediately to a nook where he kept his clippings, and set to work to make a watch. He constructed one in faithful observance of his chance informant's illustration, with a mainspring of whalebone and wooden wheels, enclosing the whole in a wooden box "very little bigger than a breakfast cup,"—a nice, serviceable size, though perhaps not adapted for the pocket. But alas! a clumsy neighbor, examining the prodigy, let it fall and set his heavy foot on it in his haste to pick it up. The father was enraged, and "almost ready to beat the man"; but James took the misfortune more peaceably.

When a little boy he took great interest in watching the stars.

"In the evenings, when my work was over," he

says, "I went into a field with a blanket about me, lay down on my back, and stretched a thread with small beads upon it at arm's length between my eyes and the stars, sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eyes, in order to take their apparent distances from each other; and then laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads, according to their respective positions, having a candle by me."

Lincoln's father could neither read nor write. The Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress" were the only books the family possessed until they moved into Illinois, where young Abe cleared the trees and split rails for their little farm. He thought himself rich when able to add to their library Shakespeare, "Robinson Crusoe," and "The Life of Washington." There is scarcely a poor boy in America to-day who does not have better opportunities than Abraham Lincoln, and there are grand opportunities for hundreds of thousands of boys like him.

He asked to be made postmaster for the sake of reading all the papers that came to town. He read everything he could lay his hands on, the Bible, Shakespeare, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Life of Washington," "Life of Franklin," "Life of Henry Clay," and Æsop's "Fables." He read them over and over again until he could almost repeat them by heart; but he never read a novel. His education came from the newspapers and from his contact with men and things. After he read a book he would write out an analysis of it. What a grand sight to see this long,

lank, back-woods student lying before the fire in a log-cabin without floor or windows, after everybody else was abed, devouring books which he had walked many miles in the wilderness to borrow, but could not afford to buy!

Thomas Erskine, whom Lord Campbell pronounces the greatest advocate and most consummate forensic orator that ever lived, began his legal career under many discouragements. Though he had a sublime self-confidence, which was itself almost a sure prophecy of success, yet he fought the battle of life for many years up hill and against many obstacles. His father's means having been exhausted in educating his two elder brothers, he was obliged to start in life with but little training and a scanty stock of classical learning. While pursuing his law studies, he found it hard, even with the strictest economy, to keep the wolf from the door. For several years he lived very economically, and was declared by Jeremy Bentham to be "so shabbily dressed as was quite remarkable." Conscious, all the time, of powers that fitted him to adorn a larger sphere, he chafed against the iron circumstances that hemmed him in. A chance conversation led to his being employed as counsel in an important case. The effect produced by his speech was prodigious. He won a verdict for his client, and by a single bound, overleaping all barriers, passed from want to abundance, from the castle of Giant Despair to the Delectable Mountains. Entering Westminster Hall that morning a pauper, he left it prospectively a rich man. As he marched

along the hall after the judges had risen, the attorneys flocked around him with their briefs, and retainer fees rained upon him. From that time his business rapidly increased, until his annual income amounted to £12,000.

Mozart's father discovered his son composing something which he called a "concerto for the harpsichord," and laughed at the work of the six-year-old child.

As the little fellow insisted that it was really a concerto, the father examined it. The piece proved to have been written strictly by rule, although so overloaded with difficulties that it could not be played.

The boy learned the violin, and continued to surprise not only his father, but also musical critics and learned musicians. In his thirteenth year, he gained a triumph so significant that the highest musical authority in the world, — the Philharmonic Academy of Bologna, — recognized him as a "Knight of Harmony." Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, in his book, "How to Understand Music," tells the story of this triumph.

Young Mozart applied for admission as a member of the academy, whose president was Father Martini, the learned contrapuntist, and whose vice-president was Farinelli, a great singer and an accomplished musician. They and the other members of the academy recognized Mozart's genius as a performer, but did not believe that a boy of thirteen could pass the severe examination in com-

posing music required of candidates for admission to membership.

Father Martini regarded the boy with favor, but he was determined that the academy should not be suspected of admitting a boy because he was an "infant prodigy." He therefore assigned to Mozart the hardest task ever given,—the composition for four voices of one of the canticles of the Roman Antiphonarium. Three hours alone in a locked room, with no helps but pen, ink, and paper, were allowed for the performance of the task.

It was with severe misgivings, for he thought highly of the boy, that Father Martini delivered to the youngster the theme. In less than an hour the beadle announced that Mozart was ready to be let out, as he had completed the work assigned him.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Father Martini.

"In the hundred years the academy has been established, such a case has never occurred!" said the members.

The examiners went to the locked room, and received from Mozart the manuscript score written in a neat and delicate hand. They spent an hour in looking over the work, and then pronounced their verdict: "It is perfect! absolutely faultless!" Mozart was led into the presence of the waiting academicians to be greeted with hearty applause, and recognized as a composer so skillful as to be worthy of membership.

"I am deaf," said Beethoven; "in any other profession this might be more tolerable, but in mine

such a condition is truly frightful." It was only high moral courage that made life endurable for him. Yet music, in this man, attained its highest expression. Handel, like Bach, sacrificed his eyes on the altar of music, dying blind. "I can say with truth that my life is very wretched," said Beethoven.

The power of a resolute purpose was illustrated in the Hebrew Professor at Cambridge, England, Dr. Lee. Educated at a charity school, he was so dull that the master could scarcely endure the sight of him. He was apprenticed to a carpenter, but spent every leisure hour reading. He was so curious to know what the Latin quotations meant which he met that he bought a Latin Grammar, rose early, and sat up late that he might learn the language.

Once, while working in a church, he noticed a Greek Testament, which he was so curious to learn to read that he sold his Latin books and bought a Greek Grammar and Lexicon. After he learned Greek, he sold his Greek books and bought Hebrew. After he learned Hebrew, he sold those books and bought books in the Chaldee and Syriac languages. But the strain of his overwork nearly ruined his health and his eyes. His chest of carpenter's tools was burned, and want stared his family in the face. He sold his books to buy bread. Too poor to buy more carpenter's tools, the great linguist began to teach children their letters; but he was so deficient in elementary branches that he had to learn them as he went along.

His reputation as the learned carpenter soon attracted attention, and he got the mastership of a charity school. From this he went onward and upward. No obstacle could daunt him, no opposition stop him. He was elected Professor of Hebrew and Arabic in Queen's College, Cambridge. He became a very noted scholar, and translated the Bible into several Asiatic dialects.

Fowell Buxton thought he could do as well as others could, if he devoted twice as much time and labor as they did. Ordinary means and extraordinary application have done most of the great things in the world.

Half a century ago, the girls working in the Lowell mills gave one of the finest examples ever seen of "plain living and high thinking." One of those girls wore out Watts' "Improvement of the Mind," by carrying it about in her working-dress pocket; others studied German in the evening, though their hours of labor were from daylight till half-past seven at night; they organized Improvement Circles, and published a magazine or two. They were high-minded and refined, not afraid of drudgery, but determined to make their way to something beyond it. Many of them loved beauty and appreciated the sweep of the fair, blue Merrimac under the factory windows. In their homes, with all their frugality, the atmosphere was fragrant with peace and integrity.

No material help that can be given to a girl forced to do hard work can equal such an example.

Most of these factory girls succeeded in their hopes. They earned their education; they became teachers, writers, artists; some married men of wealth and standing, and many of them now hold important positions in society.

Miss Lucy Larcom, whose lovely "New England Girlhood" every girl should read, tells us that when she was working in a Lowell cotton factory at the age of thirteen or fourteen years, she obtained permission to tend some frames that stood directly in front of the windows looking off on the beautiful Merrimac River; and she made her window-seat into a small library of poetry, — pasting its sides all over with newspaper clippings. These she could look at and even learn by heart without interrupting her work.

A century ago a poor boy was blacking boots for the Oxford University students. By untiring energy, he raised himself above his difficulties, step by step, until he became one of the greatest of preachers, — George Whitefield.

Dr. Adam Clark was once a poor, barefoot Irish boy, who had such a thirst for knowledge that he would travel many miles for the privilege of perusing a coveted book which he could not afford to buy.

Though Harriet Martineau was a poor girl, she was bound to use every minute of her spare time for self-improvement. She says: "I had a book in my pocket, a book under my pillow, and in my lap as I sat at meals. I devoured all Shakespeare

sitting on a footstool and reading by the firelight. I made shirts, but it was with Goldsmith, Thomson, or Milton open on my lap under my work, or hidden by the table, that I might learn pages and cantos by heart."

Dr. Rittenhouse was a joiner. His thirst for learning was intense. He passed his nights in study, and committed to memory the few books he could lay his hands on. He covered the fences, the barn-doors, and loose shingles with diagrams. He mended the clocks of the poor, and repaired the rude machinery of the town. Alone and unaided he became an accurate surveyor, and by tireless study placed himself among the great mathematicians of the world.

Garfield cut wood to pay for a term at school; became bell-ringer and sweeper-general in order to enjoy all the opportunities of Hiram College. He crowded six years hard study into three to get a collegiate education.

Edward Everett said he admired and even venerated the resolute purpose and unswerving determination of young Elihu Burritt, which enabled him to accomplish such wonders under such trying circumstances. "It is enough," he said, "for one who has good opportunities for education to hang his head in shame."

A glover's apprentice of Glasgow, Scotland, was too poor to afford even a candle or a fire; he studied in the street by the light of the shop windows, and when the shops closed he would climb a lamp post,

hold his book in one hand and hold on to the lamp post with the other. This poor boy, with less chance than almost any boy in America, in spite of his poverty and hardships which would have disheartened most boys, became the most eminent scholar of his country.

“That boy will beat me one day,” said an old painter as he watched a little fellow named Michael Angelo making drawings of pot and brushes, easel and stool, and other articles in the studio. The bare-foot boy did persevere until he had overcome every difficulty and become the greatest master of art the world has known.

Although Michael Angelo made himself immortal in three different occupations,—and his fame might well rest upon his dome of St. Peter as an architect, upon his “Moses” as a sculptor, or upon his “Last Judgment” as a painter,—yet we find by his correspondence, now in the British Museum, that when he was at work on his colossal bronze statue of Pope Julius II., he was so poor that he could not have his younger brother come to visit him at Bologna, because he had but one bed in which he and three of his assistants slept together.

Among the companions of Reynolds, while he was studying his art at Rome, was a fellow-pupil of the name of Astley. They made an excursion, with some others, on a sultry day, and all except Astley took off their coats. After several taunts he was persuaded to do the same, and displayed on the back of his waistcoat a foaming waterfall. Distress had

compelled him to patch his clothes with one of his own landscapes.

Murillo's mother had marked her boy for a priest, but nature had already laid her hand upon him and marked him for her own. His mother was shocked on returning from church one day to find the child had taken down the sacred family picture, "Jesus and the Lamb," and had painted his own hat on the Savior's head, and had changed the lamb to a dog.

The poor boy's home was broken up, and he started out on foot and alone to seek his fortune. All he had was courage and determination to make something of himself. He not only became a famous artist, but a man of great character. He was too great for the little hates and jealousies which characterized his profession, and was always a friend to the poor and unfortunate.

In 1874 a poor youth with a broad, Scotch brogue was working in a machine-shop in South Boston. As he learned more of our language and caught the spirit of American institutions, he began to crave an education. But how could he get it in a strange land, with no money excepting what he earned, and with but little knowledge of the language spoken around him? What could he do towards getting a liberal education?

But the Scotch find a way or make one. He went to a Presbyterian clergyman and told him how he longed for an education, but that he did not know how to get it. He said he was anxious to go to college, but it seemed impossible. The good man

told him that he had only a small salary himself, but he would give him what he could of it to help him to an education.

Most boys under the circumstances would have remained in ignorance, on a level with their fellows in the machine-shop. A college education might seem impossible to those about him who thought he was foolish to attempt the impossible, but not so to him. There was something within him which urged him on and bade him make the most of himself. With the help of the good minister he fitted for college, graduated from Harvard with honors, and became pastor of the largest Congregational church in New England, the New Old South. Indeed, perhaps, Dr. G. A. Gordon is the leading Congregationalist of New England.

How foolish his struggles to get an education seemed to his associates! What folly to deprive himself of evening and holiday pleasures which his friends enjoyed; but many of these same friends are still in the machine-shop, filling only ordinary situations.

Horace Mann, founder of the common-school system of Massachusetts, was a remarkable example of a resolute soul pushing his way up through every obstacle to a definite goal. A college education was the dream of his youth. He was obliged to braid straw to earn his school books, but could only go to school eight or ten weeks in the year; yet his unbounded thirst for knowledge overcame all obstacles, and we soon find him in Brown University.

He was very, very poor, and most boys would have given up before they would have economized as did this resolute youth. "Work," he said, "has always been to me what water is to a fish." "If the children of Israel," he wrote home, "were pressed for 'gear' half as hard as I have been, I don't wonder they worshiped the golden calf. It's a long, long time since my last ninepence bid good-by to its brethren. I believe in the rugged nursing of toil, but she nursed me too much." Mann succeeded J. Q. Adams in Congress, where Henry Wilson said of him, "He made one of the most brilliant speeches for liberty that ever fell from human lips in our own or any other country." He was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, but on the same day was elected President of Antioch College. He accepted the presidency, and filled it with marked zeal and ability until his death.

The young German boy, Jean Paul Richter, thought it a great boon to be allowed to copy books he never expected to be able to buy, from his good pastor. He copied, every bit of time he could get, for four long years, until he had quite a fine library of his own. How can you keep such a boy from success?

Paul determined to go to college at Leipzig. He had no money and no friends there, yet he hoped to get a chance to teach, but alas! many other poor boys were there for the same purpose. He was not only very poor and scantily dressed, but he was very timid and did not know what to do. He wrote his mother,

“I cannot freeze, but where shall I get wood without money.” The poor mother was also in debt, yet she managed, as mothers always do, to get a little now and then for her boy. He wrote her that if she would send him \$8 he would ask for no more. Young Paul was all this time writing a book, “Eulogy of Stupidity,” which his young enthusiasm had magnified into a fortune. He sent it to a publisher, but waited and waited months in vain. It was returned, finally, and poor Paul, discouraged, tried to get another publisher.

He spent six months writing another book, “Greenland.” He had gained courage with defeat, and now went personally with his precious roll to every publisher in Leipzig, but all refused it. He sent it to Vass of Berlin. One day, when he was hungry and cold, for he had no fire, a letter came from Vass offering him \$70 for the manuscript. It was a great day for the struggling boy of nineteen. But his second and third volumes were not wanted. Publishers finally refused all he wrote. He must give up college or starve. He had found fame a hard ladder to climb. He could not pay his board and rent and could not starve, so he stole away in the night and went to his mother. But his Leipzig boarding mistress followed him on foot clear to his home. He found a friend to go surety for his debt, put a little desk in his mother’s room where she and all her children lived and did all their work, and where she, by spinning far into the night, earned bread for the dear ones, — but where they nearly starved.

But Richter wrote: "What is poverty that man should whine under it? It is but like the pain of piercing the ears of a maiden and you hang precious jewels in the wound." At length the disheartened, though ever cheerful youth made a hit in his novel, "The Invisible Lodge." He got \$226 for it, and hastened to his mother with \$70. It was a proud day. Everybody talked about the wonderful novel and the poor boy was on the road to fame.

Letters of congratulation poured in from the great. One admirer sent \$50 in Prussian money. He was invited to Court to visit such men as Goethe and Schiller. Now thirty-four, he wrote his mother: "I have lived twenty years in Weimar in a few days. I am happy, wholly happy, not merely beyond all expectation, but beyond all description." His mother died, and he found in the house the paper on which she had kept the record of her scanty earnings by spinning into the midnight hours. He carried it next his heart as long as he lived. "Titan," his masterpiece, took the literary world by storm, and was a great success. One hundred volumes and a noble, manly life were Richter's legacy to the world.

"Can I afford to go to college?" asks many an American youth who has hardly a dollar to his name and who knows that a college course means years of sacrifice and struggle.

It seems a great hardship, indeed, for a young man with an ambition to do something in the world to be compelled to pay his own way through school and college. But history shows us that the men

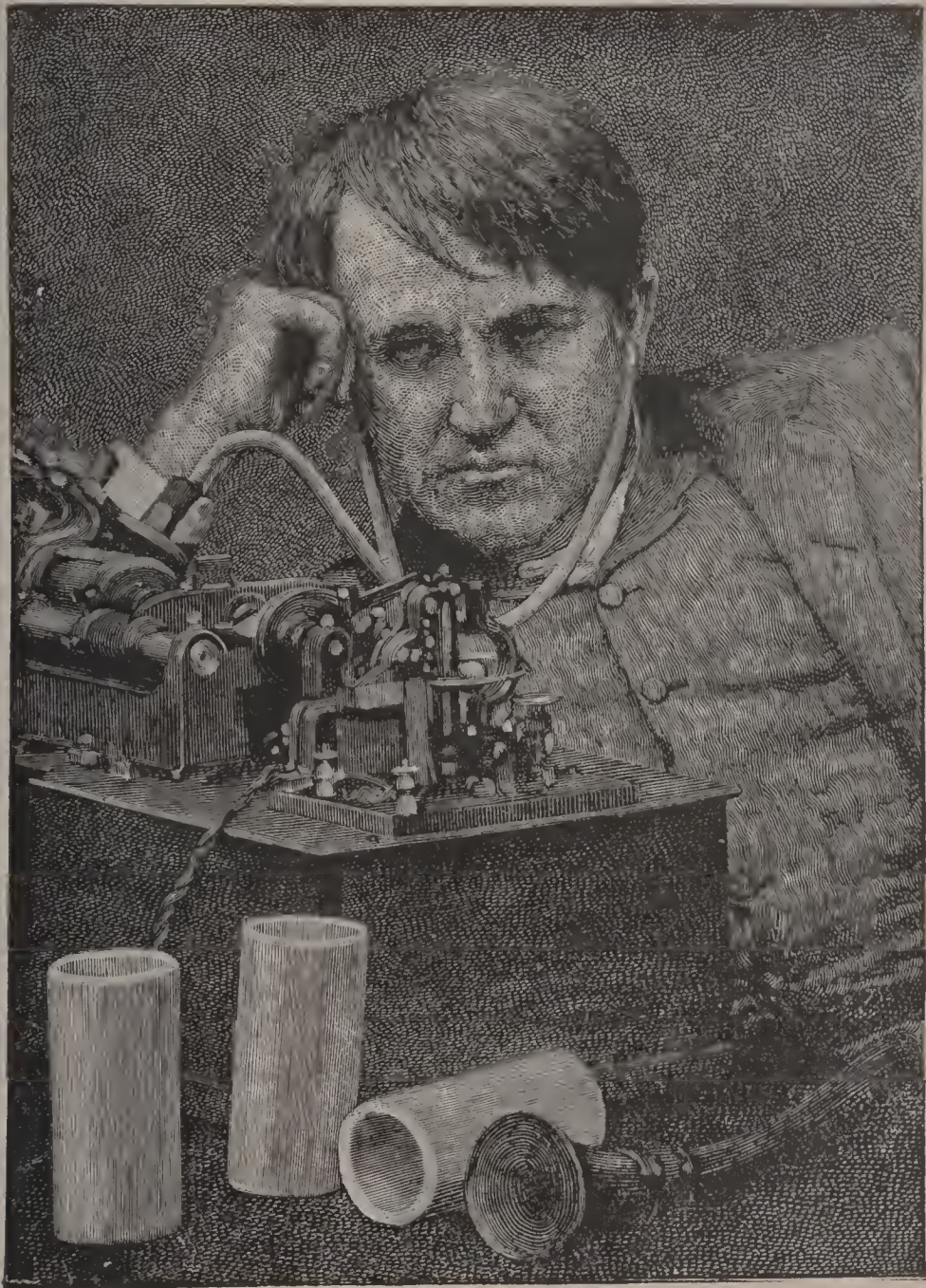
who have led in the van of human progress have been, as a rule, self-educated, self-made. Here is a noble group of self-educated men : Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Watt, Stephenson, Shakespeare, Byron, Whittier, Garibaldi, Lincoln, Greeley, Dickens, Edison.

Here is a remarkable group of college men : Tennyson, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Longfellow, Beecher, Webster, Charles Kingsley, Ruskin, Bismarck, Darwin, Thomas Arnold, Shelley, Froebel, Gibbon, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Newton.

When Lincoln was on his way to Washington before his first inauguration, Rutgers College was pointed out to him as they passed it, and he exclaimed : " Ah ! that is what I have always regretted, — the want of a college education. Those who have it should thank God for it."

The average boy of to-day who wishes to obtain a liberal education has a better chance by a hundred-fold than had Daniel Webster or James A. Garfield. Scarcely one in good health who reads these lines but can be assured that, if he will, he may. Here, as elsewhere, the will can usually make the way, and never before were there so many avenues of resource open to the strong will, the inflexible purpose, as there are to-day, — at this hour and this moment.

If your parents are so situated that they can dispense with your help for four years, and give you a little pecuniary aid ; if your health is good enough to endure the strain ; if your previous education has fitted you to pass the entrance examination, you owe



THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

“Perhaps not a single youth will read this book who has not as good an opportunity for success as had the newsboy ‘who kept the path to the Patent Office hot with his footsteps.’”

it to yourself and to those who may some day be dependent upon you to enter upon a college career; for, if you improve all your opportunities both for study and for earning money, you can probably complete the course with credit.

Circumstances have rarely favored great men. A lowly beginning is no bar to a great career. The boy who works his way through college may have a hard time of it, but he will learn how to work his way in life, and will usually take higher rank in school and in after life than his classmate who is the son of a millionaire. It is the son and daughter of the farmer, the mechanic and the operative, the great average class of our country, whose funds are small and opportunities few, that the Republic will depend on most for good citizenship and brains in the future. The problem of securing a good education, where means are limited and time short, is of great importance both to the individual and the nation. Encouragement and useful hints are offered by the experience of many bright young people who have worked their way to diplomas worthily bestowed.

“If a man empties his purse into his head,” says Franklin, “no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.”

Dr. Vincent said, “If I wanted to educate my boy for a blacksmith, I should first send him to college.”

“I entered college with \$8.42 in my pocket,” writes a graduate of Amherst. “During the year I earned \$60; received from the college a scholarship of \$60,

and an additional gift of \$20; borrowed \$190. My current expenses during Freshman year were \$4.50 per week. Besides this I spent \$10.55 for books; \$23.45 for clothing; \$10.57 for voluntary subscriptions; \$15 for railroad fares; \$8.24 for sundries.

“During the next summer I earned \$100. I waited on table at a \$4 boarding-house all of Sophomore year, and earned half board, retaining my old room at \$1 per week. The expenses of Sophomore year were \$394.50. I earned during the year, including board, \$87.20; received a scholarship of \$70, and gifts amounting to \$12.50, and borrowed \$150, with all of which I just covered expenses.

“In Junior year I engaged a nice furnished room at \$60 per year, which I agreed to pay for by work about the house. By clerical work, etc., I earned \$37; also earned full board waiting upon table; received \$70 for a scholarship; \$55 from gifts; borrowed \$70, which squared my accounts for the year, excepting \$40 due on tuition. The expenses for the year, including, of course, the full value of board, room, and tuition, were \$478.76.

“During the following summer I earned \$40. Throughout Senior year I retained the same room, under the same conditions as the previous year. I waited on table all the year, and received full board; earned by clerical work, tutoring, etc., \$40; borrowed \$40; secured a scholarship of \$70; took a prize of \$25; received a gift of \$35. The expenses of Senior year, \$496.64, were necessarily heavier than those of previous years. But having secured a good posi-

tion as teacher for the coming year, I was permitted to give my note for the amount I could not raise, and so was enabled to graduate without financial embarrassment.

“The total expense for the course was about \$1708 ; of which (counting scholarships as earnings), I earned \$1157.”

For four years Richard Weil was noted as the great prize-winner of Columbia College, and for “turning his time, attention, and energy to any work that would bring remuneration.” He would do any honest work that would bring cash ; and every cent of this money, as well as every hour not spent in sleep throughout the four years of his college course, was devoted to getting his education.

The president of the class of 1896 at Columbia College earned the money to pay for his course by selling agricultural implements. One of his classmates, by the savings of two years' work as a farm laborer, returns from farm work during vacation, and money earned by tutoring, writing and copying done after study hours, not only paid his way through college, but helped to support his aged parents. He believed that he could afford a college training and he got it.

Twenty-five of the young men graduated at Yale in 1896 paid their way entirely throughout their courses. It seemed as if they left no avenue for earning money untried. Tutoring, copying, newspaper work, and positions as clerks were well-occupied fields ; and painters, drummers, founders, machinists, bicycle

agents and mail carriers were numbered among the twenty-five.

A Harvard Senior of 1896, called "the most substantial man in his class," worked his way through college by various means. A classmate, Newton Henry Black, not only supported himself, but completed the four years' course in three.

At Williams College thirty-four of the sixty-four men graduated in 1896 had trusted entirely to their own exertions for four earnest, hard-working years, with the exception of aid received from scholarships.

A great many students have worked their way through Boston University by doing all sorts of work, such as canvassing, working as brakemen on trains in summer, tutoring, teaching in night schools, working in offices, and keeping books in the evening for various firms, waiting on table in summer hotels, working on farms, etc. Many girls, also, have worked their way through the various departments with scarcely any assistance.

When I was at the University, there was a poor colored boy working his way through the law school without assistance. So poor was he that he could not afford a room, and he slept on the benches in the law library. Yet most of the poor students will make far more of their abilities than the sons and daughters of rich fathers, to many of whom a college education is a mere matter of course.

All these and many more from the ranks of the bright and well-trained young men who were gradu-

ated from the colleges and universities of the country, in 1896, believed — sincerely, doggedly believed — that a college training was something that they must have. The question of whether or not they could afford it does not appear to have occasioned much hesitancy on their part. It is evident that they did not for one instant think that they could not afford to go to college.

The actual expenses of a college course need not be as great as is often supposed. Furthermore, scholarships at the leading universities were never before so numerous and generous as now. The average minimum cost for four years at college is variously estimated at from \$1500 to \$2000 or more, but the spending capacity of many a young man who was graduated in 1896 had for four years been accurately determined by his earning capacity. Not less than one thousand of these graduates, it is estimated, were young men who, four years before, did not know where their first half-year's expenses were to come from.

The lowest amount spent by any member of the class of 1896 at Yale for a single year was \$100. The accurate cash account of another man showed that during the four years he had spent just \$641.

The average yearly expenses of the class of 1896 at Princeton was \$698.78. The minimum expenditure was \$195. Seventeen men of the class supported themselves entirely during their course, and forty-six partially.

Every young man or woman should weigh the

matter well before concluding that a college education is out of the question.

Knowledge is power.

There is no knowledge that is not power. — *Emerson*.

A little learning is a dangerous thing :

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring. — *Pope*.

NOTE. — The following remarkable instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties came to us after the chapter was in type, but is too good to omit.

A student named Borysik has recently passed the final examinations at Warsaw University, qualifying him to practice as a Doctor of Medicine in Russia. He was born in 1822, and his early education had a view to the medical profession, but lack of money prevented his going further than the preparatory school. He then worked twenty years, tutoring in order to save money enough to continue his studies ; at the end of which period he presented himself at the Warsaw Medical Academy and passed the entrance examinations with honor. The Polish Revolution broke out, and he, at the age of forty-one, threw himself into the warfare with all the ardor of a youth. With the suppression of the revolt he was exiled to Siberia, where he put in thirty-two years of hard labor in the silver mines.

In 1895 he was pardoned fully and returned to Warsaw, where, in spite of his age and the hardships he had undergone, he enthusiastically took up his studies where he had left them off in 1863.

After a two years' course this remarkable man is now, at the age of seventy-five, graduated with honors and will begin to practice in Warsaw.

CHAPTER III.

THE GAME OF THE WORLD.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold:
Price of many a crime untold. — *Hood.*

This idol gold can boast of two peculiarities; it is worshiped in all climates without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite. — *Colton.*

Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them. — *Bacon.*

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd. — *Dr. Johnson.*

He that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends. — *Shakespeare.*

Nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty. — *Goldsmith.*

Poverty wants much; but avarice, everything. — *Syrus.*

To have what we want is riches; but to be able to do without it is power. — *George Macdonald.*

Without a rich heart wealth is an angry beggar. — *Emerson.*

Wealth is the least trustworthy of anchors. — *J. G. Holland.*

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?

Can we dig peace, or wisdom, from the mine? — *Young.*

The great satisfaction coming from wealth is a consciousness of power. Besides this, it opens up the way to a higher delight, meeting one's desires for education and art. The crowning joy of wealth is in the service of society and of mankind. — *R. Heber Newton.*

“WHY, Mr. Lincoln, what is the matter with the boys?” asked a neighbor in surprise, seeing the great man striding by with two boys, both of whom were wailing aloud.

“Just what is the matter with the whole world,”

replied Lincoln ; “ I’ve got three walnuts, and each wants two.”

“ All the toys which infatuate men and which they play for,” says Emerson, — “ land, money, luxury, power, fame, — are the self-same thing, with a gauze or two of illusion overlaid.”

A poor soldier boy was lying one day on his hospital pillow, when he turned to a friend beside him, and asked if he would not lend him a quarter of a dollar. The other asked if there was anything he needed, any luxury he craved that was not supplied ; but he answered, “ No ; I have everything I wish,” but finally admitted with reluctance, “ a fellow does feel so mean without a cent in his pocket.”

A poor woman on going to the seashore for the first time, after gazing for a long time on the limitless expanse, said she was glad, for once in her life, to see something there was enough of. But who ever saw the man who had money enough ?

When Rothschild heard that the head of the Agnade family was dead, “ How much does he leave ?” he asked. “ Twenty millions.” “ You mean eighty ?” “ No, twenty.” “ Dear me, I thought he was in easy circumstances,” remarked the modern Croesus.

In ancient Greece men lived in tubs, and considered tub life vastly superior to town life. In the Middle Ages wealth was looked upon as criminal and even contemptible. The Greeks and Romans mocked the men of mere wealth. A purse around the neck led to certain condemnation in Dante’s *Inferno*. Even the North American Indians considered it unbecoming

for a chief to be rich, and he was often one of the poorest in the tribe. In Thomas Moore's "Utopia," gold was despised. Criminals were forced to wear heavy chains of it and to have rings of it in their ears; it was put to the vilest uses to keep up the scorn of it. Bad characters were compelled to wear gold head-bands. Diamonds and pearls were used to decorate infants, so the youth would discard and despise it.

But to-day no one worships the Goddess of Poverty. Fanatics may pile up their anathemas against the accumulation of wealth, and the clergy may denounce it, yet the most eloquent sermon in praise of poverty provokes but a smile. "Poverty is a condition which no man should choose, unless forced upon him as an inexorable necessity, or as the alternative of dishonor. To cry out against this universal craving and struggling for the good things of this world, for which money is a synonym, is to waste our breath upon the air."

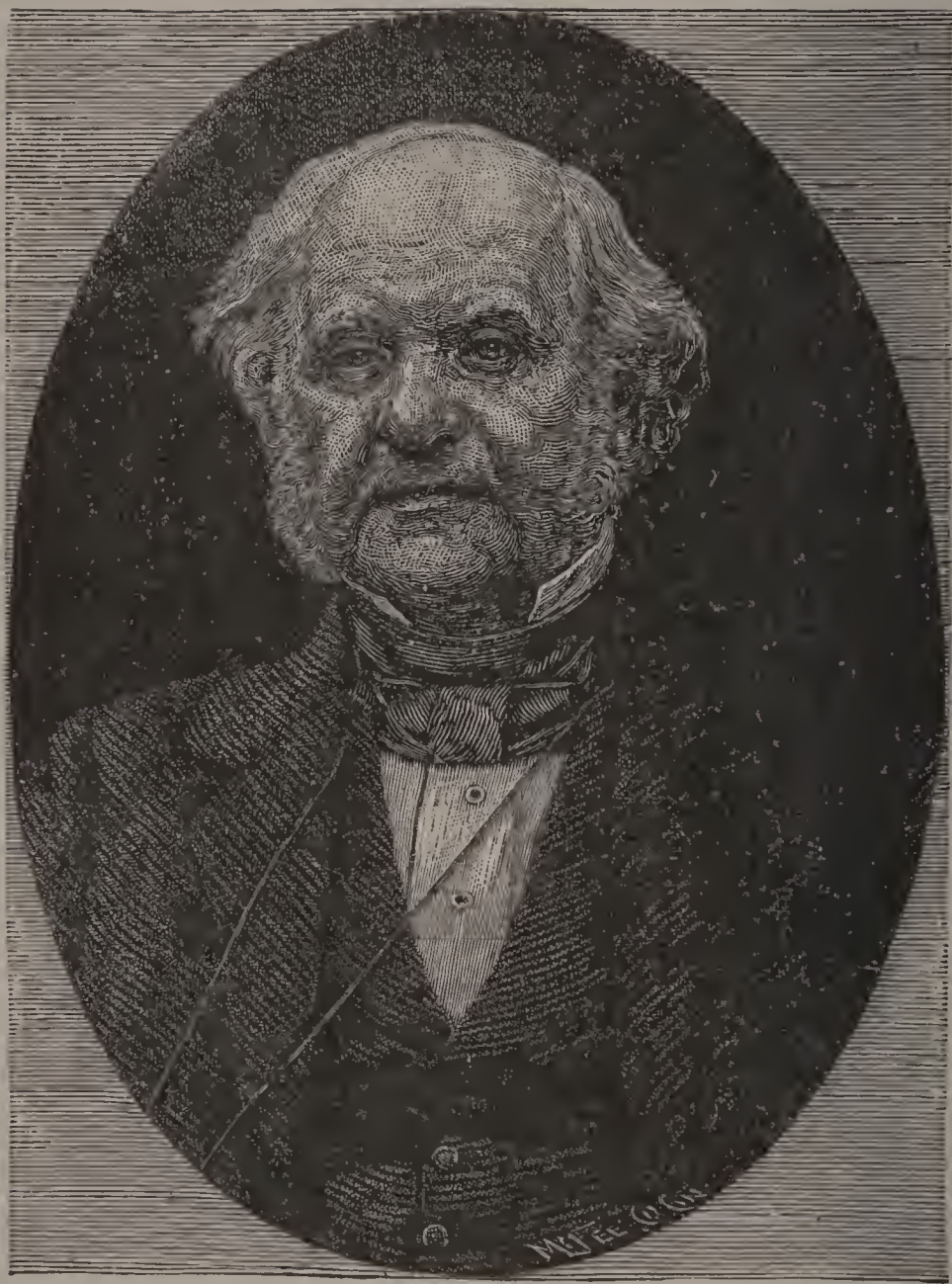
Say what men may, money is the appetizing provocative that teases the business nerve of the world. The want of money is a power strong enough to keep things in their places. It is one of the great principles of moral gravitation.

I wish I could fill every young man who reads these pages with an utter dread and horror of poverty. I wish I could make you so feel its shame, its constraint, its bitterness, that you would make vows against it.

As nature could only secure her great end of per-

petuating the race, by overloading the ardor of love, even to the point of possible perversion and danger to society, so she could only make civilization possible by overloading the passion for money, power, and achievement, even to the point of possible ruin to many. In this universal desire to gratify selfish instincts, she hides her own end of perpetual progress to the race. Each individual is struggling to attain his own ends, but she turns all this to the benefit of mankind. Each, striving to excel his neighbor, to do the best for himself, contributes to the best result for all. Without this tremendous passion for power, influence, and advantage which money gives, how could nature develop the highest type of man? Without this infinite longing, whence would come the discipline which industry, perseverance, tact, sagacity, and frugality give? Whence would come the motive for high daring, self-sacrifice, and deprivation without which great character is impossible?

What will man not undertake to satisfy this all-absorbing passion? For money, men can always be found for the most dangerous and hazardous undertakings; to engage in occupations that kill both soul and body; at employments that will commit suicide upon years of their lives. But blot out this universal passion, this social gravitation of civilization, which holds each man in his orbit, and the world would rush back to chaos. The lever which moves the world would be broken and civilization would cease. Condemn it how we will, the highest civilization is reached where this passion to possess is strongest.



GEORGE PEABODY.

“The crowning joy of wealth is found in the service of mankind.”

As Emerson says, "It is mean, low, huckstering trade, that has been the great world developer, the great civilization lifter." It is very difficult for the rich to be so selfish that the poor cannot enjoy their wealth, for whether they rear it into architecture or put it into elegant carriages and liveries, whether they spend it in costly banquets or dainty fabrics, rare diamonds and precious stones, build costly churches, elegant yachts, summer residences or city palaces, however they may spend it or use it, thousands of others will see it, enjoy it, and carry away with their eyes a large share of the real value.

"There are men born with a genius for money-making," says Mathews. "They have the instinct of accumulation. The talent and the inclination to convert dollars into doubloons by bargains or shrewd investments are in them just as strongly marked and as uncontrollable as were the ability and the inclination of Shakespeare to produce Hamlet and Othello, of Raphael to paint his cartoons, of Beethoven to compose his symphonies, or Morse to invent an electric telegraph. As it would have been a gross dereliction of duty, a shameful perversion of gifts, had these latter disregarded the instincts of their genius and engaged in the scramble for wealth, so would a Rothschild, an Astor, and a Peabody have sinned had they done violence to their natures, and thrown their energies into channels where they would have proved dwarfs and not giants."

Everybody is struggling for the good things of the world, and all arguments to prove that they are not

desirable are worse than wasted. It has been truly said that the heraldry of America is based on greenbacks. The social standing is indicated by the bank-book. The railway conductor accents his call, the hotel clerk assigns rooms, the dry-goods merchant graduates the angle of his bows by it. Even the seat to which the sexton bows you in church is too often chosen with nice reference to your exchequer.

The respect that attends wealth is as old as the Bible, which says, "If a man come into your assembly with a gold ring and goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile apparel, and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, 'Sit thou here in a good place'; and say to the poor, 'Stand thou there,' are ye not partial?"

Fancy may please itself with a dream of inevitable compensations which make the milkmaid more happy than the countess, and the man whose thoughts have never strayed beyond his few paternal acres a finer impersonation of well-being than his schoolfellow who has brought the world to his feet; but it is only a superficial and conventional fancy which indulges in such thoughts, and we are all very well aware that, as a matter of fact, the virtuous peasant is no more, but generally much less, exempt from the troubles of life than the rich man who has found a way for himself out of his native lowliness. And there are probably fewer drawbacks in the career of the man who attains great wealth than of any other self-made individual.

More men are ruined by under-estimating the value of money than by over-estimating it.

Let us, then, abandon the affectation of despising money, and frankly own its value. Let us even admit that more persons are ruined by under-estimation of the value than by greed of gold; that even in our great cities, where life is at white heat, and men stake body and soul on the prizes of the stock-board, there are twenty men who need incitements to industry and frugality, where there is one who needs to be checked in the fierce pursuit of riches.

Under the law of Henry VIII., destitution was treated as a crime, and wandering poverty was to be stocked and scourged out of existence.

The time has gone by when either love is satisfied to live in "a cot beside the hill," or a philosopher in a tub. Both prefer to possess a house in a city street and a cottage by the sea, which is a sign that both the philosophy of love and the love of philosophy have improved.

It was a shrewd observer who said, that if you could not get what you wanted, to get money was always the next best. It cannot buy happiness, but it can purchase more in the way of those substitutes for happiness which most of us manage to exist by than almost anything else.

Never before in the history of the world was poverty so hard to bear as to-day, when life has grown so rich in possibilities and grand opportunities. While we would not go so far as Carlyle, who said that "poverty is the hell of which most modern

Englishmen are most afraid," or as Henry George, who said that "poverty is the open-mouthed hell which yawns beneath civilization," we would teach that, in this land of opportunity, for the average man or woman to live in continual poverty is a disgrace.

"Among the poor there is less vital force, a lower tone of life, more ill health, more weakness, more early deaths."

Without independence no one can be a man. No man can do his best work who feels want tugging at his heels, who is hampered and tied down and forever at the mercy of circumstances, or of those upon whom he depends for employment. What can be more humiliating for a young man or woman than the sense of being but a day's march ahead of want?

No young man has the right to remain in a position, if it is possible to get out of it, where he will be constantly subjected to the great temptations of poverty. His self-respect demands that he should get out of it. It is his duty to put himself in a position of dignity and independence, where he will not be liable at any moment to be a burden to his friends in case of sickness or other emergencies.

The hunger of man for riches has reduced chaos to order, forests to gardens.

The pursuit of wealth, say what men may, is not only legitimate, but a duty. If a man is a man and his fortune be legitimately won, it will increase his influence and multiply his power. This struggle to attain wealth, if he is careful to guard against its

narrowing, demoralizing, and dwarfing influences, will develop his intelligence, his skill, his energy, his thrift, his sagacity ; will improve his judgment, increase his practical knowledge, and train his moral and intellectual powers to a high cultivation. "The soul is trained by the ledger as much as by the calculus, and can get exercise in account of sales as much as in the account of stars." The business man, if he is methodical, is put constantly upon his thoughtfulness ; his reserve force is constantly brought into play, and he is ever massing his forces upon the enemy's weakest point, as did Napoleon his army. He is in a perpetual drill from morning till night, if he is a good business man. His powers are ever on dress parade.

A good business man must be systematic, orderly, prompt, exact, courteous, considerate, both to those under him and to his patrons ; he is constantly in a school of manners ; his calculations for profit every day bring him into a mathematical drill ; he is constantly put on his good behavior, and if he is a broad-gauge business man, liberal and magnanimous, and does not allow his business to narrow and contract him, he will constantly improve his manhood, will grow broader, his sympathies deeper, his charities larger.

When Mr. Lincoln visited New York and met an old friend, the latter asked how he had prospered. The friend said he had made \$100,000 and lost it all, and asked Mr. Lincoln how he had succeeded. "Oh, very well," was the reply ; "I have the cottage at

Springfield, and about \$3000 in money. If they make me Vice-President with Seward, as some say they will, I hope to increase it to \$20,000, and that is as much as any man ought to want."

General Garfield had more money a few days after his nomination than he ever had before in his life. He reached Cleveland from the Chicago Convention with just \$30 in his pocket. That represented all the wealth he had except his mortgaged home at Mentor. Knowing this circumstance, Mr. Sylvester T. Everett, the well-known Cleveland banker in whose house he was a guest, started out one morning with a little subscription paper, and came back with ten \$1000 checks, one of which bore his own signature. He arranged a bank-book with a package of blank checks, put them in an envelope, and at the first opportunity handed the package to Garfield, with the remark that there was a little pin money for his personal expenses during the campaign, and an explanation that not a penny of it was to be spent for political purposes.

When the General realized the amount and nature of the gift, he fell upon Everett's neck and wept like a child. He said that the greatest load he had to bear had been taken from him, for he had been lying awake nights, wondering how he was going to meet his personal expenses during the campaign. He said, too, that he had never had so much money before.

The want of money is, in intellectual pursuits, the most common hindrance to thoroughness and excellence of work.

I do not know of anything much more painful than to have a fine taste for painting, sculpture, music, glorious sunsets, and the expanse of the blue sky, and yet not to be able to get the dollar for the oratorio, or to get a picture, or to pay one's way into the country to look at the setting sun and at the bright heavens. While there are men in great affluence who have around them all kinds of luxuries in art, themselves entirely unable to appreciate these luxuries, — buying their books by the square foot, their pictures sent to them by some artist who is glad to get the miserable daubs out of the studio, — there are multitudes of refined, delicate women who are born artists and shall reign in the kingdom of heaven as artists, who are denied every picture, every sweet, musical instrument.

How many young spirits we see prematurely depressed by this want, — it may be the consequence of their own folly! How many people are dull or proud or unsociable from the secret irritation of want of money!

The poor are ever at the mercy of circumstances. They cannot be independent, they cannot command their time, nor can they always afford to live in healthy localities or in healthy houses. They are the puppets of circumstances.

In Europe crime increases with the price of bread. It is hard for a man to be manly, virtuous, and true when want stares him in the face. The ignorant and the undisciplined fear the wolf more than they do the law.

Praise it who will, poverty is narrow, belittling, contracting; there is little hope in it, little prospect in it, little joy in it; it is a terrible strain upon the affections, and often kills love between those who would otherwise live happily. It is the duty of every young man and woman to exert every nerve to get out of its clutches into freedom, where the individuality can find untrammelled expansion.

On every hand we see evidences of pinching, grinding poverty. We see it in prematurely depressed faces; want stares us in the face every day in nearly every city; its blighting, blasting marks are traceable everywhere. We see it in children who have no childhood; we see it in suppressed sociability, shadowing bright, young faces; we see its blighting effect upon brilliant minds. It often means hopelessness to the highest ambition; it means thwarting of brilliant plans; it imposes serious obstacles to even the most resolute determination.

No, poverty is a curse; there is scarcely a redeeming feature about it, and those who extol its virtues are the last to accept its conditions. It is difficult to be a man or a woman in extreme poverty. Hampered with debt, bound in bondage to those upon whom we depend, forced to make a dime perform the proper work of a dollar, it is almost impossible to preserve that dignity and self-respect which enables a man to be a man, and to look the world squarely in the face.

Money means shoes for bare feet; it means flannels and warm clothing for shivering forms; it means

coal for the fire, provisions for the larder. It means comforts, refinements, education, pictures, books, music, travel; it means a good house, nutritious food; it means independence; it means opportunity to do good; it means the best medical skill: how many poor people lose their lives because they cannot employ a skillful surgeon or physician! Money means rest when we are tired, it means change of climate for the invalid. It means the comforts of a Pullman car in traveling; it means a comfortable carriage to ride in instead of walking; it means that we are not forced to work through all kinds of weather and exposure, whether we are able or not; it means exemption from the drudgery which dogs the footsteps of the poor.

Our first dollar is the largest we ever possess. Vice-President Wilson said the first dollar he earned looked as large as a cart wheel.

