

1882

The Royal Path of Life or Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness

T.L. Haines

L.W. Yaggy

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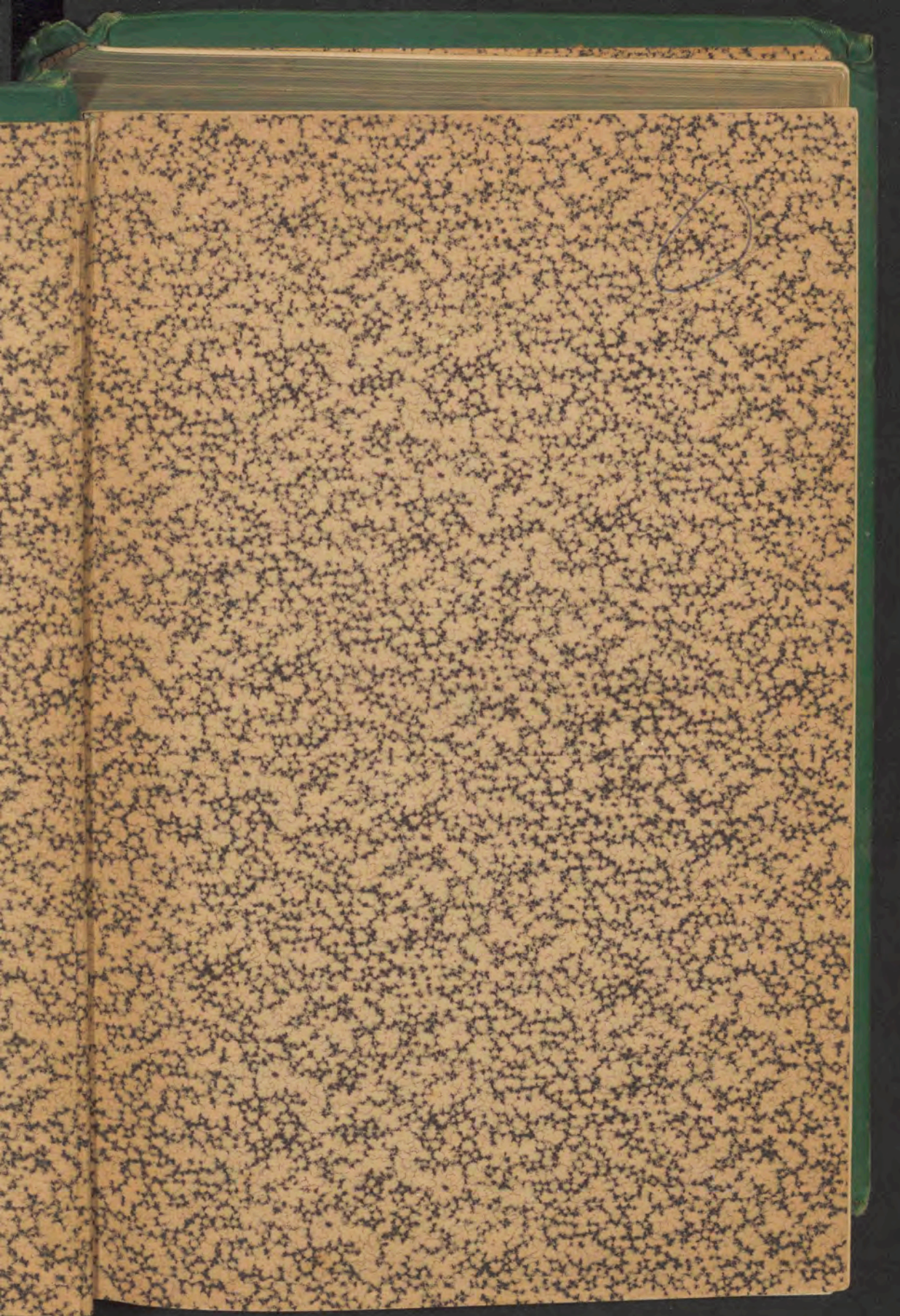