“When I was eighteen years old,” said Lincoln, “I belonged to what they call, down South, the ‘scrubs’; people who do not own slaves are nobody there. One day I sculled two men and their trunks out in my little flat boat to the steamer, and when I had lifted their heavy baggage on deck, each of them threw me a silver dollar from the deck.” This quickly gained wealth, which he hardly dared believe he had earned in less than a day, opened before him what seemed to be a wider and fairer world than before. “I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time,” he said.

“The first quarter I earned,” said Jay Gould,

“had more joy and ring in it than the last thousand dollars.”

“When you are young, how well you know
A little money makes great show,
Just fifty cents will cause you bliss,
'Tis then a dollar looks like this :

\$

“But when you're old and bills come due,
And creditors are dunning you,
And every cent you spend you miss,
'Tis then a dollar looks like this :

\$”

Money indicates the character of the possessor. It is a great telltale. It betrays tastes, ambitions, and uncovers a hundred secrets. “A right measure in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing would almost argue a perfect man.”

I have often thought if I were rich I would like to give a thousand dollars to each of the first hundred people I meet on the street and see what they would do with it; I would like to trace out the history of each thousand.

To the poor boy struggling for an education, it would mean books and a possible college course. To the fast young man it would mean fine clothes, fast horses, pleasure, and a fast life. To a poor girl, support for an invalid mother, clothes and schooling for sisters. To another it would suggest a wife and home. To the miser it would mean “more hoarding,” one thousand more.

It is a sad thing to see an old man begging bread, but it is sadder still to see an aged millionaire tottering on the edge of the grave, who has starved his soul to fatten his purse, whose greed for gold has dried up all the noblest springs of his life and stifled his aspirations for the good, the beautiful, and the true. What can be more pitiful than a shriveled soul with a distended purse? These are not men, but "hungers, thirsts, fevers, and appetites, walking."

It is no sin to be rich, nor to wish to be rich: the mistake is in being too eager after riches.

"Get all you can without hurting your soul, your body, or your neighbor," said John Wesley. "Save all you can, cutting off every needless expense. Give all you can."

Beware of wealth which costs too much, for "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Our possessions must not own us. Few men gain wealth without sacrificing some part of themselves. The rule holds true of nations, too. The gold which poured into Spain from the South American colonies demoralized her, and she is commercially dead.

Jay Gould said he was kept on the drive from morning till night, the money he made having enslaved him.

Wealth is a curse whenever it takes away the great incentive of self-advancement. Inherited wealth almost always means failure and death to the ordinary youth. But remember that it is the love of

money, and not money itself, that is called the root of evil.

“About three years ago,” said a miser, “by a very odd accident I fell into a well, and was absolutely within a very few minutes of perishing, before I could prevail upon an unconscionable dog of a laborer, who happened to hear my cries, to help me out for a shilling. The fellow was so rapacious as to insist upon having twenty-five cents for above a quarter of an hour, and I verily believe he would not have abated me a single farthing, if he had not seen me at the last gasp, and I determined to die rather than submit to his extortion.”

The creed of the greedy man is brief and consistent, and, unlike other creeds, is both subscribed to and believed. “The chief end of man is to glorify GOLD and enjoy it forever; life is a time afforded man to grow rich in; death, the winding up of speculations; heaven, a mart with golden streets; hell, a place where shiftless men are punished with everlasting poverty.”

Although Midas got his wish, that everything he touched should turn to gold, his asses' ears so mortified him, for he could not hide them, that he could not enjoy his gold. Men who coin their souls and characters into dollars get their wish, but with the coin they often get the asses' ears, which they would give all their wealth to cover. But people will laugh at their ears more than they admire their gold. The King dug a hole in the ground and whispered his secret, which was consuming his soul and which

he dared tell no one, and covered it. But behold a reed came up and whispered to every passer-by, "King Midas has asses' ears."

It is said that when J. J. Astor was once congratulated by a certain person for his wealth, he replied by pointing to his pile of bonds and maps of property, at the same time inquiring, "Would you like to manage these matters for your board and clothes?" The man demurred. "Sir," continued the rich man, "it is all that I get."

"I warn you against thinking that riches necessarily confer happiness, and poverty unhappiness," says Beecher. "Do not begin life supposing that you shall be heart-rich when you are purse-rich. A man's happiness depends primarily upon his disposition: if that be good, riches will bring pleasure; but only vexation, if that be evil. To lavish money upon shining trifles, to make an idol of one's self for fools to gaze at, to rear mansions beyond our wants, to garnish them for display and not for use, to chatter through the heartless rounds of pleasure, to lounge, to gape, to simper and giggle, — can wealth make VANITY happy by such folly?"

No man can be truly rich who is selfish. Money is like a spring of water in the mountains. It holds the wealth of the valley in its bosom, if it will only expend itself. When it dashes down the mountain, it makes the meadows green and glad with its wealth. Beautiful flowers spring up along its banks and bathe their faces in its sparkling surface. But once obstruct this beautiful stream and the valleys dry up,

the flowers and grass wither and die. The water loses its sparkle, and what was once the joy and life of the valley, now reeks with poison and swarms with vermin. The beautiful fountain has become a stagnant swamp. The deer no longer comes to quench his thirst at the beautiful pool, — the blessing becomes a curse. So with money: while it flows out freely and circulates, it blesses humanity; but when the circulation is interrupted by hoarding it, squandering or abusing it, it becomes a curse. The heart hardens, the sympathies dry up, the soul becomes a desert.

Money does not in itself increase the personal merit of its possessor. It is not a sign so much as a test of real worth. It constitutes opportunity and means for either virtue or vice, and its faithful use or hurtful abuse determines its owner's character.

Beecher says that avarice seeks gold, not to build or buy therewith; not to clothe or feed itself; not to make it an instrument of wisdom, skill, or friendship, or religion. Avarice seeks it to heap it up; to walk around the pile and gloat upon it; to fondle and court, to kiss and hug the darling stuff to the end of life, with the homage of idolatry.

Pride seeks it, — for it gives power, place, and titles, and exalts its possessor above his fellows. To be a thread in the fabric of life, just like any other thread, hoisted up and down by the treadle, played across by the shuttle, and woven tightly into the piece, — this may suit humility, but not pride.

Vanity seeks it, — what else can give it costly

clothing, rare ornaments, stately dwellings, showy equipage, and attract admiring eyes to its gaudy colors and costly jewels?

Taste seeks it, — because by it may be had whatever is beautiful, refining, or instructive. What leisure for study has poverty, and how can it collect books, manuscripts, pictures, statues, coins, or curiosities?

Love seeks it, — to build a home full of delights for father, wife, or child; and, wisest of all,

Religion seeks it, — to make it the messenger and servant of benevolence, to want, to suffering, and to ignorance.

Money is the Aladdin's lamp of to-day. It has many legitimate uses. But it should be kept in the head and not in the heart. Money, some one has said, is the Sovereign of Sovereigns.

It cannot be denied that wealth has a demoralizing tendency. It saps the foundation of energy, it tempts dissipation. "Wealth and corruption, luxury and vice, have very close affinities for each other."

Money-getting has well been called unhealthy when it impoverishes the mind, or dries up the sources of spiritual life; when it extinguishes the sense of beauty, and makes one indifferent to the wonders of nature and of art; when it blunts the moral sense, and confuses the distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice; when it stifles religious impulse, and blots out all thoughts of God from the soul.

A tenant one day, after he had settled his rent,

thus addressed his laird: "Now I would give you a shilling, Laird Braco, to have a sight of all the gold and silver which you possess." "Well, man," his lordship replied, "it shall cost you no more." The shilling was paid, and his lordship fulfilled his part of the bargain, exhibiting to his tenant a number of iron boxes filled with gold and silver money. "Now, my laird," said the tenant, "I am as rich as you, after all." "How, my man?" said his lordship. "Because I see the money, my laird, and you have not the heart to do any more with it."

Talk of poverty! There is no poverty so pitiable as that of the man who has acres of land, but not an atom of love; whose riches rise into millions, but whose life sinks into insignificance.

Not the inventory of your property, but that of your unsatisfied wants, measures your fortune; not your annual income, but your annual deficit or surplus, makes you rich or poor.

How many we have seen with enough to retire on, but with nothing to retire to!

A few months ago a millionaire died, and the first question was, "How much money did he leave?" The answer was, "He left it all. Burial robes have no pockets."

"To me the worship of wealth means, in the present," says Mrs. Howe, "the crowning of low merit with undeserved honor; the setting of successful villainy above unsuccessful virtue. It means absolute neglect and isolation for the few who follow a high heart's love through want and pain, through evil and

good report. It means the bringing of all human resources, material and intellectual, to one dead level of brilliant exhibition, — a second ‘Field of the Cloth of Gold’ to show that the barbaric love of splendor still lives in the heart of man, with the thirst for blood and other *quasi*-animal passions. It means in the future some such downfall as Spain had when the gold and silver of America had gorged her soldiers and nobles ; something like what France experienced after Louis XIV. and XV. I am no prophet, and least of all a prophet of evil ; but where, oh where, shall we find the antidote to this metallic poison ? Perhaps in the homeopathic principle of cure. When the money miracle shall be complete, when the gold Midas shall have turned everything to gold, then the human heart will cry for flesh and blood, for brain and muscles. Then shall manhood be at a premium and money at a discount.”

Noble aims and sincere devotion to them, the highest development of mind and heart, the fine aroma of cultivation which springs from the intimacy with all that human genius has achieved, — simplicity and integrity, — a soul whose sweetness overflows in the manner and makes the voice winning and the movement graceful : here is the recipe for fine society.

The wealth of a foolish man is a pedestal which, the more he accumulates, elevates him higher and reveals his deformity to a broader circle. These most obvious facts are rarely remembered. Gilded vulgarity believes itself to be gold.

Bishop Berkeley declared that he was the richest man in England, because he had trained himself to the habit of mind of regarding everything which gave him pleasure as his own. In our day, most philosophers of that school reside in penitentiaries.

Izaak Walton said, "There are as many troubles on the other side of riches as on this." Dr. Johnson said, "If six hundred pounds a year would procure a man more consequence, and of course more happiness than six pounds a year, the same proportion will hold to six thousand, and so on as far as opulence can be carried." But the whole experience of the Crœsuses of the world is against this theory. There is a canker of discontent which has never yet been separated fully from great riches, which is constantly eating away at happiness and tarnished pleasure,—the little demons of selfishness and envy, and discontent and fear, and restlessness, avarice, grasping, "never-enoughness," and greedy ambition which, the more it has, the hungrier it grows, and scores of other barnacles which cluster about wealth and lessen its pleasures.

Great wealth usually brings more pains than pleasures, more anxiety than peace, more discontent than content, more discord than harmony.

"After I had earned my first thousand dollars by the hardest kind of work," said Commodore Vanderbilt, "I felt richer and happier than when I had my first million. I was out of debt, every dollar was honestly mine, and I saw my way to success."

Almost every millionaire in this country will tell

you that his greatest satisfaction and happiest days were when he was emerging from poverty into a competency ; when he first felt that his little savings were swelling towards the stream of fortune ; when he first felt assured that want would no longer dog his steps ; when he thought he saw leisure ahead of him, or self-development, self-culture, and perhaps study and travel ; when he first felt that those whom he loved were being lifted out of the clutches of poverty, that comforts were taking the place of stern necessities ; when he first felt that he had the power to lift himself above himself, that henceforth he might be of consequence in the world, that he might have pictures and music and comforts for his home, that his children might not have to struggle quite as hard as he did for an education ; when he first felt the consciousness of power to give them and others a little start in the world ; when he first felt the little circle about him expanding into a larger sphere, broadening into a wider horizon.

“In London there is such a thing as *sanctified wealth*,” says Dwight L. Moody. “That is a very rare commodity in America. That is chiefly due to the fact that in London you have families that have been acclimated to wealth. They can breathe it without choking. It does not crush them. It is one of the ordinary incidents of their lives ; and, being born to wealth, they make as good use of it as of any other gift they possess. But in America our rich men have nearly all been born poor. They have heaped together vast fortunes. As a consequence,

their wealth is too much for them, and there is nothing to compare with the great numbers of wealthy men and women who in London devote the whole of their leisure time to the service of God and their fellow-men. Why, one day the heir to one of the greatest fortunes in London, whose name I do not wish to publish, stood outside our meeting and held a cabman's horse the whole time in order that the cabman might take part in the service within."

Unfortunately all cannot be rich. Goethe says, "Nobody should be rich but those who understand it."

"Some men are born to own, and can animate all their possessions; others cannot. Their owning is not graceful, and seems a compromise of their character; they seem to steal their own dividends."

"They should own who can administer, not they who hoard and conceal; not they who, the greater proprietors they are, are only the greater beggars." But all can have character.

Fortunately a man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things he possesses. When Bias was asked why he did not load himself down with his possessions, when obliged to flee from his country, he replied, "I am carrying all my treasures with me," — though he had only himself. He is not rich who does not carry his wealth in himself.

Charles I. once sent a small sum of money to Ben Jonson when he was sick. Jonson sent it back with this message: "I suppose the King sends this because I live in an alley. Tell him his soul lives in an alley."

Many a man lives in a palace, while his soul lives in an alley. The American sportsman who owns in Scotland a "deer forest," is not as rich as some of the poor ignorant peasants whom he drove from their homes in order to get possession of his vast territory, and gratify his passion for sport.

True wealth does not make others poorer. He is the richest man, who can live without his riches and is content to enjoy what others own; who does not believe that the best part of the farm is conveyed in the title deed; who can enjoy a landscape without owning the land; who sees "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

He is the richest man who absorbs into himself the most of the best in the world in which he lives, and who gives the most of himself to others. He is the richest man in whose possessions others feel richest. To be rich is to have a strong, robust constitution; to have a hearty appreciation of the beautiful in nature; to have access to the masterpieces of art, science, and literature; to have admission to great men and women; to have a past which haunts not with remorse; to have a mind liberally stored and contented.

Well has it been said that a vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it"; a generous man's, "Win gold and share it"; a miser's, "Win gold and spare it"; a profligate's, "Win gold and spend it"; a broker's, "Win gold and lend it"; a gambler's or a fool's, "Win gold and lose it"; but the wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

“The wealth that circulates like social blood
From rich to poor, from palace unto hut,
Is like the life-blood, genial in its flow ;
But that which stagnates in the hoarded vault,
Or bank, or merchant’s safe, is the disease
That, lurking in the veins, transforms the blood,
Till it forsakes the cold extremities,
And throttles with plethoric greed of all
The miser heart.”

Wealth is not acquired, as many persons suppose, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by daily practice of industry, frugality, and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute, and he who relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt.— *Wayland*.

The greatest and most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor, is that which they exercise the least, — the privilege of making them happy. — *Colton*.

By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven. — *Rutledge*.

CHAPTER IV.

MISFIT OCCUPATIONS.

I cannot too often repeat that no man struggles perpetually and victoriously against his own character. — *H. L. Bulwer.*

If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes in a table, of different shapes, — some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong, — and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular; while the square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. — *Sydney Smith.*

Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, standing on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain. — *Longfellow.*

There is hardly a poet, artist, philosopher, or man of science mentioned in the history of the human intellect, whose genius was not opposed by parents, guardians, or teachers. In these cases Nature seems to have triumphed by direct opposition; to have insisted on her darlings having their rights, and encouraged disobedience, secrecy, falsehood, even flight from home and occasional vagabondism, rather than the world should lose what it cost her so much pain to produce. — *E. P. Whipple.*

“My father wanted me to be a minister,” said Ole Bull, “and I thought I must do as he wished. But when I was eight years old, he bought me a new violin to study under a teacher, for he said that a minister ought to know a little about music.

“That night I could not sleep; I rose in the night to get a peep at the precious violin. It was so red,” he added, telling the story years afterward, “and the pretty pearl screws did smile at me so, I pinched the strings just a little with my fingers, and it smiled at me ever more and more. I took up the bow and looked at it; it said to me it would be pleased to

have me try it across the strings. So I did try it just a very, very little, and it did sing to me so sweetly. At first I did play so soft. I forgot that it was midnight and everybody asleep, but presently I heard something crack, and the next minute I felt my father's whip across my shoulders. My little red violin dropped on the floor and was broken. I did weep very much for it, but it did no good. They did have a doctor to it the next day, but it never recovered its health."

His father determined that Ole should study for the ministry, so he hired a pious tutor who used to kneel down and pray before whipping the boy. One morning at half-past four, as the tutor was dragging the boys out of bed, Ole sprang upon him and gave him a good beating, encouraged by the smaller boys who shouted, "Don't give it up, Ole, give it to him with all your might."

The father becoming convinced that theology was not Ole's forte, sent him, at the age of eighteen, to the university, and as he left home begged him not to yield to his passion for music, and forbade him playing at all. But he could not resist, and sometimes played for days, scarcely sparing time to eat and sleep, thus incurring his father's displeasure and becoming a wanderer. At Paris he had the misfortune to be robbed by one who pretended to be a friend.

In Venice, later, unknown, he worked day after day in an upper room composing a concerto, and played on his violin at night at his window.

One night when Malibran was engaged to sing, she suddenly refused, having learned that De Beriot, whom she loved, was to receive, for singing with her, a smaller sum than herself. So it happened that Ole Bull was roused from his bed and urged to play to the disappointed audience, his playing at the window having been heard by an appreciative critic and reported to the manager of the theatre.

This was the opportunity of his life, and, rushing to the theatre, he won fame in a single night. The house shook with applause after the first piece. It was his boyhood of unconscious training for this opportunity, which made him equal to the occasion, instead of ridiculous, as he would have been, without it.

Your talent is your call. "What can you do?" is the interrogation of the century. Better adorn your own than seek another's place.

A young broom-maker thought that he had a call to be a preacher, and applied to his Presbytery for a license, which, after an official examination, it was thought best to refuse.

The decision was made known to the candidate by the oldest minister, who said with great deliberation: "My young friend, the Lord requires every man to glorify Him in some particular calling, some in one and some in another, according to the talents He hath committed unto them; and the Presbytery are of the opinion that the Lord desires that you should glorify Him by making brooms."

It is said that P. T. Barnum had tried fourteen

different occupations before he found out what nature had best fitted him for, — a showman.

The Queen of Sheba once presented Solomon two garlands of flowers, one real, and the other so natural that even the wise man could not distinguish between them. A bee, however, came to his aid, for it immediately flew to the real flowers. The instinct of this little insect was wiser than the wisdom of Solomon. The child's bent often leads it straight to its natural occupation, which thwarts the wisdom of parents.

Two of the most eminent surgeons of the United States became physicians only in consequence of early failures in business ventures. When misfortunes happen, therefore, they may be paving the way for great successes. Our failure may be due to our superiority. Milton failed as a teacher of small boys, and Dr. Marion Sims as keeper of a country store.

Galileo was sent to the University at Pisa at seventeen, with the strict injunction not to neglect medical studies for the allurements of philosophy or literature. But when he was eighteen he discovered the great principle of the pendulum by observing a lamp left swinging in the cathedral.

The republic of Venice appointed him Professor of Mathematics at Padua, a position which he held for eighteen years. He was so popular and fascinating that his immense audiences would frequently have to adjourn to the open air for room. Imagine mathematics made so charming! Like Gladstone, he had the rare faculty of making figures eloquent. What

a loss it would have been to the world had he become a physician!

John Adams' father was a shoemaker, and, trying to teach his son the art, he gave him some "uppers" to cut out by a pattern which had a three cornered hole in it to hang it up by. The future statesman followed the pattern, hole and all. There is a tradition that Tennyson's first poems were published at the instigation of his father's coachman. His grandfather gave the lad ten shillings for writing an elegy on his grandmother. As he handed it to the youth, he said, "There, that's the first money you ever earned by your poetry, and take my word for it, it will be your last."

When Erskine had at length found his place, he carried everything before him at the bar. Had he remained in the navy, he would probably never have been heard from. When elected to Parliament, his lofty spirit was chilled by the cold sarcasm and contemptuous indifference of Pitt, whom he was expected to annihilate. But he was again shorn of his magic power, and his eloquent tongue faltered from a consciousness of being out of his place.

"How did you find your place?" asked a friend of George Peabody, the famous banker. "I didn't find it," was the reply; "the place found me."

True; but, after it *found* young Peabody, the place would not have *taken* him had it not found him prepared.

When Leland Stanford was a boy, his father told him he could have all the timber on their land. The

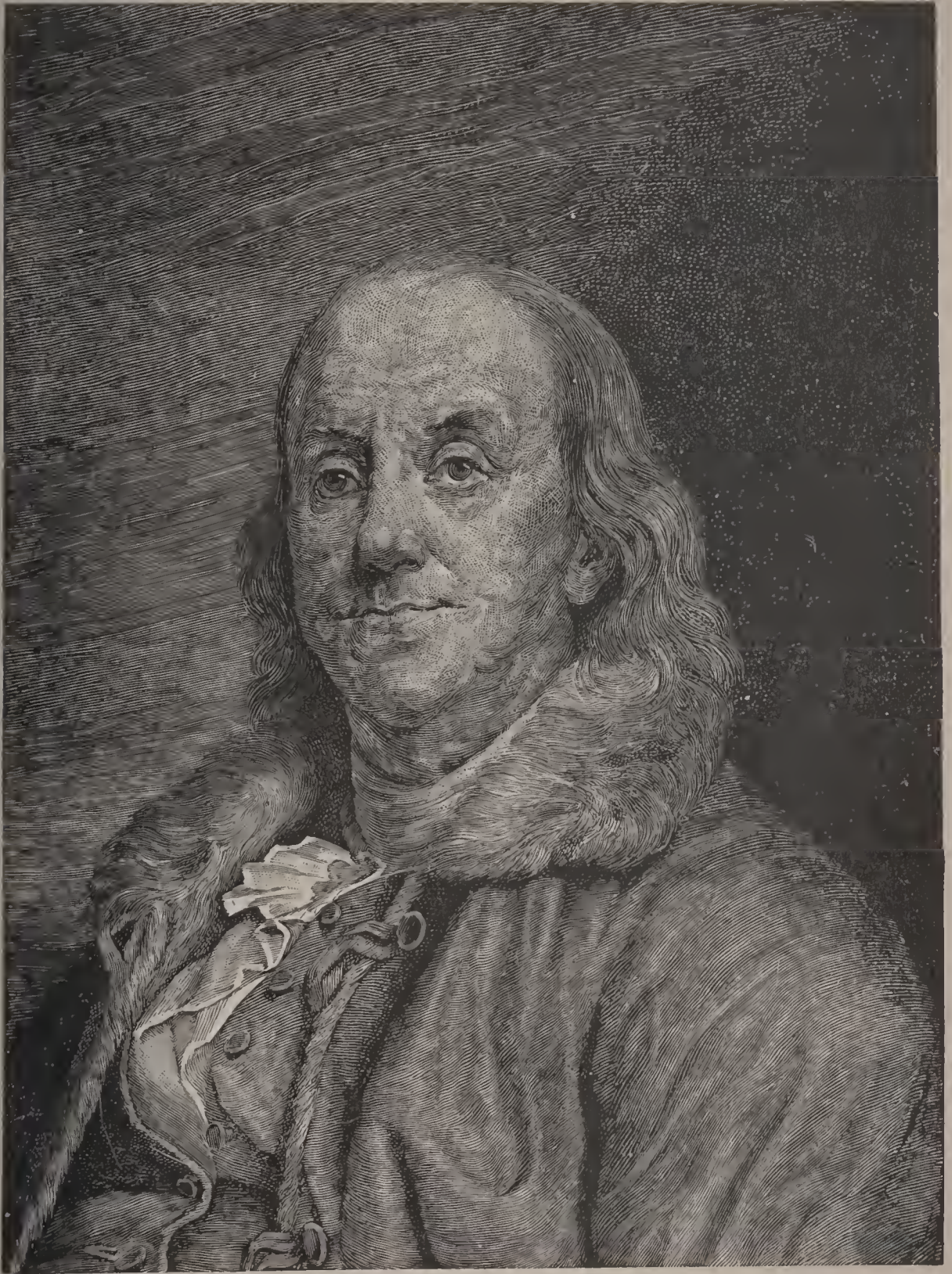
lad contracted with the railroad to buy it, hired wood-choppers, and cleared twenty-five hundred dollars by the bargain. His instincts were for business; but he ignored all this, studied law, and settled in a lonely part of Washington, Wisconsin. He had not the slightest adaptability for law. Fortunately he was burned out, lost everything, and returned to his brothers in California. He then returned to a business life, — his early choice, — and laid the foundation of his immense fortune and benefactions.

A socially ambitious father or mother may check a young son's honest ambition to become a mechanic, may send him to college, and make a briefless barrister out of the material which could have been molded into an honest and efficient artisan. Many a boy whose soul yearned for the higher walks of intellectual culture, for which nature had endowed him, has been doomed by injudicious parents, who despised colleges, to a dull life at a dry-goods counter or counting-room desk.

Franklin was so disgusted with his work cutting wicks for his father, who was a tallow chandler and soap boiler in Boston, that he determined to run away to sea as one of his brothers had done. He did run away to Philadelphia, later, as all the world knows.

Dickens was one of the greatest of English novelists; but it was his failure to become an actor which caused him, in the first place, to turn his attention to literature.

Peter Cooper was only thirty-five years old when



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

“Follow your bent; you cannot long fight successfully against your aspirations.”

he bought a glue factory, and had been in business for himself nine years, having made six changes of occupation in that time. Starting as a carriage-maker, the occupations of woolen-shearer, inventor, cabinet-maker, and grocer were followed in quick succession, each an improvement on the one before, until his right place was firmly established in the glue factory. He became richer than most people do who make so many changes in their career.

David Livingstone studied for three years with the sole aim of being a missionary to China. It was only because his hopes were crushed by the "opium war," which made it impossible to enter China, that he thought of going to Africa, and was the means of opening up a whole continent to Christianity and civilization.

Raleigh was unsuccessful; but he left a name that will forever be associated with heroic endeavor and noble character. Kossuth was unsuccessful; but who will say that his patient and high-spirited career, his brilliant oratory and steadfast conduct, have been fruitless? O'Connell was unsuccessful; but who has left a name more brilliant as an orator, or a nobler fame as a patriot and liberator?

There was once a boy in the Isle of Wight whose whole soul was absorbed with the sights and sounds of the sea, whose mind was filled with dreams of its romance and adventure. His parents insisted that he should become a tailor, and apprenticed him to a worthy tradesman in the village of Niton. One day it was reported in the workshop that a squadron

of men-of-war was off the island. The lad threw aside his needle, leaped from the shopboard, and mingled with the crowd that had assembled to gaze upon the stately spectacle. His old sympathies kindled immediately into fresh life. He jumped into a boat, rowed off to the admiral's ship, offered himself as a volunteer, and was accepted. That boy was afterwards Admiral Hobson, who broke the boom of Vigo.

Robert Clive, as a boy, was wild and reckless. Nobody could control or tame him. He was the terror of the shopkeepers of the town. His father regarded him as a vagrant, and shipped him off to die of fever in Madras. He exchanged his pen for a sword, became a great statesman and captain, and saved to the British their possessions in India. Long after the English nation was wild with enthusiasm over his name, his father — father-like — refused to believe that "Bob Clive" would ever come to anything but a gibbet.

What a wretched failure was that of Haydon the painter! He thought he failed through the world's ingratitude or injustice, but his failure was due wholly to his being out of place. His bitter disappointments at his half successes were really pitiable, because to him they were more than failures. He had not the slightest sense of color, yet went through life under the delusion that he was an artist.

Grant's failure as a subaltern made him commander-in-chief.

Gould failed as a storekeeper, tanner, surveyor and civil engineer before he got into a railroad office

where he found his bent. When extracts from James Russell Lowell's poem at Harvard were shown his father at Rome, instead of being pleased, the latter said: "James promised me when I left home that he would give up poetry and stick to books. I had hoped that he had become less flighty."

Half the world is out of place and tortured with the consciousness of unfulfilled destiny. Civilization will mark its highest tide when every man finds his place and fills it.

One of the most estimable of clergymen was for many years an officer in the army; another friend was a total failure in the ministry, but is now a very successful physician.

The lover of art almost shudders at what the world would have lost, had Turner shaved chins in Maiden Lane; had Claude Lorraine continued a pastry cook; had Michael Angelo not persisted in disobeying his parents.

In the great fair of humanity, half the young men are entered for premiums for speed, when they should be entered as farm or truck horses — of course they fail. By straining their unnatural powers for speed they are ruined for the farm, the saddle, or the dray.

At sea the man out of place is called a land-lubber; in the country, a cockney; in town, a greenhorn; in science, an ignoramus; in business, a simpleton; in pleasure, a milksop. If out of his element he is described as "in the clouds," "adrift," or by whatever words utter ignorance and incapacity are to be described.

How many thousands of round men and women are to-day misunderstood, persecuted, maligned, struggling in obscurity and failure to release themselves from the square holes into which they have been wedged by circumstances or mistakes of themselves or of parents who misunderstood them! Oh, happy is the man who has found his place! He shall ask no other blessedness.

A man out of place may manage to get a living, but he has lost the buoyancy, energy, and enthusiasm which are as natural to a man in his place as his breath. He is industrious, but he works mechanically and without heart. It is to support himself and family, not because he cannot help it. A man out of place is constantly looking at his watch and thinking of his salary. Dinner time does not come two hours before he realizes it.

If a man is in his place, he is happy, joyous, cheerful, energetic. The days are all too short for him. All his powers give their consent to his work, say "yes" to his occupation. He is a man, he respects himself, and is happy because all his powers are at play in their natural sphere. There is no compromising of his faculties; no cramping of legal acumen upon the farm; no suppression of forensic oratorical powers at the shoemaker's bench; no stifling of exuberance of physical strength, of visions of golden crops, and blooded cattle, and the loved country life in the dry clergyman's study, composing sermons to put a congregation to sleep.

The same tree that is fat and spongy in a swamp,

grows hard and noble on the hillside. The greatest men of the world have been produced along a narrow belt of latitude in the temperate zone, where it is neither very hot nor very cold. Extremes of temperature very rarely produce great men. The finest fibre of brain and nerve and muscle is produced within this narrow belt, between the extremes of temperature. The finest texture of timber is also produced in about the same narrow zone.

Men and animals and vegetation are all very much dependent upon the soil, upon the climate and surroundings. Acorns from the same oak planted in different parts of the world will retain the oak-identity, but will produce a great variety of oaks. The timber in some localities would be entirely unfit for use in ships, for example, because the enervating climate would rob it of its tenacity and stamina. So man is very largely dependent upon his birthplace and his surroundings. Every mountain, valley, and stream, every frost or scorching heat will have its part in his composition, and will modify his life in spite of his will power; indeed, the strength of his will itself will be somewhat at the mercy of the climate.

Do the best he can, man is very largely a creature of circumstances, from which he can never separate himself. Every one of his thousand environments is like a chisel cutting away at the marble of his life, leaving its own impression, and every minute modifying his existence. Molded and chiseled by visible and invisible surroundings, and modified by will and purpose, he becomes a composite man, pressed out-

ward by the expansive powers within him, and restrained and shaped by his environments without.

When we see so many misfits in the world, — a minister who would have made a successful physician, a dry-goods clerk who would have made a successful civil engineer, — we realize that personal judgment is often at fault in the selection of a place in life. Every one has some ambition. When one depends on his own judgment and chooses wrongly, after a few years of perseverance he sees his mistake; but it is sometimes too late to rectify it, and he may become discouraged and so lose all chance of success. If one knows that there is one thing that he can do well, he derives from the knowledge a feeling of confidence which is bound to make him successful. Now comes the question, how am I to know my right place in life? The answer is simply this, know yourself. When the late O. S. Fowler was lecturing in Peoria, Illinois, at the hotel where he was stopping he noticed a young man employed as a porter, who appeared to have more than ordinary ability. He called him to his room, gave him an examination, told him that with an education he would become an excellent criminal lawyer. The young man, taking his advice, studied law, and became known as Chicago's leading criminal lawyer.

The world does not demand that you be a lawyer, minister, doctor, farmer, scientist, or merchant. It does not dictate what you shall do, but it does require that you be a master in whatever you undertake. If you are a master in your line, it will applaud

you, and all doors will fly open to you. But it condemns all botches, abortions, and failures.

Every man is a sphinx to all others, — an unsolved riddle, an agent from his creator, with sealed orders which he has not yet read himself in full.

When a man finds his place he will know it. He will feel at home, enthusiastic and contented. When he is in his element, he exerts his powers as by instinct. A fish does not try to swim on land, but never hesitates to use his fins when in the water. Anxious, discontented faces about us tell too plainly of the jarring discord produced by inclination struggling against heavy odds to fulfill its destiny.

A farmer boy, mistaking the zeal of his conversion for a call to preach, is still farming in the pulpit. A good shoemaker is doing bad cobbling in the legislature. A fine mechanic, fired by some lecturer who made him dissatisfied with his humble lot by telling him that "where there's a will, there's a way," and "labor conquers all things," that "nothing is impossible to him that wills," and that "a man can do what he thinks he can," and many other half-truths, abandons his trade to study law, for which he has not the slightest adaptability.

It is unfortunate that a boy cannot be taught in school the career for which he is best adapted. Although it may be difficult to guide the student into exactly the right channel, yet we can keep him from going into a great many wrong ones. We can, from the structure of a pupil's mind, the tendency of his thought, the direction of his inclination, show him

what he *cannot* do well by any possibility. If he cannot draw a figure upon the board or a diagram, if he has no mechanical aptitude whatever, the teacher can, with reasonable certainty, predict that the boy will not make a successful mechanic or inventor.

If he has no inclination for figures, if he is inaccurate in his problems and statements, the professor can safely tell the young man not to make a specialty of mathematics, that he has not a mathematical mind. If he has an illogical mind, cannot make exact statements, has no desire to get at the reason of things, has no natural powers of persuasion or skill in hair-splitting argument, his preceptor could safely discourage him from studying law. If he has no love of detail, no patience; if he is faint-hearted or tender-hearted; if he lacks sympathy, has no natural love for investigation; if he lacks tact, it can be predicted that the young man will not make a good physician; and so on through the whole list of occupations and professions. The hints which the intelligent and kindly teacher or professor could give would be of the greatest service in determining the most difficult of all the problems of life.

A caged eagle is conscious of inferiority, of loss of power. He knows that his wings were intended for soaring, and feels a perpetual humiliation while imprisoned. But open the cage and let his proud wings feel the air once more, and he will mount and mount until he becomes but a speck between the earth and the sun. So caged minds never feel their power until they are free, until their wings touch the air,

then they aspire and soar towards their natural goal.

A man cannot carve himself into anything he pleases, unless it is what he is intended for. If he attempts it, the result will be a botch. Everything in nature is naturally beautiful, and each thing is necessary in its place. One flower does not envy another. Every blossom is a sacred censer, swinging its perfume out on the air without jealousy of any other flower, or of the mighty trees above it. Its great mission is to throw out just as much sweetness and beauty as possible.

If we are contented to unfold the life within, according to the pattern given us, we shall reach the highest end of which we are capable. It is not for a youth to ask himself whether he can make a Webster, a Gladstone, a Lincoln, or a Grant. He should ask what he is best fitted for, and then he will find a place just as important as any filled by these men.

How many brave souls are cramped, crippled; are dwarfs, mere manikins, toys, because they are out of their places and, in their ignorance, do not know how to find them. They drift, conscious of powers which they cannot use, and which others cannot understand; they lose heart and courage, and finally, perhaps, become dissipated in the vain effort to drown their troubles and forget their disappointments.

Criminals, suicides, most of the unfortunates in life, come from the classes who have never found their places. A man in his place rarely commits crime. When he has found his orbit he feels satis-

fied in it; he feels that all his powers are pulling; his purpose is tugging away at all his faculties. He does not feel humiliated because he is a farmer or a blacksmith or a school-teacher. He does not apologize because he is not this or that; he has found his place, and is satisfied. He may not have the ability of a Webster or a Lincoln, but that does not humiliate him; he feels that he is a man, a whole man, and the consciousness of fulfilling his natural destiny makes him a power. He knows that the violet is as perfect and as necessary as the pine which towers hundreds of feet above.

A youth sometimes chooses a profession because of its "respectability." He would be identified with the great men of his profession, as in the law. But what a mistake! He is doomed to follow far behind the great masters, if out of his natural sphere. Instead of being an ornament to the profession, he will be but the laughing-stock both of his colleagues and of the world. A white necktie is often the only band which binds a clergyman to the ministry; the "green bag" the only legal characteristic the lawyer possesses, for, like necessity, he knows no law.

Find your place and fill it.

Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing. — *Sydney Smith*.

CHAPTER V.

DOING EVERYTHING TO A FINISH.

If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door. — *Emerson*. ✓

Things done well, and with a care,
Exempt themselves from fear. — *Shakespeare*.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable. However, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable. — *Chesterfield*.

To excel is to live. — *Béranger*.

He who is faithful over a few things is a lord of cities. It does not matter whether you preach in Westminster Abbey or teach a ragged class, so you be faithful. The faithfulness is all. — *George Macdonald*.

Hurry not only spoils work, but spoils life also. — *Lubbock*.

In a word trust that man in nothing,
Who has not a conscience in everything. — *Laurence Sterne*.

The man who has acquired the habit of study, though for only one hour every day in the year, and keeps to the one thing studied till it is mastered, will be startled to see the way he has made at the end of a twelvemonth. — *Bulwer Lytton*.

“Never you mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your life won't tell;
There's always work for a' that
To him that doeth it well.

“Fancy the world a hill, lad,
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad, —
There's always room at the top.”

“OH, that is good enough!” exclaimed a workman to a careful companion. “It looks just as well now as if you clinched the nails and set the screws a little tighter, and takes less time. Who is going to know the difference?”

“I know it myself,” replied the other quietly, “and that is enough. It would not last long.”

“Then we should have another job,” chuckled the first. “What is the use of being so particular? Nobody is nowadays, and nobody will thank you.”

“Can’t help that,” was the answer; “I believe in honest work, and if I didn’t do it, I’d feel ashamed of myself. Why, man, it is just the same as stealing to take a job, slight it, and then get the same pay as if it was done right. No, sir. I want to respect myself, whether anybody else does or not.”

“Well,” replied his companion, “all I’ve got to say is you are a fool. The world don’t wag that way, and you’ll get left if you carry out a plan of that kind. Get the most money for the least work is my rule, and I make money, twice as much as you do.”

“That may be,” replied the other resolutely; “and you can go on making it, while I do good jobs and get less pay, perhaps; but I’ll like myself better, and that’s more important to me than the money.”

The withdrawal of the best of one’s self from the work to be done is sure to bring final disaster. The men who have made the most money, the artists who have won the greatest fame, the writers who have gained the world’s ear, never “made things do” in the beginning of their career. They were not satisfied with just doing without regard to the quality of their work, even though that work were done for others and not half paid for. They recognized the fact that the effect upon themselves of careless accomplishment was far more harmful for their future

than any possible present material good to be derived from such action.

Every youth should be taught that there is a great reward, a feeling of satisfaction and contentment, associated with everything that is completely finished. The discipline of being exact is uplifting.

“The man whose eyes are nailed,” says Emerson, “not on the nature of his act, but on the wages, whether it be money, or office, or fame, is almost equally low.” Not only is this true, but it is hardly an exaggeration to add that the man who scamps his work is very apt to become a scamp.

That a man or woman who, knowingly, does a poor job when receiving pay for a good one, is as much a thief as if abstracting money from another's pocket-book, is a truth that does not appear to strike home in many cases. This carelessness, this disregard for the rights of others, grows out of the failure to recognize the law of human brotherhood; and also from a failure to understand clearly that the one who thus refuses to do his duty really hurts himself and shadows his own soul, in a way for which no money gained for the moment can at all compensate.

“I tell you what, Billy Gray,” exclaimed a mechanic when reprimanded for slovenly work by a merchant-prince of Boston; “I sha'n't stand such words from *you*. Why, I can remember when you were nothing but a drummer in a regiment!” “And so I was,” replied Mr. Gray; “so I was a drummer; but didn't I drum *well*, eh? — didn't I drum *well*?”

Work that is not finished is not work at all; it is merely a botch, an abortion. We often see this habit of incompleteness in a child, and it often increases with age. All about the house, everywhere, there are half-finished things. Children often become tired of things which they begin with enthusiasm; but there is a great difference in them about finishing what they undertake. A boy, for instance, will start out in the morning with great enthusiasm to dig his garden over; but after a few minutes his zeal has evaporated and he wants to go fishing. He soon becomes tired of this, and thinks he will make a boat. No sooner does he get a saw and knife and a few pieces of board about him than he makes up his mind that what he really wanted to do after all was to play ball, and this, in turn, must give way to something else.

“How is it that you do so much?” asked one, in astonishment at the efforts and success of a great man. “Why, I do but one thing at a time, and try to finish it once for all.” I would therefore have you keep this in mind: do not send a letter home blotted or hurried and ask your relatives to excuse it because you are in a hurry. You have no right to be in such a hurry. It is doing injustice to yourself. Do not make a memorandum so carelessly that in five years you cannot read it. Do not hurry anything so that you do not know certainly about it, and have to trust to vague impressions. What we call a superficial character is formed in this way, and none who are not careful to form and cherish

the habit of doing everything well may expect to be anything else than superficial.

For nine years the young sculptor Thorwaldsen nearly starved in Italy. No one would buy his pieces of sculpture, though every one praised them. Home-sick, poor, discouraged, he decided to go back to Copenhagen to his old vocation, wood-carving, as no one wanted statues, however beautiful, unless the maker was famous. By a mistake in his passport he was detained one day, when to his astonishment Mr. Thomas Hope, an English banker, entered his studio and asked the price of his model in marble, Jason. He had made one before, and had broken it to pieces because no one would buy it. "Six hundred Syneiiis" (twelve hundred dollars), he said, not daring to hope the stranger would buy it. "That is not enough, you should ask eight hundred," said the banker, and at once bought it.

This was the turning-point in the youth's life. In two years he was professor in the Royal Academy. Such was his love of excellence that he made thirty models of his Venus before he was satisfied. He threw away the first, and worked a long time on the second. The Academy of his native city, Copenhagen, sent him five hundred dollars as an expression of appreciation for his work.

Twenty-three years before, he left Copenhagen a poor, unknown lad; he returned, at the urgent request of the King, the greatest living sculptor, and was created Counselor of State.

He had plenty of friends when he no longer needed

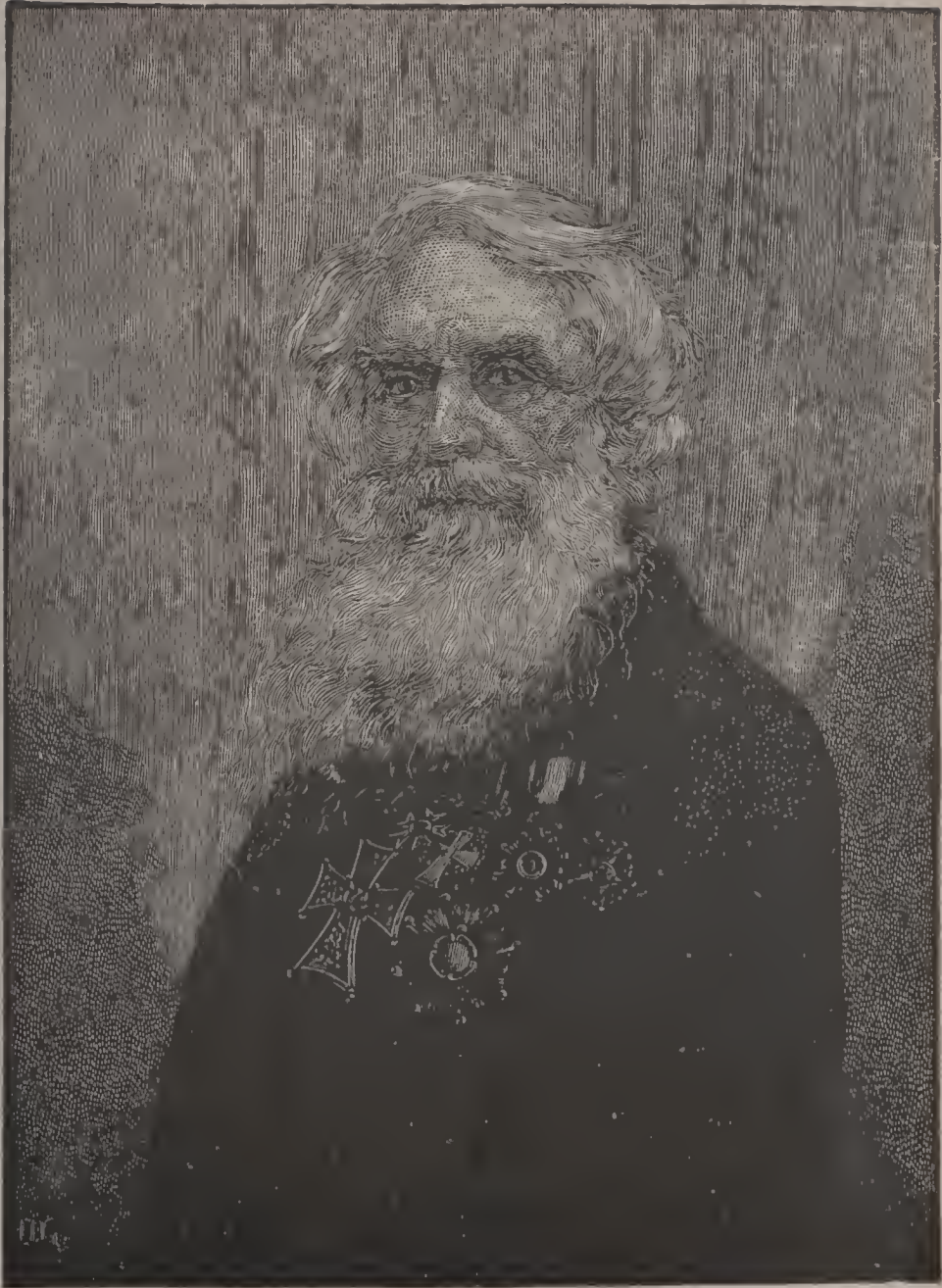
them, but no one would help him in all the years when he was nearly starving. Walter Scott came to pay his respects, and Mendelssohn became his friend, and would play for him in his studio while he worked. He loved his work so that he would refuse to dine with the King when busy.

The world is always ready to help a man after he has conquered his obstacles and shown his ability to live without help, but it will sometimes let aspiring talent starve.

It is the thing which we can do better than any one else, however trivial it may be, which commands success.

When Samuel F. B. Morse, afterwards famous as the inventor of the electric telegraph, was a young painter studying in London, he made a drawing from a small cast of the Farnese Hercules, intending to offer it to Benjamin West as an example of his work. He spent a long time on it, being anxious for a favorable opinion, and thought he had made it perfect. After giving it a critical examination, Mr. West handed it back, saying, "Very well, sir, very well; go on and finish it." "But it is finished," said the young artist.

Mr. Morse saw the defects that Mr. West pointed out, and devoted another week to remedying them. When he carried the work back to the master, the latter was evidently much pleased with it, and lavished praises on the work; but he handed it back as before, with the same request that Morse should finish it. The young man by this time was



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.
"The world wants your best."

nearly discouraged. "Is it not yet finished?" he asked.

Again he took it home, determined to perfect it, but showed it to West again with the same result. It still needed finishing. "I cannot finish it," said Mr. Morse in despair. "Well, I have tried you long enough," said Mr. West; "you have learned more by this than you would have accomplished by half a dozen unfinished drawings in double the time. Finish one picture, sir, and you are a painter."

Southern planters visiting Newport before the Civil War would frequently pass in their drives an odd-looking man building a stone wall by the roadside. Aside from his strange costume, there was something which attracted attention in the earnest but rapid examination which he gave to each stone before laying it upon the wall.

"Are you hunting for possible gold nuggets in that rock?" asked an amused planter one day, "or what do you expect to find?" "I am looking for its individuality," replied the laborer; "every stone, like every human being, has certain peculiarities which adapt it thoroughly for certain purposes, but less perfectly for others. He who would build a wall as it should be, must get acquainted with every stone he handles, and place it just where it was intended to go."

The Southerner, a college graduate, strongly opposed this view of the matter, and carelessly misquoted a passage from Locke in support of his posi-

tion. The mason politely, but confidently corrected his opponent's mistake, and showed that the quotation was really in his favor. Had the rocks spoken, the planter would not have been more astonished ; but he had begun the controversy, and he did not wish to yield in the presence of the ladies in the carriage, so he tried again and again to vanquish the modest workman by arguments which seemed to him unanswerable. But he might just as well have tried to push back the ocean which washed the beach ; from the deep of a well-stored mind, heaving with the feeling of an honest heart, rolled waves of logic which were irresistible.

Charles Cornell might have a rough exterior, but he was as much of a man as he could make himself by using every moment of leisure and throwing all the force of his being into the work of self-improvement, and his personality was to that of the pampered, educated child of wealth before him as is the mountain breeze to the dry leaf. Others who accosted him in ridicule, learned to speak to him with profound respect, and to ask his opinion on important questions. Although always a laborer, he was economical ; and, when he died at the age of about eighty, it was found that his savings, with accumulated interest, aggregated a handsome fortune, while his store of mental and moral wealth was phenomenal for one who had worked hard at his trade.

It is difficult to estimate the influence upon a life of the early formed habit of doing everything to a

finish, not leaving it half done, or pretty nearly done, but completely done. Nature completes every little leaf, even every little rib, its edges and stem, as exactly and perfectly as though it were the only leaf to be made that year. Even the flower that blooms in the mountain dell, where no human eye will ever behold it, is made with the same perfection and exactness of form and outline, with the same delicate shade of color, with the same completeness of beauty, as though it were intended for royalty in the queen's garden. "Perfection to the finish," is a motto which every youth should adopt.

One of the maxims of Rothschild should be placed in every schoolroom, "Do without fail that which you determine to do."

Two pieces of glass were sewed up in cotton flannel and packed in a large box filled with the finest curled hair, and that in another box filled with small springs made for the purpose, and the whole placed in a special parlor-car, and watched by men day and night till they reached their destination. What were those bits of glass? They were the forty-inch lenses of the Yerkes' telescope of the University of Chicago, — the most precious pieces of glass ever made in the world. Without thoroughness in every detail, such glasses would be impossible. Such thoroughness characterized all other work of their maker, Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Strafford, the great minister of Charles I., took for his motto the one word "thorough." Ben Jonson in one of his plays makes a character say, "When

I once take the humor of a thing, I am like your tailor's needle, I go through with it."

It is no disgrace to be a shoemaker, but it is a disgrace for a shoemaker to make bad shoes.

Once two rival smiths discovered a mighty boulder, under which, they had been told, was a treasure hidden by a crafty miser. They hastened away, each to his shop, to weld an iron crowbar. One, consumed by avarice, gave his work small time and careless blows, that his bar might be finished first,—as indeed it was. Running forth to the boulder, he began forthwith to pry, but such was the folly of his lustful haste that he snapped his lever at a weak, poorly welded joint. Crazed with rage, he returned at once to his forge to mend the break. In the meantime the other smith came to the rock with a bar that was carefully made. Proceeding with reason and a proper diligence, he lifted the stone, and, taking the treasure, went his way rejoicing.

George Eliot, in "Middlemarch," was drawing a picture from life, when she described the gradual and disastrous collapse of Mr. Vincy's prosperity from the time when he began to use the cheap dyes recommended by his sham-religious brother-in-law, which were soon found to rot the silks for which he had once been famous.

On the other hand, the man who, like Adam Bede, always drives a nail straight, and planes a board true, is the one whom men employ at good wages, and is the maker of his own fortune.

A writer says that the humblest man or woman can live splendidly. That is the royal truth that all need to believe, especially you and I, who may have no particular "mission" and no great orbit. I should feel that the universe is not quite complete without my work well done.

George Eliot expresses this thought finely in her poem called "Stradivarius." He was the famous old violin-maker, whose violins, some of them about two hundred years old, are now worth from \$5000 to \$10,000, or several times their weight in gold. Says Stradivarius in the poem,

"If my hand slacked,
I should rob God, — since he is fullest good, —
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
He could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio."

The Athenian architects of the Parthenon finished the upper side of the matchless frieze as perfectly as the lower side, because the goddess Minerva saw that side. An old sculptor said of his carvings, whose backs were to be out of all possible inspection, "But the gods will see." Every one of the five thousand statues in the cathedral of Milan is wrought as if God's eye were on the sculptor.

The works that have challenged the world's admiration for ages have been the result of unwearied toil. Michael Angelo, who, if any man, had a right to rely on genius only, said of himself that all was due to study.

“During the nine years that I was his wife,” said the widow of the great painter Opie, “I never saw him satisfied with one of his productions; and often, very often, have I seen him enter my sitting-room and, throwing himself in an agony of despondence on the sofa, exclaim, ‘I never, never shall be a painter as long as I live!’” It was this noble despair, which is never felt by vulgar artists, this pursuit of an ideal which, like the horizon, ever flew before him, that spurred Opie to higher and yet higher efforts, till he filled one of the highest niches in the artistic temple of his country.

Dr. Wayland took two years to compose his famous sermon on foreign missions; but it is a masterpiece, worth a ton of ordinary sermons.

Balzac, the great French novelist, sometimes worked a week on a single page. He wrote forty novels before he secured the attention of the public. Then he began to take still greater pains with everything he wrote; writing and rewriting, correcting and recorrecting, polishing and repolishing, until he had made each work a masterpiece. He demanded as many as a dozen different proofs from his printer, and made so many corrections and additions that these sometimes cost more than the original composition.

Buffon’s “Studies of Nature” cost him fifty years of labor, and he recopied it eighteen times before he sent it to the printer. He composed in a singular manner, writing on large sheets of paper, on which, as in a ledger, five distinct columns were ruled. In

the first column he wrote down his thoughts ; in the second, he corrected, enlarged, and pruned ; and so on until he had reached the fifth column, within which he finally wrote the result of his labors. But even after this, he would recompose a sentence twenty times, and once devoted fourteen hours to finding the proper word with which to round off a period.

It was in remodeling old plays that Shakespeare developed his power as a dramatic poet. Byron's "Hours of Idleness" formed so much training-work for "Childe Harold." Everything must have a beginning, a middle, and an end ; and the beginnings in art are seldom equal to the endings. Nearly all novel writers, for instance, have written a score or more of unsuccessful novels before they have written a successful one ; and most painters have painted a score of poor pictures before they have painted a good one. These are their practice pieces, the work of their 'prentice hands ; and when they once get their hands well in, performance becomes easy, noble conceptions come naturally, and success is certain.

Franklin Fairbanks, maker of the celebrated Fairbanks' scales, declared that he could take the place of any workman in his employ except the blacksmith.

The peasant boy Millet got his first inspiration for painting from the pictures in the old family Bible. Contrary to most fathers, his father told him, "Draw what you like ; choose what you please ;

follow your own fancy." He earned his living at first painting sign-boards. Starvation stared him in the face, and he had to give six drawings for a pair of shoes and one picture for a bed. During the terrible Revolution of 1848, Millet refused to degrade his noble art for money and still put his best work on pictures, even when he knew he would be obliged to sell them for a song. But his celebrated "Angelus" was sold for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. When young, his grandmother used to exhort him to "paint for eternity."

A few years ago a high granite block was built in Boston, and when it was completed it was considered one of the best blocks in the city. To all appearance it was as lasting as the granite of which it was built; tenants were numerous. The builders had the utmost faith in it. They could "pile it full of pig lead." But, alas, before it was half stocked with goods it went down, filling the street with stone, bricks, broken timbers, and bales of goods; and several persons were killed. We saw the block when completed; we saw it in ruins. Why did it fall? Down in the cellar were a few feet of an old wall, and to save a few dollars it was left, and when the enormous weight of the structure began to bear upon it, it could not stand the pressure, and the entire block fell in ruins. A hundred or two hundred dollars' worth of work saved in the foundation was over a hundred thousand dollars' loss in the end, and that was but a trifle in comparison with the lives sacrificed which no money could replace.

The Pemberton mill, at Lawrence, Massachusetts, fell while in full operation. The ruins accidentally took fire, and one hundred and twenty-five lives were sacrificed. It was the result of the grossest carelessness of the superintendent, or master-builder. Iron columns were put in that were defective in casting. They were thin as paper on one side and as thick as a plank on the other, when they should have been true to a hair-line all around. When the pressure came upon them they were quickly broken. All this came by trying to save a little money by getting work done cheaply. No man can afford to cheat himself in the foundation. So it is in character building. Every one must look well to the foundation. If that is defective, he cannot be very strong, and may fall at an unexpected moment.

When the great iron bridge that spans the Father of Waters at St. Louis was built, the utmost care was exercised in putting down the piers, to get them on a solid foundation. The coffer dams were sunk until they struck the rock, and then the workmen cut down into the solid rock for the blocks of the first layer of stones, which were bolted down. The layers were cemented and doveled together, making a piece of masonry as firm and solid as though it were hewn out of a quarry, one solid block. It will stand for centuries. Young man, lay your foundation deep. Go down to the bed rock!

“ Dig, dig the foundation deep, young man,
Plant firmly the outer wall;
Let the props be strong and the roof be high.”

“Build it well, whate’er you do ;
Build it straight and strong and true ;
Build it clean and high and broad ;
Build it for the eye of God.”

The great secret of making the labors of life easy is to do each duty every day. If you let a burden of arrears accumulate, it will discourage you. If you have five things to do each day, they are easily done ; but if you put them off with the idea that you can do fifty on the tenth day, you will probably fail.

If a conqueror going through a country should leave a fort here and there, which he found it especially hard to take, and push on, would not the entrenched enemy be likely to harass him later? “Skipped points” in one’s work and business training are sure to give endless trouble and mortification. Even a king can look back with regret on a youth wasted in idleness. When Louis XIV. of France came to the throne and found himself with an uncultured mind in the midst of the accomplished society of the age, he bitterly reproached the guardians of his childhood, because they had suffered him to grow up in such ignorance. “Was there not *birch* enough in the forests of Fontainebleau?” he exclaimed.

William M. Evarts read his Greek Testament so thoroughly while fitting for college, that he was in the habit, through life, of readily repeating any passage to which allusion was made. Several of our best scholars committed and recited the whole of Virgil without carrying a book into the recitation

room. One of them, at least, did the same with the whole of Horace.

The Harvard examination papers give the direction, "Read over a passage several times before attempting to write your translation." This saves time in the end.

The great secret of being successful and accurate as a student, next to perseverance, is the constant habit of reviewing.

In recalling some instances of his childhood, Lord Macaulay said, "When a boy, I began to read very earnestly, but at the foot of every page I stopped, and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page. At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed; but now, after I have read a book through once, I can almost recite it from beginning to end."

Wytttenbach says that this practice will have "an incredible effect in assisting your progress"; adding that it must be practiced with the utmost accuracy and thoroughness. There is no business, no vocation, which will not permit a man so inclined to give a little time every day to the studies of his youth. One-quarter of an hour a day will keep a man's studies fresh in his mind, besides advancing him in classical study. It may be irksome at first, but only at first.

It is such an odd fancy of a school-boy, that he is somehow "getting the better of the teacher" when he slips through a lesson without learning it. The great trouble with the young men and women of

to-day is "superficial omniscience." Their "spread of knowledge" is so thin that the bread shows beneath.

One great defect of the age is want of thoroughness. How seldom you find a young man or woman who is willing to take time to prepare for his life work. A little education is all they want, a little smattering of books, and then they are ready for business.

Girls often entertain very incorrect ideas of the mental culture they ought to receive. One neglected the study of arithmetic because "women do not need it." Some years since, she married a merchant. He is frequently absent from home; and, when persons call on business with her husband that requires some knowledge of numbers, she is obliged to decline doing the business, or else leave all the figures to be cast up by the callers themselves. We have read of another who neglected the fundamental branches generally, believing that certain "accomplishments" only were necessary for a woman in her sphere. In writing her letters she formed the habit of underscoring words that she did not know how to spell, that, in case her spelling was wrong, it might appear to the reader as a jest.

Harper's Bazar shows why women do not succeed as well as men in many kinds of labor, for which they seem, and claim to be, adapted. According to the story, the particular business selected was wood-engraving. The inquirer consulted one of the most experienced engravers in the city. "Don't you see the diffi-

culty?" he asked, with great kindness and interest. "No," was the response; "you must instruct me." "Well," he answered, "I have employed women here very often, and I wish I could feel more encouraged. But the truth is that when a young man begins his work, he feels that it is his life-business. He is to cut his future out of the little blocks before him. Wife, family, home, happiness, are all to be carved out by his hand, and he settles steadily and earnestly to his labor, determining to master it, and with every incitement spurring him on. He cannot marry till he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with a girl. She may be as poor as the youth, and as wholly dependent upon her labor for her living, but she feels that she will probably be married by and by, and that then she must give up her wood-engraving. So she goes on listlessly; she does not feel that her happiness depends upon it. She will marry and then her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so, but she thinks so, and it spoils the work."

A writer in the *Woman's Journal* some time since said that she failed to prosper in New York and Boston for six years, because she did not know how to do any one thing well. She was offered fifteen dollars a week to work upon an encyclopædia, with a promise of twenty-five or thirty if she proved competent. For a month she worked for herself and her children with the energy of desperation, only to be told that her want of knowledge made her services useless. She has barely lived while seeing chance

after chance glide by, which she could not improve because she had not the special skill or knowledge required. But she has learned wisdom by which she has profited in the education of her children. "Each of them," she says, "knows one thing well"; and thus both have good prospects of success. One is a teacher of the usual English branches and the other is a teacher of music.

"We have continually to go abroad for skilled labor," said an intelligent gentleman to the Senate Committee on Labor. "How do you account for that fact?" asked the chairman. "It is due to the general antipathy of young Americans to learning a trade," he answered.

In England, it requires seven long years of apprenticeship before one can set up in business for himself. So you can write it down as one of your maxims that "it costs money to learn how to do business successfully."

"There is a science in doing little things just right," said a business man. "I had two office boys whose main duty was to bring me notes or cards that were sent to me, or to fetch things that I wanted to use. One of these boys, when sent for a book or anything heavy, would walk rapidly by my desk and toss it indefinitely toward me. If it happened to miss me and land on the desk, he seemed to think it was all right. If it fell on the floor, he always managed to fall over it in his eagerness to pick it up. If he had a letter or a card to deliver he would come up to the desk and stand there scanning it with minute care.

This being concluded, he would flip it airily in my direction and depart.

“The other boy always came and went so that I could hardly hear him. If he brought a book, ink-stand, or box of letters, he would set it down quietly at one side of the desk. Letters and cards were always laid, not tossed, right where my eye would fall on them directly. If there were any doubt in his mind whether he ought to lay a letter on my desk or deliver it to some other person in the office, he always did his thinking before he came near me, and did not stand annoyingly at my elbow studying the letter. That boy understood the science of little things. When New Year’s day came, he got ten dollars. The other boy was discharged.”

A young man was highly recommended to a mercantile house in New York City, but he had occasion to write a letter to the firm, in which he wrote “Toosday” for Tuesday, and this inaccuracy prevented him from securing the situation.

Franklin says, “There is no place in the social or business world where a poor speller is not placed at a disadvantage.”

America is ahead of other nations in many things, but it certainly is not ahead in the thorough, systematic, careful preparation of every youth for his life work.

It is rare to find an English book-keeper who cannot use short-hand, or a German accountant who cannot write well several languages; but American boys do not consider these accomplishments neces-

sary. They expect to jump into a position, as a rule, with but very little preparation, and then they grumble if they are not advanced rapidly.

Canon Farrar says that young Englishmen complain bitterly because German clerks are getting their places. A wealthy member of Parliament told him that if he advertised for a clerk who knew enough of foreign languages to conduct a wide business correspondence, he could find plenty of German youths who were competent. They had come to England, and worked for nothing in order to learn English. They could often speak and write three or four languages, whereas the English applicants really knew nothing but English. He said, also, that when six o'clock came every English clerk would jump from his seat the moment the clock struck, shut his book with a bang, hurry it into his desk, and be off in a moment to his gymnasium or his bicycle, while the German clerks would quietly wait and finish whatever they were doing before they left.

Germans are naturally systematic. An American youth, as a rule, cannot wait to prepare himself for his life work; he is so anxious to get on, to forge ahead, that he cannot bear to spend years in preparation. He wants to see results at once. German youths do not stop in the stores and banks of France and England; they are fast making their way into our American institutions, and their superior skill, from long training, makes their services valued. They are not so restless as our boys, not so impatient

for promotion. They are willing to do their work well, to put their conscience into it.

Few American boys want to learn trades, or to serve apprenticeships. The typical young American does all sorts of things; gets "a job" wherever he can, and watches for the "main chance," and when he sees it, he tries for it regardless of fitness or previous training.

Perhaps there is no other country in the world where so much poor work is done as in America. Half-trained masons and carpenters throw buildings together to sell, which sometimes fortunately fall before they are occupied. Half-trained medical students perform bungling operations and butcher their patients, because they are not willing to take time for thorough preparation. Half-trained lawyers stumble through their cases and make their clients pay for experience which the law school should have given. Half-trained clergymen bungle away in the pulpit and disgust their intelligent and cultured parishioners; in fact, many an American youth is willing to stumble through life half prepared for his work, and then blame society because he is a failure. There is nothing more needed in our public institutions than the teaching of thoroughness. Nature works for centuries to perfect a rose or a fruit; but an American youth is ready to try a difficult case in court after a few months' desultory law reading, or to undertake a critical surgical operation, upon which a precious life depends, after listening to two or three courses of medical lectures.

The trouble with us is that we live too fast; everything here is pusher or pushed. Every man we meet seems to be trying to catch a train. Everything is done in a feverish spirit. Students are rushed through school and forced through college. Few take time to do anything properly.

An educator, who insisted upon cultivating the observing faculties of pupils, tried an experiment on the members of a large school for the benefit of their teacher. He asked the pupils to tell him the difference between a cat and a dog. Probably the first thought of each pupil was "that is easy enough"; but it did not prove so easy after all. Not one scholar could answer the question. They had never observed the difference between the two animals closely enough to tell exactly what it was, so they sat in silence.

A gentleman of excellent reputation as a scholar was nominated for a professorship in one of our New England colleges; but in his correspondence so much bad spelling was found that his name was dropped.

More than twenty ways of spelling "Cyrus" were found on the Harvard examination papers at one time, such as, "Cyreus," "Cyrous," "Cuyus," "Scyrus." "Too" was misspelled by seventy per cent. of those who used it in a narrative. "Which" and "whose" were spelled in fifty or a hundred different ways, as "whitch," "whitch," "whish," "wich," and "who's," "hoose," "whouse." "Scholar" was rendered in over two hundred ways; for example, "skolar," "scholare," "skooler."

Some wrote "bruther" for "brother," "bimeby" for "by and by," "dorter" for "daughter," and "puy" for "pie."

I once heard of a young girl who studied Latin only two weeks. She said she just wanted to get an insight into it.

Thoroughness implies accuracy. The man who is never quite sure, "thinks perhaps," "imagines," "guesses," or "presumes," is no man to trust. His foundations are built on sand.

Be thorough. Know the top and bottom; inside and outside; cause, cost, and effect; and both ends of everything you are required to handle. In no country in the world are the possibilities of a successful career more numerous than in the United States. Be careful to choose what you have a bent for; but, when started, let "this one thing I do" be your motto. "Keep everlastingly at it." Remember what Macaulay said, "The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else ever attempts to do, but to the man who does *best* what multitudes do well."

Habit works powerfully for or against us. It is a good servant, but a tyrannical master. If a boy forms the habit of half doing things, or doing them in a slovenly manner, or never quite finishing anything he undertakes, or if he never quite works out his problems and lessons, relying upon his skill in deceit and shuffling to get through, he will find that these defects will mar his whole life. He may go to college, but he will be known there as the boy with

half-learned lessons and poor recitations, who barely skins through his examinations and perhaps gets his diploma by special favor. If he enters business, there is always some defect in all his transactions. He is slovenly in his habits, lacks order and system. He never quite knows where anything is or exactly how he stands. He is always blundering, is a little late at the bank, and his paper goes to protest. He never thinks it worth while to be exacting in small things. His books are inaccurate, his papers and letters are never filed, his desk is always loaded, and confusion reigns everywhere. Such a man is always a failure in life and demoralizes his employees. Every one who works for such a man catches the contagion; and, knowing that he is not exacting, accurate, careful, thorough, they soon come to see things as their master does, and these defects and weaknesses are perpetuated.

If one of these boys, who has never learned to do anything quite right or to quite finish anything he undertakes, studies medicine, his knowledge is always defective. He never quite understands his patient's case, makes a hurried diagnosis, makes mistakes in his prescriptions, is careless about his collections; in fact, he is a failure because of what seemed a little weakness in his boyhood.

What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life. Many a surgeon has lost a patient because of his lack of faithfulness when he was at the medical school. He did not thoroughly understand anatomy, he did not quite know where the

artery lay, or where he could cut with safety. He did not realize that a precious life might be lost, if he let his knife slip but the thickness of a piece of paper.

If such a boy becomes a lawyer, he never goes to the bottom of his case. He is always making blunders in his writs, making little omissions in his contracts, which cost his clients dear. He writes a will so clumsily that the whole estate is sent where the hard-working owner never intended it should go. In fact, the habits of inaccuracy and slovenliness of his boyhood are dragged through his whole life, marring his reputation and causing his clients no end of anxiety and loss.

Gladstone's children were taught to accomplish *to the end* whatever they might begin, no matter how insignificant the undertaking might be.

Gladstone has a marvelous faculty of mastering the contents of a book by glancing over its pages. He seems to drink in the author's meaning, to divine his thoughts by catching here and there a sentence, — a sort of instinct which leads him directly to the author's goal, so that in half an hour he will sometimes be able to talk more intelligently about the book than one of those exacting readers who stop to take in every word, could give after an entire day's reading. Joseph Cook has this rare faculty of getting the thought out of a book, much as a bee sucks honey from a flower. This power was acquired by a method resembling Macaulay's.

While it is of the greatest importance to learn to

do everything well, yet there is another half to this great truth which is also of importance in this rapid age. Some people magnify the importance in small things of the principle that if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and they waste a great deal of time upon trifles, instead of putting their work where it will tell. In other words, they do not discriminate between important and unimportant things. They do one thing as well as another, and their painstaking in unessential things is painful. Such people usually do not advance very far in life. Their time is all swallowed up in infinite painstaking upon unimportant matters. Common sense is the best guide.

Washington Irving tells of a Dutchman who, having to leap a ditch, went back three miles that he might have a good run, and found himself so completely out of breath when he arrived at the ditch that he was obliged to sit down on the wrong side to rest.

We should not forget that time is the most precious of all life's gifts, that it is money, yes, more than money; for millions cannot buy a moment. There is a great difference between doing important things well and that unfortunate habit of "perpetual fussiness" about the manner of doing every little thing. The habit of splitting hairs over non-essentials is almost as unfortunate as the habit of "slouchiness" or "slighting" one's work.

"Whatever I have tried to do in life," said a successful man, "I have tried with all my heart to do

well; whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest."

Build slow and sure; 'tis for life, young man.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere. — *Longfellow.*

CHAPTER VI.

“HELP YOURSELF SOCIETY.”

Self-reliance and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, and eat his own sweetbread, and to learn and labor truly to get his own living, and carefully to save and expend the good things committed to his trust. — *Bacon*.

Let no one discourage self-reliance: it is, of all the rest, the greatest quality of true manliness. — *Kossuth*.

If there be a faith that can remove mountains, it is faith in one's own power. — *Marie Ebner-Eschenbach*.

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*.

A sparse population and want make every man his own valet, cook, butcher, and soldier, and the habit of supplying his own needs educates the body to wonderful performances. — *Emerson*.

Drive on your own track. — *Plutarch*.

The hand that follows intellect can achieve. — *Michael Angelo*.

To be thrown upon one's own resources, is to be cast into the very lap of fortune. — *Franklin*.

They
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies.
His joy is not that he has got his crown,
But that the power to win the crown is his. — *Rogers*.

It is not always the highest talent that thrives best. Mediocrity, with tact, will outweigh talent oftentimes. — *Joseph Cook*.

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute.
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it. — *Goethe*.

“WE must move our nest at once!” exclaimed four little larks in terror, when their mother came home; “we overheard the farmer say that he would get his neighbors to help cut the grain in this field.”

“Oh, there is no danger yet,” said the mother, “we can rest easy.” But when she returned the next night the young ones were all excited again.

“The farmer was very angry because his neighbors didn’t come to help him,” said the larks, “and declared he would get his relatives to help him tomorrow.”

“There is no danger yet,” replied the mother. That evening the little birds were very cheerful.

“No news?” asked the mother. “Nothing important,” was the reply; “the farmer was angry because his relatives didn’t come to help him and declared that he would cut the grain himself.”

“We must leave our nest to-night!” exclaimed the old bird; “when a man decides to do a thing himself, and to do it *at once*, you may be pretty sure the thing will be done.”

Help yourself, and all the world will help you. Prove that you can do without folks, and they will beg to give you a lift.

“Note that gas jet on the city street battling with the storm and darkness. There! it is gone. No, you are mistaken; for see, it flashes out again more brilliantly than ever. The flame is fed from within.”

Every lad should join early that most excellent club, called the “Help Yourself Society.” Who can but despise the strong boy who lounges about at his ease, in his own home, calling upon a weary mother or busy sisters to wait on him.

Bismarek was returning home with a friend after a pleasant day’s tramp, and they had to cross a shallow stream. Bismarek got across all right on some convenient stones, but his companion, who was less careful, waded into the water and soon found that

he was sinking into the quicksand. He made frantic efforts to release himself, but in vain. Then he wept, raved, stretched out his hands imploringly to Bismarck, and finally gave himself up as lost. Bismarck came to his rescue in a very strange way. He seized his gun, loaded it, pulled back the hammer, and, putting on a most ferocious look, took careful aim at his friend. In his excitement and terror the poor fellow made a determined spring and gained the bank. Bismarck laughed heartily, threw down his gun, and assured his friend that his intention had been to save his life by compelling him to put forth one mighty effort.

“How do you teach your pupils to paint?” asked some one of the artist Opie. “As you teach puppies to swim,” was the reply; “by chucking them in.”

There is sound truth in Æsop’s old fable of “Jupiter and the Wagoner,” where a teamster, whose wheel has got fast in the mud, is pictured by the Greek moralist as shouting to Jupiter for aid; upon which the king of the gods, looking down from his Olympian throne, bids the indolent clown cease his supplications and put his own shoulder to the wheel. Fortune always smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel.

“The elevator has stopped running; use the stairs,” was the sign which confronted a man who wished to go to the top of a large building in New York. He uttered an exclamation of impatience, mounted five flights of stairs and stopped to rest.

“An elevator is a very handy thing,” he soliloquized; “but, after all, I’ve never found any eleva-

tors in life; I've had to climb to every place worth reaching. And now I think it over, I wish it were so with everybody, for then no one would rise any higher than he deserves to go. I shall use the elevator when I can, to save walking up and down stairs in such a building as this, but I'm glad that we have to climb to rise in the world.”

“Send us a man who can swim,” wrote a western church committee; “the last minister we had was drowned in trying to get across a swollen stream to keep an appointment, and we don't want any more ministers who can't swim.”

When P. T. Barnum was thirteen years old he made his first visit to New York, driving a herd of cattle from Bethel to the old Bull's Head Tavern. The great city turned his head completely. He lost all his money, got into several scrapes, and went back to Bethel in disgrace and disgust. When he was fourteen, his father died, bequeathing nothing but a lot of debts to the family. Penniless, and not too well clothed, Phineas started out in the world for himself. So poor was he, that he had to borrow shoes to wear at his father's funeral. He found work in a store near his native village, at six dollars a month. In 1827, he opened an eating-house in Brooklyn. The next year he returned to Bethel with one hundred and twenty dollars capital, and started a fruit and candy shop. Soon after he was of age he published a newspaper, the *Herald of Freedom*. In 1834, he went back to New York, but met with little success. The next year, however, he

seemed to find his true work. For one thousand dollars he purchased Joyce Heth, an old negress, who was said to be one hundred and sixty years old, and to have been a nurse of George Washington. It is doubtful if Barnum investigated the correctness of these claims closely. He exhibited her all over the country, and made considerable money, until the old woman died, and his income was cut off.

But he had found his bent in the show business, and engaged with a traveling circus. In 1841, he purchased the American Museum at Broadway and Ann Street, without a dollar of capital. "What will you pay for it with?" asked a friend. "Brass," he replied. By shrewd advertising devices Barnum attracted crowds to his museum, which, by great economy, he paid for in one year.

While abroad exhibiting Tom Thumb, he engaged the famous Jenny Lind, who was then setting all Europe wild with her marvelous singing. He agreed to give her \$150,000 and all expenses of herself and servants for one hundred and fifty concerts in America. He deposited in London \$187,000 to insure fulfillment of his share of this great contract. He had advertised Jenny Lind so shrewdly that her reception in New York was such as had scarcely been given to royalty itself. The receipts for her first concert in Castle Garden were nearly \$18,000.

Mr. Barnum generously insisted on giving the great songstress, over and above the contract price, one-half of the receipts above \$5,500 at each con-

cert. The contract was broken, however, after ninety-five concerts had been given. The total receipts amounted to \$712,161, of which Jenny Lind received \$176,675, and Mr. Barnum \$535,486.

Notwithstanding Mr. Barnum's great prosperity, he became involved in the Jerome Clock Company, which failed and swept away his whole fortune. He was not the man to be discouraged, however, for he had met and overcome too many difficulties to be disheartened. In a manly way he paid all his debts and began again. He traveled through Europe, lecturing and collecting curiosities.

He returned to the old American Museum, which he conducted on a scale grander than ever. He ransacked the world for animals for his menagerie. He found a bride for Tom Thumb, and the dwarfish couple attracted great attention. In 1865, however, he again came to grief: the American Museum was totally destroyed by fire. Nothing daunted, he started another museum on Broadway, but after three years this met the same fate. He retired from business, and began lecturing on “Business Success,” “Temperance,” etc.

Later he organized what has become famous as “The Greatest Show on Earth,” which has a world-wide reputation. Jumbo, the largest elephant ever seen, he purchased from the Royal Zoölogical Gardens in London for \$10,000, and brought him to America, notwithstanding the great opposition of the royal family and the press of England. After being seen by hundreds of thousands of people,

Jumbo was killed in a railroad accident in 1885, while endeavoring to save another elephant from harm.

Barnum was once in great danger of becoming a drunkard, but he saw the inevitable ruin it would bring upon him, and by indomitable will-power he became a total abstainer. He traveled extensively in the cause of temperance, and delivered hundreds of lectures, all at his own expense. He was prompted by a generous desire to warn others of the fate he had so narrowly escaped.

An old Norseman said, "I believe neither in idols nor demons; I put my sole trust in my own body and soul." The ancient crest of a pick-axe with the motto, "Either I will find a way or make one," would be a good coat of arms for youth.

From two books and his own experience and imagination, John Bunyan evolved the greatest allegory the world has ever seen.

What a great lesson he taught in that dark, dingy, filthy prison, by accomplishing such results that a whole world was influenced! No Oxford or Cambridge graduate or professor, no literary man of England, no great scholar with all the advantages of libraries and helps from liberal learning, with all the assistance of high culture, had ever accomplished so much as this poor, despised, unknown, ignorant tinker, in a jail, with only two books,—the Bible and Fox's "Book of Martyrs."

Bunyan was determined not to lose his time just because he was in prison; he would not sit down and bemoan his lot and curse his persecutors; he

would not wait for an opportunity to do great things, but would use even the mean chances of a prisoner.

He was responsible only for the opportunities he did have, and he was bound to make the most of them, — to make the most out of his two books and his own experience. In one way the prison was a great help to him: he was thrown upon his own resources; he could not consult libraries, nor seek advice from others; a great necessity confronted him; he was forced to self-help. All his props had been knocked out from under him; he was compelled to develop his own muscles, to stand upon his own feet.

He delved in the Bible, and found in its precious depths pearls which he had never dreamed of before. What richness! what beauty! the very prison seemed to him transformed into a palace. In the depths of his own mind he discovered, too, vast treasures which he had never found in commentaries, in books, or in helps.

He found his imagination such a storehouse as he had never dreamed of before. It seemed to him that the real world, after all, was within, not without; that the true world was the subjective world; his very body seemed to him composed of living thoughts. The more he contemplated, the more he delved and mined in the depths of his own nature, the grander and more beautiful did the inward world appear to him. Instead of a dearth of material for his writings, he was deluged with a flood of imagery

of the rarest beauty. He found, after all, that real being is within, not without.

The steam engine was of little value until it emerged from the state of theory, and was taken in hand by practical mechanics. What a story of patient, laborious investigation, of difficulties encountered and overcome by heroic industry, could be told of this wonderful machine! It has been called a monument of the power of self-help in man. Its history includes the biography of Savary, the Cornish miner; of Newcomen, the Dartmouth blacksmith; of Cawley, the glazier; of Potter, the engine boy; of Smeaton, the engineer; and, towering above all, of the laborious, patient, never-tiring James Watt, the maker of mathematical instruments.

Sir Richard Arkwright never saw the inside of a school-house until he was twenty years of age.

Thomas Ball, the famous sculptor, who has done such a great work in adorning his native city, swept the Boston Museum when a lad. Andrew Jackson was the son of a poor Irish emigrant.

An American who is now a high authority in Sanscrit and Zend, was without early educational advantages, and began the study of these languages when he was employed for over seventeen hours a day collecting fares on a street car.

Daniel Webster wrote to his grandson: "You can never learn without your own efforts. All the teachers in the world can never make a scholar of you, if you do not apply yourself with all your might."

It was said of a certain wise man that he could be silent in ten languages. Elihu Burritt could be silent in forty languages, and much of his linguistic proficiency was acquired while he was working long days at the heaviest work in a blacksmith shop.

It is not the man of the greatest natural vigor and capacity who achieves the highest results, but he who employs his powers with the greatest industry and the most carefully disciplined skill,—the skill that comes by labor, application, and experience. Many men in his time knew far more than Watt; but none labored so assiduously to turn all that he did know to useful, practical purposes.

Some young men in college spend more than \$5,000 a year, while some of their class-mates have to get along with less than \$500. But usually the one who spends the least money is the better scholar, and will be the richer of the two half a dozen years after they are graduated. One goes to college because he has a rich father, while the other goes to secure a good education, and is willing to fight poverty to gain his end.

Success is in the student, not in the university; greatness is in the individual, not in the library; power is in the man, not in his crutches. A great man will make great opportunities, even out of the commonest and meanest situations. If a man is not superior to his education, is not larger than his crutches or his helps, if he is not greater than the means of his culture, which are but the sign-boards

pointing the way to success, he will never reach greatness. Not learning, not culture alone, not helps and opportunities, but personal power and sterling integrity, make a man great.

Only once in the history of the United States, it is said, has the mantle of the father rested with equal honors on the son of a distinguished statesman. That son was John Quincy Adams. What is the record of the sons of the other presidents? What is the story of the sons of other public men, such as Clay, Webster, and scores of illustrious orators who have electrified thousands with their eloquence?

Most of them were dead to all that was noble and grand in the lives of their fathers, dead to ambition, dead to all lofty impulse, unmissed from the society of the great, their graves unmarked by monuments commemorating any great service to their country or mankind.

A father can give his son money, influence, and a good position. He can buy him a partnership in a prosperous money-making establishment. He can do all that, but he cannot make *a success* of his son. The son must do that himself. The man who works by proxy is apt to find himself in the position of Miles Standish, who sent his friend John Alden to propose marriage for him to Priscilla. Everybody knows that John, not Miles, married the Puritan maiden, and the young man who depends on some one else to work out the problem of success for him is taking big chances; for the other fellow, in all probability, will be the successful one.

Luck is waiting for something to turn up; labor, with keen eye and strong will, will turn something up. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy; labor turns out at six o'clock, and, with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays a foundation for a competence. Luck whines; labor whistles. Luck relies on charms; labor depends on character. Luck slips down to indigence; labor strides upward to independence.

A story is told of a steady, industrious young man, who worked at \$18 a month, driving a team of oxen in the oil regions of Pennsylvania. His aunt, for whom he had worked, died, leaving him an estate worth \$2,000,000, and also a royalty of \$2,000 a day. Becoming so suddenly rich, and not knowing what else to do with his money, he decided to travel.

He knew nothing of the great world outside the narrow bounds in which he had lived, so he hired several young men to go with him, to help enjoy the sights and spend the money.

Arriving at Columbus, Ohio, he got into a quarrel with a hackman about the fare, which he finally settled by buying the hack and hiring the driver to take the party to the hotel. Here he engaged a whole floor and the party lay drunk in the parlor all night.

Next day he bought horses, selected a driver to take them over the city, and, when there were no more sights, presented the driver with both hack and horses. He went from city to city, astonishing

alike boot-blacks, hotel-runners, and table-waiters by the way he lavished his money. He thought nothing of paying them with a five hundred dollar bill, anything to get rid of two thousand dollars a day. But, alas! this style of living coming to a sudden end, he was brought to disgrace. There was no lack of funds, no lack of places to see, and he managed to live in this extravagant way for nearly two years, when a stern officer of the law arrested him for a debt, — the debt of nature. No bonds would be accepted, — he could not get bail. His two millions would neither purchase his release nor a reprieve, and he had to accept the inexorable fate, — death. Is it not likely that he often thought of the time when he drove oxen for \$18 a month, and compared his happiness then with the supposed happiness of wealth, which ended in dissipation, disease, disgrace, for which there was no relief, — no cure?

Where are the boys who used to enter large business establishments, and, equipped only with a broom and a tender conscience, make their way unaided to a partnership in the firm and an alliance with the old man's daughter? What has become of the lad who kissed his mother good-by as a preliminary to going out and conquering the world? In what limbo is one to seek for that other who declined to learn to smoke because it was "expensive," and repudiated the theatres because they were "not places in which one would care to be found in case the last trump were to sound"?

How is success to be attained? How shall youth realize those burning dreams which set their young hearts astir with anxiety, and move their brains with ceaseless action? Yonder shine the Golden Gates which open into the Enchanted Land; but a dreary waste of cloud and shadow, concealing we know not what of insuperable difficulties or hostile terrors, intervenes between them and the young man. How shall he run the race? How shall he fight the battle? Whither shall he turn for aid, advice, or consolation?

Let the young aspirant turn to biography. Every great and good life is rich in necessary warning, in hopeful promise. Most illustrious men have owed the inspiration which spurred them on to excellence to the perusal of what other men have suffered and achieved. Samuel Romilly speaks of the influence exercised upon him by the biography of the French statesman, Daguesseau. “It excited to a great degree,” he says, “my ardor and ambition, and opened to my imagination new paths of glory.” The life of Robert Hall has stirred many young hearts like the sound of a trumpet; and how many a gallant soul has been warmed into heroism by the career of Nelson! Luther was made a reformer by the life of John Huss. In the weighty pages of biography you shall see how others have endured and, enduring, triumphed; how through doubt, and danger, and suffering, the strong heart has worked its way to its goal at last; how the faltering brain and craven soul have gone down in life’s battle, unheeded and unknown.

He who begins with crutches will generally end with crutches. Help from within always strengthens, but help from without invariably enfeebles its recipient. It is not by the use of corks, bladders, and life-preservers that you can best learn to swim, but by plunging courageously into the wave and buffeting it, like Cassius and Cæsar, "with lusty sinews." Trust yourself.

The man who runs perpetually to others for advice becomes at length a moral weakling and an intellectual dwarf. Such a man has no *self* within him, believes in no self within, but goes as a suppliant to others, and entreats of them, one after another, to lend him theirs.

It is not always the hare that wins the race; patient industry, plodding diligence, resolute work, unchanging purpose, — these are the qualities which achieve greatness.

Few men have ever been more profusely endowed by nature than Lord Brougham. He was a splendid example of versatility; great as an orator, successful as a lawyer, eminent as a man of letters. He attained the highest honors of the legal profession; became Lord Chancellor of England and "keeper of the king's conscience." Yet it may be doubted whether his elevation won for him as much general sympathy as was bestowed on one of his successors, Lord Campbell; for it was felt that Campbell had won by sheer *industry* and *perseverance* what Brougham had more easily secured by the force of natural intellect. It has been said of the former, that he started from as

low a level, and attained a station as high, as far as external position is concerned; he won his way through similar difficulties; but he rose by “industrious valor,” — Brougham by genius. And hence the world readily yields its respect to the unflagging application, the undaunted energy, which triumphs over every obstacle and especially over inferior resources of capacity.

The term “genius” is subject to much misapprehension. Sir Joshua Reynolds defined it to be “nothing more than the operation of a strong mind accidentally determined as to object.” Sir Joshua said, “Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is obtained without it.”

Napoleon, at school at Brienne, wrote his mother, “With my sword by my side and Homer in my pocket, I hope to carve my way through the world.”

Young people who are always dreaming of some far-off success, who think they cannot succeed where they grow up, could get a striking lesson from the life of Grace Darling. What a monotonous place to be shut up in, — a lighthouse on the ocean! What chance for a young girl to distinguish herself living on those rocks alone with her aged parents? But while her brothers and sisters, who moved to the cities to win fame and wealth, are not known to the world, she became more famous than a princess.

Grace did not need to go to London to see the nobility; they came to the lighthouse she made famous to see her. Right at home, this delicate

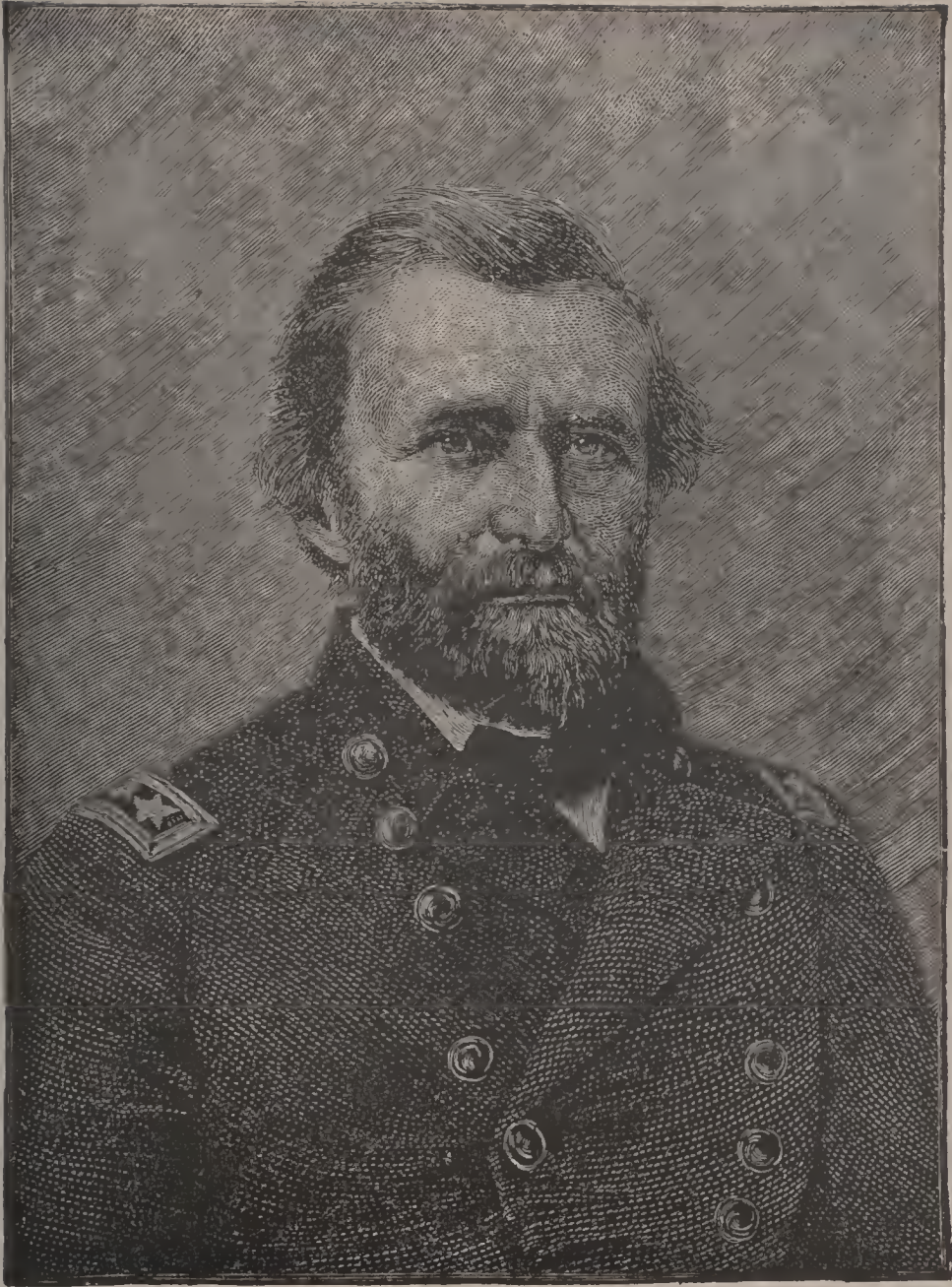
girl won fame which royalty might envy, and a name which will never perish from history. She did not wander away into dreamy distance for fame and fortune, but she did her best where duty had placed her.