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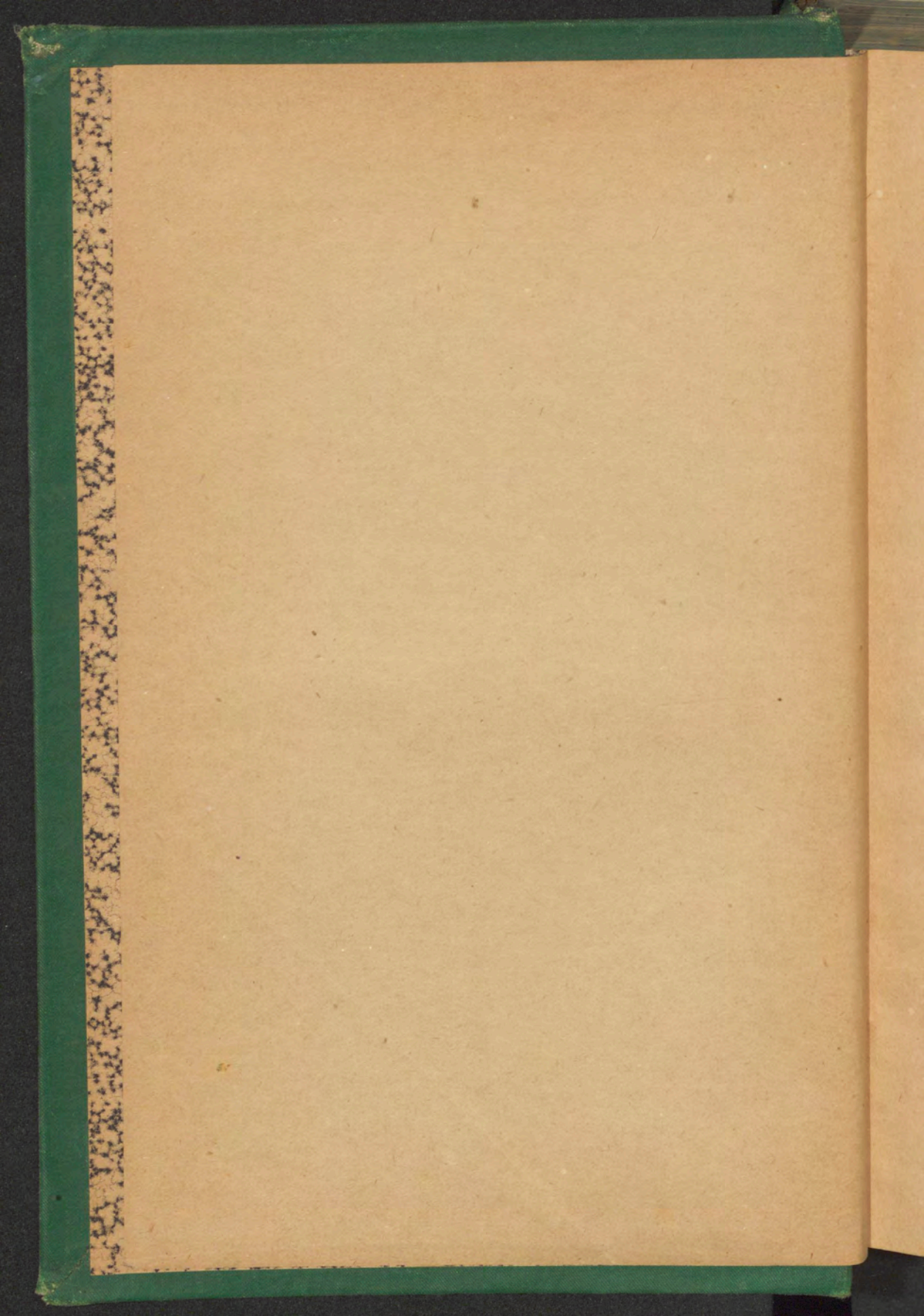
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The
ROYAL
BATH
OF
LIFE