Dr. Carey said: "Whoever gives me credit for anything besides being a plodder, will do too much. I can plod; I can persevere in any difficult pursuit, and to that I owe everything."

Often a school will graduate or a family rear two young men, one said to be a great genius, the other almost a dunce; yet you will see the bright boy sink and die poor, obscure, and wretched, while his dull brother plods his slow but sure way up the hill of life, to fame and honor. Whose work is this but their own? Men are architects of their fortunes. There is something for every youth within the reach of industry which genius alone can never win.

It seems strange that in after years one hears so little of the smart boys at school, but they fall behind in the race of life because they do not feel the need of hard work in their cases; while, with no other hope, the dunce rises slowly but surely as a natural result of tireless industry.

"Nobody thought when Grant was a boy," said one of his old school-mates, "that he would amount to much; he was only middling in his studies, and used to spend a great deal of time in reading the life of Napoleon, which interfered considerably with his school duties, until his teacher put the book into the stove."



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

“What a superior man seeks is in himself; what a small man seeks is in others.”

“Who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.”

A man of such ordinary appearance as Ulysses S. Grant never before occupied such a prominent place in the world's thought. He showed not the least sign of genius to the casual observer. “His genius,” said Senator Richard Yates of Illinois, “is neither ostentatious nor dramatic, but it is the genius of accomplishment. When his work is done, there it is, done; and there is the man, except for the work, ordinary as before.”

As a boy at home, he was distinguished for nothing save fearlessness, slowness of comprehension, and a certain invincible pertinacity of will. At West Point, he occupied only a medium position in his class, and gave little promise of eminence. As a captain in the Mexican war he showed only average ability.

On his farm near St. Louis, he had hard work to support himself and family. As a business man, subsequently, he was not successful; but, when the Civil War broke out, every power in his nature came into play, and he went quietly to his work, doing that which first came to hand, without complaining of any want of appreciation on the part of the public. Yet he rose from one position to another, until he held the very destiny of the nation in his hand. He brought the war to a triumphant close, was chosen President, was re-elected, and was considered the best specimen of an American hero by all the crowned heads of the Old World.

But General Grant with all his honors thick upon him was nothing more than a good man of common-

sense, with a level head, a patient, plodding mind, a true heart, and a heroic, fearless, persistent purpose and will. He never tried to do anything which he did not know how to do, and when he began a work, he stuck to it until he accomplished his object if it should take "all summer."

This man, who was graduated from West Point, twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine, kept everlastingly at it, finally superseding McLellan and conquering Lee, each of whom was second in his class.

Mr. Wiseman, in Mrs. Barbauld's story, on his return from a summer vacation received a new pupil with the following letter:

SIR:—I send this by my son Samuel, whom I place under your care, hoping that you may be able to make something of him. He is now eleven, yet can do nothing but read, and that very poorly. We have made various attempts to teach him the ordinary branches, but without success. If he has any genius at all, it has not yet shown itself. But I trust to your experience and skill to discover what he is fit for and to instruct him accordingly.

Your Obedient Servant,

HUMPHREY ACRES.

"A pretty subject they have sent us," said Mr. Wiseman to his assistant; "a boy with a genius for nothing at all. But perhaps my friend Mr. Acres thinks a boy ought to show a genius for a thing before he knows anything about it."

Samuel Acres stood, with downcast eyes, as if he expected a whipping. "Come hither," said Mr. Wiseman. "Stand by me and do not be afraid. How old

are you?” “Eleven last May, sir.” “A well-grown boy for your age. You love play, I daresay?” “Yes, sir,” replied Samuel.

“Are you a good hand at marbles?” “Pretty good, sir.” “You can spin a top and drive a hoop, I suppose?” “Yes, sir.” “Can you write?” “I learned a little, sir,” said the boy; “but I left it off again.” “And why so?” “Because I could not make the letters.” “No? Why, how do you think other boys do? Have they more fingers than you?” “No, sir.”

“Are you not able to hold a pen as well as a marble?” Samuel was silent. “Let me look at your hand,” said Mr. Wiseman. “I see nothing here to hinder you from writing as well as any boy in the school. You can read, I suppose?” “Yes, sir.” “Tell me, then, what is written over the school-room door.” Samuel, with some hesitation, read, “Whatever man has done, man may do.”

“How did you learn to read, was it not by taking pains?” “Yes, sir.” “Well, taking more pains will aid you to read better. Do you know anything of arithmetic?” “I began addition, sir, but did not go on with it.” “Why so?” “I could not do it, sir.” “How many marbles can you buy for two cents?” “Twelve new ones, sir.” “And how many for one cent?” “Six.” “And how many for four cents?” “Twenty four.”

“If you were to have two cents a day, how many would you have in a week?” “Fourteen cents.” “But if you paid out four cents how many would

you have left?" Samuel studied for a while, and then said, "ten cents." "Right; why, here you have been practicing the four great rules of arithmetic, — addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. I see what you are fit for. I shall set you about nothing but what you are able to do; but you must do it. We have no 'I can't' here."

Samuel went away, glad that his examination was over, but with more confidence in his powers than he ever felt before. The next day he began to study in the belief that he could learn. In the school there was a spirit of "I'll try" manifested on all sides, and Samuel worked so well and made such unmistakable progress that his teacher soon sent the following letter to Humphrey Acres:

SIR:—I now think it right to give you some information concerning your son. You, perhaps, expected it sooner; but I always wish to avoid hasty judgments. You mentioned in your letter that you had not discovered which way his genius pointed. If by genius you meant such a decided bent of mind to any one pursuit as will lead him to excel with little or no labor or instruction, I must say that I have not met with such a quality in more than three or four boys in my life, and your son is certainly not among the number. But if you mean only the ability to do some of those things which the greater part of mankind can do when properly taught, I can affirm that I find in him no peculiar deficiency, and whether you choose to bring him up to a trade or some practical profession, I see no reason to doubt that he may in time become sufficiently qualified for it.

It is my favorite maxim, sir, that everything most valuable in this life may generally be acquired by taking pains. Your son has already lost much time in the fruitless expectation of finding out what he would take up of his own accord. Believe me, sir,

few boys will take up anything of their own accord but a top or a marble. I will take care while he is with me that he loses no more time this way, but is employed about things that are fit for him, not doubting that we shall find him fit for them. I am, sir,

Yours respectfully,

SOLON WISEMAN.

In due time a profession was chosen for Samuel, which seemed to suit his temperament and talents, but for which he had no particular turn, having never thought at all about it. He made a respectable figure in it, and went through the world with credit and usefulness, though without a genius.

There is, perhaps, no mistake of the young more common than that of supposing that, in the pursuits of life, extraordinary talents are necessary to one who would achieve more than ordinary success. To minds that lack energy, it seems impossible to believe that those who have made themselves a place in history and whose influence has been felt through ages, have been men of ordinary intellectual caliber, and not possessed of that comprehensive grasp of the wholeness of things which embraces all their bearings and relations, and places a man in advance of the philosophy of his age.

The experience of the world is not so discouraging to its mediocre men. The spectacle of triumphant mediocrity is exhibited daily.

The wants of society raise thousands to distinction who are not possessed of uncommon endowments. Very ordinary habits will suffice to make a man

eminently useful; and surpassing talents have frequently been unserviceable in proportion as they were objects of admiration. Besides, worldly success depends less on the general superiority of one's intellectual powers, than on their peculiar adaptation to the work in hand. A moderate talent well applied will achieve more useful results, and impress mankind more than minds of the highest order, whose temper is too fine for the mechanical parts of a profession. The astonishing variety of talents, which some men display, is purchased at the dear price of comparative feebleness in every part. The highest reputation in every department of human exertion is reserved for minds of one faculty, where no rival powers divide the empire of the soul, and where there is no variety of pursuits to distract and perplex its energies.

How foolish it is for young men not to struggle to make the most of themselves because they have not the ability to make a Lincoln, a Grant, or a Sumner. As well might the mustard seed, the apple seed, the grape seed, the kernel of wheat, or the flower seed, refuse to unfold its leaves and to become what it was intended to be because it cannot hope to grow into the stalwart oak or lofty pine. Every soul is a seed, and it does not know itself what manner of tree it shall become, or what manner of fruit it shall bear. But its great duty is to keep in the sunlight, and where the rain and the dews shall moisten it, and expand its budding powers into leaf, into fiber, into flower and fruit. It is not to blame for the kind

of seed it may be, but it is to blame for keeping away the sunlight, the dew, and the rain which alone can unfold its possibilities.

The violet is as grand a creation as the California pine which rears its head hundreds of feet above the modest flower. It is foolish and unkind to teach a youth that he can become anything he likes. As well tell the mustard seed that it has the possibilities of an oak coiled within itself. A youth can never exceed the limits set in the germ of his life, but he can prevent his life being dwarfed, one-sided, or half-developed. It is not his business so much to determine what he shall be, as to grow into what he was intended for.

Not lack of schools and teachers, nor want of books and friends; not the most despised rank or calling; not poverty nor ill health nor deafness nor blindness; not hunger, cold, weariness, care, nor sickness of heart have been able to keep determined men in this life from self-education. What is it that you want to learn and cannot? Is it writing? Remember Murray, the linguist, who made a pen for himself out of a stem of heather, sharpening it in the fire, and for a copy-book used a worn-out wool card. Is it English grammar? Remember Cobbett, who learned it while he was making sixpence a day, often with no light but the winter fire, and often crowded away from this and reduced almost to starvation, if he spent but a penny for pens or paper. Have you no money to buy books? Remember More, who borrowed Newton's "Principia" and copied

it for himself. Is it the multiplication table you wish to learn? Remember Biddle, the poorest of boys, afterward known throughout the world, who learned it up to a million by means of peas, marbles, and a bag of shot. Is it music? Remember Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, who, with no ear for music, mastered harmonics for himself because he had determined to build an organ.

Self-help has accomplished about all the great things of the world. How many young men falter, faint, and dally with their purpose because they have no capital to start with, and wait for some good luck to give them a lift. But success is the child of drudgery and perseverance. It cannot be coaxed or bribed: pay the price and it is yours.

We can have little faith in the youth who is always crying out against his condition, and telling an incredulous world what great things he could do if his lot were different.

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. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

Our greatest strength is developed, and our best work is done while we are struggling desperately for that which we do not possess.

Books and discourses may indeed awaken and arouse you, and perhaps hold up the sign of a wise finger-post to warn you from going astray at the start; but they cannot move you a single step on the

road: it is your own legs only that can perform the journey.

“The mind is the glory of a man,” says Daniel Wise. “No possession is so productive of real influence as a highly cultivated intellect. Wealth, birth, and official station may and do secure to their possessors an external, superficial courtesy; but they never did, and they never can, command the reverence of the heart. It is only to the man of large and noble soul, to him who blends a cultivated mind with an upright heart, that men yield the tribute of deep and genuine respect.

“But why do so few young men of early promise, whose hopes, purposes, and resolves were as radiant as the colors of the rainbow, fail to distinguish themselves? The answer is obvious: they are not willing to devote themselves to that toilsome culture which is the price of great success. Whatever aptitude for particular pursuits nature may donate to her favorite children, she conducts none but the laborious and the studious to distinction.

“As the magnificent river, rolling in the pride of its mighty waters, owes its greatness to the hidden springs of mountain nooks, so does the wide-sweeping influence of distinguished men date its origin from hours of privacy, resolutely employed in efforts after self-development. The invisible spring of self-culture is the source of every great achievement.

“Away, then, young man, with all dreams of superiority, unless you are determined to dig after

knowledge as men search for concealed gold! Remember that every man has in himself the seminal principle of great excellence, and he may develop it by cultivation if he will TRY. Perhaps you are what the world calls *poor*. What of that? Most of the men whose names are as household words were also the children of poverty. Captain Cook, the circumnavigator of the globe, was born in a mud hut, and started in life as a cabin-boy.

“Lord Eldon, who sat on the woolsack in the British Parliament for nearly half a century, was the son of a coal merchant. Franklin, the philosopher, diplomatist, and statesman, was but a poor printer’s boy, whose highest luxury, at one time, was only a penny roll, eaten in the streets of Philadelphia. Each knew the pressure of limited circumstances, and demonstrated that poverty even is no insuperable obstacle to success.

“Up, then, young man, and gird yourself for the work of self-cultivation! Set a high price on your leisure moments. They are sands of precious gold. Properly expended, they will procure for you a stock of great thoughts, — thoughts that will fill, stir and invigorate, and expand the soul.”

Do not trust what the lazy call the spur of the occasion. If you wish to wear spurs in the tournament of life, you must buckle them to your own heels before you enter the lists.

All the world cries, “Where is the man who will save us? We want a man.” Don’t look so far for this man; you have him at hand. This man, — it is you, it is I, it is each one of us. . . .

How to constitute one's self a man? Nothing harder, if one knows not how to will it; nothing easier, if one wills it.—
Alexander Dumas.

Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable, and unspeakably more useful, than talented inconstancy.—*J. Hamilton.*

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, “Had I a sword of keener steel,
That blue blade that the king's son bears, — but this
Blunt thing!” he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the King's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

—*Edward Roland Sill.*

CHAPTER VII.

“I WILL.”

“Impossible!” it is not good French. — *Napoleon.*

There is always room for a man of force. — *Emerson.*

Nothing is impossible to the man that can will. Is that necessary? That shall be. This is the only law of success. — *Mirabeau.*

To think we are able is almost to be so; to determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it almost a savor of omnipotence. — *Smiles.*

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;

For what I will, I will, and there's an end. — *Shakespeare.*

Every man stamps his value on himself.

The price we challenge for ourselves is given us;

Man is made great or little by his own will. — *Schiller.*

Stand firm and immovable as an anvil when it is beaten upon. — *Saint Ignatius.*

Invincible determination with a right nature are the levers that move the world. — *President Porter.*

Our character is our will; for what we will, we are. — *Archbishop Manning.*

Strong in will,

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. — *W. H. D. Adams.*

To wish is of little account; to succeed you must earnestly desire; and this desire must shorten thy sleep. — *Ovid.*

Resolve, resolve! and to be men aspire,

Exert that noblest privilege, alone

Here to mankind indulged; control desire;

Let God-like reason, from her sovereign throne,

Speak the commanding word, “I will,” and it is done. — *Thompson.*

“He fails not, he who stakes his all

Upon the right and dares to fail.”

“The world always makes way for the man with a will in him.”

“Too young!” thought Surgeon Moran, critically surveying Master Commandant Perry, whose eyes moved uneasily as he stood talking with Commander Eliot of the *Niagara*. “What can he do against Captain Heriot Barclay, the one-armed veteran of Trafalgar?”

But this sketch, adapted from Clinton Ross' story of the battle, shows that the youthful commander would make a way when he could not find one.

Perry glanced aloft along the taut new rigging of the *Lawrence*, and his eyes flashed at sight of an eagle wheeling far above; but his face grew grave as he saw the six white ships of the King bearing down under flaunting canvas, carrying sixty-three guns, and manned by five hundred and two men; of whom one hundred and fifty were from the Royal Navy, while most of the two hundred and forty soldiers were regulars.

Anxiously he scanned the nine smaller vessels built largely of unseasoned timber, which his genius and energy had collected within a few weeks from the neighboring forests; thought of the inadequacy of his fifty-four guns; and remembered that, of his four hundred and ninety men, one hundred and sixteen were unfit for service on account of sickness, only one hundred and twenty-five were regulars, and all the others were woodsmen, negroes, and Indians. But as he noted the sturdy attitude and confident look of a few who had fought on the *Constitution*, the eagle flash blazed again from his eye, and, pointing to a flag, he asked cheerily, “Shall I hoist it?”

“Ay, ay, sir!” burst from his men, and as the blue scroll unrolled from the mainroyal masthead, its white appeal, “Don't give up the ship,” was answered by a shout that woke the echoes of the lake for miles.

The surgeon was soon summoned to the cabin, where Perry was tying a bundle of documents. "The government's papers, Moran," said he. "We'll have a pretty warm time, I fancy, and you'll be busy. But you are the safest man to keep this packet. My wife's letters," he continued, tearing them up and scattering the bits of paper; "I don't care to have them get my private correspondence. But should the day go against us, — I have tied some shot to the packet, — drop it into the lake."

"I'll have that care," said the surgeon. "It means so much," said Perry. "The people don't realize that if we lose the day they will carry out the old French idea, and Canada will reach to the Gulf of Mexico."

"And the *United States* will stop at Ohio," added Moran. "But they haven't done it."

"No, they haven't," said Perry.

The boatswain's whistle had piped to quarters some time before, and now a bugle-call came from the *Detroit*, the British flagship, then "Rule Britannia," to which our only reply was a second call of our boatswain's whistle.

The first gun boomed over the lake, quickly followed by broadside after broadside. Under the concentrated fire of the *Detroit*, the *Queen Charlotte* and the *Lady Prevost*, the *Lawrence* was a pandemonium of crashing spars and tangled rigging, of green oak and chestnut crunching horribly under the iron tempest, of belching cannon dismantled one after another, of fast thinning ranks, of com-

mands and cheers, of decks slippery with blood above and of wounds and groans and death below.

“ I’m short of men, doctor,” called the calm, strong voice of Perry ; “ send up one of your helpers.”

Without a word the surgeon motioned to Brown, who went above.

“ Brown is down,” came a second call ; “ send another ” ; and, five minutes later, “ another,” while a spar crashed, the planking above sprang, and the blood dripped upon the dying and the dead.

“ But who is to look out for all these chaps ? ” asked the surgeon.

“ How many are you ? ”

“ Two, and some fifty to care for.”

“ Can any of the wounded help you ? ”

“ They are a bad lot, sir.”

Pohig, a wounded Narragansett Indian, suddenly rose to crawl up once more, when a cannon ball struck and he was pinned, a writhing mass, against the side of the ship.

“ Come yourself.”

“ Go, Mr. Moran,” whispered Usher, and he went.

“ Here, — at that gun ! ” said Sailing-Master Taylor, slipping and limping across the deck.

“ Here ! ” commanded Perry.

Chaplain Pierce, Purser Field, and Surgeon Moran were training the cannon, when that same calm, strong voice spoke :

“ You needn’t. It’s our last gun.”

They rose from their knees, and the surgeon looked sadly aloft at the blue flag.

“Yes,” said Perry, coolly, “the ship, but not the battle. Yarnell, lower a boat.”

“You will leave us?” asked the surgeon in surprise.

“For the *Niagara*,” and he pointed at her looming near through the smoke.

“But the *Lawrence*?” brought no reply, although the captain’s lips quivered a moment before they shut more firmly together.

“But the colors, captain?” asked a faint voice.

“We’ll take that flag to the other ship,” replied Perry, and a sob burst from the wounded lieutenant.

“We must have the day, Yarnell,” said Perry, laying his hand impressively upon the lieutenant’s shoulder. “What is the *Lawrence* to that?”

“I’ll stand by the *Lawrence*, captain,” said Yarnell, straightening up, and smiling through his tears and blood.

“Shall I sink the papers?” asked Moran.

“Yes, if it comes to that,” the shout came back; but soon the little boat, with Perry holding the blue pennant at the stern, with his brother at his side, and with four strong men at the oars, was swallowed by the sulphurous mist.

Soon afterwards the stars and stripes fell from the *Lawrence*, and a ringing cheer rose from the *Detroit*; but it was drowned quickly by the redoubled roar of battle. The *Queen Charlotte* fouled the *Detroit* in trying to give a broadside to the *Niagara*, and Perry backed the maintopsails of the latter and raked the two fouled ships fore and aft. Pressing

on under the freshening breeze, he riddled the *Lady Prevost* and engaged the *Hunter*, from whose taffrail an officer soon waved a white flag. Encouraged by the *Niagara's* lead, the American *Caledonia*, *Ariel*, *Somers*, *Scorpion*, *Tigress*, and *Porcupine* had followed, carrying away the *Detroit's* masts and the *Queen Charlotte's* mizzenmast. Cheer after cheer mingled with the roar of the American guns. Yarnell's face was radiant as he noted the turn of the battle's tide, and he hoisted the stars and stripes again on the *Lawrence*. Even “Commodore” Peckham, as the men called him in joke, came up from below, where he had been plugging a leak, and Tom Brownell's ordinarily ruddy face seemed aflame with enthusiasm.

“The captain is back, the captain is back!” shouted a wounded sailor, and in silence the remnant on the flagship greeted him, as he climbed aboard and looked sadly over the human fragments, cannon dismounted, carriages broken, reeking decks, and shattered timbers.

“Put up our old blue flag on the *Lawrence* again, boys,” commanded Perry; “for she was given up but to win the fight.”

“I forgot to sink that packet when we struck our colors,” cried the surgeon, suddenly remembering his promise.

“You did, eh?” asked Perry, gravely. “But the colors are up, so I'll pardon you.”

With what amazement the surviving officers of the King's fleet gazed upon the havoc they had made,

when they came to the *Lawrence* to deliver their swords to Perry, who returned them with great civility. And, as they looked up at the starry flag and the blue, both waving proudly over the hulk, they stared in greater astonishment at the youthful figure of their conqueror.

And only to think that the decisive part of the three hours' battle lasted but eight minutes! What a whirlwind rush of events! Well might Perry send that brief but exultant message to Harrison:

“We have met the enemy and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.”

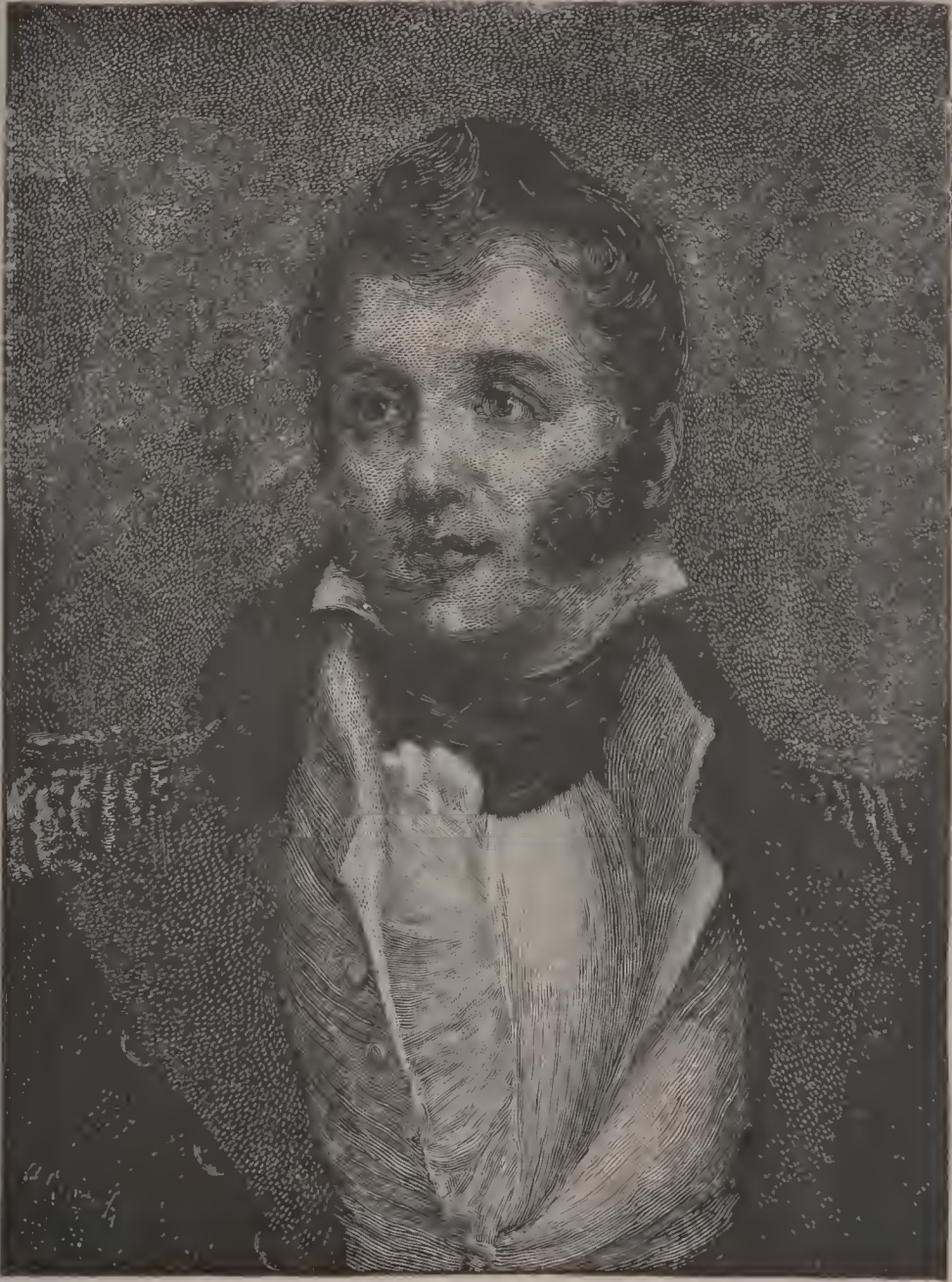
Too young?

“So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, ‘*Thou must,*’
The youth replies, ‘*I can.*’”

“*He was a man!*” said George Lippard of Andrew Jackson; “well I remember the day I called upon him. He sat there in his arm-chair, — I can see that old warrior face, with its snow-white hair, even now.

“We told him of the public distress, — the manufacturers ruined, the eagles shrouded in crape, which were borne at the head of twenty thousand men into Independence Square. He heard us all.

“We begged him to leave the deposits where they were; to uphold the *Great Bank* in Philadelphia. Still he did not say a word. At length one of our members, more fiery than the rest, intimated that if the bank were crushed, a rebellion might follow.



OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

“So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, ‘Thou must,’
The youth replies, ‘I can.’”

“We have met the enemy and they are ours.”

“Then the old man rose, — I can see him yet. ‘Come!’ he shouted in a voice of thunder, as his clutched right hand was raised above his white hairs. ‘Come with bayonets in your hands instead of petitions, — surround the White House with your legions, — I am ready for you all! With the people at my back whom your gold can neither buy nor awe, I will swing you up around the Capitol, each rebel of you, — on a gibbet, — high as Haman’s.’

“When I think of that *one man* standing there at Washington, battling with all the powers of Bank and Panic combined, betrayed by those in whom he trusted, assailed by all that the snake of malice could hiss or the fiend of falsehood howl, — when I think of that one man placing his back against the rock and folding his arms for the blow, while he uttered his awful vow: ‘By the Eternal! I will not swerve one inch from the course I have chosen!’ I must confess that the records of Greece and Rome, — nay, the proudest days of Cromwell and Napoleon, — cannot furnish an instance of will like that of *Andrew Jackson*, when he placed life and soul and fame at the hazard of a die for the *People’s welfare*.”

“We go forth,” said Emerson, “austere, dedicated, believing in the iron links of Destiny, and will not turn on our heels to save our lives; 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. I cannot even hear of personal vigor of any kind, great power of performance, without fresh resolution.”

Napoleon, while undergoing his examination at the military school in Paris, replied with such accuracy to all the questions proposed to him, that the professors and students were amazed. To terminate the examination, the following question was asked: "What would you do, if you were besieged in a place entirely destitute of provisions?" "As long as there was anything to eat in the enemy's camp," answered Napoleon, "I should not be at all concerned." A will finds a way.

His power of self-mastery was remarkable. Of one of his generals who lost his temper he said, "No man can be great who allows himself to get angry."

Nothing ever seemed to daunt Napoleon. All through the Russian expedition, one of the most frightful experiences in history, he was calm, self-possessed, self-controlled, self-centered, ever believing in his destiny, and with no diminution of courage. Misfortune, disaster, obstacles, and sorrows which would crush and unbalance ordinary minds, never disturbed the depths of his serenity. When soldiers of all ranks by the score were blowing their brains out to escape misery, when the men were staining the snow with their blood, he never faltered, but cheered them and inspired them with hope and confidence in himself. And even in this extremity, when men were driven to desperation and reduced almost to starvation, they would have died for the Emperor if it had been necessary.

"Nature seems to have calculated," said he, "that

I should endure great reverses. She has given me a mind of marble; thunder cannot ruffle it; the shafts merely glide along.” Few men have ever had such remarkable self-control, such complete self-mastery as he, although in some directions he was weak.

The plague was decimating Napoleon’s ranks at the siege of St. Jean d’Acre, and he, to inspire his men, went about among the plague-stricken soldiers, touching their wounds with his bare hands. He said that the man who had no fear would never be stricken with the plague. He believed that the mind is master of the body. If there was ever a believer in the almost omnipotent power of the mind and of the will, it was Napoleon.

Energy of will, —self-originating force, — is the soul of every great character. Where it is, there is life; where it is not, there is faintness, helplessness, and despondency.

Governor Brooks, an officer in the Revolution, when he was lying helpless from rheumatism, received an order from General Washington to go somewhere. He replied that he was unable to go. Washington sent back the order, “Sir, you must go.” Colonel Brooks mounted his horse, went, and did the required work.

Whatever Washington commanded had to be done.

No one is defeated until he gives up. The point is, then, not to give up.

He who allows his application to falter, or shirks his work on frivolous pretexts, is on the sure road to ultimate failure. Let any task be undertaken as a

thing not possible to be evaded, and it will soon come to be performed with alacrity and cheerfulness. Charles IX. of Sweden was a firm believer in the power of will, even in a youth. Laying his hand on the head of his youngest son when engaged upon a difficult task, he exclaimed, "He shall do it! he shall do it!"

In the world of action, *will is power*. Persistent will, with circumstances not altogether unfavorable, is victory; nay, in spite of circumstances altogether unfavorable, persistency will often carve out a way to unexpected success. Read the "Life of Frederick the Great of Prussia," and you will understand what this means. Fortune never will favor a man who flings away the dice-box because the first throw brings a low number. There is only one thing that can give significance and dignity to human life, — virtuous energy.

"It would be impossible to find in the parliamentary annals of the world," says one whose own learning and large experience in public life give great weight to his opinion, "a parallel to Mr. Clay in 1841, when, at sixty-four years of age, he took the control of the Whig party from the President who had received their suffrages, against the power of Webster in the Cabinet, against the eloquence of Choate in the Senate, against the herculean efforts of Caleb Cushing and Henry A. Wise in the House. In unshared leadership, in the pride and plenitude of power, he hurled against John Tyler, with deepest scorn, the mass of that conquering column which

had swept over the land in 1840, and drove his administration to seek shelter behind the lines of his political foes.”

“What you will, that you are.” An energetic will, which determines upon a course of action and feels confident of success, rarely fails.

“I will thrash the Mexicans to-day, or die a-trying!” was what Sam. Houston said to an aide the morning of the battle of San Jacinto: and he won.

Ulysses S. Grant, a young man unknown to fame, with neither money nor influence, with no patrons or friends, in six years fought more battles, gained more victories, captured more prisoners, took more spoils, commanded more men, than Napoleon did in twenty years.

He called but one council of war and rejected the advice it gave.

Like Napoleon, Wellington, and Nelson, Grant became disgusted with his treatment, and proposed to leave the service. But for the advice and influence of Sherman he would have done so. Six months after his letter of resignation was written Halleck was removed, and Grant became lieutenant-general of the United States Army, where his will of iron bore everything before it.

“I remember Dent telling me,” said Paige, “about the return of Grant to old Mr. Dent’s homestead near St. Louis. Mr. Dent had given each of his children some money, and they had all been married and had gone to different parts of the United States to establish themselves. After a certain number of years

they all came back to the homestead with their wives and children, and among the last to come was Grant, with his good big family. There did not seem to be any opening for Grant, and Mr. Dent said to him, 'Ulysses, I will give you forty acres of ground out yonder on the slope, if you will cut the wood off of it.' Grant was a tremendously steady worker, and he took his axe and erected himself a cabin on that piece of ground, in which his wife and family lived, while he undertook to cut the whole timber off. Judge Dent told me that he used to sit on the fence and see Grant notching the big trees and bringing them down one after the other. He said to Grant one day, as the latter was stopping to chatter with his children, 'Grant, what are you going to do with these children?' — 'Well,' said Grant, with perfect soberness, 'Ulysses I am going to send to Harvard; Fred. I'll put in the army; and I don't know yet what I shall do with Jesse.' Dent repressed a smile. There was the poor man out of military life and out of money, clearing a piece of ground to be able to own it, and dictating professions for his children.

"Now," remarked Mr. Paige, "each of those children has taken the position Grant indicated for him."

In the lexicon of all true workers, as Richelieu and Napoleon said, there is no such word as "fail." Mirabeau called "impossible" a blockhead's word. Lord Chatham, when told by a colleague that a certain thing could not be done, calmly replied, but with all the weight of his giant will, "I trample upon impossibilities." And so he did. He moved forward

with the confidence of one beneath whose iron tread mountain barriers turn to dust.

The business affairs of a gentleman named Rouss were once in a complicated condition, owing to his conflicting interests in various states, and he was thrown into prison. While confined he wrote on the walls of his cell :

“I am forty years of age this day. When I am fifty, I shall be worth half a million ; and by the time I am sixty, I shall be worth a million dollars.”

He is now worth more than three million dollars.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, when but a youth, had gained such a reputation for overcoming obstacles, that his friends regarded anything which he undertook as virtually performed.

“Shall I go to the feast ?” soliloquized an engineer in Holland one stormy day, “or shall I go and help my workmen take care of the dykes ?”

He was soon to be married, and that evening a great feast was to be given in his honor. The ocean was beating furiously against the dykes, and the terror of the people was rising with the tide, for thousands of lives were protected by those massive stone walls.

“Take care of the dykes,” he muttered to himself ; “the feast can get along without me or can be postponed, but take care of the dykes I must and will.”

“Here comes the engineer ! Thank God ! Thank God !” shouted the men, as they saw him coming, for the wall was giving way, stone by stone, and they were nearly exhausted and discouraged.

The engineer had a rope fastened around his body, and other ropes around the bodies of several of his men, and they were lowered amid the beating surf.

“More stones!” cried the men, “more mortar! everything is giving way.”

“There are no more stones,” was the answering shout.

“Take off your clothes,” cried the engineer, “and with them stop the holes in the wall.”

In the darkness and cold, amid the turbulent rush and roar of the waters, they crowded their clothes into the holes, praying as they worked. It seemed as if all their work would be in vain, however, when suddenly the wind changed and the sea subsided. What shouts went up when they knew that their villages were saved, and how they cheered their engineer, whose self-denial and stern determination had saved the dykes after all others had given up.

How many engineers are needed, as Talmage shows, to aid in walling back oceans of poverty, drunkenness, impurity, and sin! How the waves beat, and how the tide pours in! To the dykes! To the dykes! The feasts can wait. Men with strong wills to the dykes!

When Columbus mounted his mule and rode out of the Alhambra for the last time, as he evidently thought, he rode off to offer his enterprise to Charles VII., but the Queen at the last moment said, “For my own crown of Castile I adopt the enter-

prise, and if funds are wanted my own jewels shall be pledged to raise them.” She had the will and was determined to find the way.

He can, who thinks he can.

“Well, I am a little late this morning; I guess I shall miss the train,” says one man as he looks at his watch, and then mopes along as if he has decided to miss it. He hears the whistle and moves a little quicker. As the train nears the station he runs with all his might and arrives just in time to see the cars roll out. “Just my luck!” he exclaims, “I expected I would miss it when I started.”

“Only three minutes to train time!” exclaims his neighbor as he looks at his watch; “I’ll make it, though; good-by,” he says to his wife, and tears down the street in a way to scare all the small boys. For fear of knocking some one down, or being hindered, he runs down the street, leaving the sidewalk, and enters the depot just as the train comes in. “That’s a little the quickest time I ever made,” he remarks to a friend; “but I told my wife I’d take this train, and here I am.”

The second man had a determination to win, the first to miss. Each had the same time and distance. It was at the start that the race was really decided.

How mighty is resolution, when supported by an unconquerable will to carry it out; how feeble, when there is no real heart behind it!

Young people who waste their time and opportunities for self-improvement will find rebuke as well as inspiration and encouragement in the story of

William and Caroline Herschel, children of Isaac Herschel, a member of the band of the Hanoverian Guards. The father's health had been seriously impaired by exposure in the army; but, although he was afflicted with asthma and rheumatism, he would often explain to William and Caroline what little he knew of the starry systems.

When Caroline was ten years old she could name the different constellations. She also learned to play the violin, while her brother was placed in the band, but was soon obliged to abandon it on account of ill health. He resolved to go to England, thinking it would afford him better opportunities for a start in life. He went to Leeds, where he secured a position as organist, being a fair musician, but subsequently removed to Bath. After his departure, the father died, and Caroline, who took a deep interest in her brother's welfare, was heart-broken. To her delight, however, she received an invitation from him to join him at Bath as a singer for his winter concerts.

She traveled six days and nights in a coach to a port in Holland, and sailed in a packet to Yarmouth. The vessel was wrecked, but Caroline with others was saved after a severe drenching in the sea. She hired a teamster to take herself and her trunk in a cart to meet the London stage-coach, but the horse ran away, throwing her and her trunk into a ditch. She finally reached her brother, and helped him greatly with his music, besides keeping house for him.

Her attachment for her brother was very strong.

Both seemed to have the same thoughts and ambitions. Caroline took the deepest interest in his advancement, and cheerfully did everything possible for him.

Although William had attained a good position as a music-teacher in Bath, his mind was haunted by the lessons in astronomy which he had received from his father, and he bought all the books he could find on the subject, which only increased his determination to examine the heavens for himself. He was too poor to buy a telescope, so with indomitable will the two young astronomers decided to make one, although the work required an accurate knowledge of mathematics and optics.

With his sister's assistance, William succeeded in making a Newtonian telescope of five-foot focal length, the success of which so encouraged him that he began the construction of a twenty-foot reflector. They turned their little home into a telescope factory.

A foundry was established in the back garden, there were turning lathes in the bedrooms, the sound of hammers came from the garret, and the rasping of files could be heard all over the house.

William was so enthusiastic that he hardly stopped work for his meals, while Caroline worked all the time when she was not singing at concerts, sometimes working all night. Of course everybody laughed at the amateurs, and wondered why they preferred to waste their time in such a visionary way instead of joining in youthful sports.

The twenty-foot telescope worked successfully.

Imagine the delight of the young people when they first turned this great instrument to the sky and discovered Uranus. The news of the great discovery spread like wildfire, the Royal Society elected William to a fellowship, and his name became great in scientific circles.

Caroline was so elated over her brother's success that she refused to sing in the oratorios at Bristol or elsewhere, and could not be induced to leave him. The King appointed him Astronomer Royal, on a salary of £400 a year, also allowing Caroline £50 a year as his assistant ; and with this fortune the brother and sister dedicated themselves anew to the study of astronomy.

Caroline would sweep the heavens every clear night with a small telescope, hunting intently for hours for comets or anything new and before unknown ; while her brother, with the large one, penetrated deeper into space, resolving the nebulae into their component stars. Caroline discovered eight comets, six of which had not been known before.

They had orders for telescopes from crowned heads and princes. These William manufactured by day, prosecuting his studies by night. The government granted him £4,000 with which to manufacture a forty-foot telescope, which he succeeded in making after three years of almost incredible trials. When this instrument was first turned skyward there was great rejoicing, and the first night after it was completed William discovered the sixth satellite of Saturn.

Caroline had to undergo a great trial in her brother's marriage, but she gracefully yielded her post at the head of his household, and continued to assist him in every way.

She became so familiar with celestial phenomena that she felt quite at home among the stars, and could find her way among the planets and detect a comet rushing through space almost as easily as a stranger could walk in the streets of her native village.

Both were entertained by royalty; William was made Doctor of Laws, and he received the royal Hanoverian order of Knighthood. Caroline corresponded with the most learned men in Europe.

On the 22d of August, 1822, came a great shock to Caroline in William's death. The object of her life, for whom she had lived, hoped, and toiled, had departed. She returned to her home in Hanover, where she spent the remainder of her life, keeping up her correspondence with the learned men, never relinquishing her interest in science until, in 1848, at the age of ninety-eight, she died.

The strong determination of the brother and sister gave them a high rank among the greatest astronomers of all time. The Royal Society admitted Caroline to membership, and conferred upon her a gold medal.

“While yet a youth,” said a successful man, “I entered a store and asked if a clerk were wanted. ‘No,’ was the gruff reply. Next day I donned a rough garb, went to the same store, and asked if they wanted a porter. ‘No, sir,’ was the response;

when almost in despair I exclaimed, 'A laborer? sir, I will work at any wages: I must have employment, and I want to be useful in business.' These last remarks attracted his attention, and I was hired as a laborer, in the basement and sub-cellar, at very low pay. Here I saved enough for my employers, in little things usually wasted, to pay my wages ten times over. I did not let anybody about commit petty larcenies without remonstrance and threats of exposure, and real exposure if threats and remonstrances would not do. I did not ask for any two hours' leave. If I was wanted at three in the morning, I never growled, but told everybody to 'go home, and I will see to everything all right.' I loaded off at daybreak packages for the morning boats or carried them myself. In short, I soon became, as I meant to be, indispensable to my employers; and I rose, and rose, until I became head of the house."

As will, considered without regard to direction, is simply constancy, firmness, perseverance, it will be obvious that everything depends upon right direction and motives. Directed towards the enjoyment of the senses, the strong will may be a demon, and the intellect merely its debased slave; but directed towards good, the strong will is a king, and the intellect is then the minister of man's highest well-being.

Many physicians insist that very few consumptives are killed by the disease alone; usually they are partially frightened to death. Two notable and historic cases, that formed exceptions to the rule, were Presi-

dent Andrew Jackson and the Duke of Wellington, each of whom was a consumptive youth, yet afterward became a great soldier, the most prominent statesman of his time and country, and lived to a ripe old age. A still more wonderful case is that of a New York lawyer, millionaire, and man of affairs, who sixty years ago was given up to die of consumption, but who, as we write, is ninety-six years of age and apparently recovering from a combined attack of pneumonia and heart failure. From the character of the men alluded to, the prolonging of life may be attributed to “mind cure” of the kind that has no nonsense in it; on the other hand, resistance, as a faculty, is but another name for obstinacy, of which any human being can find plenty in himself if he chooses to look for it.

If the mind has power enough to extinguish life under a false belief or conviction, as it has done in numberless cases, is it unreasonable to hold that we can at least retain health when we have it, and prevent disease from entering or developing in the system to a far greater extent than we do at present?

A thoughtful physician once assured a friend that if an express agent were to visit New Orleans in the yellow-fever season, having \$40,000 in his care, he would be in little danger of the fever so long as he kept possession of the money. Let him once deliver that into other hands, and the sooner he left the city the better.

The *London Lancet*, the greatest medical authority in the world, is a great believer and advocate of

the triumph of mind over body. It gives instances of great men who have triumphed by sheer force of brain and will over physical infirmities and terrible diseases which would have completely conquered weak men. It cites the case of Coleridge, who was condemned for his lack of power of concentration, and for his vacillation and indecision. It says that a post-mortem examination of Coleridge's body showed his heart enormously enlarged and the walls so thin that it could not bear its own weight, and gives many other physical conditions which make us marvel that he could maintain his cheerfulness and accomplish what he did.

It is said that the celebrated physiognomist Campanella could so abstract his attention from any sufferings of his body, that he was even able to endure the rack without much pain; and whoever has the power of concentrating his attention and controlling his will can emancipate himself from most of the minor miseries of life.

John Bunyan has even shown us a man forcing his way to heaven. "Set down my name," saith the valiant man; and although angels barred the door, yet he laid about him with his good sword, and entered in, and the same angels sang hosannas over him.

"Though our character is formed by circumstances," says John Stuart Mill, "our own desires can do much to shape those circumstances; and what is really inspiring and ennobling in the doctrine of free will, is the conviction that we have real

power over the formation of our own character ; our will, by influencing some of our circumstances, being able to modify our future habits or capacities of willing.”

The timid and hesitating find everything impossible, chiefly because it seems so.

A man who can resolve vigorously upon a course of action, and turns neither to the right nor to the left, though a paradise tempt him, who keeps his eyes upon the goal, whatever distracts him, is almost sure of success. We could almost classify successful and unsuccessful men by their various degrees of will-power. Men like Sir James Mackintosh, Coleridge, Le Harpe, and many others who have dazzled the world with their brilliancy, but who never accomplished a tithe of what they promised, who were always raising our expectations that they would do wonderful deeds, but who accomplished nothing worthy of their great abilities, have been deficient in will-power. One talent with a will behind it will accomplish more than ten without it, as a thimbleful of powder in a rifle, the bore of whose barrel will give it direction, will do greater execution than a carload burned in the open air.

I wish it were possible to show the youth of America the great part that the will might play in their success, and in their enjoyment of life. The achievements of will-power are almost beyond computation. Scarcely anything seems impossible to the man who can will strongly enough and long enough.