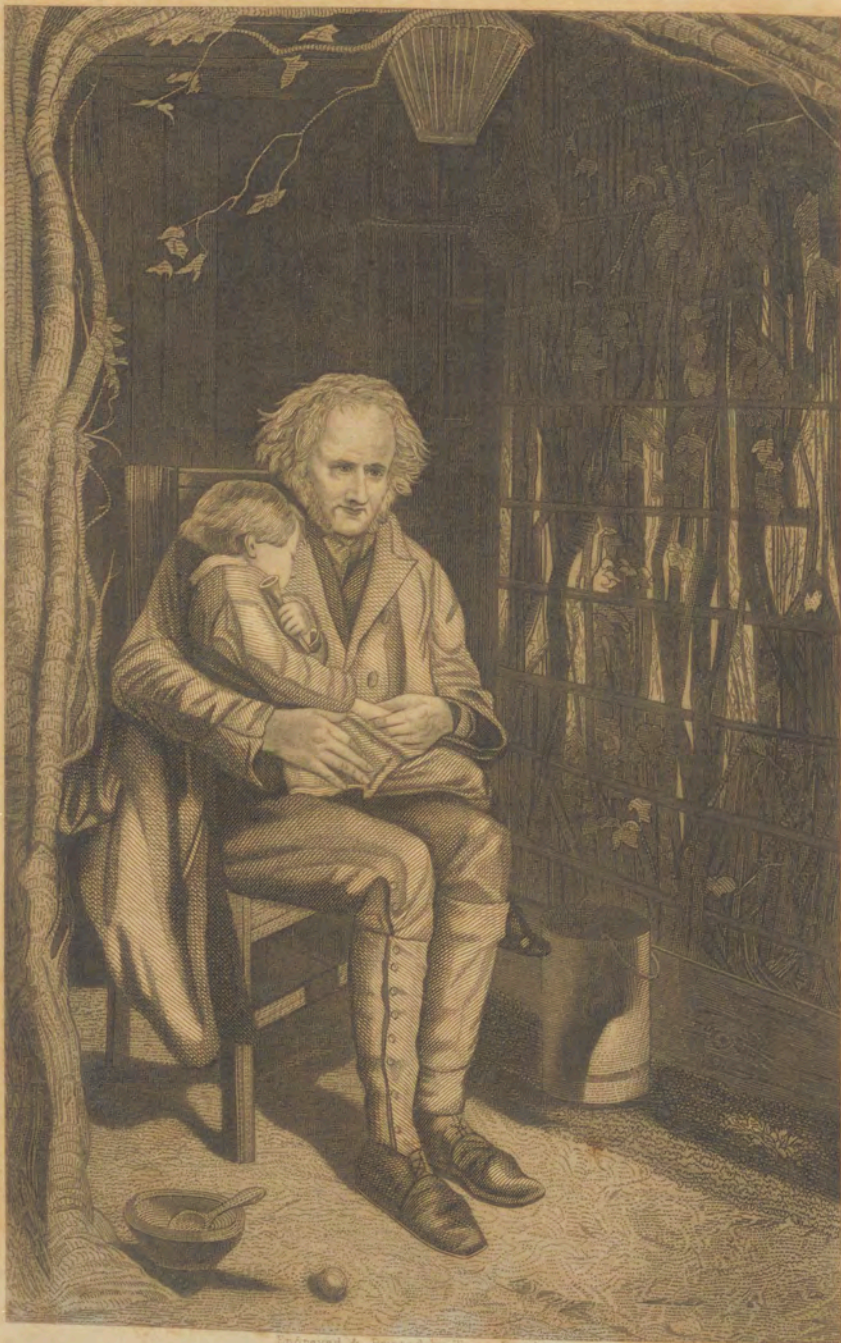












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THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

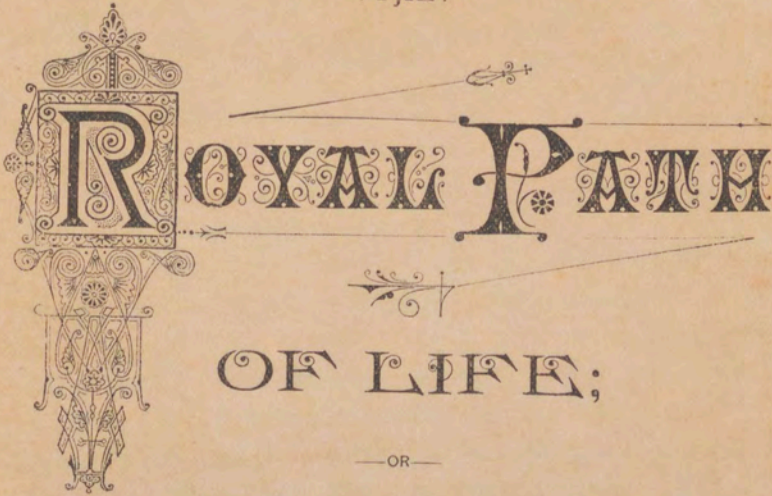
FOR THE ROYAL PATH OF LIFE





ON THE ROYAL PATH OF LIFE.

—THE—



ROYAL PATH

OF LIFE;

—OR—

The title 'ROYAL PATH' is rendered in a highly decorative, blackletter-style font. The initial 'R' is particularly large and ornate, featuring intricate scrollwork and floral patterns. The words 'OF LIFE;' are in a simpler, serif font. The word 'OR' is centered between two horizontal lines.

AIMS AND AIDS TO SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS.

BY

T. L. HAINES, A. M.

AND

L. W. YAGGY, M. S.

Author of "Our Home Counselor."

REVISED EDITION.

A. P. T. ELDER & CO.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1882

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PREFACE

THE subject-matter of this book, Success and Happiness, has been the consideration of every eminent pen, from the days of Solomon to the present. To say any thing strictly new would be impossible; nor would we presume that our knowledge and experience would be as valuable as the maxims of the wise and the sublime truths which have become a part of the standard literature. The best, therefore, that any one can expect to do is to recombine the experience of the past, and compile such thoughts and extracts as have chimed in with the testimony of earnest and aspiring minds, and offer them in a novel and fascinating form. In the words of the poet:

"We have gathered posies from other men's flowers,
Nothing but the thread that binds them is ours."

In life there is a Royal Path. Alas! that so many not being urged to seek life's prizes, fail to find them. It is hoped that this book shall be a counselor to those who have become indifferent to life's purposes; a comfort to those who have long traveled on this Royal Path; and if it shall serve to awaken the slumbering genius within the youth, stimulate and impel them to noble thoughts and actions, and lead them on to honor, success and happiness, the authors will consider themselves amply repaid for their labor.

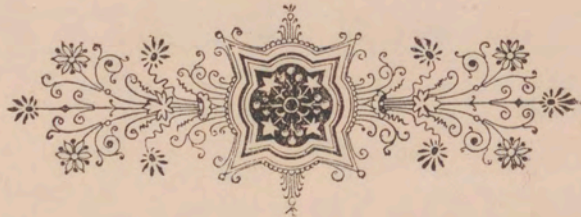
"Life is before you! from the fated road
You cannot turn; then take ye up the load,
Not yours to tread or leave the unknown way,
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may.
Gird up your souls within you to the deed,
Angels and fellow-spirits bid you speed!"

—Butler.

CONTENTS.