“The man who succeeds must always in mind or

imagination live, move, think, and act as if he had gained that success, or he never will gain it," wrote Prentice Mulford. It is the silent force of the mind, the quiet mood of resolve firmly held to, that makes people gravitate to whatever place they seek.

But the opportunity is as necessary as the man or woman with the will. Had Napoleon been born in America since the Civil War, or Grant at the same time in England, Lincoln in Canada, Garfield in South America, they might never have had more than a local reputation. The prominent author of a very clever English book says that an English boy, however poor, with a good head and good health, who starts out with the determination to become Prime Minister of England, is almost sure to attain his object. This seems very dangerous philosophy to teach youth. Suppose a hundred or a thousand English boys should start out with the same determination; it would not be certain that any one of the thousand would gain the position, to say nothing of the chances of all attaining their common ambition. How many Prime Ministers has England had during the last half century? Writers on the secret of success often make statements that the poorest boy in America can become President if he tries hard and persistently. But quite a large number of the Presidents of the United States were nominated as compromise candidates; they were "dark horses," and their nomination was as much of a surprise to themselves as to the nation. Boys can be inspired to do their utmost, to make the most out of the stuff,

without setting up impossible standards or teaching them false philosophy.

“It is a law of nature,” said Herodotus, “that faint-hearted men should be the fruit of luxurious countries; for we never find that the same soil produces delicacies and heroes.”

Oftentimes, after doing our level best to succeed, after taking every possible advantage of our situation, and improving to the utmost every condition of success, we find ourselves suddenly foiled by what seems to be ironical fate, which seems to mock all our plans, to frustrate our greatest efforts, to baffle our progress, and to blight our prospects.

Columbus was carried back to Spain in chains, and a pickle dealer of Seville, who never rose above the position of mate of a schooner, gave his name to the world Columbus had discovered.

The greatest thing a man can possibly do in this world is to make the most possible out of the stuff that has been given him. This is success, and there is no other. It is not a question of what some one else can do or become, which every youth should ask himself, but what can I do? How can I develop myself into the grandest possible manhood? How can I best improve my chance?

Michael Angelo refused positively to paint the walls of the Sistine Chapel, because he did not understand painting in fresco. The Pope insisted, and Angelo then went to work, made his own colors, mixed them, tried them, learned how to paint; and, having thus taught himself the art, he proceeded to

excel all that had ever been done in it before, and also all that has ever been done since.

In Honduras, and in some other tropical countries, nature is so prolific that, with a fortnight's toil, one can get a food supply for a year. But thus, through a lack of stimulus to labor, the natives have become most degraded beings, some of them, — both men and women, — according to the statement of the late Bishop Simpson, who witnessed the scene, having become so lazy that they lie on their backs under the banana-trees, eating the fruit from the branches, too indolent to stand and pluck it. Ten thousand such creatures would not be worth one stirring Yankee. But the Yankee might become such if you took away from him the necessity of toil.

It is no chance system that returns to the Hindoo citizen a penny, and to the American laborer a dollar for his daily toil; that makes Mexico, with its mineral wealth, poor, and New England, with its granite and ice, rich.

Were I called upon to express in a word the secret of so many failures among those who started out with high hopes, I should say they lacked will-power. They could not half will, and what is a man without a will? He is like an engine without steam, — a mere sport of chance to be tossed about hither and thither, always at the mercy of those who do have wills. I should call his strength of will the test of a young man's possibilities. Can he will strongly enough and hold whatever he undertakes with an iron grip, for it is the iron grip that takes the strong hold on life?

What chance is there in this crowding, pushing, greedy, selfish world, for a young man with no will, no persistence?

An iron will without principle would produce a Napoleon; with character, a Wellington or a Grant, untarnished by ambition or avarice.

An iron will, with a strong religious sentiment, will produce a Luther; with selfishness and cruelty, a Nero. Power without character must ever prove fatal to its possessor. There is not an exception in history.

Our habits or our temptations are not our masters, but we are theirs. Even in yielding conscience tells us we might resist; and that were we determined to master them, there would not be required for that purpose a stronger resolution than we know ourselves to be capable of exercising.

The *Youth's Companion* tells of a woman who died in one of the plainest houses in London. She had no influence in her community, but was a devoted mother, whose love was centered in one son to whom she taught two phrases. These, she declared, would carry men through any difficulty if they were allowed to govern their lives. The phrases were: “I will!” and “God help me!”

When grown to manhood, the son of the unknown woman, whose wisdom had impressed upon his mind motives that had vitalized his life, met a thief groveling in the depths of wickedness, and in almost hopeless endeavor sought his reformation. Nothing that he did seemed to have any perceptible influence on the perverse, unresponsive nature.

Finally, after patient, apparently fruitless, effort, he was led to speak one day of the two phrases that had helped to make his own life what it was. It seemed almost a desecration to waste his mother's watchwords on such a villain.

To his great surprise, the faint spark of manhood in the lost man responded to the idea of his being able to save himself by the help of some one else.

"If you win in this great fight," said his helper, "I will give you a championship belt with the two mottoes embroidered upon it in gold."

From that hour, perhaps in part because of the "sport" in his blood, — to use the parlance of the street, — the poor fellow's whole nature was strained to win the belt. He literally went into moral training as if for a prize-fight. For him honest labor was almost an impossibility to obtain, and when at length it was obtained, it was almost impossible for him to perform it. Those who were "straight" in conduct had no sympathy for the "crooked" in life who were trying to enter their exclusive ranks.

When the ex-criminal worked hard, they threw it in his face that it was for show. When he worked at the ordinary pace, he was told that he was lazy. When he began in a decent way to show a disinterested friendship, he was accused of currying favor. When he was pleasant and cheerful, he was reminded that, after all, he was nothing better than a humbug.

In short, the ordinary standards of life never

seemed to apply to the one who needed them most. Dogged by suspicion, misinterpreted in word and action, what wonder the struggling, wretched man had many breakdowns? Still he contended against discouragements. Who can say that, needed as it was, more than mortal strength was not given him by which he overcame? To fight one's self, as well as the world arrayed against you, is to fight against desperate odds, and then to win is to score a victory prouder than any achievement that brings honor to men.

But the desire to be a “champion Christian” seemed to be constant in this man's heart. The vital mottoes, “I will!” “God help me!” were enduring stimulants. It took four years for him to win the belt, so ingeniously held before his undeveloped aspiration as a prize in this spiritual race.

During that time he renounced every variety of crime. He had abandoned his old associates, had given up liquor entirely, and had emancipated himself from the terrible taints of heredity, which are the subtlest and most powerful causes of a vicious life. He had won the respect of those whose opinion is worth having, and his position in respectable society was secured.

One quiet evening, before a few chosen people, the championship belt, signifying Christian self-control, was awarded to him; but the woman who had inspired the motto was not there. She was dead, but those five words of hers had given vitality to a divine principle, and by the unseen spiritual forces that transmit good from one life to another the

reformed thief had become a child of God, — the inheritor of her spiritual strength.

A thoughtful writer says that the course of things below is not a relentless fate. Man's will is unconquerable, and by it he is largely the maker and lord of his destiny; by it, relying on Eternal Power and his own energies, he can build a monument of greatness reaching to the heavens; by it, allowing those faculties with which he is so richly endowed to lie dormant in him, and following the low instincts of his nature, he may plunge to perdition.

There is always within him the upspringing of lofty sentiment which contributes to his elevation; and, though there are obstacles to be surmounted and difficulties to be vanquished, yet with truth for his watchword, and relying upon his own noble purposes and indefatigable exertions, he may crown his brow with imperishable honors. He may never wear the warrior's crimson wreath, the poet's chaplet of bays, or the statesman's laurels; no grand universal truth may at his bidding stand confessed to the world; it may never be his to bring to a successful issue a great political revolution, or to be the founder of a republic, whose name shall be a distinguished star in the constellation of national heroes and statesmen; his name may never be heard beyond the narrow limits of his own neighborhood; yet is his mission none the less high and holy.

Then trust thyself, and Providence will help thee. "Every heart vibrates to that iron string." Accept thy place in the ranks, and throw thy whole self into

the battle of progress. Whatever thy title, thou art a hero if thou standest in the van, fronting the peril at which others shrink.

The real difference between men is energy. A strong will, a settled purpose, an invincible determination, can accomplish almost anything; and in this lies the distinction between great men and little men. — *Fuller*.

There dwelt in him a mighty will, which merely said to the serving company of impulses, let it be. Such a will is not stoicism, which rules merely over internal malefactors, or knaves, or prisoners of war, or children; but it is that genially energetic spirit which conditions and binds the healthy savages of our bosoms, and which says more royally than the Spanish regent to others, “ I, the king.” — *Richter*.

Woe to the child who happens to be born with a weak will in New England. His is the fatal error in all eyes in our energetic community. To be inefficient or shiftless is the unpardonable sin to the mind of a born New Englander. — *James Freeman Clarke*.

Have the spirit of the old Indian, who, when wrestling with a much dried piece of venison, was asked, “ Do you like that ? ” and stolidly replied, “ He is my victual, and I will like him.” — *McConaughy*.

Think not the distant stars are cold; say not the forces of the universe are against thee; believe not that the course of things below is a relentless fate, for thou canst see the stars, thou canst use the forces: if right thy will is unconquerable, and by it thou art the maker and the lord of destiny. — *Giles*.

Young man, Destiny is less inexorable than it appears. The resources of the great Ruler of the Universe are not so scanty and so stern as to deny to men the divine privilege of Free Will; all of us can carve out our own way, and God can make our very contradictions harmonize with his solemn ends. — *Bulwer*.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONDUCT AS A FINE ART.

We sometimes meet an original gentleman who, if manners had not existed, would have invented them. — *Emerson*.

Courtesy was born and had her name
In princely halls;
But her purest life may be the same
In humble walls. — *Ira Howard*.

Courtesy begets courtesy; it is a passport to popularity. The way in which things are done is often more important than the things themselves. — *Rev. J. E. C. Welldon*.

Gentleness is the great point to be observed in the study of manners. — *N. P. Willis*.

Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and firm allies. — *Bartol*.

I have found by experience that nothing is more useful to man than gentleness and affability. — *Terence*.

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly. — *Voltaire*.

Politeness induces morality. Serenity of manners requires serenity of mind. — *Julia Ward Howe*.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape: it embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. — *Lavater*.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell. — *Langford*.

Were we as eloquent as angels, we should please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking. — *C. C. Colton*.

Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense. — *Roscommon*.

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up. — *Ruskin*.

“HERE, get right away,” shouted the hall-man of the big Stewart office building in New York City, to an elderly woman, plainly dressed, who had just entered; “we don’t allow any book-agents here, see?”

This rude remark attracted the attention of a prominent lawyer, who saluted the woman with great deference and conducted her to his office.

“That was Hetty Green,” said he to the hall-man when his visitor had gone; “she has an income of \$10,000 a day; and, more than that, she has a mortgage on this very building for \$1,250,000.”

“Can you write a good hand?” asked a man of a boy who applied for a situation. “Yaas,” was the answer. “Are you good at figures?” “Yaas,” was the answer again. “That will do, I don’t want you,” said the merchant. After the boy had gone, a friend said, “I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy; why don’t you try him?” “Because he has not learned to say, ‘Yes, sir,’ and ‘No, sir,’” replied the merchant. “If he answered me as he did, how will he answer customers?”

Perhaps no one thing, outside of downright honesty, contributes so much to a young man’s success in life as a fine manner, courtesy, gentlemanliness. Other things being equal, of two persons making application for a position, the one with the best manners receives the appointment. First impressions are everything. A rough, rude, coarse manner creates an instantaneous prejudice, closes hearts, and bars doors against us. The language of the face and manner are the instantaneous short-hand of the mind, which is very quickly read.

Young people with winning, pleasing manners have much less to contend with, a much wider

opportunity for success in life, than the cross-grained, coarse, and uncouth.

A fine manner with an ugly face, and even a deformed body, is an infinitely greater factor in winning one's way in the world, than a pretty face and a perfect physique with bad manners.

“Politeness is as natural to delicate natures as perfume is to flowers.”

How many people will walk a considerable distance out of their way, perhaps to an inferior store, simply to be waited upon by a polite and obliging salesman. Everybody hates snobbishness and impoliteness, and nobody likes to be snubbed. Many a large firm owes its success or failure to the manner in which its patrons are treated by employees, and there are many proprietors of establishments who neglect this most important feature of their business.

When old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he contrived to realize so large a fortune, he replied, “Friend, by one article alone, in which thou mayest deal, too, if thou pleasest, — civility.”

Inured to poverty and hardships, a Green Mountain lad of twenty years was not disheartened to find himself alone and friendless in a town of Illinois, with only a few pennies in his possession, no clothes but those he wore, and his fortune to win. No, he was not daunted, — that was what he left his home for; he intended to make something of himself.

His bright, determined face so pleased an auctioneer who was looking for a clerk, that he offered him a

position at two dollars a day while the sale should last. He worked so hard and was so cheery that the villagers, completely won by him, felt they must keep him, which they did by installing him as a school-teacher. During his leisure hours he studied law, until at the age of twenty-one he opened his office and began work as a lawyer.

It is remarkable to note how steadily he became prominent, rising from membership in the Illinois Legislature, to Secretary of that state, and then to a judgeship in the Supreme Court. After three years' service there, Stephen A. Douglas was elected to Congress, where he remained as Senator and Representative the rest of his life; and, talented though he was, it was always his genial, pleasant manner that made him so popular.

The man who thrives in any calling is not always the ablest, the shrewdest, or the most laborious, but he is almost invariably one who has shown a willingness to please and be pleased, who has responded to the advances of others, not now and then, with conscious effort, but heartily, through nature and habit, while his rival has sniffed and frowned and snubbed away every helping hand.

A young lady spending a rainy evening at the house of an elderly gentleman wanted a cab to take her home. Her host started to engage one. "Do let the maid go," said she. "My dear, the maid is also a woman," was the grave reply.

The man was the late George Higinbotham, Chief Justice of Victoria. His courtesy towards women

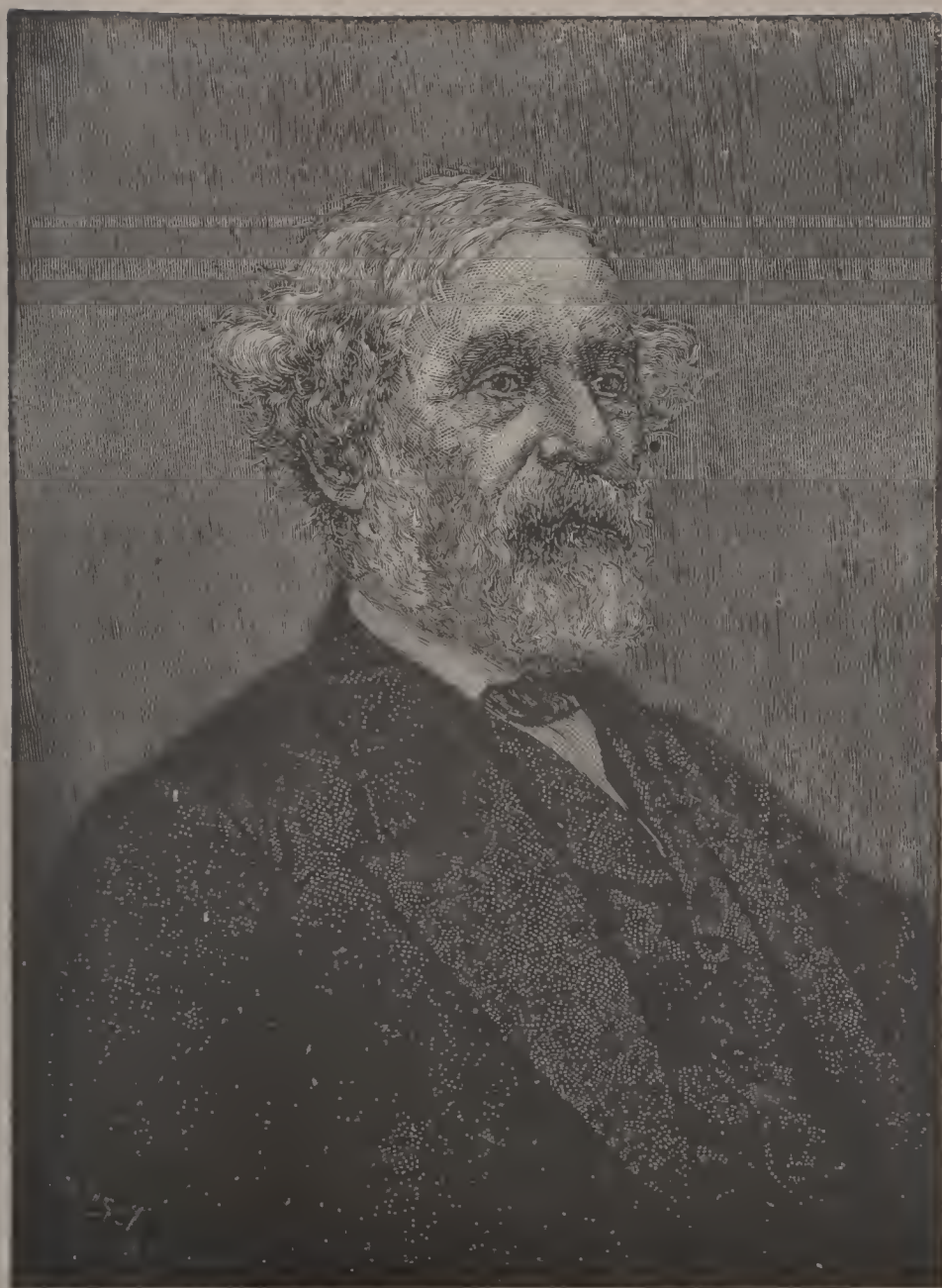
was regardless of rank or personal attractiveness. He would take off his hat to his cook and bow to her as graciously as though she were a duchess.

The way any man treats the members of his own household in daily life is a sure index of his disposition and character. He who is gentle with his family, and considerate towards his servants, may be reasonably depended upon for courtesy and consideration in all the relations of life.

General Robert E. Lee was on his way to Richmond, and was seated in the extreme end of a railroad car, every seat of which was occupied. At one of the stations, an aged woman of humble appearance entered the car, carrying a large basket. She walked the length of the aisle and not a man offered her a seat. When she was opposite General Lee's seat, he arose promptly and said, "Madam, take this seat." Instantly a score of men were on their feet, and a chorus of voices said, "General, have my seat." "No, gentlemen," he replied, "if there was no seat for this old lady, there is no seat for me." It was not long before the car was almost empty. It was too warm to be comfortable. General Lee sounded the keynote of a true gentleman in his unselfishness and consideration for others.

The punishment for bad manners is as certain as the punishment for crime. By common consent, society banishes the bad-mannered.

A certain New York carriage-dealer was in the habit of reserving his good manners for wealthy customers, and was particularly gruff to those whom he



ROBERT E. LEE.

“Show courtesy to others, not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one.”

“Civility costs nothing but buys everything.”

suspected of having shallow purses. He was standing in his door one day, when a plainly dressed man, wearing a rough overcoat and an unpolished pair of heavy boots, walked up and said, civilly, "Good day, sir, are you the owner of this establishment?" "Well, I am," was the curt reply. He did not intend to be taken in by any such looking chap coming around and pretending to be a customer. "Have you any fine carriages for sale?" was the next query. "Well, I have." "Can I look at them?" said the persevering stranger. "You can do as you please: there they are." He must have wished for a carriage then and there, or he would not have taken such an ungracious permission. However, he seemed to take no notice of the dealer's boorishness, but examined the carriages carefully, and finally fixed on one he would like. Its price was two hundred dollars. "I will call and give you my decision to-morrow," he said, on leaving. "Oh, yes," said the carriage-man, satirically, "you'll call to-morrow certainly," and he walked away, whistling. The stranger called next day and counted out the bills to the astonishment of the dealer, who looked him over from hat to boots, in newly awakened respect. Next he examined each bill with care, to make sure they were all genuine. Then a panic seized him to know who it was he had been treating so rudely. "I suppose you would like a receipt?" he stammered at length. "It might be as well." "What name?" he inquired, preparing to write. "Washington Irving," was the reply. The admirer of the great and de-

spiser of the poor was thunderstruck. He would have dropped on his knees to apologize, if that would have made the case any better. But Irving was too much of a gentleman to take pleasure in his discomfiture, as a narrow mind would surely have done. He waived all apologies, bade him a courteous "Good day," and left him to get over his chagrin as best he could.

In Chinese visiting etiquette, the rank of the caller is denoted by the size of his card. Thus the visiting card of a high mandarin would be an immense roll of paper, neatly tied up. Admiral Porter engaged a Chinese servant, and Mrs. Porter immediately held a "reception." John Chinaman attended the door, and received with great disgust the small pasteboards of the visitors; and, evidently with an opinion of his own of the low condition of the Admiral's friends, pitched the cards into a basket, and with scant ceremony showed their owners into the drawing-room. But presently the gas-man called with a bill,—a big piece of cream-colored paper. That card satisfied John; with deep reverence he received it. With low salaams he ushered the bearer not only into the drawing-room, but, with profound genuflections, to the dismay of the gas-man and the horror of Mrs. Porter, right up to the center of the room where that lady was receiving her distinguished guests; and then John, with another humble obeisance, meekly retired, doubtless supposing that the owner of that card was a person of high distinction.

When Thomas Jefferson was Vice-President he

was once traveling from Philadelphia to Washington, and, when night came on, had reached Baltimore. He had been riding all day over muddy roads; and, when he reached the chief tavern of the place, kept by a Scotchman named Boyden, he appeared like a rough farmer in his ordinary clothes.

Several young "bucks" were in the room, and, winking knowingly at Boyden as he glanced at the stranger, gave him to understand they thought the man would do no credit to the inn.

"I wish a room to myself, if I can get it," said Jefferson.

"A room all to yourself!" gasped Boyden. "No, we have no room to spare, all full."

The Vice-President rode away to another inn with a person who had recognized him.

A few minutes later a man rode up to Boyden's and said, "Do you know the gentleman who just rode away from here?"

"Gentleman! there was no gentleman here, — only a common-looking country fellow, a farmer. I told him we had no room for such chaps as he."

"Well," said the caller, laughing, "that common-looking country fellow was the Vice-President of the United States, — Thomas Jefferson, the greatest man alive."

"Murder! what have I done!" shouted Boyden. He had a room made ready in the best style, and one of his friends was dispatched to find Jefferson, make apologies to him, and invite him to return.

After hearing the humble apology, Jefferson said

to the messenger, "Tell Mr. Boyden I appreciate his kind intentions, but I have engaged rooms now, and if he had no room for the muddy farmer, he can have none for the Vice-President."

We might multiply anecdotes indefinitely to illustrate the common propensity of human nature to pay court to fine clothes and appearances, and to reserve good manners for personages and occasions, rather than to cultivate that catholic courtesy which should never be absent from the heart, and which recognizes the divine image in every created being.

Tens of thousands of professional men, without any special ability, have succeeded in making fortunes by the practice of a courteous manner. Many a doctor owes his reputation and success to the recommendations of friends and patients who remembered his kindness, friendliness, considerateness, and, above all, politeness. This has been the experience of countless numbers of successful lawyers, divines, merchants, tradesmen, and men in every class and walk of life.

One day, as Erastus Corning, a lame man of not very prepossessing appearance, was about to step from the railroad platform to the cars, a conductor shouted to him: "Come, hurry up, old man; don't be all day about it, the train can't wait." The conductor went round to take up the tickets. A passenger said to him: "Do you know the gentleman you ordered on board?" "No, and I don't want to."

"It may be worth your while to make his acquaintance. He is the president of the road, and he'll take your head off."

The conductor gave a low whistle and looked as if he'd think about it. He put on a bold face, sought the president, and offered an apology. "Personally I care nothing about it," said Mr. Corning. "If you had been so rude to any one else, I would have discharged you on the spot," he continued. "You saw that I was lame and that I moved with difficulty. The fact that you did not know who I was does not alter the complexion of your act. I'll keep no one in my employ who is uncivil to travelers."

Civility, manners, and courtesy are important investments relative to monetary success. It is said that the successful dealer in snuff — Lundy Foote — owed his prosperity to his polite manner of thanking his poorest customers, and asking them to "Please call again."

Chancellor Walworth held private court at the Springs. He was not a stylish liver, but moved about Saratoga without ostentation. A young lawyer, who was sitting on the piazza, had a motion before the court at noon. An old man on a bony white steed rode up to the hotel, suggesting, as the lawyer said, "Death on the pale horse." The young counselor was ripe for fun. He walked down to the curbstone and opened a conversation with the old gentleman; asked the price of his horse, his speed, age, and record, and made himself quite entertaining. A friend said as he came back, "I thought you did not know Chancellor Walworth?" "Never saw him in my life." "That's a pretty story. You have been talking and laughing with him for half an

hour.” “Then I’ve ruined my case. My motion is an important one, and I dare not look the judge in the face.” He got some one to appear for him, and learned that civility, at a venture, never misses its mark.

An English gentleman, visiting Turin at the time when travelers attracted more attention than at present, sauntered out to see the place. Happening to meet a regiment of infantry, he took a position to see it pass, when a young captain, desirous of making a display before the stranger, missed his footing, and, in trying to save himself, lost his hat. The spectators laughed and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to do likewise. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly picked up the hat, and presented it with an air of kindness to its confused owner. The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company. There was a murmur of applause, and the stranger passed on. Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart.

The incident reached the ears of the commanding general, and when the Englishman reached his hotel he found an aide-de-camp waiting to request his company to dinner at headquarters. In the evening he was taken to the court, at that time the most brilliant in Europe, and was received with much attention. During his stay at Turin he was treated royally, and on his departure received letters of introduction to the different states of Italy. Thus a private

gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country with more real distinction than some persons of royal birth.

Harrison, a Philadelphia machinist, worked at the bench, and was noted for his civility. A party of gentlemen visited the establishment one day; and, in the absence of the owner, Harrison entertained them. He threw everything open, and answered intelligibly all questions. One of the visitors expressed his surprise at the courtesy shown, saying that they found it very difficult to get access to other manufactories. A card was handed to the young mechanic, with the request that he call on the gentlemen in the evening. The visitors were a commission sent out by the Emperor of Russia to acquaint themselves with the machinery of America. An offer was made to the young man to return with the embassy to Russia. He made a contract that night that brought both fame and fortune. He carried his courtesy and capacity to a good market.

“My first impression of Mr. Lincoln,” says a lady of Springfield, “was made by one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. It was an epoch of my life. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks. The day came, but as the hour of departure approached, the hackman failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes passed, I realized, in grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate,

my hat and gloves on, sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

“‘Why, what’s the matter?’ he asked, and I poured out my story.

“‘How big’s the trunk? There’s still time, if it isn’t too big,’ and he pushed through the gate and up to the door. My mother took him up to my room, where my little old-fashioned trunk stood. ‘Oh, ho!’ he cried, ‘wipe your eyes and come on quick.’ And before I knew what he was going to do, he had shouldered the trunk, was downstairs and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, as fast as his long legs could carry him, I trotting behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-by, and told me to have a good time. It was just like him.”

Queen Victoria once opened a large hospital with imposing ceremonies. Afterwards she passed through it, tenderly inquiring about the sufferers. One of them, a little child of four years old, had said, “If I could only see the Queen, I would get well.” Immediately the motherly Queen requested to be led into the little children’s ward. Seating herself by the bedside of the little sufferer, she said in gentle tones, “My darling, I hope you will be a little better now.” It was a simple act, but it was worthy of the queenly woman.

“Civility,” said Lady Montague, “costs nothing and buys everything.”

“Win hearts,” said Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, “and you have all men’s hearts and purses.”

What must have been the fascination of manner of the first Napoleon, that could lead the very soldiers sent to take him prisoner to bear him back in triumph to a throne!

Lord Chesterfield declared that it was his manner, irresistible either by man or woman (especially by the latter), that made the fortune of the Duke of Marlborough. "There is no policy," says Lord Lytton, "like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get one a good name, or to supply the want of it."

It is said that ancient kings of Egypt used to commence speeches to their subjects with the formula, "By the head of Pharaoh, ye are all swine." We need not wonder that those who take this swine-theory view of the men and women they meet should be careless about setting their tastes and feelings at defiance. Like the boy with the echo, if we speak civilly to others, they, like the echo, will speak civilly to us. Courtesy begets courtesy: it is a passport to popularity.

Learn to say kind things about people, — it will help you wonderfully.

An English lord reproved a boy leading a calf for his lack of courtesy. "If your lordship will hold my calf, I will pull off my hat," said the boy.

It is Garibaldi entering mighty London and, amid all the tokens of welcome of the English nation, stooping to kiss the laborer's child, and in that single act "folding to his heart the working people of England." It is good George Herbert stooping to lift the

wheel of the peasant's cart out of the ugly rut, and saying in response to the raillery of his friends on his soiled appearance and the performance of so menial an act, that it would "make music for him at midnight." It is Wellington making room for the poor man at the altar rail, and remarking that all were equal there. It is the dying Sir Ralph Abercromby returning Duncan Roy's blanket, or the King of the Belgians sending the wreath of immortelles to the weeping mother, as he happened to witness from the palace window the funeral procession of an unknown child. It is these and a thousand other sympathetic deeds or self-denying heroisms in little things repeated daily, in palace and in cot, that serve to illustrate high courtesy.

The first law of good manners, which epitomizes all the rest, is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." True courtesy is simply the application of this golden rule to all our social conduct. McCaughy tells us that there never was a more fascinating woman in France than Madame Recamier, and she kept her sway over the hearts of others down to a very old age. Authors brought their books and read to her, although she was no book-maker herself. Artists must show her their pictures, though she was no painter. Statesmen talked over their fervid plans to her, though she was no political schemer herself. It was her genuine interest in whatever affected her friends, her hearty sympathy in all their hopes and fears, that made her more than admired; it made her warmly beloved, and threw a charm about her very presence.

“In memory of our mother,” was chiseled on one side of a tombstone, and, “She always made home happy,” on the other. What nobler record could any woman leave?

There is a vast amount of truth in Æsop’s old familiar fable of the wind and the sun. Both tried which could first make the traveler part with his coat; but let the wind blow and bluster till it was tired, he only wrapped it closer round him and clung to it tighter; whereas, the sun with the insinuating warmth of his rays, gradually induced him first to relax his hold, and finally to throw the garment aside and fling himself down in the shade of a tree.

The Duke of Wellington was the greatest soldier England has had in this century. When the great warrior had done fighting, and had retired to private life, he was as meek and gentle as a little child. He was always polite. He had been accustomed to command large armies, and to give orders that no one dared to disobey, yet “if you please” was constantly on his lips.

It is said they were the last words he ever spoke. The “Iron Duke,” as he was called, is on his death-bed. A faithful servant is attending him, and, thinking the Duke is thirsty, pours out a little tea in a saucer and asks if he will have a drink. “Yes, if you please.”

Were there any incompatibility between strength and gentleness, then possibly we might be pardoned for dispensing with the latter; but the two are not only compatible, but most beautiful in combination.

The man is little better than a fool who imagines that uncouthness indicates genius, or that rudeness of manner means robustness of character.

“I am told that you entertain travelers,” said Benjamin Franklin to the old lady to whom the servant referred him when he knocked at a door, one cold January afternoon; “I wish to engage lodging for the night.” He had returned to Boston after an absence of several years, and stood in the presence of his mother, then a widow; but, as he was greatly changed, he thought he would play the stranger to see if she would recognize him by maternal instinct.

“I do not keep a tavern,” said Mrs. Franklin, eying the visitor coldly, and speaking in a forbidding tone. “It is true that, to oblige some members of the legislature, I board them during the session. There are four boarding here now, and all the beds are full”; and her knitting-needles clicked sharply as if to say, “If you have finished your business, the sooner you leave the better.”

“It is very chilly, madam,” said Franklin, as he wrapped his coat round him, and affected to shiver.

“You may warm yourself before you go,” said Mrs. Franklin, pointing to a chair; and then she left the room to prepare coffee, for her boarders had entered.

When the coffee was served Benjamin waited for no invitation, but took his seat with the family. Apples were passed around, and he partook freely, and then exercised his fascinating conversational powers to their utmost, holding the attention of the

company by the solidity of his modest remarks until eight o'clock, when supper was announced.

Mrs. Franklin had been at her work, and thought her unwelcome visitor had gone long before; but what was her resentment when he seated himself at the table with the freedom of a member of the family! She waited until supper was over, and then told him he must seek lodging elsewhere. Franklin replied that he would by no means incommode her family, but with her leave he would smoke one more pipe with her boarders. Again came such a stream of that wonderful talk that no one noticed the flight of time until all were startled, during a pause in the conversation, to hear the clock strike eleven.

“I think myself imposed upon,” said Mrs. Franklin with great asperity, “and I insist upon your leaving this house at once.”

Franklin apologized, slipped on his greatcoat and hat, bade the company a polite good evening, and opened the door, when a roaring wind whirled a shower of drifting snow into the entry. “My dear madam,” said he, “can you turn me out in this dreadful storm? I am a stranger and shall certainly perish in the streets. You look like a charitable lady; I shouldn't think you could turn a dog from your door on this tempestuous night.”

“Don't speak to me of charity,” said the offended woman; “charity begins at home. It is your own fault that you tarried so long. To be plain with you, sir, I do not like your looks or your conduct, and I

fear you have some bad designs in thus introducing yourself to my family.”

All the boarders begged, however, that the stranger might be allowed to sleep in an easy-chair before the fire, as no bed could be furnished. To this Mrs. Franklin reluctantly consented, put a fork over the latch of the parlor door, ordered her man servant to sleep with his clothes on, and seize the vagrant at the first noise he made in trying to plunder the house, and retired, taking her silver spoons and pepper-box.

She rose before the sun, unfastened the parlor door very quietly, and peeped in. She was so agreeably surprised to find her guest sleeping, that her mistrust changed to confidence. When he awoke, she greeted him with a cheerful “Good morning,” asked how he had rested, and even invited him to partake of her breakfast, which was served before that of her boarders.

“And pray, sir,” said she as she sipped her chocolate, “as you appear to be a stranger here, to what distant country do you belong?”

“I, madam? I belong in Philadelphia.”

“If you live in Philadelphia,” said she, “perhaps you know our Ben.”

“Who, madam?” asked her visitor.

“Why, Ben Franklin; my Ben. He is the dearest child that ever blessed a mother.”

“What!” exclaimed the stranger, “is Ben. Franklin, the printer, your son? Why, he is my most intimate friend; he and I lodge in the same room.”

“O God, forgive me!” exclaimed Mrs. Franklin,

raising her tearful eyes to heaven, "and have I suffered an acquaintance of my Benny to sleep on a hard chair, while I myself rested in a good bed?"

At this point Franklin made himself known, and was welcomed with all the fervor of a doting mother; but he always thereafter maintained that there is no such thing as instinctive recognition of a relative.

Politeness is a key which grown people may use as well as children.

"Sir," exclaimed Dr. Johnson, "a man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down."

Chesterfield does not exaggerate in saying that the art of pleasing is, in truth, the art of rising, of distinguishing one's self, of making a figure and a fortune in the world.

W. D. Howells, in his delightful paper on Longfellow, speaks of the poet as the finest artist of all his gifted contemporaries, yet he says Longfellow was the most perfectly modest man he ever saw, ever imagined; that he was patient in all things, and gentle beyond all mere gentlemanliness. Like Phillips Brooks, he never denied himself to those who came to his door; and, when asked if he were not much interrupted, said, with a faint sigh, not more than was good for him, he fancied, — if it were not for interruptions he might overwork. His generosity in the matter of autographs is well known, but we are glad to read that, when requested to furnish fifty signatures, he refused the lady who wished to

offer them as a novel attraction to her guests at a lunch party.

Habit counts for so much in little things that one cannot look too carefully after the small courtesies in his own conduct. A writer in the *Interior* describes a visit to a home where the young people possess the true politeness which habit has made natural.

One evening last week I entered a room where several young men with books and work were sitting round the lamp. The young man with the Lexicon and the Grammar on the table before him was the busiest of the group, but he instantly rose and remained standing until I had taken my seat.

The little action was automatic; the habit of his family is to practice small courtesies, and the boys have been trained from childhood to pay deference to women. They always rise whenever a lady — their mother, sister, friend, or guest of the house — comes into the room where they are at work.

Neither mother nor sister goes out after dark without an escort. One of the boys can always go out of his way, or find it in his way, to see her safely to a friend's door, or to the meeting which she wishes to attend. Most winning and sweet is the air of good breeding which these young men have acquired, which they wear with an unconscious grace.

“You should not care so much about the merely superficial in conduct,” says a friend. “Veneering is only polish laid on. I approve of the man or woman who is honest, sincere. I can pardon a little brusqueness, which may be only his misfortune.”

We are apt to fancy that there is a natural conflict between goodness of heart and elegance of deportment. Life would be far more agreeable, if politeness were more assiduously cultivated.

A dry-goods salesman in a London house had gained such a reputation for patience and politeness as to draw a very large patronage. It was said to be impossible to provoke him into any symptom of annoyance or incivility of expression. A lady of rank, hearing of this model of good manners, determined to subject him to a severe test; but, failing to disturb him by a long series of petty vexations, was so delighted by his equanimity that she provided him with the capital necessary to start in business for himself.

Perhaps in no other store in the world is there such real politeness and determination to please as in the Bon Marché in Paris. There is no other advertising equal to it. Aristide and Marguerite Boucicault, the founders of this establishment, were poor peasants. By severe economy the husband owned the horse and cart with which he peddled linen. They spent their spare time studying together until they had a fair education. They started a little store on the spot where the Bon Marché now stands. Their great kindness and courtesy to customers soon attracted trade, and they added store after store until the great Marché resulted. Madame Boucicault survived her husband and conducted the great establishment alone. She established the co-operative system among her employees, and left them in bequests \$4,000,000. Her employees almost worshiped her for her great

solicitude for their welfare. She was a great admirer of M. Pasteur and made him a present of \$20,000.

Do not such lives put to shame the thousands of lazy, shiftless, changeable drones, who are forever complaining and blaming Fate for their unfortunate condition?

Thirty years ago there was a clerk at a Fitchburg, Massachusetts, hotel, named Easterbrook, who probably had few equals in politeness. He was gentlemanly to every guest, rich or poor, in broadcloth or homespun. The moment you stepped into the office, he was ready to greet you with a most cordial welcome. All wants were anticipated with such a genuine brotherly kindness, that one felt he was in the house of his best friend. At the depot, on the arrival of trains, his quiet and gentlemanly approach to a stranger was so attractive that one was sure to accept a seat in his coach. There was no catching hold of your satchel, and importuning you with the fierceness of a starving hyena; no howling, no swearing at runners of other hotels. When he secured a customer he had a life-lease of him. It paid the hotel proprietors, and paid its guests with genuine satisfaction, that they had been well cared for, and if they never traveled that way again, they advertised the house wherever they journeyed.

In another large hotel a room-clerk has an extraordinary salary. He is polite, attentive, and cordial. He can stow away more people in the nooks and corners of the house and make them feel comfortable than any other living man. He came down one

morning and found a well-known customer pacing the office in evident bad temper. To his cheery good morning the clerk received a gruff reply. "When did you come in?" "Last night." "I hope you have a good room." "I have not. They sent me up to thunder, and there is not room in my quarters to swing a cat." "Oh, that stupid night-clerk did not know you brought your cat with you. I'll manage it after breakfast. You shall have a room big enough to swing half a dozen cats." With a hearty laugh the customer turned off to breakfast.

Michael Angelo was a great man, but his manners were cold and forbidding. He was sour and irritable, and while he had many admirers on account of his great genius, he had very few friends. Columbus was very unsocial, and the great Dante was never invited to dinner in his life.

It was the gracious manner of Charles J. Fox that made him beloved of all, even after he had gambled away his last dollar and politically was the most unpopular man in all England.

Some thirty years ago, Mr. Green, an amiable Englishman, seeing a rather shabby old man looking for a seat in church, opened his pew-door, beckoned to him, and placed him in a comfortable corner, with prayer and hymn books. The old gentleman, who carefully noted the name in these, expressed his thanks warmly at the close of the services. Time had effaced the incident from Mr. Green's recollection, when he one day received an intimation that, by the death of a gentleman named Wilkinson, he

had become entitled to thirty-five thousand dollars a year.

Mr. Wilkinson was a solitary old man, without relatives. Green's act prepossessed him in his favor; he inquired about him, and found that he bore the highest character.

General Washington had a courteous return for his politeness from a little girl who was opening her mother's door to let him pass out. "Thank you, my dear," said he. "I wish, sir, it was to let you in," she replied.

Sir Hugo said to Daniel Deronda, "Be courteous, be obliging, but don't give yourself over to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow-trade."

It costs some men a much greater effort than others to be polite. It was said with bitter spleen of an English statesman, "Canning can never be a gentleman for more than three hours at a time."

It was the great aim of the distinguished scholar, Dr. Arnold, to make his pupils feel "like Christian gentlemen."

Few better examples of dignified courtesy can be presented to young men than that of Washington. At the age of thirteen he compiled for himself a code of manners and morals, which, one of his biographers says, "Is fitted to soften and polish the manners, to keep alive the best affections of the heart, to impress the obligation of the moral virtues, to teach what is due to others in social relations, and above all, to inculcate the practice of a perfect self-control."

A great deal might be said about the bearing of the teacher, his attitude, his gait, and the general carriage of his body. A young man who was graduated as the prize student of his class was turned away after a month's trial in a country district-school; he went round with his hands in his pockets, and was so crude in behavior that he became the laughing-stock of the school. Culture indicates superiority, and superiority impresses others.

A young boot-black in the streets of New York obtained a position in a bank by his pleasant "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," to everybody. It went far towards making him president of the bank. "I don't know," "Don't care," "None of my business," never pays. Many a boy has been lifted out of poverty to affluence, in the end, by his gentlemanly manners in his boyhood days.

Some men, by dint of extraordinary ability, despite boorish, uncouth manners, have succeeded in the attainment of fame and fortune; but how much sooner would their labors have been crowned with success had they been known for suavity and graceful courtesy? Numerous anecdotes are told of Abernethy, who added to his wonderful surgical skill a cold manner and brusqueness which would have utterly ruined a man of less ability. It is related that, upon one occasion, a lady who had called to consult him was so annoyed by his rude manners that she threw his fee upon the table and said sharply, "I had heard of but never witnessed your vulgar rudeness before." He had written a prescription. "What am I to do

with this?" she asked. "Anything you like; throw it on the fire if you will." She did so, and left the apartment. Abernethy hastily followed her to return the fee, which she would not condescend to notice, and he flung the money after her. A lady upon another occasion complained that when she lifted her arm higher than usual, the pain was intense. "Then why do you lift it higher than usual?" was the gruff response. It was certainly his skill, not his manners, that attracted his patients.

While coarseness may exist with strength of character and righteousness of life, it is always a blemish to them, and never a help.

Graceful manners soon become a "second nature," if one really sets himself in earnest to acquire them. The intercourse of good society will inevitably confer them, and that, too, almost unconsciously. One naturally and insensibly acquires "the air, the address, and the turn" of those with whom he converses. Let one but consider for a moment the origin of the codes of etiquette which prevail in polite society, and he cannot fail to see how naturally fine manners arose.

"His manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" One of the chief men of the nation said this about a boy. "It wouldn't be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities, but to a young college student, with ambitions, it is worth at least one hundred thousand dollars to him."

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and

had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things he had been taught to be friendly and to think of others before himself. The boy was on a visit to the city where the man lived, and the two met on the street; the younger recognizing the elder, promptly went and spoke to him, in a cordial, but respectful, way. Of course the man was pleased. The sentence above was the outcome of this incident. A little later the boy came into the room just as the man was struggling into his overcoat. Hurrying towards him, the boy pulled it up at the collar and drew down the wrinkled coat beneath. He would have done it for any man, regardless of his station.

Monroe was called, even in his own time, "A Gentleman of the Old School."

Henry Clay was said to make the most engaging bow of any gentleman of his time.

Andrew Jackson was rough in his manners, but he could be polite when he pleased. He was always courteous to ladies.

Byron was affable to his equals, and to those whom he wished to please, but haughty and distant to most others.

Talleyrand owed his success in life, to no small extent, to the uniform courtesy with which he treated every one.

Haydn was the personification of courtesy. He once said, "It does not pay to be impolite, even to a dog."

General Greene had the reputation of being the

most polite man in the Revolutionary Army during the war for independence.

Goethe's manners were simple and unaffected. He greeted all men as his equals, and delighted every one whom he met. It is said that when he entered a restaurant, people would lay down their knives and forks to admire him.

John Adams was so reserved that he generally gave the impression that he was suspicious of those with whom he was talking.

Daniel Webster was lofty and dignified. His abstraction sometimes created the impression of incivility where no discourtesy was intended.

Gladstone is polite to everybody. At his country home he knows everybody in the vicinity, and has a kindly word for even the poorest farm laborer.

William Penn's formal but kindly politeness impressed even the Indians with whom he dealt. One of the names given him by them was "The Good Big Chief."

Madison made it a point to touch his hat to every one who bowed to him, and the front part of his hat-brim was sometimes worn threadbare in consequence of this punctiliousness.

Cromwell, in spite of the position which he attained, never departed from the simplicity of life of an English country gentleman. In conversation he was quiet and unassuming.

At a great meeting of kings and emperors in 1808, at Erfurth, they all attended the play. Alexander of Russia sat beside Napoleon. As the sentiment

was expressed from the stage, "The friendship of a great man is a gift from the gods," Alexander rose gracefully, took the hand of Napoleon and, bowing, said, "I experience the truth of that sentiment to-day."

"My boy," said a father to his son, "treat everybody with politeness, — even those who are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others *not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one.*"

A little girl who was playing with her dog said, "Please excuse me, Duke," with as much deference as if she had been making an apology to a person. "That is a lesson in politeness to us all," said one who was within hearing.