LIFE	7	LABOR	189
MAN AND WOMAN	14	ENERGY	197
MOTHER	29	LUCK AND PLUCK	201
CHILDREN	37	PURPOSE AND WILL	212
YOUTH	42	COURAGE	217
HOME	49	LITTLE THINGS	223
FAMILY WORSHIP	59	ECONOMY	231
HOME INFLUENCE	64	FARM LIFE	237
HOME AMUSEMENTS	71	SUCCESS	242
TO YOUNG MEN	75	INDUSTRY	250
TO YOUNG WOMEN	83	HONESTY	254
DAUGHTER AND SISTER	91	CHARACTER	259
ASSOCIATES	96	PRINCIPLE AND RIGHT	264
INFLUENCE	103	VALUE OF REPUTATION	267
HABIT	105	FAME	269
COMPANY	111	AMBITION	273
FORCE OF CHARACTER	114	AVARICE	275
INTEGRITY	119	GAMBLING	277
POOR BOYS AND EMINENCE	123	TEMPER	282
OCCUPATION	130	ANGER	286
EMPLOYMENT	135	OBSTINACY	292
TRUE GREATNESS	138	HYPOCRISY	295
IDLENESS	140	FRETTING AND GRUMBLING	299
EDUCATION	145	FAULT FINDING	305
OPPORTUNITY	151	ENVY	310
SPARE MOMENTS	154	SLANDER	315
BOOKS	158	VANITY	320
READING	165	PRIDE	322
PERSEVERANCE	174	FOPS AND DANDIES	329
PLUCK	182	FASHION	333
SELF RELIANCE	184	DRESS	340

CHURCH DRESS.....	347	JOY.....	48 ³
MANNERS.....	349	BEAUTY.....	48 ⁶
THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.....	357	MUSIC.....	49 ³
WIT.....	362	HONOR.....	50 ⁰
TRUTH.....	365	GENIUS AND TALENT.....	50 ²
JUDGMENT.....	370	THINKERS.....	50 ⁷
PATIENCE.....	373	BENEFACTORS OR MALEFACTORS.....	51 ³
CONTENTMENT.....	378	TRIALS OF LIFE.....	51 ⁸
CHEERFULNESS.....	384	SICKNESS.....	52 ²
HAPPINESS.....	390	TEARS.....	52 ⁵
GRATITUDE.....	393	SORROW.....	52 ⁸
HOPE.....	396	SORROWING FOR THE DEAD.....	53 ⁵
CHARITY.....	401	ADVERSITY.....	53 ⁹
KINDNESS.....	405	DEBT.....	54 ³
FRIENDSHIP.....	411	FAILURE.....	54 ⁸
COURTSHIP.....	416	DESPAIR.....	55 ¹¹
FLIRTING.....	422	STEPPING-STONES.....	55 ³
BACHELORS.....	425	PRAYER.....	55 ⁶
INFLUENCE OF MATRIMONY.....	428	THERE IS A GOD.....	56 ²
ADVANTAGE OF MATRIMONY.....	436	THE BIBLE.....	56 ⁴
YOUNG MEN AND MATRIMONY.....	439	RELIGION.....	57 ¹³
YOUNG LADIES AND MATRIMONY.....	446	DOING GOOD.....	57 ¹⁴
LOVE.....	453	WELL DOING.....	58 ⁰
MATRIMONY.....	461	OLD AGE.....	59 ²
THE CONJUGAL RELATION.....	468	DEATH.....	59 ⁶
HUSBAND AND WIFE.....	474		



...483
...486
...493
...500
...502
...507
...513
...518
...522
...525
...528
...535
...539
...543
...548
...551
...553
...556
...561
...564
...571
...574
...580
...592
...596

THE

Royal Path of Life.



Life.

We point to two ways in life, and if the young man and maiden, whose feet are lingering in soft green meadows and flowery paths, will consider these two ways soberly and earnestly, before moving onward, and choose the one that truth and reason tell them leads to honor, success and happiness, they have wisely chosen the "Royal Path of Life." The other way is too well known to need description. It is a sad thing, after the lapse of twenty years, to find ourselves amid ruined hopes;—to sit down with folded hands and say, "Thus far life has been a failure"! Yet, to how many is this the wretched summing up at the end of a single score of years from the time that reason takes the helm! Alas! that so few who start wrong, ever succeed in finding the "Royal Path"; life proving, even to its last burdened years a millstone about the neck.

Dear reader, life is a "Royal Path," and to you it shall be a millstone about your neck, or a diadem on your brow. Decide at once upon a noble purpose, then take it up bravely, bear it off joyfully, lay it down triumphantly. Your greatest inheritance is a purpose in pursuit of which you will find employment and happiness, for

"The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled."

Life is not mean—it is grand. If it is mean to any, he makes it so. God made it glorious. Its channel He 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. God would not have attended life with this broad march of grandeur, if it did not mean something. He would not have descended to the blade of grass, the dew-drop, and the dust-atom, if every moment of life were not a letter to spell out some word that should bear the burden of a thought. How much life means, words refuse to tell, because they can not. The very doorway of life is hung around with flowery emblems, to indicate that it is for some purpose. The mystery of our being, the necessity of action, the relation of cause to effect, the dependence of one thing upon another, the mutual influence and affinity of all

things, assure us that life is for a purpose to which every outward thing doth point.

The trees with leaves "like a shield or like a sword" wage vigorous warfare with the elements. They bend under the wind, make music of it, then stand up again and grow more stalwartly straight up toward the heart of the heavens. A man is to learn of the oak, and cling to his plans as it to its leaves till pushed off by new ones; and be as tenacious of life, when lopt, sending up branches straight as the old trunk, and when cut off, sending up a brood of young oaks, crowning the stump with vigorous defenders. He that floats lazily down the stream, in pursuit of something borne along by the same current, will find himself indeed moved forward; but unless he lays his hand to the oar, and increases his speed by his own labor, must be always at the same distance from that which he is following. In our voyage of life we must not *drift* but *steer*.

Every youth should form, at the outset of his career, the solemn purpose to make the most and the best of the powers which God has given him, and to turn to the best possible account every outward advantage within his reach. This purpose must carry with it the assent of the reason, the approval of the conscience, the sober judgment of the intellect. It should then embody within itself whatever is vehement in desire, inspiring in hope, thrilling in enthusiasm and intense in desperate resolve. Such a plan of life will save him from many a damaging contest with temptation. It will regulate his sports and recreations. It will go

with him by day to trample under foot the allurements of pleasure. It will hold his eyes waking as he toils by the evening lamp. It will watch over his slumbers to jog him at the appointed hour, and summon him to the cheerful duties of his chosen pursuit. Those who labor and study under the inspiration of such a purpose, will soon soar out of sight of those who barely allow themselves to be carried along by the momentum of the machinery to which they are attached.

Many pass through life without even a consciousness of where they are, and what they are doing. They gaze on whatever lies directly before them, "in fond amusement lost." Human life is a watchtower. It is the clear purpose of God that every one—the young especially—should take their stand on this tower. Look, listen, learn, wherever you go, wherever you tarry. Something is always transpiring to reward your attention. Let your eyes and ears be always open, and you will often observe in the slightest incidents, materials of advantage and means of personal improvement.

In nothing is childhood more strongly distinguished from manhood than in this, that the child has no purpose, no plan of life, no will by which his energies are directed. He lives, in a great measure, to enjoy the passing scene, and to find his happiness in those agreeable consciousnesses which from hour to hour come to him by chance. If his life is governed by a plan, a purpose, it is the purpose of another—not his own. The man has his own purpose, his own plan, his own life and aim. The sorrowful experience of multitudes.

in this respect is that they are never men, but children all their days. Think out your work, then work out your thought. No one can pursue a worthy object, with all the powers of his mind, and yet make his life a failure. A man may work in the dark, yet one day light shall arise upon his labor; and though he may never, with his own lips, declare the victory complete, some day others will behold in his life-work the traces of a great and thinking mind.