As Frederick the Great was one day occupied in writing, he happened to observe in a mirror, before which he was seated, one of his attendants approach a table on which was the King's snuff-box, and help himself therefrom. After finishing the letter the King arose, took the snuff-box, which was of great value, and, showing it to his attendant, asked if he was pleased with it. Somewhat embarrassed, the servant replied that he was. "Take it then," said Frederick, smiling; "it is hardly large enough for us both."

A lady who accidentally pushed a street Arab off the sidewalk, stopped, apologized, and told him she hoped she had not hurt him. "My eyes, Jim," he said to his companion, "ef she don't speak to me jest like I wore standin' collars; a feller could 'ford

to git pushed off forty times a day, to git spoke to like that.”

There is no such coward as self-consciousness. Edward the Black Prince insisted upon waiting upon the princes and kings whom he had conquered, and won their admiration by his fine manners.

Some one has said that on the day of resurrection those who have indulged in ridicule will be called to the door of paradise, which will be shut in their faces. Again, on turning back, they will be called to another door, which will be shut as before, and so on *ad infinitum*. Jokes are inestimable for sauce, but corrupting for food. Beware of the habit of perpetual joking or punning.

Mr. Porter of the Fall River Line was the most popular conductor in Massachusetts. He was known the country over for his civility. For twenty years he ran the steamboat train between Fall River and Boston. He began life as a brakeman on a freight train in Vermont. He seemed as important a part of the Fall River Line as the steamer *Bristol*.

For the first time in our history a colored man was an invited guest at the White House. When Lincoln heard that Fred. Douglass was in Washington, he sent his carriage to his boarding-house with this message: “Come up and take tea with us.” Douglass said, “Lincoln was the first white man I ever spent an hour with who did not remind me that I am a negro.”

We can learn a lesson in good manners from foreigners. Ask the proprietor of a store in Vienna

the way to a public building or place of interest, and the chances are he will leave his store and go with you, while in London and in some of our American cities, you are fortunate if you do not get snubbed.

The French are polite to a proverb; but we, as a people, seem to be characterized as being a very impolite nation. I need not stop to vindicate our national character, even if it can be vindicated. But this is certain, that we can lay no claim to be considered in danger of being too polite. I have seen a gentleman in a large circle, in attempting to sit down, supposing a chair stood behind him, fall flat on his back. The company all laughed or tittered at his awkward situation, excepting a French gentleman present, who ran to him, helped him up, hoped it did not hurt him, gave up his own chair, and at once entered into a lively conversation to make him forget the accident. The company all felt rebuked by the politeness of the Frenchman; but I doubt whether, had a similar accident occurred the next evening, they would not have laughed as before. Politeness was a *habit* with him, but with the others it was not.

Lest one should be led to think, however, that Americans monopolize the disagreeable manners of the globe, it may be well to recall Sydney Smith's arraignment of the manners of our English cousins. "I believe," he says, "the English are the most disagreeable people under the sun; not so much because Mr. John Bull disdains to talk, as that the respected individual has nothing to say, and because he totally neg-

lects manners. Look at a French carter, — he takes off his hat to a neighbor carter, and inquires after ‘la santé de madame,’ with a bow that would not have disgraced Sir Charles Grandison; and I have often seen a French soubrette with a far better manner than an English duchess.”

Pleasant address, respectful attention to every one, — rich or poor, high or low, — is what wins.

The strongest and bravest men are generally the most mild in manner and most regardful of the susceptibilities and even of the prejudices of others.

St. Paul gave the keynote to good manners when he said, “Be kindly affectioned one toward another, in honor *preferring* one another.” Good manners are to social life what good sunlight is to vegetable life, — giving beauty of color and grace of bearing.

The courtesy of the heart is the secret of good manners. “Beauty is her least charm,” said Talleyrand of a lovely woman.

The perfection of manner is ease and grace, — this is the last lesson of a fine nature, and is never found in the selfish, the self-conscious, the heartless, — it is the flowering out of a fine nature and comes from good blood, good breeding, and fine culture. It does not come like etiquette from the head, but from a kindly heart overflowing with good cheer and a genuine interest in the welfare of others.

Good manners are contagious. Franklin reformed the habits of a whole workshop in London.

Character expresses itself in dress. When the morals of a young man begin to deteriorate and his

character to be undermined, it is often indicated in his dress, which becomes seedy, slovenly, or unkempt. "Dress makes the man, the want of it the fellow," has been well said, in imitation of Pope. Bad dress wounds self-respect.

A neat suit of clothes communicates a sense of neatness to the body; and, in turn, this sense of neatness of the person is extended to the work in hand. As we feel, so unquestionably do we work. Our clothes unmistakably affect our feelings, as any man knows who has experienced the sensation that comes only when one is attired in a new suit.

Buffon declared himself utterly incapable of thinking to good purpose except in *full court dress*. This he always put on before entering his study, not even omitting his sword.

Shabby clothes are no longer an eccentricity of genius. There are men of genius who have achieved deserved fame and substantial success who are absolutely indifferent to their appearance, and the world overlooks it and forgives it. But this is only possible with men of commanding genius who are established; and the young man who takes these men as models, so far as attire goes, makes a sorry mistake. It is given to men of high position and of established success to exhibit a great many little eccentricities which are not overlooked in a young man struggling for a career.

A firm discharged a young man who had been in its employ a long time because he was so "seedy." He was never tidy in his personal appearance. The

firm advertised for another manager, and out of forty applications one young man was asked to call again.

“Did you observe his neatly fitting shirt and tie?” asked one of the partners after he had gone. “How nicely his boots were polished, and how tidy he was!” The young man’s references were looked up, and he was engaged the next morning. Several of the others might have been better men for the place, but a first impression is everything. Many a young man has walked our cities for months, trying to get a situation, who might have found one in three days had it not been for forbidding personal appearance or seediness. No firm wants a seedy man about, and in this land of opportunity the cases are very rare where the poorest boy or man ever needs to appear so. The mother or wife is often much to blame for this slack and shiftless habit. It is very difficult for a shiftless, seedy man to retain self-respect, and no one wants to employ any one who has not enough self-respect, and respect enough for those about him, to present a neat and tidy appearance. The clothes may be threadbare and even patched; but if they are well brushed and a man has clean linen, is clean himself and has his shoes polished, his hair well brushed and his nails clean, he will command the respect of everybody.

One of the tests of a fine manner in another is that we feel at ease or at home in the person’s presence. To see another in pain for himself pains us also. In the presence of the perfect mannered the tongue is

untied ; awkwardness, restraint, shyness, vanish. If we have any peculiarity or deformity or weakness, we are made to forget it. Sore spots, sensitiveness, ignorant spots, tender spots, are never touched. We are made unconscious of our defects and deformities.

A lame man said he could classify his friends as to manners, by those who asked him how it happened, and those who never alluded to it, nor reminded him that they knew it. The true gentleman or lady never sees your deformities, and will avoid mention of your defects.

Oh, the charm of a fine manner to dissolve fear, anxiety, self-consciousness, the sense of ignorance and inferiority ! We admire the good mannered because they make us feel that we are men and women ourselves and are of some account in the world. The power of fine manners in making your way in the world is equal to a fortune.

One of the ugliest men in England, Wilkes, said that in winning the graces of a lady there was not more than three days' difference between himself and the handsomest man in England.

“Beware of people who stand upon the letter of conventional etiquette, as men assume a virtue who have it not ;” so etiquette in society is often assumed as a disguise to cover a rotten heart and a foul life. On the other hand, as the roughest rind sometimes covers the sweetest fruit, so a rough exterior sometimes covers a kindly, courteous heart.

A man ought to carry himself in the world as an orange-tree would if it could walk up and down in

the garden, swinging perfume from every little censer it holds aloft.

Of all the ware and commodities in exchange and barter, wherein so mainly consists the civilization of our modern world, there is not one which is so carefully weighed, — so accurately measured, — so plumbed and gauged, — so doled and scraped, — so poured out in *minima* and balanced with scruples, — as that necessity of social commerce called “an apology!” — *Bulwer*.

Politeness is practical Christianity. — *Dewey*.

There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but it is immediately felt and puts the stranger at once at his ease. — *Washington Irving*.

Whenever you see a man who is successful in society, try to discover what makes him pleasing, and if possible adopt his system. — *Beaconsfield*.

In politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside when they should begin inside; instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with manners, and trust the heart to chance influences. — *Mrs. L. M. Child*.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see :
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me. — *Pope*.

CHAPTER IX.

CHARACTER-BUILDING.

When wealth is lost, nothing is lost ;
When health is lost, something is lost ;
When character is lost, all is lost.

— *Motto over the walls of a school in Germany.*

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is — spotless Reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

— *Shakespeare.*

Long galleries of ancestors
Challenge no wonder or esteem from me.
Virtue alone is true nobility. — *Dryden.*

Life is constantly weighing us in very sensitive scales, and telling every one of us precisely what his real weight is to the last grain of dust. — *Lowell.*

Commanding worth and personal power must sit crowned in all companies. — *Emerson.*

There are many persons of whom it may be said that they have no other possession in the world but their character, and yet they stand as firmly upon it as any crowned king. — *Smiles.*

The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.

— *Akenside.*

What tho' on homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that. — *Burns.*

Happen what there ean, I will be just ;
My fortune may forsake me, not my virtue.

— *Ben Jonson.*

Character is not cut in marble ; it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do. — *George Eliot.*

“So this is our new cabin-boy,” soliloquized Lieutenant ——, as he caught sight of a dark-eyed, handsome youth, leaning against the railing and gazing with a far-away look at the foamy waves that closed,

with rushing sweep, white and bubbling in the wake of the swiftly moving vessel. "Well, he looks like an interesting subject. I'm curious to know more about him."

Soon afterwards rough shouts and laughter attracted the lieutenant to the forward deck, where he found a group of sailors trying their utmost to persuade the boy to share their grog.

"Laugh on," Allen was just replying; "but I'll never taste a drop. You ought to be ashamed to drink yourselves, much more to offer it to another."

A second shout of laughter greeted this reply, and a sailor, emboldened by the approach of the captain, whom all knew to be a great drinker, said:

"Now, my hearty, get ready to keel over on your beam ends when you've swallowed this."

He was about to pour the liquor down Allen's throat, when, quick as a flash, the latter seized the bottle and flung it far overboard. At the instant, Captain Harden, his face scarlet with rage, grasped the boy's arm and shouted: "Hoist this fellow aloft into the maintopsail. I'll teach him better than to waste my property!"

"I'll go myself, captain," said Allen, quietly waving the sailors back, "and I hope you will pardon me; I meant no offence."

"Faster!" cried the captain, as he saw with what care the boy was measuring his steps, for it was extremely dangerous for one unused to the sea to climb that height. Faster Allen tried to go, but his foot slipped, and he dangled by his arms in mid air. A

coarse laugh from the captain greeted this mishap and a jeer from the sailors, but with a strong effort Allen caught hold of the rigging again, and was soon in the watch-basket.

“Now, stay there, you young scamp, and get some of the spirit frozen out of you,” muttered the captain, as he went below. But at nightfall the lieutenant ventured to say to the captain, who had been drinking freely all the afternoon: “Pardon my intrusion, Captain Harden, but I’m afraid our cabin-boy will be sick if he is compelled to stay up there much longer.”

“Sick! bah! not a bit of it; he’s got too much grit in him to yield to such nonsense; no one on board my ship ever gets sick; all know better than to play that game on me. But I’ll go and see what he is doing, anyhow.

“Ho, my lad!” he shouted through his trumpet.

“Ay, ay, sir,” was the faint but prompt response, as an eager face looked down for release.

“How do you like your new berth?” was the mocking question.

“Better than grog or whiskey, sir.”

“If I allow you to come down, will you drink this?” asked the captain, holding up a sparkling glass of wine.

“I have forsworn all intoxicating drinks, sir, and I will not break my pledge, even at the risk of my life.”

“There, that settles it,” said the captain to the lieutenant; “he’s got to stay up there to-night; he’ll be toned down by morning.”

But at dawn there was no response to the captain's "Ho, my lad!" When two sailors brought the boy's limp form into his presence, his voice softened, as he said, "Here, my lad, drink this glass of warm wine and eat the soaked biscuit, and I will trouble you no more."

"Captain Harden," said Allen, in a hoarse whisper, "will you allow me to tell you a little of my history?"

"Go on," said the captain; "but do not think it will change my mind; you have to drink this just to show you how I bend stiff necks on board my ship."

"Two weeks before I came on board this ship I stood beside my mother's coffin. I heard the dull thud of falling earth as the sexton filled the grave which held her remains. I saw the people leave the spot: I was alone; yes, alone, for she who loved and cared for me was gone. I knelt for a moment upon the fresh turf; and, while the hot tears rolled down my cheeks, I vowed never to taste the liquor that had broken my mother's heart and ruined my father's life. Two days later, I stretched my hand through the prison bars, behind which my father was confined. I told him of my intention to go to sea. Do with me what you will, captain; let me freeze to death in the maintop; throw me into the sea, anything, but do not, for my dead mother's sake, force me to drink that poison that has ruined my father and killed my mother. Do not let it ruin a mother's only son!"

The captain stepped forward; and, laying his

hand, which trembled a little, upon the head of the sobbing lad, said to the crew who had gathered round: "For our mothers' sake, let us respect Allen Bancroft's pledge. And never," he continued, glancing ominously at the sailors, "never let me catch any of you ill-treating him." He then hastily withdrew, and the sailors went forward.

"Lieutenant ——," exclaimed the bewildered Allen, "what does this mean? Is it possible that — that —?"

"That you are free," replied the lieutenant, "and that no one will trouble you again."

"Lieutenant," said the boy, "if I was not so sick and cold just now, I think I'd just toss my hat and give three cheers for Captain Harden."

He served on the vessel three years, and became a favorite with all. In his presence even the rudest sailor would forbear to utter coarse jests, and there was a noticeable decrease in the profanity on board. When he left, as the lieutenant tells the story, Captain Harden presented Allen with a handsome gold watch as a memento of his night in the maintop.

How well this illustrates Lamartine's saying, that there is only one stimulant that never fails and yet, never intoxicates, — duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man, — up in his heart, maybe, — into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing.

Duty is the end and aim of the highest life. The truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfillment. There is something in every one which urges him to do his duty.

"Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call

it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you aright; but if you turn a deaf ear, or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you in the dark without a friend. Your life depends on heeding that little voice."

"Never forget," says Geikie, "that wrong-doing cannot repay in the end. It may promise pleasure or profit, but it is the old story of Eve's apple over again in every case. Shame, danger, self-reproach and loss follow it, as Hell follows Death in the Apocalypse. Delilah's smiles were a poor remembrance to blind Samson. The fish thinks little of the bait when it feels the hook. Let nothing tempt you to a false step, whatever necessity or pretext may urge. Young men are often led astray by the fine names given to misconduct. It is 'good fellowship,' or 'spirit,' or 'seeing the world,' or 'wild oats,' or the like; but, after all, death is death, whatever name you give it."

It is right action that brings self-satisfaction and the approval of others.

"But, Regulus, what will become of you?" asked the Roman senators, when their great general, who had advised war in the hearing of the Carthaginian envoys, announced his intention to return to his captors. "Do not think of me," said the stern soldier; "I gave my word to return, if I failed to make peace. I will keep it. Do what is best, — refuse to make peace." Is there anything more sublime in Christian history than this choice of the pagan leader, pre-

ferring death to dishonor, choosing inevitable torture, rather than break his word to an enemy?

“The real value of a country must be weighed in scales more delicate than the balance of trade,” says Lowell. “The gardens of Sicily are empty now, but the bees from all climates still fetch honey from the tiny garden-plot of Theocritus. On a map of the world you may cover Judæa with your thumb; Athens with a finger-tip; and neither of them figures in the Prices Current, but they still lord it in the thought and action of every civilized man. The measure of a nation’s true success is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and consolation of mankind.”

“My house knows the road of exile, but not of dishonor,” said Victor Emanuel to Marshal Radetzky, who endeavored to bribe him, during the early years of his reign, to desist from the attempt to liberate his country.

“I have driven a greater man than you over this very ground,” said a peasant to the Austrian Emperor, as he guided his horses along a precipitous road in Hungary before the day of railroads. “Who was he?” asked the astonished Emperor. “Why, it was His Majesty, Louis Kossuth,” replied the driver. At that moment Kossuth was an exile, his attempt to free his native Poland had failed, and he was a poor man; but the influence of his character was still felt throughout Hungary.

Sum it up then as we will, character is the great

desideratum of human life. This truth, sublime in its simplicity and powerful in its beauty, is the highest lesson of religion, — the first that youth should learn, and the last that age should forget.

“Has any one been to see you?” asked the vicar of St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields, England, of a poor crossing-sweeper lying ill.

“Yes, Mr. Gladstone.”

“Which Mr. Gladstone?” asked the vicar.

“Mr. *Gladstone*,” repeated the sick man.

“But how came he to visit you?” inquired the vicar in surprise, for he could not understand why the Chancellor of the Exchequer, although then living in the parish, should call upon a sick crossing-tender.

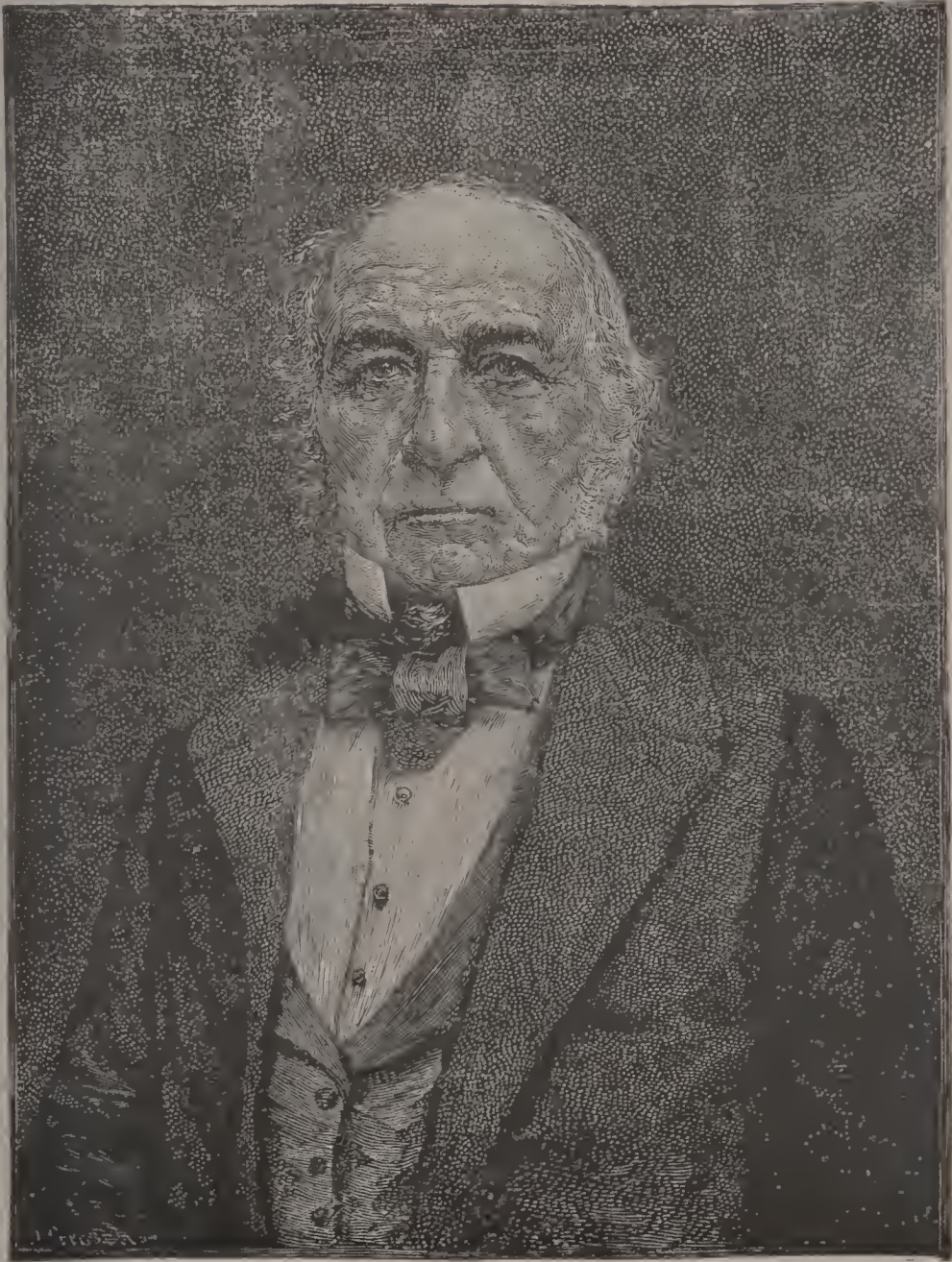
“Well,” answered the crossing-sweeper, “he always had a nice word for me when he passed my crossing, and when I was not there he missed me. He asked my mate, who has taken my place, where I was, and when he heard that I was ill, he asked for my address, and put it down on paper. So he called to see me.”

“And what did he do?” asked the vicar.

“Why, he read to me from the Bible and prayed,” was the reply.

Such deeds indicate the character of England’s “Grand Old Man,” a character whose weight was felt in balancing the affairs of nations.

Perhaps the most striking phrase uttered by a modern king was spoken by King Humbert a few years ago, when the cholera was raging in Naples. He had been invited by the municipality of Genoa



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

“Character must stand behind and back up everything—the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. None of them is worth a straw without it.”

“Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone.”

to a banquet, but he declined in these words: "Men are feasting at Genoa; men are dying at Naples, — I go to Naples."

In the crypt of the old cathedral at Glasgow, facing the statue of John Knox, is an illuminated window with the picture of the Good Samaritan, and under it the simple words, in broad Scotch, "Let the deed shaw."

What a man *does* is the real test of what a man *is*.

Noble deeds always enrich, but millions may impoverish. Character is perpetual wealth; by the side of its poor possessor the millionaire who has it not seems a pauper. Compared with it what are houses and lands, stocks and bonds?

Rousseau one day, when talking on this subject, said, "We were always without a sou, but we never spoke of money, for money counted for nothing in our ambition."

Sweeter than the perfume of roses is a reputation for a kind, charitable, unselfish nature; a ready disposition to do for others any good turn in your power.

A London clergyman, discovering that he had small-pox, resolutely refused to go home, would not even enter a cab which was brought to take him to the hospital, but hailing a hearse passing by, crept into that, and was thus carried safely to the hospital door.

If a man's religion is of the right sort, it will sharpen his faculties, quicken his energies, heighten his self-respect, give solidity to his character, and

enhance both his usefulness and his prospects of success.

Society needs more heart. It needs to have more of the spirit of that little girl whom Dr. Guthrie met one morning in the Highlands. She was carrying in her arms a little boy nearly as large as herself; and, in the kindness of his heart, the good doctor said: "Let me help you, my lass. The load is too heavy for your little arms." "Oh, no," she answered with a smile; "he's my brother, sir." She thought it was impossible for a brother to be a burden.

An absolute surrender, consecration and devotion of self to all that is better and purer and truer, is the secret of character-building. By a consuming zeal for all that is noble and excellent our love of self becomes softened and clarified. By constant contemplation of excellence, we clear our selfhood of all dross and impurities.

Stephen A. Douglas said that, when with Lincoln, he felt that he was in the presence of a very great man, and that there was safety in the atmosphere. Such a statement, coming from a powerful political opponent, is a remarkable tribute.

In a speech on the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, in the House of Commons, November 15, 1852, Disraeli said, "The Duke of Wellington has left to this country a great legacy, greater even than his fame, — he has left to us the contemplation of his character."

Truthfulness is the most important virtue in character. It is in character something like the main-

spring in a watch. You know the mainspring of a watch is what is wound up to keep the watch going. But the mainspring in our character should never run down. It should be a living mainspring, and not a dead one.

A band of thieves will want an honest treasurer, and men who are themselves full of trickery will appreciate a sturdy, honest character.

The straightest, surest path to respect and confidence and success is through truth, and the straightest, shortest path to failure is through falsehood.

“One single positive weighs more
Than negatives a hundred score.”

Settle it with yourself that, come what will, you will never lie. If telling the truth brings punishment, bear it like a man,—that is the way to become a man. If telling the truth turns you out of school, or out of a situation, or out of doors, tell it and take the consequences.

“Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance?” asks a modern teacher. “It is not molded at once. It is not struck out at a single blow. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness comes out and stands fixed and unchanging in the solid marble. So does a man carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work.”

Life itself is a great deal finer art,—finer, more difficult than painting, music, architecture, naviga-

tion, or any other branch of life's work. We need to learn how to live.

"If you would know the power of character," says Emerson, "see how much you would impoverish the world if you could take clean out of history the lives of Milton, Shakespeare, and Plato, — these three, — and cause them not to be."

"The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor," says Beecher; "and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example that roll away from him and go beyond his ken in their perilous mission."

Moses Stuart was pastor in New Haven when he was nominated for a professorship at Andover Seminary. Dr. Spring visited New Haven to make inquiries concerning the candidate. Among others he interrogated President Dwight. "He is the very man for the place," said President Dwight; "but we cannot spare him." "Sir," responded Dr. Spring, "we do not want a man that can be spared."

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.

Over the triple doorways of the Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the arches. Over one is carved a wreath of roses with the legend, "All that which pleases is but for a moment." Over another is sculptured a cross accompanied by the words, "All that which troubles is but for a moment." But on the great central entrance

to the main aisle is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal."

Being one day in the company of some friends, Dr. Watts overheard a stranger say, "What, is that the great Dr. Watts?" The Doctor, who was of low stature, turning to the gentleman who made the exclamation, good-humoredly repeated the following verse from one of his lyric poems:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or mete the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man."

Who can estimate the power of Savonarola's character and preaching upon Italy? So magical was his sway that people at a distance would rise in the middle of the night that they might not be late when he was to speak. Michael Angelo's career was powerfully affected by the strong characters of Savonarola and Dante.

"If we work upon marble, it will perish," said Webster; "if upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds, — if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, — we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten through all eternity."

What! build factories beside the water-wheels, unchain the imprisoned spirits of steam to weave "a garment for the body, and let the soul remain unadorned and naked! What! send out your vessels to

the farthest ocean, and make battle with the monsters of the deep in order to obtain means to light your dwellings and workshops, and prolong the hours of labor for the meat that perisheth, and permit that vital spark which God has kindled, which he has intrusted to our care, to be fanned into a bright and heavenly flame,—permit it, I say, to languish and go out!

Without a moral backbone, you may as well be a jellyfish for any real solid good you will do.

“If I buy you, will you be honest?” asked a kind-hearted man at a southern slave-market, before the Civil War, addressing an active colored boy whose condition he pitied.

“I will be honest whether you buy me or not,” replied the boy, with a look that baffled description.

Who can estimate the power of a well-lived life. *Character is power. Hang this motto in every school in the land, in every home, in every youth's room. Mothers, engrave it on every child's heart.*

Happiness is not the end of life: character is. This world is not a platform where you will hear Thalberg-piano-playing. It is a piano manufactory, where are dust and shavings and boards and saws and files and rasps and sand-papers. The perfect instrument and the music will be hereafter. — *Beecher.*

The character itself should be to the individual a paramount end, simply because the existence of this ideal nobleness of character, or of a near approach to it, in any abundance, would go further than all things else toward making human life happy, both in the comparatively humble sense of pleasure and freedom from pain, and in the higher meaning of rendering life not what it now is, almost universally puerile and in-

significant, but such as human beings with highly developed faculties can care to have. — *J. S. Mill.*

Character is like stock in trade, — the more of it a man possesses the greater his faculties for making additions to it. Character is power, — is influence; it makes friends, creates funds, draws patronage and support, and opens a sure and easy way to wealth, honor, and happiness. — *J. Hawes.*

Grit is the grain of character. It may generally be described as heroism materialized, — spirit and will thrust into the heart, brain, and backbone, so as to form part of the physical substance of man. — *Whipple.*

CHAPTER X.

MEDICINE FOR THE MIND.

A blessing on the printer's art. — *Mrs. Hale.*

Books are men of higher stature,

The only men who speak aloud for future times to hear. — *Barrett.*

Now, my young friends to whom I am addressing myself, with reference to this habit of reading, I make bold to tell you that it is your pass to the greatest, the purest, and the most perfect pleasure that God has prepared for his creatures. — *Anthony Trollope.*

Books are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
The sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will.

— *Wordsworth.*

Half the gossip of society would perish, if the books that are truly worth reading were but read. — *Dawson.*

In the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight. — *Emerson.*

In these times we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses. — *Heinrich Heine.*

Let me make the newspapers, and I care not what is preached in the pulpit or what is enacted in Congress. — *Wendell Phillips.*

Most wondrous Book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of Eternity! The only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely. — *Pollok.*

If I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well-being of the Church and the State. — *Bacon.*

“Is this the place where they fight Indians?” asked a stout woman armed with an umbrella and leading a small urchin, as she entered the office of a New York boys' story paper. “Is this the locality where the brave boy charges up the cañon and

speeds a bullet to the heart of the dusky redskin?" And she jerked the boy around by the ear and brought her umbrella down on the desk.

"We — we publish stories for boys," stammered the young man at the desk.

"I want to know if these are the premises on which the daring lad springs upon his fiery mustang, and, darting through the circle of thunderstruck savages, cuts the captive's cords and bears him away before the wondering Indians have recovered from their astonishment? That's the information I'm after. I want to know if that sort of thing is perpetrated here?" and she brandished her umbrella above the clerk's head.

"I — I don't remember those specific acts," protested the young man.

"I want to know if this is the precinct where the adventurous boy jumps on the back of a buffalo, and with unerring aim picks off one of the bloodthirsty pursuers, who bite the dust at every crack of the faithful rifle. I'm looking for the place where that sort of thing happens!" and this time she gave the unlucky young man a tremendous whack across the shoulders.

"I — I — I really th — think —" stuttered the victim, as he tried to dodge behind the desk.

"I'm in search of the shop in which the boy road-agent holds the quivering stage-driver powerless with his glittering eye, while he robs the male passengers with an adroitness born of long and tried experience, and kisses the hands of the lady passengers, with a gallantry of bearing that bespeaks noble birth and a

chivalrous nature!" shrieked the woman, pursuing the young man into a corner. "I'm hunting for the apartment in which that business is transacted!" and down came the umbrella like a trip-hammer on the young man's head.

"Upon my soul, madam," gasped the terrified clerk, "I assure you that — that —"

"I want you to indicate the jars in which you keep the boy scouts of the Sierras! Show me the bins full of boy detectives of the prairie! Point out to me the barrels full of boy pirates of the Spanish Main!" and she punctuated each demand with a whack of the umbrella on the young man's skull until he sprang over the desk and fled in terror.

"I'll teach 'em!" panted the victorious virago, as she again grasped her son's ear and waltzed him out of the office; "I'll teach 'em to make it good or skip. Want to fight Indians any more? Want to stand proudly upon the pinnacle of the mountain and scatter the plain beneath with the bleeding bodies of uncounted slain? Want to say 'hist!' in a tone that brooks no contradiction? Propose to spring upon the taffrail, and with a ringing word of command send a broadside into the richly laden galley, and then mercifully spare the beautiful maiden in the cabin, that she may become your blushing bride? Hey? Going to do it any more?"

With every question she encouraged the boy along by a vigorous whack of the umbrella, until his bones were sore, and he protested with tears in his eyes that he cared nothing for the glories enumerated.

“Then come along,” said his mother, changing her hold from his ear to his collar. “Let me catch you around with any more ramrods and carving knives, and you’ll think the leaping, curling, resistless prairie fire has swept with a ferocious roar of triumph across the trembling plains and lodged under your jacket to stay!”

At this point she turned a corner and the thread of her remarks was lost; but occasionally, as her voice rose to its highest pitch, the listeners could catch such fragments as, “Want to hunt for Kidd’s money?” — “I’ll act the howling blizzard!” — “Ache to go for a soger?” — “You’ll think an earthquake is tearing around loose!” Most likely the cure of the boy was permanent, for his mother did not repeat her visit. But what a world of good she would accomplish by giving just such a dose to about one boy out of every five in America!

“By a singular coincidence the brief editorial in our issue of January 28, on ‘What Some Boys Read,’ received a striking corroboration on the very day the article went to our readers,” wrote a noted editor. “At two o’clock in the morning of the 28th, three runaway boys, aged eleven, twelve, and thirteen, were arrested in the streets of New York, armed with revolvers and a clasp-knife, and carrying for stores a can of oysters, smoking and chewing tobacco, fishing lines and hooks, a song-book, and one or two murderous Indian tales. When questioned, it came out that they had stolen twelve dollars, and, with the remaining eight, were making their way to Colorado and the mountain territories

beyond, with bloody intent to exterminate the Indians. But what of the boys?— their reading? — the molding influences thus early mastering them? — their probable future? And what, by way of prevention or remedy, is to be done with men who so abuse the press, to the perversion and poisoning of such unripe minds? Must this vile corrupting process go on forever?”

The arrest of four boys in Milwaukee, upon numerous charges of incendiarism, revealed the fact that they had a “pirates’ den,” kept on hand a large supply of cigarettes, chewing-tobacco, etc., and swore in members with a “cast-iron oath.” The boys were mostly members of respectable families, but were instructed in such depravity by vicious literature. One of the boys of most respectable parentage declared he “wanted to look tough”; and, when arrested, he had on his person a knife, a cowboy story, a plug of tobacco, and four cigars.

R. A. Willmott says that ten minutes with a French novel or a German rationalist have sent a reader away with a fever for life.

Who can estimate the influence of one bad book? Our minds eat books as our bodies take in food. Good food makes good blood, bad food diseased blood; a bad book can no more make good character than diseased food can build up healthy tissue.

“Parents fear to have their children choose bad companions,” says *Zion’s Herald*; “but bad books are worse. You cannot cure the evil by simply denouncing the books or punishing the boy. You

must create a better taste by reading to him, and with him, and with great painstaking awaken an appetite for wholesome literature; then all the flashy papers and books resting on street news-stands will be no temptation to him."

A man with an undeveloped capacity accidentally stumbles upon a book that opens and develops his thoughts; from that moment he lives in a new world, and all things in the world become pregnant with interest. Many a youth has been started on a noble career by reading a single good book.

Can anything be more inspiring than contact with a master mind? Let one read a few pages of Emerson; and, fascinating as the author seems, and strong as the temptation is to go on with one's reading, does he not soon find rising up within him, stronger, if possible, than all else, the impulse to go out at once and do something worthy of himself ere the night shuts in?

"What do your philosophic books amount to?" asked an aristocratic fop in a London assembly; "they contain nothing but theories and opinions."

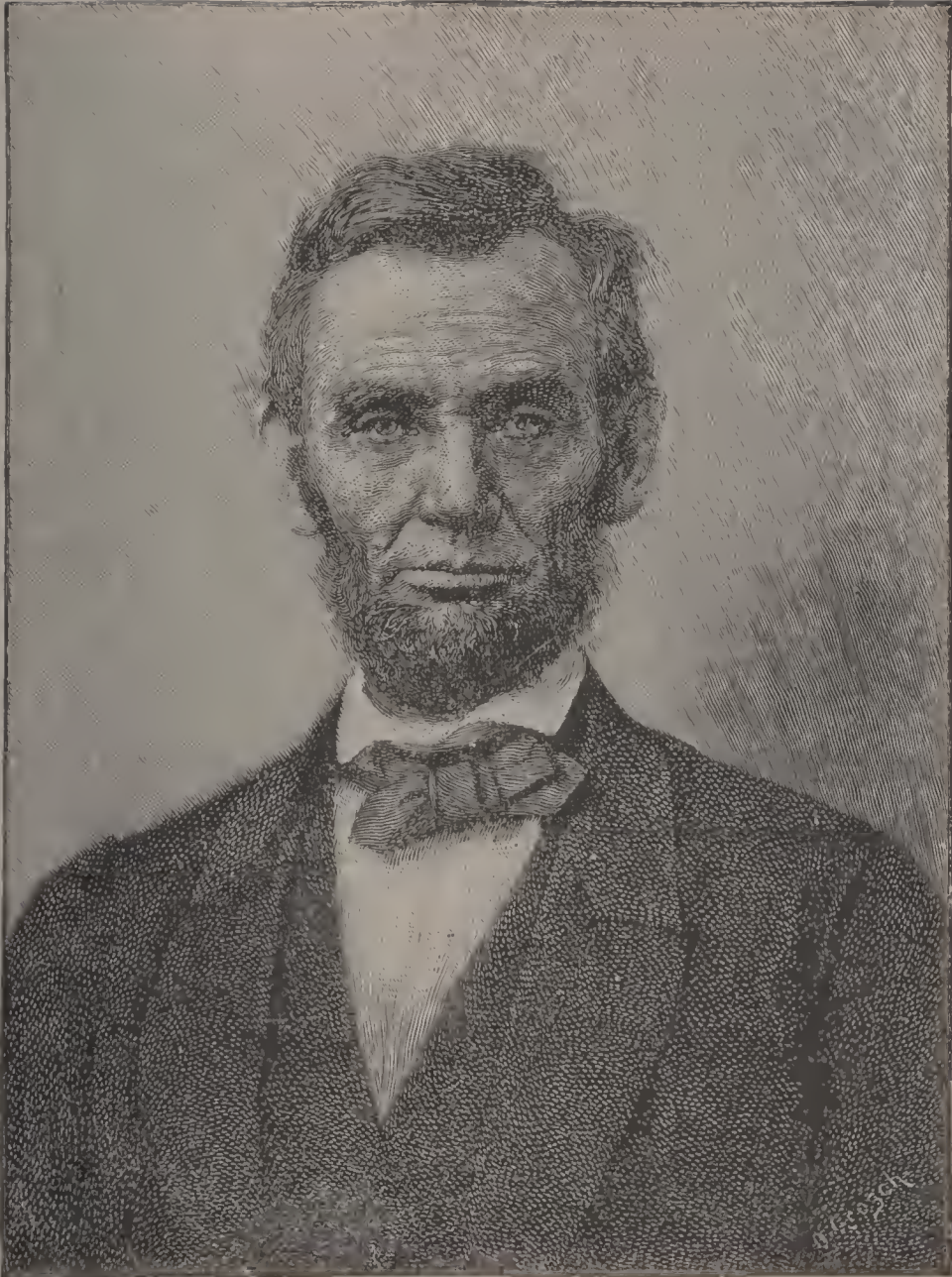
"In the last century," replied Carlyle, with a look of grim scorn, "there lived a man in France (Rousseau,) who wrote a book ("Emile,") that contained nothing but theories and opinions, which the nobility of that day declared to be all stuff and nonsense; but it is an incident of history that their skins went to the binding of the second edition of that book!"

Gladstone says that his life has been deeply influenced by reading Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante, and Bishop Butler.

See young Lincoln in a log-cabin in the wilderness, devouring by the light of the fireplace, as though he would never see them again, the fascinating life of Washington, and other precious books which he had walked many miles in the wilderness to borrow, for he could not afford to own even one.

There were no libraries in that wilderness, and very few cabins contained any books except the Bible. See this long, lank boy thirsting for knowledge, his soul fired by the few books he had borrowed; walking to Springfield and back to return and borrow more books; sitting up nights and rising early mornings to devour the precious volumes. How could he do anything or become anybody in the world in the midst of such repelling surroundings? The log-cabin had neither floor nor windows, and he slept in the loft on a sack filled with corn husks. But this humble home seemed a paradise when he read the "Life of Washington." This, and all the other books which he so eagerly read, kindled his spark of purpose into a flame which burned brighter and brighter until his death.

Nothing in Dickens' works is more touching than the picture of his own child-life, which he gives in "David Copperfield." He shows us how easily he might have gone wrong had it not been for one great power and influence that cast a spell over him, — the love of books. In his dismal and solitary garret he was not alone, for he had the cheerful companionship of his books, and they kept him pure in thought, shrewd in intellect, and right in life, even in the



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

“ Perhaps no other thing has such power to lift the poor out of his poverty, the wretched out of his misery, to make the burden-bearer forget his burden, the sick his suffering, the sorrower his grief, the downtrodden his degradation, as books.”

midst of a crowded city. The Apostle Paul never gave Timothy better advice than when he urged the young man to "give heed to reading."

The poorest boy can make every spare hour rich in opportunities for an education through books. What an opportunity books afford us to save all the odd bits of time which would otherwise be lost. How they enable us to store up in the memory precious moments which would otherwise be swept into the waste of life. Think of the treasures which can thus be amassed in a lifetime: scarcely a boy or girl in America but can get that which is even better than a college education.

If Frederick Douglass, a slave, could learn to read from scraps of paper, posters on barns, and patent medicine almanacs on the plantation, and this by stealth; as, if he were detected, he would be punished, what can not the poorest boy or girl of to-day do?

Richardson tells us that, before the art of printing was known, books were so scarce that ambassadors were sent from France to Rome to beg a copy of "Cicero de Oratore" or of Quintilian's "Institutes," etc., because a complete copy of such works was not to be found in all France. Albert, Abbot of Gemblours, with incredible labor and expense, collected a library of one hundred and fifty volumes, including everything extant; and this was considered a wonder indeed. In 1494, the library of the Bishop of Winchester contained parts of seventeen books on different subjects; and, on his borrowing a Bible from the convent of St. Swithin, he had to give a

heavy bond, drawn up with great solemnity, that he would return it uninjured. If any one gave a book to a convent or a monastery, it conferred everlasting salvation upon him, and he offered it upon the altar of God. The Convent of Rochester every year pronounced an irrevocable sentence of damnation on him who would dare steal or conceal a Latin translation of Aristotle, or even obliterate a title. When a book was purchased, it was an affair of such consequence that persons of distinction were called together as witnesses. Previous to the year 1300 the library of Oxford, England, consisted of only a few tracts, which were carefully locked up in a small chest, or else chained, lest they should be stolen, and at the commencement of the fourteenth century the Royal Library of France contained only four classics with a few devotional books. So great was the privilege of owning a book, that one of their works on natural history contained a picture representing the Deity as resting on the Sabbath, with a book in His hand, in the act of reading. It was probably no better in earlier times. Knowledge was scattered to the four winds, and truth was hidden in a well. Lycurgus and Pythagoras were obliged to travel into Egypt, Persia, and India, in order to understand the doctrine of the metempsychosis. Solon and Plato had to go to Egypt for what they knew. Herodotus and Strabo were obliged to travel to collect their histories, and to construct their geography as they traveled. Few men pretended to own a library, and he was accounted truly favored who owned half a dozen

volumes. And yet, with all this scarcity of books, there were in those days scholars who greatly surpassed us in some respects.

Just after the Revolution, France showed such a dearth of Bibles, that persons sent over for the purpose searched four days among the booksellers of Paris without finding a single copy.

Get as many books as possible into your room or home. A mind changes in the presence of books, and a love of books comes from getting acquainted with them in the home and being close to them.

Kent advises every young man to take a newspaper or two, and a magazine if he can possibly afford it.

If all the little needless expenses are cut off, it will be found to cost no self-denial, no sacrifice whatever. If a young man wishes to "keep up with the times," and know all the important events that are transpiring daily throughout the world, he must take a good paper. He will miss opportunities which he cannot afford to miss. Newspapers are being introduced into public schools; and, instead of reading what happened a thousand years ago, the pupils read what happened yesterday, received by telegraph from all principal points in the world. They are reading history page by page, and day by day, as the events transpire. A live newspaper is the best of histories.

F. B. Sanborn says that the careful reader of a few good newspapers can learn more in a year than most scholars do in their great libraries.

James Ellis tells us that newspapers are the world's mirrors.

Physiologists tell us that our bodies entirely change every few years. Our minds change, too, and take on very largely the character of the books we read and of our associates. Every book we read, like every companion we take into our hearts, leaves its autograph within; even the characters we communicate with in secret write their autographs upon our characters. These characters work themselves out upon the face; they are photographed in our manners, and express themselves in our speech.

Books are now so cheap that nearly every young man can, and should, form a little library of his own; for no good and great works are read as they deserve to be unless we have them on our own shelves, and can turn to them whenever a leisure hour permits. Imagine a real lover of poetry sending to the circulating library for a Shakespeare or a Tennyson!

Two men, while on a sea voyage, were one day conversing as to what book they would choose if they should chance to be wrecked on some island and could have but one. One said he would choose Shakespeare. The other said, "I would choose the Bible; there is no end to that book." There is this strange and wonderful thing about it, that we never get to the end of it, and the reason must be that it tells of endless things.

Ruskin says, "My mother forced me, by steady, daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart; . . . and to that discipline — patient, accurate, and resolute — I owe not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but

much of my general power of taking pains and the best part of my taste in literature.”

Perhaps the best uninspired eulogy on the Bible is from the pen of that masterly scholar, Sir William Jones. It was written on a blank page of his Bible, and also inserted in his eighth discourse before the Society for Asiatic Research. “The Scriptures contain, independently of a divine origin, more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence than could be collected, within the same compass, from all other books that were ever composed in any age, or in any idiom. The two parts of which the Scriptures consist are connected by a chain of compositions which bear no resemblance, in form or style, to any that can be produced from the stores of Grecian, Indian, Persian, or even Arabian learning. The antiquity of those compositions no man doubts; and the unstrained application of them to events long subsequent to their publication is a solid ground of belief that they were genuine predictions, and consequently inspired.”

The Mohammedans have mosques where the Koran is all read daily; thirty relays of priests take it up in succession, and get through the whole each day. There, for twelve hundred years, has the voice of this book, at all moments, kept sounding in the ears and hearts of many men. We hear of Mohammedan doctors that have read it seventy thousand times.

“Few things weaken the mind of the student more than light, miscellaneous reading. You find it the

fashion to have read a world of reviews, magazines, and papers. They are not written with the expectation of being remembered. And after you have spent hours over them, it is very doubtful whether you have done anything more than crowd the mind with vague images and impressions, which decidedly weaken the memory. Every time you crowd into the memory what you do not expect it to retain, you weaken its powers, and you lose your authority to command its services. The fewer of such things the student reads, the better.

“In reading, you should always have your pen by you, not merely to make a minute in your index, but to save the thoughts which are started in your own mind. Did you never notice that, while reading, your own mind is so put into operation that it strikes out new and bold trains of thinking, — trains that are worth preserving, and such as will be scattered to the winds if not written down at the moment of their creation? A wise man will be as careful to save that property which he himself makes, as that which he inherits. The student should be, for it will be of vastly more value to him.”

Gibbon, after having read a book, was accustomed to take a solitary walk and think over how much the author had added to his knowledge.

“The books which help you most are those which make you think the most,” says Theodore Parker. “The hardest way of learning is by easy reading; but a great book that comes from a great thinker, — it is a ship of thought, deep-freighted with thought and beauty.”

“Always have a good book at hand,” says Tryon Edwards, “in the parlor, on the table, for the family, — a book of condensed thoughts and sound maxims. It will impress on your mind a thousand valuable suggestions, and teach your children a thousand lessons of truth and duty. Such a book is a casket of jewels for your household.”

Macaulay, in affliction, wrote: “That I have not utterly sunk under this blow I owe chiefly to literature. What a blessing it is to love books as I love them, — to be able to converse with the dead, and to live amidst the unreal!”

Without books, God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness. — *Bartholin.*

A good book, whether a novel or not, is one that leaves you further on than when you took it up. If, when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimulated desires for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book. — *Anna Warner.*

Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof, and obtain access for himself and his family to some social library. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this. — *Channing.*

Mark, there! We get no good
 By being ungenerous, even to a book,
 And calculating profits — so much help
 By so much reading. It is rather when
 We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
 Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
 Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth —
 'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

— *Mrs. Browning.*

CHAPTER XI.

“THIS ONE THING I DO.”

Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left. — *Proverbs*.

I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament. — *Shakespeare*.

To be longing for this thing to-day, and for that thing to-morrow; to change likings for loathings, and to stand wishing and hankering at a venture, — how is it possible for any man to be at rest in this fluctuant humor and opinion. — *L'Estrange*.

Stand firm, don't flutter. — *Franklin*.

Spread out the thunder into single tones, and it becomes a lullaby for children; but pour it out in one quick peal, and the royal sound shall rend the heavens. — *Schiller*.

In the power of fixing the attention lies the most precious of the intellectual habits. — *Robert Hall*.

“Whate'er your forte, to that your zeal confine,
Let all your efforts there centered shine.”

Better the chance of shipwreck on a voyage of high purpose, than expend life in paddling hither and thither on a shallow stream to no purpose at all. — *Miss Sedgwick*.

Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have now been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide. — *Robert Whitaker*.

“I HAVE come here to read,” said Dickens, when asked to attend social gatherings in Boston. “The people expect me to do my best, and how can I do it, if I am all the time on the go? My time is not my own when I am preparing to read, any more than it is when I am writing a novel; and I can as well do one as the other without concentrating all my power on it till it is done.”

Professor Agassiz, when once invited to lecture in Portland, Maine, replied that he was very sorry, but he was just then busy with some researches that left him no time to make money.

“I was too busy studying to contract the habits that make such inroads on the health and pockets of young men,” says Mr. Carnegie, “and this helped me in many ways.”

The man who succeeds has a programme : he fixes his course, and adheres to it ; he lays his plans, and executes them ; he goes straight to his goal. He is not pushed this side and that every time a difficulty is thrust in his way. If he can't go over it, he goes through it.

What a sublime spectacle is that of a man going straight to his goal, cutting his way through difficulties, and surmounting obstacles which dishearten others as though they were stepping-stones !

What the world wants to-day is young men like Grant who “propose to move immediately” upon the enemy, and “to fight it out upon this line if it takes all summer” ; young men who can devote themselves to one overmastering purpose, one unwavering aim, with an exclusiveness of application, a blindness of attachment to the occupation or profession which will make them forget, for the time being, that any other career could possibly be desirable. Those who make the great failures in life are the aimless, the purposeless, the indifferent, the blundering, the shiftless, the half-hearted. There is no trend of purpose running through their work, unifying

their efforts, and giving direction or meaning to their lives. A man with an all-absorbing purpose within him excites our admiration, because he is lifted above the leanness and meanness, the cheapness and pettiness, which are the curse of common lives. There is a moral sublimity in everything he does, because there is an aim in it; there is directness, there is meaning, there is contagion in it.

It has been truly said that "great minds have purposes, others have wishes," and that "the most successful people are those who have but one object and pursue it with great persistence."

"The great art," says Goethe, "is to judiciously limit and isolate one's self."

That whole long string of habits — attention, method, patience, self-control, and the others, so essential to success — can be rolled up and balled, as it were, in the word, "concentration."

What mattered it to Palissy, if the world did call him insane in thinking he could recover the lost art of enameling? What cared Stephenson that the world ridiculed steam locomotion? The way that stretches into the future, that seems dark and forbidding to the world, is often illumined to the individual by an inner light which others cannot see. But the soul sees it and is confident, joyful, even when others are turbulent and sad. The soul sees victory in its apparent defeat; it sees joy in the gloom, light in the darkness. A power stronger than his own, and outside himself, holds an earnest man in his orbit as the stars are held in their courses.

What sublime pluck and determination was that of Mohammed, working three years to gain thirteen converts! Then he called a meeting of forty of his kindred, and told them he was going to redeem mankind from the worship of idols, for he had found the true God. He gained but one listener, a boy of sixteen, and the meeting broke up with laughter at the idea that this old man and a boy should start out to redeem a world. But Mohammed went right on, publishing his doctrine to the pilgrims who came to Mecca, or whoever would listen to him. Not even the threat of death could daunt his courage and determination. He was ever hiding in caves and fleeing for safety. After thirteen years of hardship, he found forty men, one from each of the great tribes, bound together with an oath to kill him. Over rocks and deserts for two hundred miles he fled for his life. The history of the East dates from this flight, — the Hegira. Students are familiar with his story for the next ten years, forcing his doctrine with the sword. The Orient no longer laughed at the idea of a man and boy reforming the world.

Every man with an idea, with an overmastering purpose, usually has a minority of one, — only one man who believes it. But nature herself is the greatest umpire in these games where only the fittest can survive.

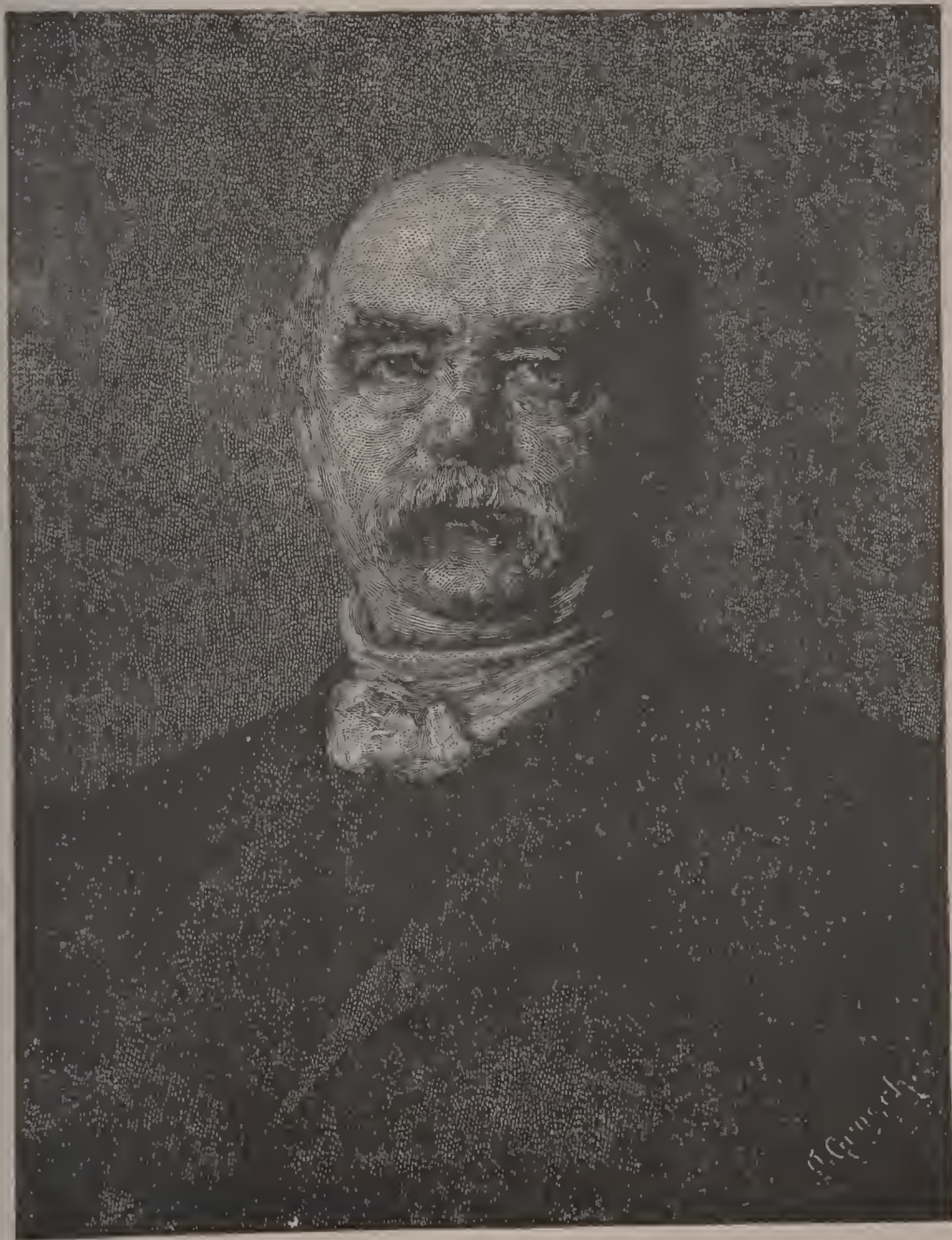
Mohammed had an idea which neither ridicule, hardship, poverty, or humiliating defeat could conquer. Borne up by this overmastering purpose, he moved steadily on toward his goal. The idea, mighty and overpowering, ever urged him on. What

a reproof and rebuke to the young man in this land of opportunities, this land of culture and freedom, that this uncultured, semi-barbarous son of nature should, single handed and alone, force a new faith on a ridiculing and opposing world!

Bismarck adopted it for the purpose of his life to snatch Germany from Austrian oppression, and to gather round Prussia in a North German Confederation, all the states whose thought, religion, manners, and interests were in harmony with those of Prussia. "To attain this end," he once said in conversation, "I would brave all dangers, — exile, the scaffold itself. What matter if they hang me, provided the rope with which I am hung binds this new Germany firmly to the Prussian throne?"

German unity was engraven upon his heart. What cared this Herculean despot for the Diet after Diet chosen year after year simply to vote down every measure he proposed? He simply defied and sent every Diet home. He could play the game alone. To make Germany the greatest power in Europe was his all-absorbing purpose, and also to make William of Prussia a greater potentate than Napoleon or Alexander. It mattered not what stood in his way, whether people, Diet, or nation, all must bend to his mighty will.

Imagine England's surprise when she awoke to find Disraeli, the insignificant Hebrew, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was easily master of the tortures supplied by the army of rhetoric; he could exhaust the resources of the bitterest invective; he



PRINCE BISMARCK.

“ I know no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind as that tenacity of purpose which, through all changes of companions, or parties, or fortunes, changes never, bates no jot of heart or hope, but wearies out opposition and arrives at its port.”

could sting Gladstone out of his self-control; he was absolute master of himself when he was on his feet.

You can see that this young man intends to make his way in the world. A determined audacity is in his very face. He is a gay fop. Handsome, with the hated Hebrew blood in his veins, after three defeats in Parliamentary elections, he was not daunted in the least, for he knew his day would come. Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, when this gay youth was introduced to him, asked him what he wished to be. “Prime Minister of England,” was his audacious reply.

If we go into a factory where they make mariner’s compasses, we can see many of the needles before they are magnetized, but they will point in any direction. But when they have been applied to the magnet and received its peculiar power, from that moment they point to the North, and are true to the pole ever after.

A man who gives himself wholly to an idea, is certain to accomplish something; and, if he have ability and common sense, his success will be great.

Cyrus W. Field said: “It has been a long and hard struggle to lay the Atlantic cable, — nearly thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil. Often has my heart been ready to sink. I have sometimes almost accused myself of madness for sacrificing all my home comforts for what might after all prove a dream. I have seen my companions one after another fall by my side, and feared that I, too, might not live to see the end. I have often prayed that I

might not taste of death till this work was accomplished. That prayer is now answered.”

“We attend to our business, and nothing else,” said the elder Delmonico. “You never heard of us on the road, nor driving four-in-hands. We never went to the theatre, but waited on those who did. We had no outside business, — no ventures or speculations in oil, wild lands, patents, or stocks. What money we had, we put into our house. We took care of our business, and our business took care of us. We gave personal attention to everything which was going on.”

Mr. Vanderbilt paid his cook a salary of \$10,000 a year, because he understood the art of cooking to perfection. As a well-known humorist says in his funny way, “If Monsieur Sauceagravi could cook tolerably well, and shoot a little, and speak three languages tolerably well, and keep books fairly, and could telegraph a little, — and so on with a dozen other things, — he wouldn’t get ten thousand a year for it.”

Nothing had been heard from Dr. Livingstone for three years, and it was feared he was lost in the jungles of Africa or had met some terrible death. If alive, he was supposed to be somewhere in that vast region indicated in our geographies by a large blank. Newspapers and clergymen throughout the civilized world were asking that a relief expedition be sent in search of the great explorer and missionary.

“Come to Paris on important business,” James Gordon Bennett telegraphed to a young man in Madrid who was there corresponding for the *New York Herald*. Within an hour this “ever-ready”

man was on his way. Arriving at Paris, he went straight to Mr. Bennett, though it was late at night, saying he was ready for anything wanted of him.

“Where do you think Livingstone is?” asked Mr. Bennett.

“Really, sir, I have no idea.”

“Well, I think he is alive, and I am afraid he may be in want, so you are to go to him. Take whatever you need for yourself and for him: go as you please; but find Livingstone. Draw £1000 now, and as much more as you need later; but find Livingstone.”

John Rowlands, the young man thus commissioned to one of the greatest undertakings in history, had lived for ten years in his youth in a poor-house in Wales, from which he managed to escape at the age of thirteen, and ship as a cabin-boy on a steamer which landed him at New Orleans. He early changed his name to Henry M. Stanley, and by sheer energy and force of character pushed his way upward until we find him the most trusted correspondent of one of the greatest newspapers.

The story of the wonderful expedition, of the fighting, of the wasting disease which killed so many of his men, and of his conquest of obstacles which seemed insurmountable, is as fascinating as a romance.

After terrible discouragement, he wrote in his journal, “No living man shall stop me, only death can prevent me. But death;—not even this: I shall not die—I will not die—I cannot die. Something tells me I shall find him—write it larger

— FIND HIM, FIND HIM. Even the words are inspiring.”

And find Livingstone he did. “I thank God, Doctor,” he exclaimed, “that I have been permitted to see you.”

“I feel grateful that I am alive to welcome you,” responded the great explorer.

But in spite of all his sufferings, after they had had long interviews, Livingstone said that he should remain in Africa and continue his work.

Leaving Livingstone with four years' supplies, and taking his letters and journals, Stanley hastened back to report his wonderful story to Mr. Bennett; and when, some time afterward, Livingstone died, Stanley was one of the pall-bearers who laid their precious burden in Westminster Abbey.

No man can succeed who has not a fixed and resolute purpose in his mind, and an unwavering faith that he can carry that purpose out.

“Steadfast application to a fixed aim” is the law of a well-spent life. It made Turner a great painter; Bentley a great scholar; Priestley a great chemist; Macaulay a great historian; Grant a great general; Lincoln a great statesman.

Buxton held the conviction that a young man may be very much what he pleases, provided he forms a strong resolution and holds to it.

“There is no secret about amassing wealth,” said Vanderbilt; “all that you have to do is to attend to business and go ahead, except one thing, and that is, never tell what you are going to do until you have done it.”

Hazlitt was accustomed to stick a wafer on his forehead when he began to compose; and when his housekeeper saw that wafer she dared not disturb him, even if a prince called to see him. What were princes to him when he was communing with gods and angels!

It is no uncommon thing to see a man of considerable talent surpassed in commercial life by one apparently greatly his inferior, from no other reason than this, that while the one devotes his *whole* energy and undivided thought to the object of his life, the other is diverted by many irreconcilable tastes, and grudgingly gives but half his mind to the business on which depend all his worldly prospects.

Of course a man cannot work at one thing every minute. He should have side-tracks on which he can “switch off” now and then, provided the side-tracks all lead to the same terminus with the main line. But a man must not be on side-tracks all his life.

The most successful men have been in a sense men of one dominant idea.

“To achieve success and fame, you must pursue a special line,” said President Hayes. “You must not make a speech on every motion offered or bill introduced. You must confine yourself to one particular thing. *Become a specialist.* Take up some branch of legislation and make that your study. Why not take up the subject of tariff? Being a subject that will not be settled for years to come, it offers a great field for study and a chance for ultimate fame.”

With these words ringing in his ears, William McKinley began studying the tariff, and soon became one of the foremost authorities on the subject.

The day upon which the "McKinley Tariff Bill" was passed in the House must always stand as the supreme moment of McKinley's Congressional career.

Find some new want of society, — some fertile source of profit or honor, — some *terra incognita* of business, whose virgin soil is yet unbroken, and there stick and grow. "Specialties" are the open sesame to wealth.

"Who are the greatest money-makers of the present day?" asks Robert Waters. "Who are they that control the world by the immensity of their capital? The Jews, — the once despised, persecuted, oppressed, maltreated, but now triumphant, Jews. How have they come by this character? How have they acquired this power? It is well known that this race has, for many centuries and in all European countries, been forbidden to become citizens or subjects, to own lands, to till the soil, to bear arms, to take part in any of the concerns and interests in which their neighbors and countrymen have taken part. What was the result? They were compelled to restrict their exertions to barter, to buying and selling, to exchange, to the accumulation of wealth by the use of wealth in every possible way. They became the inventors of letters of credit, of bills of exchange, and of book-keeping; and they are now the largest operators in loans and exchange in the world.

"Thus, having been shut out from other careers

and compelled to devote their whole energies to money-making, they have acquired a genius for the acquisition of wealth; they have become masters in this science; they have amassed millions where others have acquired thousands; they have grown rich while others have been starving; and have, in short, become the greatest capitalists in the money-making world.”

Mons. Drumont in his book on the French Jews, “*La France Juive*,” shows that every daily newspaper in Paris, except two, is in the hands of the Jews; that all the railroads, the banks, the exchange, and many of the great public offices are owned or controlled by them.

Let us shun that rapidity that leads to superficiality. Let us welcome that habit of concentration which takes us to the root of things.

It is the single aim that wins.

Bonaparte once said of himself: “When my resolution is taken, all is forgotten except what will make it succeed.”

The great secret of his skill as a warrior consisted in this, that he did his business thoroughly; if he met an army in two or three divisions, he did not divide his army in the same proportion. No; he brought all his strength to bear on one point until that was annihilated. So with McDonough on Lake Champlain. He directed all his force, every gun, against the “big ship” of the enemy. No matter how pressing or annoying others might be, every ball was to be sent toward the “big ship” till her

guns were silenced. This is a good principle to carry out in regard to everything.

“He had a directness of action never before combined with so much comprehension,” says Emerson of Napoleon. “He sees where the matter hinges, throws himself on the precise point of resistance, and slights all other considerations. . . .

“Napoleon understood his business. Here was a man who, in each moment and emergency, knew what to do next. It is an immense comfort and refreshment to the spirits, not only of kings, but of citizens. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line, and, after each action, wait for an impulse from abroad.”

He was finally defeated by violation of his own tactics, “The constantly repeated crushing force of heavy battalions.”

Look at a ship, becalmed without a pilot, with sluggish sails flapping against the mast, swayed alternately by wind and tide, ever in motion, and yet never nearer its destined port. Just such is the irresolute man. Every breeze that blows makes him its sport, and every turn of the tide of fortune drags him helplessly along in its current. But see the same ship with all its sails bent, a prosperous wind urging it on, the pilot at the helm, the seamen ready, each at his appointed post of duty, and the rude ocean yields to its prow, and flings up its spray unheeded and harmless on its sides.

“A man without a purpose is no man,” says Carlyle.

Don Quixote thought he could have made beautiful bird-cages and tooth-picks if his brain had not been so full of ideas of chivalry.

“An archangel a little damaged” was Charles Lamb’s wistful comment on the later Coleridge. It is the saddest picture in all the wide gallery of English literature. Yet he only lacked concentration.

Lord Chesterfield’s son could write a theme in three languages when a boy, but in spite of his father’s wonderful training, he was a mere cipher in the world as a man. He had no definiteness.

Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say that a painter should sew up his mouth if he would excel in his art.

We waste our time doing too many things, reading too many books, seeing too many people, talking too much.

“Mental shiftlessness” is the cause of many a failure. The world is full of unsuccessful men who spend their lives letting empty buckets down into empty wells.

Is it anything surprising that those who aim at nothing, accomplish nothing?

From the beginning of his career Johns Hopkins declared that he had a *mission* from God to increase his store, and that the golden flood which poured into his coffers did not belong to the hundreds who sought to borrow or beg it from him. They called him an “old miser,” “old skinflint,” “mean,” “stingy,” and every opprobrious epithet they could think of. But it was all the same to him, for he had a grander

use and purpose for his millions than feeding professional beggars. *Four millions* were given to endow a free hospital in Baltimore. *Three millions* were given to endow the Johns Hopkins University, near Baltimore. He left in all *nine millions* for these institutions. The unfortunates who may be sick have a place to go, where without money they will be tenderly cared for, while young men who are seeking an education will be most liberally assisted. Think of the thousands of young men down to the end of time who will reap the benefits of Johns Hopkins' carrying out the magnificent *purpose he had planned early in his business career.*

Every man needs the inspiration of a great mission to lift him above the pettiness and cheapness which are the bane of ordinary lives. Some great undertaking with an element of heroism and moral sublimity in it, the very contemplation of which quickens the blood and fires the soul and awakens an ever-present sense of the dignity and significance of life, — this is an essential condition of all great achievement.

Some writer challenges the world to produce an example parallel to Peter Cooper's from the ranks of those born in affluence. The same route which he traveled is open for every young man to pursue, to make the best time possible, — the most of himself. The great secret of Mr. Cooper's success was in having a plan on which he concentrated all his energy, never turning to the right or to the left, but keeping on the *straight course* until the goal was

reached, his great work centered on this one thing — a SUBLIME PURPOSE.

“There are some men whose failure to succeed in life is a problem to others, as well as to themselves,” says Freeman Hunt. “They are industrious, prudent, and economical; yet, after a long life of striving, old age finds them still poor. They complain of ill-luck, they say fate is against them. But the real truth is that their projects miscarry because they mistake mere activity for energy. Confounding two things essentially different, they suppose that if they are always busy, they must of necessity be advancing their fortunes; forgetting that labor misdirected is but a waste of activity.

“The person who would succeed in life is like a marksman firing at a target, — if his shot misses the mark, it is but a waste of powder; to be of any service at all, it must tell in the bull’s eye or near it. So, in the great game of life, what a man does must be made to count, or it might almost as well be left undone.

“Energy, correctly understood, is activity proportioned to the end. The first Napoleon would often, when in a campaign, remain for days without undressing himself, now galloping from point to point, now dictating dispatches, now studying maps and directing operations. But his periods of repose, when the crisis was over, were generally as protracted as his previous exertions had been. He is said to have slept for eighteen hours without waking. Second-rate men, slaves of tape and routine, while they

would fall short of the superhuman exertions of the great emperor, would have considered themselves lost beyond hope if they imitated what they call his indolence. They are capital illustrations of activity keeping up their jog-trot forever; while Napoleon with his gigantic industry, alternating with such apparent idleness, is an example of energy.

“We do not mean to imply that chronic indolence, if relieved occasionally by spasmodic fits of industry, is to be recommended. Real energy is persevering, steady, disciplined. It never loses sight of the object to be accomplished or intermits its exertions while there is a possibility of success. Napoleon on the plains of Champagne, sometimes fighting two battles in one day, first defeating the Russians and then turning on the Austrians, is an illustration of this energy. The Duke of Brunswick idling away precious time when he invaded France at the outbreak of the first Revolution, is an example of the contrary. Activity beats about a covey like an untrained dog, never lighting on the covey. Energy goes straight to the bird and captures it at once.”

As a sensible writer says: “A man starts on his career with a tacit understanding with himself that he is to rise. It is a step-by-step progress. He probably has no distinct aim. It is only in books that he resolves from the first dawning of ambition to become owner of such an estate, or bishop of such a see. But he *means to get on*, and devotes all his powers to that end. He fixes his thought beyond

immediate self-indulgence, chooses his friends as they will help the main design, falls in love on the same principle, and, habitually deferring to a vague but glowing future, learns to look towards it, and for its sake to be self-denying and long-sighted. His instincts quicken; he puts forth feelers, which men who take their pleasure from hand to mouth have no use for; he lives in habitual caution, with an eye always to the main chance. Thus he refines and enhances that natural discretion which doubles the weight and value of every other gift, and yet keeps them on an unobtrusive level, leaving itself the most notable quality, till he is universally pronounced the man made to get on, by people who do not know that it is a steady will that has made and kept him what he is.”

Look at Franklin, and no longer despair of obtaining honest and honorable support for yourselves and families, and of even doing something which every man's heart glows in doing, — something which shall make some one wiser, better, happier, — something that may be recorded on your tombstone as an evidence that you lived not in vain. And not only to the mechanic, to the artisan, to the laborer, is this man an “open book,” but to you, O kings, princes, governors of the earth! to you, presidents and premiers! to you, lords and commons! to you, Mr. Mayor, aldermen and common councilmen! to you, and every man in any office which may minister to the good of the state, — to you come the words and actions of this old philosopher and statesman as a

legacy of public usefulness. Well may you emulate his firmness and fidelity, — his patient endurance and persevering zeal, — his comprehensive patriotism and imperturbable kind feeling and good nature. As well may you take counsel with one who was never marred by elevation, nor spoiled by flattery, nor soured by disappointment, nor daunted by opposition, nor corrupted by ambition.

Wherever he found anything to be done, he did it; anything to be investigated, he investigated it; anything to be invented or discovered, he forthwith tried to invent or discover it, — and almost always succeeded. He did everything as if his whole attention in life had been given to that one thing. And thus, while he did enough in literature to be classed among the writers of his day, — enough in invention and science to secure him the reputation of a great philosopher, — enough in domestic politics to win the title of a great statesman, — enough in foreign negotiations to merit the designation of a great diplomatist, he found time to do enough, also, in works of general utility, humanity, and benevolence, to insure him a perpetual memory as a great philanthropist.

Walter Scott spared no pains and considered no labor burdensome which helped him in his purpose. He studiously avoided making acquaintances who would rob him of his time and divert his mind from its object. Amusements were shunned with the same intention, and sleep was retrenched in order that the morning might be devoted to study. He

furnishes a suggestive instance of the possibility of doubling life by doubling the work while life lasts.

A young man never knows who may be watching him. Business men have keen sight. They recognize talent wherever it appears. Changes are constantly going on. There is a vacancy to be filled. Who shall fill it? A hundred — five hundred — apply, and only one is wanted. The proprietors have been watching a young man in some other establishment for six months, and have had his name on a memorandum; and, as occasion gave them opportunity, they have watched his business tact and the hold he has on customers.

A one-talent man who concentrates his powers upon one unwavering aim accomplishes more than the ten-talent man who scatters his energies and never quite knows what he can do best.

The poorest scholar in school or college often far outstrips the class leader or the senior wrangler in practical life, simply because what little ability he has he brings to a focus in a definite aim, while the other, who looked upon the first with contempt, depends upon his general ability and brilliant prospects, has no particular object in view, and accomplishes nothing of note. Concentration is the secret of all great execution in explosives, and, in fact, in all science, and it is equally the secret in the law of success.

Our monopolizing ambition, our greediness which leads us to overreach and grasp so many things, cause us to lose many prizes. Nearly all young

men lay out their plans on so vast a scale that it would require a Methusaleh's lifetime to carry them out.

A definite purpose is like the sides of a cannon or barrel of a rifle, which give aim and direction to the projectile. Without these barriers to concentrate the expanding powder, it would simply flash without moving the ball. How many a miserable failure might have been a great triumph; how many dwarfs might have been giants; how many a "mute inglorious Milton" has died with all his music in him; how many a scholar has sipped of many arts, but drank of none, from just this lack of a definite aim!

The mind is naturally a vagrant, prone to wander into all sorts of by-ways unless kept steadily and resolutely to its purpose. It was a great purpose which made Socrates indifferent to the hemlock. A voice had spoken to his soul, and he obeyed it. It was irresistible. It was a great purpose which made Grant invincible, and enabled him to hammer away at the Confederacy, in spite of the armies and difficulties in front, and the criticism and opposition of the press behind him, until he had received Lee's sword at Appomattox.

It is a great purpose that grinds into paint all the experiences, fag ends, and waste of life, and makes everything available for the great canvas of our art, which otherwise would be dissipated and lost.

To succeed to-day you must concentrate all the powers of your mind upon one definite goal and have a tenacity of decision which means death or victory.

Every other inclination which tempts you from this unswerving purpose must be repressed.

Your purpose may not be very definite at first, but like a river which starts in a series of ill-defined pools or streams, if all your aims are in the right direction they will finally run together, and, swollen by hundreds of side rills, merge into a mighty stream of purpose and sweep you on to the ocean of success. A great purpose is cumulative; and, like a great magnet, it attracts all that is kindred along the current of life.

“The undivided will
’Tis that compels the elements and wrings
A human music from the indifferent air.”

CHAPTER XII.

“I HAD A FRIEND.”

As, o'er the glacier's frozen sheet,
Breathes soft the Alpine rose ;
So, through Life's desert, springing sweet,
The Flower of Friendship grows. — *Holmes.*

Ah, how good it feels!
The hand of an old friend. — *Longfellow.*

A faithful friend is the true image of the Deity. — *Napoleon.*

Life has no other blessing like a prudent friend. — *Euripides.*

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. — *Izaak Walton.*

We take our colors, chameleon-like, from each other. — *Chamfort.*

We are far more liable to catch the vices than the virtues of our associates. — *Diderot.*

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise ; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed. — *Proverbs.*

Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
Clearer than crystal, or the mountain springs,
And free from clouds, design, or flattery. — *Catherine Philips.*

Beyond all wealth, honor, or even health, is the attachment we form to noble souls : because to meet with the good, generous, and true, is to become, in a measure, good, generous, and true ourselves. — *Dr. Arnold.*

In after life you may have friends — fond, dear friends ; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. — *Macaulay.*

Friendship's the wine of life ; but friendship new is neither strong nor pure. — *Young.*

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel. — *Shakespeare.*

“THIS is a solemn day for me, boys !” said a murderer born of pious parents in England, when at the gallows in Toronto, Canada. “I hope this will be a warning to you against bad company. I hope it will be a lesson to all young people, and old as well as young, rich and poor. It was that which brought me

here to-day to my end, though I am innocent of the murder I am about to suffer for.”

When it was customary to allow culprits before execution to make “last dying speeches and confessions,” in almost every instance the unfortunate and sinning wretches made the confession that “bad companions” had led them to the crime for which they were about to suffer. The myriads who have devoted their lives to drinking and gaming habits have ascribed their wreck and downfall, not so much to the love of drink and mere play as to the love of company and the attractive temptation presented by bad companions.

A dying man, whose life had been prominent, but full of harm, asked that his influence be gathered up and buried with him in his grave.

George Eliot says that there is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself and say that the evil which is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended one with another as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease.

A story is told of two parrots which lived near each other. The one had been taught to sing hymns, while the other was addicted to swearing. The owner of the latter obtained permission for it to associate with the former in the hope that its bad habit would be corrected; but the opposite result followed, for both learned to swear alike.

No man is your friend who will corrupt you. An impure man is every good man's enemy—your

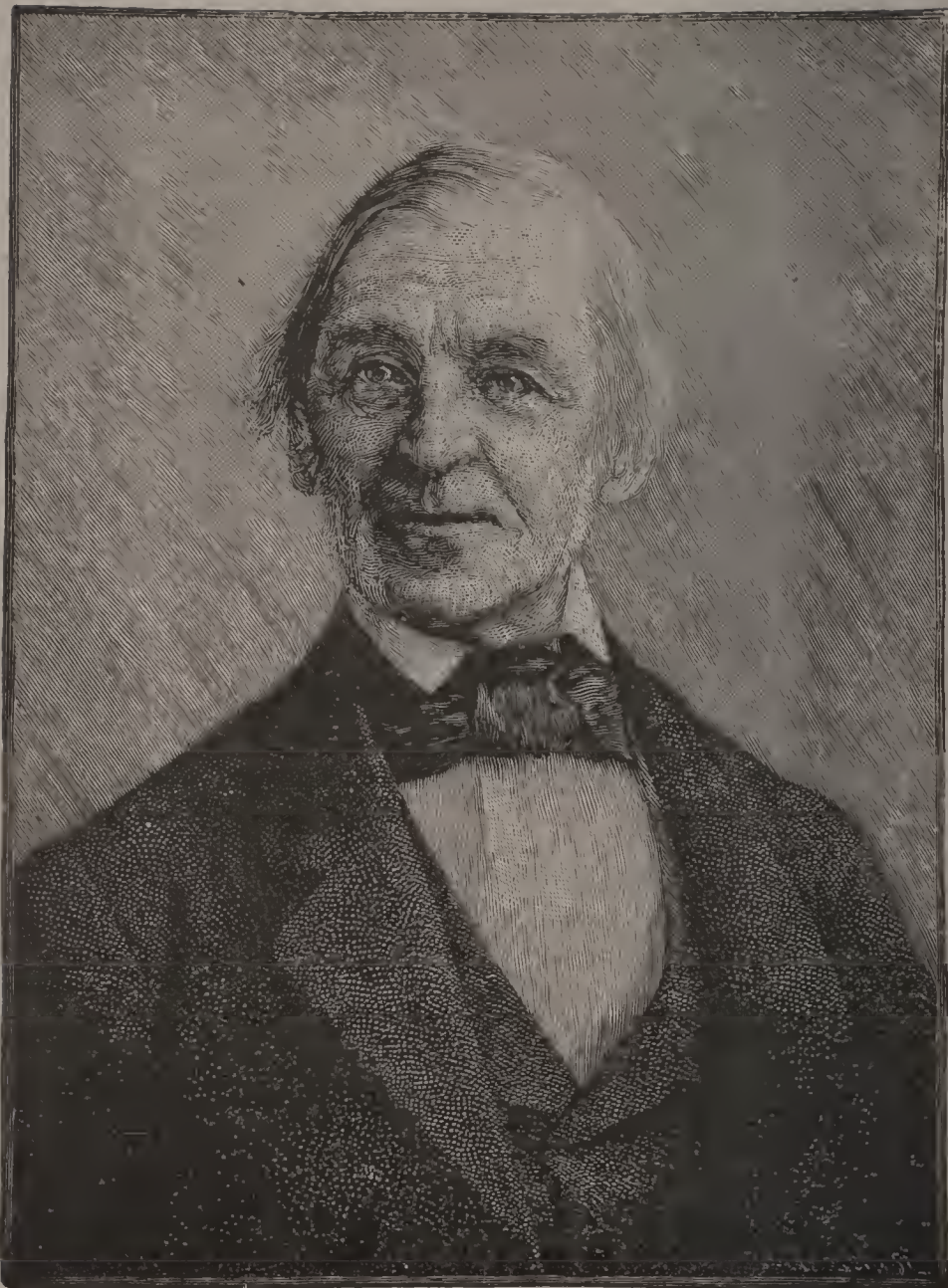
deadly foe; and all the worse, if he hide his poisoned dagger under the cloak of good-fellowship. Therefore, select your associates, assort them, winnow them, keep the grain, and let the wind sweep away the chaff.

Charles James Fox was unfortunate in his home training, but its defects were largely remedied through his friendship with Edmund Burke. He declared publicly that if he were to put all the political information which he had learned from books, all which he had gained from science, and all which any knowledge of the world and its affairs had taught him, into one scale, and the improvement which he had derived from Burke's instruction and conversation were placed in the other, he should be at a loss to decide to which to give the preference. What would Cicero have been without Atticus, or Xenophon without Socrates?

Ill qualities are contagious as well as disease; and the mind is at least as much liable to infection as the body.

We do not notice the poisonous air in a close sleeping-room where we have remained for hours; but to one who enters in the morning, it is exceedingly offensive. The accumulation of carbonic-acid gas in the blood produces a narcotic effect and diminishes the sensibility of the nerve centers and stupefies the brain. Miners are often overcome by foul gases before they realize that they are being poisoned.

Bad associates unconsciously stupefy the young, who do not notice the poisonous atmosphere until



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

“Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend.”

too late to prevent injury. Men become so accustomed to sewer gas that they scarcely notice it, yet their blood is being slowly poisoned. Young men often become accustomed to the moral sewer gas of *vicious companionship*, and do not realize that their souls are absorbing poison until their characters are seriously damaged.

Two molecules of matter unite to form a new substance, and they then can do what neither could have done alone. So each of two men often develops in the other what was never apparent before in either. The thought of each alone was a single element, but on coming in contact with another thought, a new compound is formed which neither man ever dreamed of before. One lights for the other the fire which neither could have ignited alone. A flint and steel could never make a fire while kept apart, but the friction of contact brings out the spark which otherwise would have slept forever. One mind evokes from another sparks which would be impossible to it singly.

“Our chief want in life,” says Emerson, “is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend. With him we are easily great. There is a sublime attraction in him to whatever virtue is in us. How he flings wide the doors of existence! What questions we ask of him! What an understanding we have! how few words are needed! it is the only real society.”

“To love the little platoon we belong to in society,” said Burke, “is the germ of all public affections.”

Our faces and manners are the bulletin boards whereon are advertised all the performances within. The programme of last night's carousal, the dens of infamy visited, the photographs of his companions, will all be published in spite of him, in the expression and bearing of the debauchee. Like insects which assume the color of the leaves of plants they feed upon, we sooner or later become like the food of our minds, like the creatures within our hearts. No matter how sly, how secret they are, no matter if our associations have been in the dark, their story will sooner or later appear in our countenances and conduct. The idols of the heart look out through the eyes, appear in the manners, and betray the worshipers. Our associates, loves, hates, dissipations, noble endeavors, shameful intrigues, honesty, dishonesty, all our virtues and all our vices leave their record upon the soul's bulletin board, to be read by all who will note carefully enough.

The example of a good and great man is like a lighthouse: it not only warns, but directs; not only indicates the rock, but guides into port. No sermon can be so eloquent as a heroic life.

Lord Clarendon says, "No man ever rose to any degree of reputation who made choice of or delighted in the company or conversation of those who were not far his superiors. Nothing is falsier than that a man can hide his actions. They speak with miraculous tongues."

Pythagoras, before he would admit any one into his school, made strict inquiry as to who his intimate

associates had been ; rightly judging that those who had been careless about their companionships were not the most likely to derive benefit from his instructions. A very brief acquaintance has been known to do a life-long injury. A spoonful of permanganate of potash is sufficient to give color to a hundred gallons of water ; and a week of unwholesome friendship may prove enough to poison a whole life.

The friends of the late John Sterling were accustomed to say of him, that it was impossible to come into contact with his noble nature and not be in some measure ennobled and lifted up into a higher region of aim and object. Haydn was inspired to become a musician by listening to Handel ; Gomez, a painter, by watching Murillo ; it was the genius of Reynolds that inspired the pencil of Northcote. So, from the example or encouragement of a fit companion, our minds may receive the impulse which will carry them forward in the straight path which leads to happiness and honor.

Bishop Hamilton, of Salisbury, bears the following testimony to the influence for good which Mr. Gladstone, when a school-fellow at Eton, exercised upon him. “I was a thoroughly idle boy, but I was saved from worse things by getting to know Gladstone.” At Oxford we are told that the effect of his example was so strong that men who followed him there ten years later declare that “under-graduates drank less in the forties because Gladstone had been so courageously abstemious in the thirties.”

Good companions tend to the eradication of evil

habits and the correction of poor and mean thinking. A man who enjoys the companionship of a wise and true man, who combines probity and goodness in his nature, and who has made knowledge the pursuit of his life, imbibes his spirit, and for a time becomes like him in thought and action. And then, too, the companionship of a superior inspires and quickens the understanding, — stimulates the intellect, so that a higher grade of language is used to express wiser and more elevated thoughts.

John Locke accepted an invitation to a gathering of noted Englishmen and found them absorbed at cards. Taking his note book, he carefully jotted down their conversation. At the conclusion of the game he said: "I have longed for the opportunity to meet such distinguished gentlemen, and being desirous of improving myself as much as possible, I have been writing your conversation in my note book." The players were ashamed, and immediately turned the conversation to better things.

An author is known by his writings, a mother by her daughter, a fool by his words, and all men by their companions.

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; "tell me, that I may make mine beautiful too." He replied, "*I had a friend.*"

At the Grant banquet given at Galena, Ill., H. D. Estabrook, of Chicago, read a letter from General John A. Rawlins to General Grant, written during the siege of Vicksburg, which, it was said, had never

appeared before, and of the existence of which very few knew. The original, according to the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, is in the possession of a citizen of Galena. The letter is dated, “ Before Vicksburg, Miss., June 6, 1863, one o’clock A.M.,” and reads: “ The great solicitude I feel for the safety of this army leads me to mention what I hoped never again to do—the subject of your drinking. This may surprise you, for I may be, and I trust I am, doing you an injustice by unfounded suspicion, but if I am in error it had better be on the side of this country’s safety than in fear of offending a friend.

“ I have heard that Dr. D——, at General Sherman’s, a few days ago, induced you, notwithstanding your pledge to me, to take a glass of wine, and to-day, when I found a box of wine in front of your tent, and proposed to move it, which I did, I was told you had forbidden its being taken away, for you intended to keep it until you entered Vicksburg, that you might have it for your friends; and to-night, when you should, because of the condition of your health, if nothing else, have been in bed, I find you where the wine bottle has just been emptied, in company with those who drink and urge you to do likewise, and the lack of your usual promptness and decision and clearness in expressing yourself in writing conduces to confirm my suspicion.

“ You have full control over your appetite and can let drinking alone. Had you not pledged me the sincerity of your honor early last March that you would drink no more during the war, and kept that pledge

during the campaign, you would not have stood first in the world's history as a successful leader. Your only salvation depends upon your strict adherence to that pledge; you cannot succeed in any other way.

“As I have before stated, I may be wrong in my suspicions, but if one sees that which leads him to suppose a sentinel is falling asleep at his post, it is his duty to arouse him, and if one sees that which leads him to fear the general commanding a great army is being seduced to that step which he knows will bring disgrace upon that general and defeat to his command, if he fails to sound the proper note of warning, the friends, wives, and children of those brave men whose lives he permits thus to remain in peril will accuse him while he lives and stand swift witnesses of wrath against him in the day when all shall be tried.

“If my suspicions are unfounded, let my friendship for you and my zeal for my country be the excuse for this letter, and if they be correctly founded, and you determine not to heed my admonitions and prayers in this hasty note by immediately ceasing to touch a single drop of any kind of liquor, by whomsoever asked or under whatsoever circumstances, let my immediate relief from duty in this department be the result.”

Probably the necessity for this letter was over-estimated; but, if needed, it was well heeded, for no world-famous leader ever exceeded Grant in sobriety.

“We meet — at least those who are true to their instincts meet — a succession of persons through

their lives, all of whom have some particular errand to us,” writes Margaret Fuller. “There is an outer circle of people whose existence we perceive, but with whom we stand in no real relation. They tell us the news, they act on us in the offices of society, they show us kindness and aversion, but their influence does not penetrate, we are nothing to them or they to us, except as a part of the world’s furniture. Another circle within this is composed of those who are near and dear to us. We know them and of what kind they are. They are not to us mere facts, but intelligible thoughts of the Divine Mind. We like to see how they are unfolded, we like to meet them, and part with them, we like their action upon us, and the pause that succeeds and enables us to appreciate its quality. Often we leave them on our path and return no more, but we bear them in our memory, tales which have been told, and whose meaning has been left. But yet a nearer group there are, beings born under the same star, and bound with us in a common destiny. They are not mere acquaintances, mere friends, but when we meet are sharers of our very existence. There is no separation, the same thought is given at the same moment to both. Indeed, it is born of the meeting, and would not otherwise have been called into existence at all. These not only know themselves more, — but are more for having met, and regions of their being, which would else have lain sealed in cold obstruction, burst into leaf and bloom and song.”

A companion, according to the root-idea of the

word, is one with whom we eat bread, — from *com*, with, or together, and *panis*, bread.

When Socrates was building himself a house at Athens, being asked by one that observed the littleness of the design, why a man so eminent would not have an abode more suitable to his dignity, he replied that he should think himself sufficiently accommodated if he could see that narrow habitation filled with real friends.

The character of every man is made up of that of other men, women, and children. Every one can truly say, as did a great poet of his hero, "I am a part of all I have met." Even mean men and women feel noble in the presence of true nobility. They cannot think mean thoughts or do mean things in the presence of the great and noble. They seem lifted out of their lower selves upon a higher and nobler plane of thought and feeling. For the time they are magnetized by goodness; they are lifted above the depressing gases and moral miasma of dissipated associates into a higher and purer atmosphere where truth and purity dwell. No one could live with a man like Phillips Brooks and not be a better, purer man. The manners of the roughest would be smoothed, the hardest nature softened, in such a manly atmosphere. Analyze the servants who lived long in his house, and you will find "Phillips Brooks" written upon every fiber of their character, as we see God reflected in the lives of some people because He lives in them. No ordinary man could live long with Phillips Brooks and be the same man he was before.

The magic spell of the great life would influence the most stubborn nature.