Take life like a man. Take it just as though it was — as it is — an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it — as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be a heart-broken, brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. One way is right to go; the hero sees it and moves on that aim and has the world under him for foot and support. His approbation is honor, his dissent infamy. Man was sent into the world to be a growing and exhaustless force. The world was spread out around him to be seized and conquered. Realms of infinite truth burst

open above him, inviting him to tread those shining coasts along which Newton dropped his plummet and Herschel sailed,—a Columbus of the skies. Some, because they have once or twice met with rebuffs, sink in discouragement. Such should know, that our own errors may often teach us more than the grave precepts of others. We counsel the young man never to despair. If he can make nothing by any work that presents itself now, he can at least make himself; or what is equivalent, he can save himself from the sure death of a pusillanimous, halting, irresolute spirit. Never be cast down by misfortunes. If a spider break his web, over and over he will mend it again. And do not you fall behind the very insect on your walls. If the sun is going down look up to the stars; if earth is dark, keep your eye on heaven. With the presence and promise of God, we can bear up under any thing; and should press on, and never falter or fear.

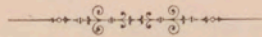
It is my firm conviction that man has only himself to blame if his life appears to him at any time void of interest and of pleasure. Man may make life what he pleases and give it as much worth, both for himself and others, as he has energy for. Over his moral and intellectual being his sway is complete.

The first great mistake that men fall into is that they do not use integrity and truth and good sense in judging of what they are fit for. They take the things that they want and not the things that they deserve. They aspire after things that are pleasing to their ambition, and not after things to which they are adapted by their capacity. And when a man is

brought into as sphere of his ambition for which he has not the requisite powers, and where he is goaded on every side in the discharge of his duties, his temptation is at once to make up by fraud and appearance that which he lacks in reality. Men are seen going across-lots to fortune; and a poor business many of them make of it. Oftentimes they lose their way; and when they do not, they find so many hills and valleys, so many swells and depressions, so many risings and fallings, so many ups and downs, that though by an air-line the distance might be shorter, in reality the distance is greater than by the lawful route; and when they come back they are ragged and poor and mean. There is a great deal of going across-lots to make a beggar of a man's self in this world. Whereas, the old-fashioned homely law that the man who was to establish himself in life must take time to lay the foundations of reality, and gradually and steadily build thereon, holds good yet. Though you slur it over, and cover it up with fantasies, and find it almost impossible to believe it, it is so.

Rely not upon others; but let there be in your own bosom a calm, deep, decided, and all-pervading principle. Look first, midst, and last to God, to aid you in the great task before you; and then plant your foot on the right. Let others live as they please,—tainted by low tastes, debasing passions, a moral putrefaction. Be you the salt of the earth; incorrupt in your deeds, in your inmost thoughts and feelings. Nay more, incorruptible, like virtue herself; your manners blameless; your views of duty, not narrow, false and destruc-

tive, but a savor of life to all around you. Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with the salt of truth, honor, manliness and benevolence. Wait not for the lash of guilt to scourge you to the path of God and heaven. Be of the prudent who foresee the evil and hide themselves from it; and not of the simple, who pass on and are punished. Life, to youth, is a fairy tale just opened; to old age, a tale read through, ending in death. Be wise in time, that you may be happy in eternity.



Man and Woman.

MAN is bold—woman is beautiful. Man is courageous—woman is timid. Man labors in the field—woman at home. Man talks to persuade—woman to please. Man has a daring heart—woman a tender, loving one. Man has power—woman taste. Man has justice—woman mercy. Man has strength—woman love; while man combats with the enemy, struggles with the world, woman is waiting to prepare his repast and sweeten his existence. He has crosses, and the partner of his couch is there to soften them; his days may be sad and troubled, but in the chaste arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose. Without woman, man would be rude, gross, solitary. Woman spreads around him the flowers of existence, as the creepers of the forests, which decorate the trunks of sturdy oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the

Christian pair live and die united; together they rear the fruits of their union; in the dust they lie side by side; and they are reunited beyond the limits of the tomb.