In a cemetery a white stone marked the grave of a little girl, and on the stone were chiseled these words, — “A child of whom her playmates said, ‘It was easier to be good when she was with us,’” — one of the most beautiful epitaphs ever heard of.

“Wal’r, my boy,” replies the captain in “*Dombey and Son*”; “in the Proverbs of Solomon you will find the following words, ‘May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!’ When found, make a note of.” His idea of true friendship was about as vague as his knowledge of the Bible.

“How can you account for the fact that in the household of princes the fool is in greater favor than the philosopher?” asked the Prince of Verona.

“Similarity of mind,” replied Dante, “is, the world over, the source of friendship.”

Friendship, it is said, blooms on the cold hills of the north as well as in the rich vales of the south. Where fall the bright rays from a warm heart, the dews from a kind soul, there you may be sure to find it. But real friends, true in storm as well as in calm, in the dark night of woe as in the bright morn of joy, are like ghosts, much talked of but not often seen. In a chapter on friendship, Geikie says that Athenodorus, who, after dividing his estate with his brother Xenon, divided it again when Xenon had spent his own share, — Lucullus, who would not accept the Consulship till the younger brother had enjoyed it for a year, — Pollux, who divided his immortality

with Castor, — Damon and Pythias, the philosophers, of whom Pythias was so willing to die for his friend, — are sweet echoes of human love, sent down from generation to generation, out of Pagan antiquity. Scripture adds its own list, in the story of Jonathan and David, — the heir to a throne fondly loving and helping him by whom he knew he was to be supplanted, — of Aquila and Priscilla, who would have laid down their necks for St. Paul, — and of St. Paul himself and young Timothy. In our own history, many divine instances shine like stars out of the blue. We have the deathless story of Beaumont and Fletcher, whose books are twin fruits on a single stem, — and Crowley and his friend Harvey, Milton and young Lycidas, Gray and West, and the Richardsons, father and son, have memories of mingled fragrance. “We make one man,” says the elder Richardson of his son, “and such a compound man can probably produce what no single man can.” Akenside, when in danger of dying from want, had three hundred pounds a year allowed him by Mr. Dyson; Southey lived for years on the bounty of his friend Wynne; Coleridge found a calm harbor in his last years in Mr. Gillman’s, as Dr. Watts had for half a lifetime in Sir Thomas Abney’s; and Henry Hallam lives a purer than earthly life in Tennyson’s “In Memoriam,” as Edward Irving does in the Threnody of Thomas Carlyle. Bright flowers of love they are, all of them, along the dusty highways of the world, — wet, like Gideon’s fleece, with the dews of Heaven, in the dryness around.

Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible satisfaction, of feeling safe with a friend,—having neither to weigh the thoughts nor measure the words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them; keep what is worth keeping, and then, with the breath of kindness, blow the rest away!

No other possession of life holds such preponderating value as one's friends. All beside these are a part of the scenery of the external and temporary world, but friendships are of the eternal and divine. It is these that give value and zest to life, and furnish it with interest, charm, and happiness.

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man starting in life, it used to be said of him, “ Lincoln has nothing, only plenty of friends.” To have plenty of friends is to be very rich,—if they are the right sort.

Before the days of steamboats, men used to tow their boats up the Mississippi and the Ohio with long lines. At night they looked for solid trees to tie their boats to, for otherwise they might be gone in the morning. This was the origin of the phrase, “ that man will do to tie up to.” It is a significant phrase, too; for, while we have many acquaintances, the men we can tie to under all circumstances are very few. Don't tie up to a companion until you know he is firm.

“ Which is Harper and which the brothers?” asked a gentleman visiting the office of Harper & Brothers. “ Either is Harper, and the others are the

brothers," replied James, the eldest, and this was indeed the relation the members of the great firm bore toward each other.

Friendship, as Cicero tells us, is the only thing concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed. It is sometimes called love without wings.

McConaughy once asked a friend who had been a surgeon in the army, why it was that some of our young men came back so much improved, while others, from whom we looked for better things, returned good for nothing. He replied that it all depended upon "tent-mates." Where these were evil and degraded, the tendency was all downward, and it took great strength of character and purpose to withstand it. But let even a rough soldier boy have his lot cast among men who keep home-fires bright in their hearts, who gather at evening to sing over the home songs and hymns they sang with the children at twilight, and he will find himself lifted to a higher plane.

"There are some men and women in whose company we are always at our best," said Dr. Drummond. "While with them, we cannot think mean thoughts, or speak ungenerous words. Their presence elevates and inspires us. All our best nature is drawn out by the intercourse, and we find music in our souls that was never there before."

"No man," said a soldier of his time, "ever entered Mr. Pitt's closet who did not feel himself a braver man when he came out."

All men are known by their companions; indeed,

the greater part of the education which makes us what we are is obtained through example rather than precept. “ ’Tis meet,” then, as Shakespeare says,

“ That noble minds keep ever with their likes
For who so firm, that cannot be seduced ? ”

From impure air we take diseases ; from bad company, vice and imperfection. Better have yellow fever or small-pox than be joined to a vicious companion. The curiosity of him who wishes to see fully for himself how the dark side of life looks, is like that of the man who took a torch into a powder mill to see whether it would really blow up or not.

Ask Shame and Guilt, and they will tell you they were made what they are by Example and Intercourse ; and on the other hand, Honor and Usefulness commonly hasten to own that they owe everything, humanly speaking, to some one they have copied.

Not long ago a young man of good family, excellent prospects, and pleasing address died like a dog in Paris, at the hands of her to whom he had proved faithless. He had been what is called a generous soul, a jolly good fellow, and had plenty of boon companions who joined him in their dissipations, and often with maudlin fervor, pledged their never-dying friendship. Yet — will you believe it ? — when that body lay cold and still in the Morgue yonder, beyond the towers of old Notre Dame, — with none to claim it and give it decent interment, —

there was not one of all his fast associates that paid it the tribute of a visit, not one to shed a tear over his cold clay, of all the depraved profligates he had entertained, and who had joined in his hilarious orgies.

“I tell you in all sincerity,” said John B. Gough, “not as in the excitement of speech, but as I would confess and as I have confessed before God, I would give my right hand to-night if I could forget that which I learned in bad society.”

Muck, especially from a cypress swamp, will modify shades of flowers. White roses may be variegated beautifully, for instance.

Graft a Marechal Niel rose upon a blackthorn, and, instead of light canary yellow color, you may get pinkish yellow.

Professor Agassiz proved the power of the flounder to change its color. Placed on blackish tiles, flounders turned mud color; moved thence to sand tiles, in a few minutes their leaden skins paled to dull yellowish white; transferred to mimic sea-weeds, in five minutes they assumed a greenish hue. There are innumerable human flounders, — men and women who take their moral color from their surroundings.

A flock of tame pigeons adorned with an infinite variety of markings, if let loose on an uninhabited island, become changed in time into the same color, — dark slaty blue.

“Come to my level if you would be my friend,” the bad man always says in his manner if not in his words.

“Chemists tell us that one grain of iodine imparts

color to seven thousand times its weight of water. So wide is the circle of influence wielded by one evil example.”

“ Whether the pitcher strike the stone, or the stone the pitcher,” says a Spanish proverb, “ woe be to the pitcher.”

“ A watch-maker said that a gentleman had put into his hands an exquisite watch that went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. He took it to pieces and put it together again twenty times. No defect was to be discovered; and yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him, that possibly the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet: on applying a needle to it, he found his suspicions true; here was all the mischief. The steel works in the other parts of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions; and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel. If the soundest mind be *magnetized* by vicious associations, it must act irregularly.”

“ Be courteous to all,” said Washington, “ but intimate with few, and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence.”

“ Make companions of few,” said a wise father to his son, “ be intimate with one, deal justly with all, speak evil of none.”

There is no desert more desolate than a locality peopled wholly by strangers or unsympathetic acquaintances. How many wandering in foreign lands, or under the crushing weight of bereavement, have felt like saying with Longfellow in “ Judas Maccabæus ” :

“Alas! to-day I would give everything
To see a friend’s face or hear a voice
That had the slightest tone of comfort in it.”

Johnson said to Sir Joshua Reynolds: “If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.”

When the great natural philosopher Michael Faraday was a very young man, he wrote to a friend, — “A companion cannot be a good one, unless he is morally so. I have met a good companion in the lowest path of life, and I have found such as I despised in a rank far superior to mine.”

No one can long be your friend for whom you have not a decided esteem, — an esteem that will not permit you to trifle with his feelings, and which, of course, will prevent him from trifling with yours. Great familiarity is inconsistent with any abiding friendship.

“But what!” some one will exclaim, “are we to set about making and keeping friends with the same attention as if we were raising hot-house fruit?” Yes, precisely so; but if a friend is not in your estimation worth as much as a bunch of Hamburg grapes, I assure you it will be time wasted to try. When people complain that they have no friends, inquire what efforts they have made to get and keep them. True friendship is rare because it is rarely sought for. Keep up your friendships. Do

not let the pursuit of fame or money or the pressure of business keep you from this sacred duty.

Friendship is a good deal like china. It is very durable and very beautiful as long as it is quite whole; but break it, and all the cement in the world will never quite repair the damage. You may stick the pieces together so that, at a distance, it looks nearly as well as ever; but it won't hold hot water. It is always ready to deceive you if you trust it; and it is, on the whole, a very worthless thing, fit only to be put empty on a shelf and to be forgotten there. The finer and more delicate it is, the more utter the ruin. A mere acquaintance, which needs only a little good humor to keep it up, may be coarsely puttied like an old yellow basin in the store-closet, but tenderness, and trust, and sweet exchange of confidence can no more be yours when angry words and thoughts have broken them than can those delicate porcelain teacups which were shivered to pieces be restored to their original excellence. The slightest crack will spoil the true ring, and you would better search for a new friend than try and mend the old one.

“ It is astonishing how much good goodness makes,” said Dr. Mozley. “ Nothing that is good is alone, nor anything bad; it makes others good or others bad, and those others, and so on; like a stone thrown into a pond, which makes circles that make wider ones, and these others, till the last reaches the shore.”

“ How comest thou to smell so fragrantly?” asked the Persian poet Sadi of a clod of clay. “ The sweetness is not in myself,” replied the clay, “ but I have

been lying in contact with the rose." Yet the rose grew from that same clod of clay.

"Every one who spares you is not your friend," said Augustine, "nor every one who smites you your enemy; it is better to love with fidelity than to deceive by good nature."

"It is the solace of this life," said St. Ambrose, "to have one to whom you can open your heart, and tell your secrets; to win to yourself a faithful man, who will rejoice with you in sunshine, and weep in showers; it is easy and common to say, 'I am wholly thine,' but to find it true is as rare."

"Carry a watchful eye upon those familiars that are either silent at thy faults, or soothe thee in thy frailties, or excuse thee in thy follies; for such are either cowards, or flatterers, or fools; if thou entertain them in prosperity, the coward will leave thee in thy danger, the flatterer will quit thee in adversity; but the fool will never forsake thee."

"When two friends part," said Feltham, "they should lock up each other's secrets, and change the keys."

"If I could be taken back into boyhood to-day," said Garfield, "and had all the libraries and apparatus of a university, with ordinary routine professors, offered me on the one hand, and on the other a great, luminous, rich-souled man, such as Dr. Hopkins was twenty years ago, in a tent in the woods alone, I should say, 'Give me Dr. Hopkins for my college course, rather than any university with only routine professors.'"

“The moment you place yourself in relation with living minds,” says Whipple, “you find Shakespeare pouring Norman blood into your veins and the feudal system into your thoughts, and Milton putting iron into your will.”

A man's nearest kin are oftentimes far other than his dearest,
Yet in the season of affliction those will haste to help him.
For, note thou this, the providence of God hath bound up fam-
ilies together,

To mutual aid and patient trial ; yea, those ties are strong.
Friends are ever dearer in thy wealth, but relations to be trusted
in thy need,

For these are God's appointed way, and those the choice of
man ;

There is lower warmth in kin, but smaller truth in friends ;
The latter show more surface, and the first have more depth.
Relations rally to the rescue, even in estrangement and neglect,
Where friends will have fled at thy defeat, even after promises
and kindness.

For friends come and go ; the whim that bound, may loose them :
But none can dissever a relationship, and fate hath tied the knot.

— *M. F. Tupper.*

Might I give counsel to any young man, I would say to him,
try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and in
life, that is the most wholesome society : learn to admire rightly ;
the great pleasure of life is that. Note what great men admire ;
they admire great things : narrow spirits admire basely, and
worship meanly. — *W. M. Thackeray.*

Friendship ! mysterious cement of the Soul !

Sweet'ner of Life, and solder of Society !

I owe thee much. — *Blair.*

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy shall meet him everywhere.

— *Ali Ben Abu Taleb.*

Not e'en the tenderest heart and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh. — *Keble.*

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on thro' all ills, and love on till they die.
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss. — *Moore.*

CHAPTER XIII.

IDEALS.

There is always the need for a man to go higher, if he has the capacity to go.— *Beecher*.

Endeavor to be first in thy calling, whatever it may be; neither let any one go before thee in well-doing; nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve thine own talents.— *Robert Dodsley*.

One contented with what he has done, stands but small chance of becoming famous for what he will do. He has lain down to die. The grass is already growing over him.— *Bovee*.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness, must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.— *Hazlitt*.

Those who are quite satisfied, sit still and do nothing; those who are not quite satisfied, are the sole benefactors of the world.— *W. S. Landor*.

What is man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.— *Shakespeare*.

Mature your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes.— *Disraeli*.

No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.— *Owen Meredith*.

“The youth who does not look up, will look down; and the spirit that does not soar, is destined, perhaps, to grovel.”

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.— *Daniel*.

Our only greatness is that we aspire.— *Jean Ingelow*.

And oh, for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!— *Tennyson*.

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.— *Lowell*.

“STRANGER,” said a Southwestern Yankee, scarred and weather-pitted, lean and wiry, addressing a slender, smooth-faced, nervous youth, quick of motion and clear of eye, who had turned out, day after day for a month, more “piece-work” than any other man in a large rubber factory; “stranger, mought I ask

what's yer puppus in drivin' so, and beatin' all the rest?"

"So you think my rapid work shows a special purpose?" asked the youth with a smile, although he knew that the proprietors had taken a large contract, and would pay each man in proportion to the number of pieces he made.

"Sartin, I do," replied the Westerner. "The mightier a man's puppus, the smarter he is. That's reason. An' if it an't bein' too cur'ous I'd like to hev yer air yer puppus."

"I have indeed a mighty purpose," replied the young man; "one that a lifetime of the hardest work cannot exhaust, — and yet I doubt if you would care to hear it."

"I knowed it," said the other; "but go ahead, give it to us, I'm good for 't."

"Did you ever know a man to die for a friend?"

"Wall, yes, I knowed a man in Arkansaw that took up another man's fight an' was killed."

"Not in that way; but in cool blood to take another man's place, to be hated, sneered at, and at last killed, all for the sake of a friend?"

"Can't say as I ever did," replied the Westerner, "'tan't exactly natur, that an't."

"No, it isn't very natural to man, yet a friend of mine, for years bore all the shame and reproach of my deeds. He was hated, threatened, mobbed. His very name became a reproach. Without a home, — with nothing but his innocence, he was at last put to death by those who hated him so.

“One who was near him when he died,” continued the youth, “wrote me a letter, and in it were the dying wishes of my friend. He said first that he forgave me everything, and that he loved me more than any other could love me.”

“He’d no need to say that after dyin’ for yer,” broke in the Westerner huskily.

“One thing he wished me to do. There were others whom he loved and who had wronged him. He wished me to go to them and beg them to accept his dying love and be reconciled to him. That is my purpose.”

“Stranger,” exclaimed the other impressively, “I don’t wonder that yer beat us all. I don’t know what yer done, that yer pardner should hev died for yer, but I do know that yer a lucky man to hev had such a friend. Don’t yer never go back on his memory, an’, — ef ’tan’t bein’ too cur’ous, — mought I ask his name?”

“His name was Jesus Christ,” was the reverent reply. “The letter is here in the Bible, and with his help I am working here to get money to fit myself more thoroughly to tell men his dying message, and beg them to become reconciled to him.”

There was no further time for talking, yet the young man felt that the other understood. The next day the Westerner was not in his place, and it was whispered that he had gone on a spree. He never came back. Three years later, says H. C. Pearson, from whose sketch this story is adapted, the young boot-maker, having finished his studies,

was preaching in a store in the far West, when he noticed a tall, weather-beaten man, who entered and took a seat on a box. There was something familiar in his make-up, some suggestion of the past, which, however, did not explain itself until after the sermon, when he came forward, saying: "Yer not the only man in this deestric that's got a puppus. I've read that letter many times, an' in all sorts of places, since you brought it up to me. I've been down in the mines, an' out among the Injuns, tellin' the boys about it, an' now I'm bound for Lower Californy. Give us a grip of your hand, pardner, an' don't forgit yer puppus."

The personal message of Christ, the grandest through all the centuries, is addressed to those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness"; in other words, to all who have "a puppus," — an ideal.

I have read of a girl whose wonderful grace and purity of character charmed every one who knew her. One day a friend touched the spring of a little gold locket which she always wore on her neck, but which she would let no one see, and in it were these words: "Whom having not seen, I love."

"I have brought my boy to see if you can do anything with him," said a parent, when the teacher answered his rap at the schoolhouse door. "Of all stubborn boys I know, he is the worst." The boy was seated and lessons were assigned him. Not long afterwards, as the teacher was going to his desk, he put out his hand to lay it kindly on the boy's shoulder, whereupon the little fellow shuddered and

shrank away from the touch. "What is the matter?" asked the teacher. "I thought you were going to strike me," replied the pupil. "Why should I strike you?" "Because I am so bad," said the boy. "Who says you are bad?" "Father, mother, and everybody else say so." "You can be just as good as any boy, if you try," said the teacher kindly. "Can I be a good boy?" asked the little fellow in surprise; "then I *will* be a good boy." From that time his life changed. He made rapid progress in his studies, was almost faultless in deportment, and was soon a favorite with all. He became Governor of one of our largest states.

The teacher had simply given the boy a new and higher ideal, and had inspired him with the confidence and aspiration necessary to attain it; but how it transformed a whole life! If we could elevate our ideals and increase our confidence, nearly all of us possess greater powers of attainment than we ever exert.

"Soon after the late Horace Maynard entered Amherst College, he put on the door of his room a large letter V. Its presence exposed him to questions and ridicule; but, paying no attention to either, he kept the letter in its place. At the end of four years graduation day came, and Mr. Maynard was appointed to deliver the valedictory. After having received the compliments of the faculty and students for the honor he had received, Mr. Maynard called the attention of his fellow-graduates to the letter V over the door of his room, and asked if they then

understood what was meant by it. After short reflection, they answered, 'Yes; valedictory.' He replied, 'You are right.' His fellows then asked if he had the valedictory on his mind when he pasted the letter over his door. Mr. Maynard replied, 'Assuredly I had.'"

Nothing so strengthens the mind and enlarges the manhood and widens the thought as the constant effort to measure up to a high ideal, to struggle after that which is beyond us and above us. It stretches the mind, as it were, to a larger measure, and touches the life to finer issues.

Our longings are the prophecies of our destinies. Life never fulfills all the expectations of youth. The future never pays all that the present promises. Nature holds back part of our wages lest we quit work. The prophecy that we shall be immortal is written upon our desires and longings.

There is always hope for the young man or young woman who has an affinity for the light; an upward aspiration like some trees which have such an innate longing for the sunlight, that they crowd past anything which impedes their progress, bending in their course around trees or any other obstruction, reaching up and up and up, until they get above the surrounding forest and bathe their proud heads in the bright free air.

Elihu Burritt was ridiculed when he expressed among his ignorant and careless companions a determination to obtain an education. How could a poor boy, working nearly all the daylight in a black-

smith's shop, get an education? He had but one book, and he carried that in his hat. But this boy with no chance, in a dirty blacksmith's shop, became one of America's wonders. His employer objected to his studying, fearing it would injure his work in the shop; but he soon found the boy could shoe a horse quicker and better for his increased intelligence.

Professor Peabody at Harvard once said that the decision to be an educated man was itself one-half an education.

If a poor boy once gets a thirst for an education, gets his ambition "fired up," it will carry him through.

Did Garfield sit still and dream of the days when his ideal should be fulfilled? If that had been his spirit and quality, he would have spent his whole life on the tow-path. But he labored persistently, studied hard, and "made things happen," instead of "waiting for something to turn up." When he wanted to improve his education at the seminary, he cut wood for fifty days in order to make fifty dollars to meet the expense. When he desired still higher culture, he became bell-ringer and general sweeper at the institute, so that he might pay his way. And when he went at last to college he managed, by strenuous purpose and unflinching industry, to do in three years what most men could hardly accomplish in six. A man like that can do anything. It was as easy for Garfield to be President as to be mule-driver, — because he was always

fitting himself for nobler service and more splendid achievement. He was a man of great dreams and lofty ideals, and he had the indomitable will which enabled him to realize and accomplish them.

Margaret Fuller says: "Very early I perceived that the object of life is to grow." Goethe said of Schiller: "If I did not see him for a fortnight, I was astonished to find what progress he had made in that interim." We all know people who are always growing deeper, larger, broader. Every time we meet them, we feel that they are a little further on, a little higher up; that their thought is deeper, their experience broader, their comprehension larger. Such souls never cease to grow. It is onward and upward, from the cradle to the grave.

Milton thought that he who would truly write a heroic poem must make his whole life a heroic poem. He says that his appetite for knowledge was so voracious, that from twelve years of age he hardly ever left his studies or went to bed before midnight.

What could a young woman, alone and with a delicate constitution, do towards forming a world-wide organization which should be the most powerful known for the suppression of intemperance and vice and the elevation of her race? About all Miss Willard had was a heroic purpose. "I have swung like a pendulum," she says, "through my years, without haste, without rest." In ten thousand towns and cities, bands of women are at work to make liquor selling and liquor drinking hateful and disreputable, largely through Miss Willard's efforts. It is well

known that she deprives herself of many comforts that she may never refuse those in actual want. Notwithstanding her naturally delicate constitution, her powers of industry are very great. She sometimes has ten secretaries at work.

In her letters in the *Chautauquan* to girls, "How to Win," she says: "Keep to your specialty, whether it is raising turnips or tunes, painting screens or battle pieces, studying political economy or domestic recipes. Have in place of aimless reverie a resolute aim.

"The first grand object of my idle life was the purpose once lodged there by my life's best friend, my mother, *to have an education.*" Miss Willard's high aims have glorified her whole life. Still for her and those like her, in the words of Lowell, —

"Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
 Glows down the wished ideal,
 And longing molds in clay what life
 Carves in the marble real;
 To let the new life in, we know,
 Desire must ope the portal;
 Perhaps the longing to be so
 Helps make the soul immortal.

"Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
 With our poor earthward striving;
 We quench it that we may be still
 Content with merely living;
 But, would we learn that heart's full scope,
 Which we are hourly wronging,
 Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
 And realize the longing."

What a lesson is the life of this poor girl with a lofty ideal, for the thousands of boys and girls who long for nothing higher or nobler than an every-day existence in the narrow groove which they accept as their allotted place!

“According to my creed,” says a prominent writer, “a woman’s place is wherever circumstances beyond her control have located her. There are no circumstances which can overthrow or circumvent the passionate resolve of a noble, earnest soul.”

While Turner, the great painter, was engaged upon one of his immortal works, a lady of rank, looking on, remarked: “But, Mr. Turner, I do not see in nature all that you depict there.” “Ah, madam,” replied the artist, “do you not wish you could?”

“Honor to the idealists, whether philosophers or poets,” says Chapin. “They have improved us by mingling with our daily pursuits great and transcendent conceptions. They have thrown around our sensual life the grandeur of a better, and drawn us up from contacts with the temporal and the selfish to communion with beauty and truth and goodness.”

“A sculptor,” Tauler says somewhere, with a striking range of mind for a monk of the fourteenth century, “is said to have exclaimed indignantly on seeing a rude block of marble, ‘What a god-like beauty thou hidest!’” Thus God looks upon man, in whom His own image is hidden.

“To what kingdom does this belong?” asked King Frederick of Prussia, as he held an orange before the

children in a school. "To the vegetable kingdom," replied one of the little girls.

"And to what kingdom does this belong?" he asked, taking a piece of gold money from his pocket. "To the mineral kingdom," replied the same girl.

"And to what kingdom do I belong, my child?" he continued, expecting for a reply, "To the animal kingdom." But the little girl hesitated, thinking that it would not be proper to say that a *king* belonged to the animal kingdom. "Well," said the king at length, "can you not answer that question, my little lady?" "To the kingdom of Heaven, sire," was the reply; and, with tears in his eyes, the king placed his hand upon her head, saying: "God grant that I may be found worthy of that kingdom!" The little girl had taught the king to look at life in a new way.

Voltaire declared that he never wrote a single work that satisfied him.

George Herbert said: "Who aimeth at the sky, shoots higher much than he that meaneth a tree."

Infuse into the purpose with which you follow the various employments and professions of life, no matter how humble they may be, this sense of beauty 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 an artist, 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 has been built in a grander spirit than has sometimes attended the government of empires or 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. 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. Its stream is paved with diamonds; its banks He fringed with flowers. He overarched 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.

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, and then fly away.

Every action, well and cheerfully done, carries a sense of beauty with it. A letter well written and beautifully expressed, a lesson well learned, a piece of sewing perfectly done, in fact everything promptly and accurately accomplished, becomes a work of art and decorates the life.

Unfortunately the standard of right, — the moral ideal with a great majority of men in business, — is

simply the public opinion about them. What others consider right, they think right also.

Some of the most cruel acts done in the world's history have been done by perfectly honest people, who were doing what they really believed to be right. Their ideals were low or mistaken.

Historians tell us that there is scarcely a vice which has not in some age or country been approved by public opinion, and scarcely a virtue which has not been condemned. Suicide has been considered honorable in one age and felony in another. Thieves were rewarded in Sparta.

Cotton Mather, who wrote a book on "Doing Good," which had such an influence upon Dr. Franklin as to change his whole life, rejoiced when he saw seventeen persons hung in Salem for witchcraft.

The Phœnicians burned their children alive from a sense of duty. Conscience, misdirected, has been the greatest tyrant in the world.

A colonial Governor of the Bahamas, about to return to England, offered to procure from the home government any favor the natives desired. The reply was as startling as the request for the head of John the Baptist. "Tell them to tear down the lighthouses; they are ruining the prosperity of the colony." The people were wreckers.

The ideal determines the character of the life. Ambition without character must ever prove fatal to its possessor. There is not an exception in history.

A visitor, meeting the son of the great Mozart,

said: "I hope you take great pleasure in the piano or violin?" "What do you take me for? I don't love music; I am a banker, this is the music I like"; and he thrust his hands into a pile of gold, letting the precious pieces fall, jingling upon the counter.

The passion for money brings out the native character: in one young man it develops his industry, sagacity, thrift, foresight, prudence; while in another it develops just the opposite qualities, — scheming, cheating, lying, meanness, narrowness, reckless speculation. The love of money, — the manner of acquiring and spending, — is, perhaps, the best index of a man's character. If he has noble, generous, manly qualities, they will come out in the way he gets his money and the way he uses it. If he has bad blood in him, if he is naturally mean, close, small, unscrupulous, dishonest, these characteristics will appear in all his transactions.

Isn't it a shame to see a bright, smart young man bending all his energies, working night and day, scheming to make money in some underhand way, in some questionable occupation, when his splendid abilities, fine physique, would enable him to be a great power as a good, square merchant or manufacturer, or in some other useful occupation or profession? Has a young man a right to choose a low calling, when a higher is possible for him? Has he a right to dwarf his manhood, starve his brain, stunt his moral faculties in a low, mean pursuit, when a respectable one is open to him which would enlarge him, ennoble him, and make him useful to humanity?

Toward what goal are our steps directed? It is a vulgar and degrading ambition which endeavors simply to secure a "respectable position in life."

God hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in his life each feels a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.

Nothing will so save a man from self-consumption as a complete surrender to excellence, — to a lofty ideal. It is a burning zeal to get higher and higher in the scale of character, an ever-increasing thirst and enthusiasm for the best, — that will take nothing less, — that lifts life upon a plane worth living.

Perhaps the biggest word in America to-day, the word which fills our newspapers and magazines, and which excites social rivalry, — a word which covers up crime and is an excuse everywhere for misdemeanor, the word which the American child is taught to lisp with reverence and worship almost from the cradle, the "be all and end all" of many a human life, the word which covers a multitude of sins, the word which is mentioned but once in the Bible (Joshua i. 8), — is "Success."

Is it any wonder that our children start out with wrong ideals of life, with wrong standards of what constitutes success? The child is urged "to get on," to "rise in the world," to "make money," etc. The youth is constantly told that "nothing succeeds like success." False standards are everywhere set up for him, and then he is blamed if he fails.

Many an American boy's model is the poor boy who can go to Chicago, or New York, or Boston without a penny, and die a millionaire. This to him is success; and why shouldn't it be? He sees the whole world running after the millionaire, regardless of who he is or how he got his money. No matter how he made it, spent it, or left it; few will ask whether he was rich in intellect, broad, beautiful, and noble in his life, or narrow, mean, avaricious, grasping, — if he left a million, he was a success. No matter if he ground the very life out of his employees; no matter if others grew poorer that he might become rich; no matter if he poisoned and lessened the value of every acre of land in his neighborhood; no matter if his children were mentally and morally starved and his home wretched; if he left a million, he was a success. This is the philosophy of the street which the boy breathes in as he learns to talk.

Don't teach the young that "success" in acquiring wealth or position is the only condition of happiness.

Millions of bright boys and girls are destined to spend their lives in the constant service of others, — in helping the sick, the poor, the unfortunate, the helpless, — and practically they will never have an opportunity to become either well educated or very rich. But they must not expect to be forever miserable unless they succeed according to the popular standard of success. Many a poor woman who spends her life in the sick room or in menial service, has reached a success infinitely higher than has many a millionaire.

American servants consider themselves under a temporary social misfortune from which they hope to extricate themselves. Think of an American boy starting out in life as thousands do in England, with an ambition to be a butler in a private family. English servants are a contented, satisfied, industrious, self-respecting class. But the national disease, ambition, has touched the life of every American almost before he leaves the cradle. Dreams of a place where drudgery and humiliation are unknown have poisoned his mind, and he seldom makes a good servant; his heart is not in his work, and it will be centuries probably before America can possibly have as efficient servants as England. The farther west we go, the more noticeable this becomes.

Noble, brave, heroic men and women have lived who have resolved to carve out for themselves through opposing hills of difficulty and valleys of poverty and quagmires of discouragement, a straight, level, and solid road to success, usefulness, and final felicity; and they have done it.

If the aim of a life be right, it cannot in detail be much amiss. It may indeed be imperfect, but it cannot be wholly wrong, and it cannot even partially be false. When the aim of a life is right, rules and precepts are merely subordinate; when the aim of a life is otherwise, rules and precepts are utterly worthless.

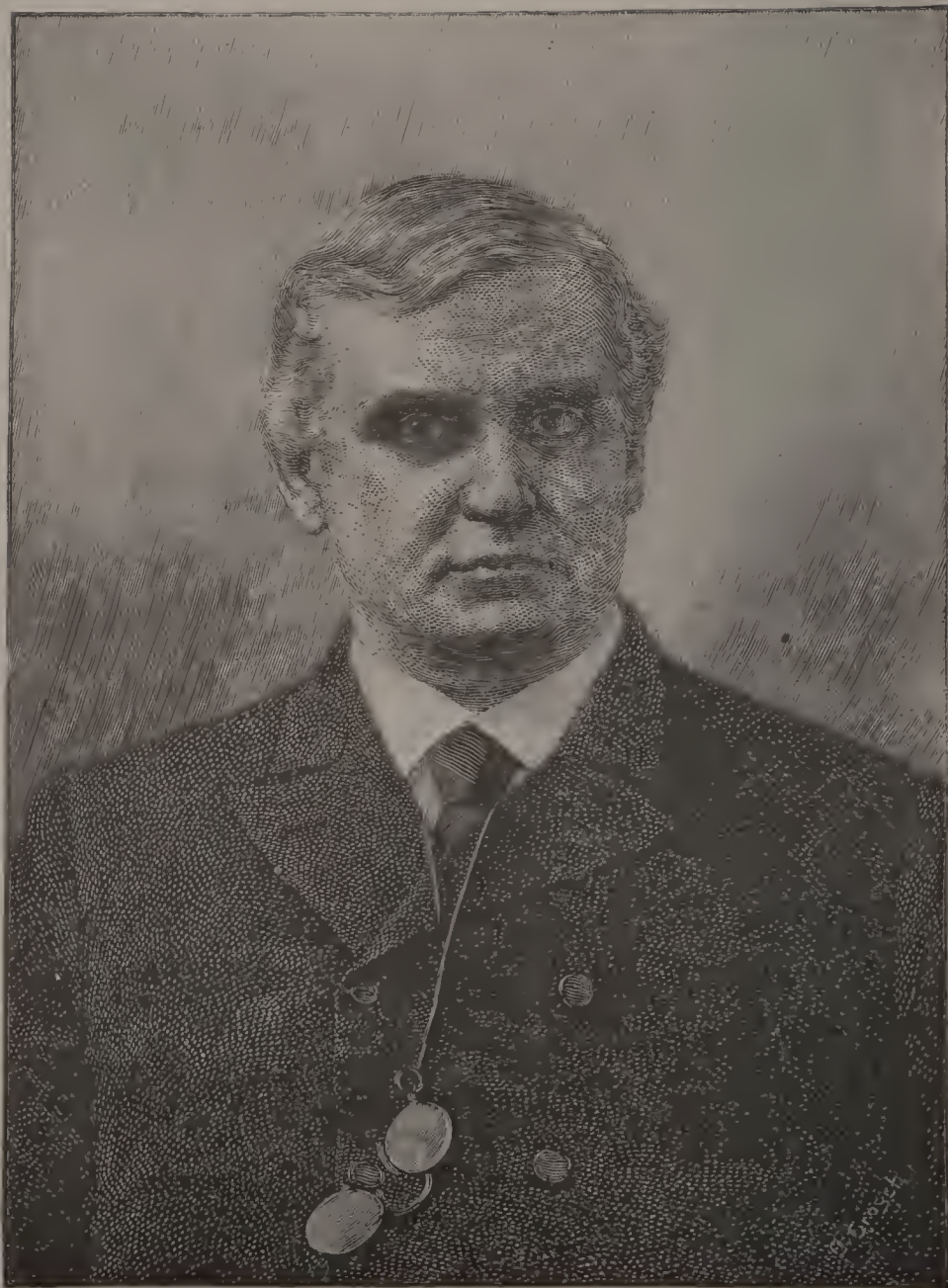
“Ambition is the spur that makes man struggle with destiny. It is heaven’s own incentive to make purpose great and achievement greater.”

After being some time at sea in the king's service, Nelson formed a great dislike for naval routine. After a voyage of discovery toward the North Pole, and eighteen months more under the Indian sun, his health failed, and his spirit and ambition gave way. But, rallying himself, he exclaimed: "*I will be a hero; my king and my country shall be my patrons.*" From that moment stern resolution seized his soul, which never more lagged. The day before the battle of the Nile, he said to the officers, "By this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey." He was made a baron with a pension of two thousand pounds. Although mortally wounded at Trafalgar, he lived to hear the last guns fired at the fleeing enemy, and his dying words were: "Thank God! I have done my duty."

There is a spiritual hunger more imperative in its demands than physical hunger. How many men starve to death by being robbed of the food of others' thoughts, of art food, of literature, of history, etc.! In how many persons is the æsthetic nature dead from lack of food in the growing period of life!

If ambition is akin to pride, and therefore to folly, it is none the less a mighty spur to noble action, and where it is not found in youth, — budding and blossoming like the trees in spring, — there will be no fruit in autumn.

Ambitious people are the leaven which improves the world, provided the ambition be a good one. Wrong to be ambitious, forsooth? The men wrong



PHILLIPS BROOKS.

“The thing we long for, that we are.”
“Not failure but low aim is crime.”

who, with bent back and sweating brow, cut the smooth road over which humanity marches forward from generation to generation?

The idealist is imaginative, hopeful, and abounding with life and energy. He sees visions and he dreams dreams, and he lives in a world of hopeful, happy forces that continually radiate new energy, — that generate it, indeed, and that kindle the coals on the altar.

To him, at length, “strong and sure as the Atlantic tides sweeping up the shore,” comes inspiration with all its “hidings of power.”

Bury a pebble, and it will obey the law of gravitation forever. Bury an acorn, and it will obey a higher law and grow. In the acorn is a vital force superior to the attraction of the earth. All plants and animals are climbing or reaching upward. Nature has whispered into the ear of all existence: “Look up.” Man, above all, should have a celestial gravitation.

“The ideal life, the life of full completion, haunts us all,” says Phillips Brooks; “we feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are.”

“An intense desire itself transforms possibility into reality. Our wishes are but prophecies of the things we are capable of performing.”

“Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object,” asked Thoreau, “and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity,

and find that there was no advantage in them, — that it was a vain endeavor? ”

Your aspiration will become inspiration, and you will push your work with a glad enthusiasm. Think you Angelo did not reach nobler results because he carved his own faith in forms of breathing marble, and painted it abroad in the glory of his frescoes? Think you Hugh Miller read the story of the rocks less eagerly and carefully because he felt he was reading the thoughts of God written deep in the strata of the earth? Think you Carey made poorer shoes because while he stitched and hammered at his cobbler's bench the love of God made melody in his heart, and great schemes of missionary enterprise took shape in his mind? The true service of God is so broad, so inspiring, so strong and pure in its motives that by it all life is lifted to a higher plane. No honest work is sordid when done for Him, and you have no force or faculty of hand or heart which will not find most powerful stimulus and freest play in doing His will. As Keble well says,

“There are in this rude, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart;
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holier strain repeat.”

“That boy tries to make himself useful,” said an employer of the errand boy, George W. Childs. It

is this trying to be useful and helpful that improves as well as promotes us. "We can't afford to have you down here, you are worth too much, come up higher."

When the foreman in A. T. Stewart's establishment died, the porter applied for the place. "Why, you are only a porter," said Stewart. "I know it, but I have watched this business and I know its details and I can fill the position." Stewart refused him. The porter obtained a position in another house and finally bought out the whole business.

It is a most fatal error to regard the church as sacred, and to label the warehouse as secular. They are both sacred. Work done in a Christ-like spirit is dignified and ennobled until it becomes divine.

Bishop Spaulding says: "The final thought in all work is that we work not to have more, but to be more; not for higher place, but for greater worth; not for fame, but for knowledge. This is the Christian touch which has transformed the world."

Michael Angelo one day went into the studio of Raphael when the artist was not in. He saw on the canvas a beautiful design, a human figure in graceful attitude, but disproportionately small. He slyly seized a brush, and faintly wrote underneath one word, — *amplius*, that is, "larger."

"Have an ambition to be remembered," said Charles Sumner, "not as a great lawyer, doctor, merchant, scientist, manufacturer, or scholar, but as a great man, every inch a king."

We must look upward or die.

Ancient or mediæval art was superior to modern because the ideal was higher. Ancient artists dealt with religious subjects, — the highest conceptions possible to man, while modern art is profane. Longfellow once gave to his pupils this motto: "Live up to the best that is in you."

Unnatural and inordinate ambition, encouraged in this land of opportunity, renders many a life miserable, and totally unfits it for true usefulness.

Do not strive to reach impossible goals. It is wholly in your power to develop yourself, but not necessarily so to make yourself a king. Too many are deluded by ambition beyond their power of attainment, or tortured by aspirations totally disproportionate to their capacity for execution. You may, indeed, confidently hope to become eminent in usefulness and power, but only as you build upon a broad foundation of self-culture.

On the other hand, do not choose a frivolous object for your ambition, like the Empress Anne of Russia, who assembled the men of genius of her empire to construct a palace of snow.

"The situation that has not its duty, its ideal," says Carlyle, "was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable, actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal: work it out therefrom, and, working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the ideal is in thyself."

There is a poem that is an apt illustration of this power of creating our own success or failure. In

musical cadences, it tells of the sculptor who stood before the block of uncut marble with his chisel in his hand, and with a glorious ideal in his thought which he was determined to carve out of the stone. Day after day he toiled patiently on. Slowly it grew into the thing of beauty of which he had dreamed. Sometimes the tool with which he worked slipped, and the toil of days would seem undone, but still he wrought until, at length, his vision was fashioned into a reality.

But "there is a better thing than realizing the ideal, — it is to idealize the real."

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what is heaven for? — *Robert Browning.*

From the polyp to the saint, it is said, there is a perpetual striving, — a divine dissatisfaction.

Dr. Collyer says that Darwin's suggestion as to the evolution of the eagle's wings is an instructive one. The desire to ascend was there before the wings, and through countless ages of development the process of formation and adaptation went on, until at length, with mighty pinions, seven feet from tip to tip, the eagle soared aloft toward the sun. Of us it may be said that every well-meant trial and intention is part of a great process; each starts some feather in the eagle's wing.

The noblest character would soon degenerate, if it should lose the love of excellence. This is the main-spring of all great character. This passion for excellence is the voice of God, bidding us up and on,

lest we forget our divine origin and degenerate to barbarism again. This principle is the guardian of the human race. It is God's voice in man; it is the still small voice that whispers "right" or "wrong" to every act; it is the gem which the Creator dropped into the dust when he fashioned us in his own image.

Thorwaldsen, being asked whether anything was distressing him, answered, "My genius is decaying." "What do you mean?" said the visitor. "Why, here is my statue of Christ; it is the first of my works I have ever felt satisfied with. Till now, my ideal has always been far beyond what I could execute. But it is no longer so. I shall never have a great ideal again."

"The more thorough a man's education is," says Beecher, "the more he yearns for and is pushed forward to new achievement. The better a man is in the world, the better he is compelled to be. That bold youth who climbed up the Natural Bridge, in Virginia, and carved his name higher than any other, found, when he had done so, that it was impossible for him to descend, and that his only alternative was to go on and scale the height, and find safety at the top. Thus it is with all climbing in this life. There is no going down. It is climbing or falling." God has whispered into the ear of all creation, "Look up!"

Friend, go up higher. — *Luke* xiv. 10.

"Higher! It is a word of noble import," says a modern teacher. "It lifts the soul of man from low and groveling pursuits, to the achievement of great

and noble deeds, and ever keeps the object of its aspiration in view, till his most sanguine expectations are fully realized.

“Higher! lisps the infant that clasps its parent’s knee, and makes its feeble effort to rise. It is the first inspiration of childhood to burst the narrow confines of the cradle, and to exercise those tottering limbs which are to walk forth in the stateliness of manhood.

“*Higher!* echoes the proud schoolboy as he climbs the tallest tree of the forest, that he may look down upon his less adventurous comrades with a flush of exultation,—and abroad over the fields, the meadows, and his native village.

“*Higher!* earnestly breathes the student of philosophy and nature. He has a host of rivals; but he must excel them all. The midnight oil burns dim; but he finds light and knowledge in the lamps of heaven, and his soul is never weary even when the last of them is hid by the splendors of the morning.

“AND HIGHER! his voice thunders forth, when the dignity of manhood has mantled his form, and the multitude is listening with delight to his oracles, burning with eloquence, and ringing like true steel in the cause of freedom and right. And when time has changed his locks to silver,—when the young and the old unite to do him honor, he still breathes forth from his generous heart fond wishes for their welfare.

“HIGHER YET! He has reached the apex of earthly honor; yet his spirit burns as warm as in youth, though with a steadier and paler light.

And even now, while his frail tenement begins to admonish him, that 'the time of his departure is at hand,' he looks forward, with rapturous anticipation, to the never-fading glory, attainable only in the presence of the Most High."

To grow higher, deeper, wider, as the years go on; to conquer difficulties, and acquire more and more power; to feel all one's faculties unfolding, and truth descending into the soul,—this makes life worth living.

The rapture which ravished Mozart's soul, the symphonies which wandered through the corridors of his mind, were never heard by mortal ear. What he actually put on paper was but a faint echo of the mighty harmony in his soul.

"I wonder if ever a song was sung,
 But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
 I wonder if ever a hymn was rung,
 But the thought surpassed the meter!
 I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought,
 Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
 Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
 The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!"

A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
 Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
 Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
 Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
 But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

—*Frances Anne Kemble.*

So should we live that every hour
 May die as dies the natural flower,
 A self-reviving thing of power. — *Lord Houghton.*

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. — *St. Paul.*

This moment, if you bend to catch the word,
 A nobler thing than man has ever said
 Along the currents of God's thought is sped,
 And he who speaks it bravely must be heard.

This hour a grander work awaits your hand
 Than any written in the treasured past;
 Lay to the oar! The tide runs fast — runs fast —
 Life's possibilities are yet unspanned.

— *Annie L. Muzzey.*

Oh, laggard soul! unclosethine eyes —
 No more in luxury soft
 Of joy ideal waste thyself;
 Awake, and soar aloft!
 Unfurl this hour those falcon wings,
 Which thou dost fold too long;
 Raise to the skies thy lightning gaze,
 And sing thy loftiest song! — *Frances S. Osgood.*

I count this thing to be grandly true;
 That a noble deed is a step towards God —
 Lifting the soul from the common clod
 To a purer air and a broader view. — *J. G. Holland.*

Build thee more stately mansions,
 O my soul!
 As the swift seasons roll,
 Leave thy low vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

— *Holmes.*

Too low they build, who build beneath the stars. — *Young.*

Up! higher yet, and higher,
 Ever nigher, ever nigher,
 Thro' voids that Milton and the rest beat still with seraph-
 wings;
 Out thro' the great gate creeping
 Where God hath put his sleeping —
 A dewy cloud detaining not the soul that soars and sings,
 Up! higher yet, and higher,
 Fainting nor retreating,
 Beyond the sun, beyond the stars, to the far bright realm of
 meeting! — *Robert Buchanan.*

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence; live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search
 To vaster issues. — *George Eliot.*

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