Man has his strength and the exercise of his power; he is busy, goes about, thinks, looks forward to the future, and finds consolation in it; but woman stays at home, remains face to face with her sorrow, from which nothing distracts her; she descends to the very depths of the abyss it has opened, measures it, and often fills it with her vows and tears. To feel, to love, to suffer, to devote herself, will always be the text of the life of woman. Man has a precise and distinct language, the words being luminous speech. Woman possesses a peculiarly musical and magical language, interspersing the words with song. Woman is affectionate and suffers; she is constantly in need of something to lean upon, like the honeysuckle upon the tree or fence. Man is attached to the fireside by his affection for woman, and the happiness it gives him to protect and support her. Superior and inferior to man, humiliated by the heavy hand of nature, but at the same time inspired by intuitions of a higher order than man can ever experience, she has fascinated him, innocently bewitched him forever. And man has remained enchanted by the spell. Women are generally better creatures than men. Perhaps they have, taken universally, weaker appetites and weaker intellects, but they have much stronger affections. A man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by a strong head; but a corrupt woman is lost forever.

One has well said: "We will say nothing of the manner in which that sex usually conduct an argument; but the *intuitive judgments of women* are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning. No man that has an intelligent wife, or who is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this. Times without number, you must have known them decide questions on the instant, and with unerring accuracy, which you had been poring over for hours, perhaps with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of doubts and difficulties. It were hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats less by reasoning than by a sort of sagacity which approximates to the sure instinct of the animal races; and yet, there seems to be some ground for the remark of a witty French writer, that, when a man has toiled step by step up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top; but she will not be able to *tell how she got there*. How she got there, however, is of little moment."

It is peculiar with what a degree of tact woman will determine whether a man is honest or not. She cannot give you the reason for such an opinion, only that she does not like the looks of the man, and feels that he is dishonest. A servant comes for employment, she looks him in the face and says he is dishonest. He gives good references, and you employ him; he robs you,—you may be quite sure he will do that. Years after, another man comes; the same lady looks him in the face, and says he, too, is not honest; she says so, again,

fresh from her mere insight ; but you, also, say he is not honest. You say, I remember I had a servant with just the same look about him, three years ago, and he robbed me. This is one great distinction of the female intellect ; it walks directly and unconsciously, by more delicate insight and a more refined and a more trusted intuition, to an end to which men's minds grope carefully and ploddingly along. Women have exercised a most beneficial influence in softening the hard and untruthful outline which knowledge is apt to assume in the hands of direct scientific observers and experimenters ; they have prevented the casting aside of a mass of most valuable truth, which is too fine to be caught in the material sieve, and eludes the closest questioning of the microscope and the test-glass ; which is allied with our passions, our feelings ; and especially holds the fine boundary-line where mind and matter, sense and spirit, wave their floating and undistinguishable boundaries, and exercise their complex action and reaction.

When a woman is possessed of a high degree of tact, she sees, as by a kind of second sight, when any little emergency is likely to occur, or when, to use a more familiar expression, things do not seem to go right. She is thus aware of any sudden turn in conversation, and prepared for what it may lead to, but above all, she can penetrate into the state of mind of those she is placed in contact with, so as to detect the gathering gloom upon another's brow, before the mental storm shall have reached any formidable height ; to know when the tone of voice has altered ; when any unwelcome thought shall have presented itself, and when the

pulse of feeling is beating higher or lower in consequence of some apparently trifling circumstance. In such and innumerable other instances of much the same character, woman, with her tact, will notice clearly the fluctuations which constantly change the feeling of social life, and she can change the current of feeling suddenly and in such a way that no one detects her; thus, by the power which her nature gives her, she saves society the pain and annoyance which arise very frequently from trifles, or the mismanagement of some one possessing less tact and social adaptation.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is the history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is the bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness; it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappoint-

ment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest."

We find man the cap-stone of the climax of paradoxes; a complex budget of contradictions; a heterogeneous compound of good and evil; the noblest work of God, bespattered by Lucifer; an immortal being, cleaving to things not eternal; a rational being, violating reason; an animal with discretion, glutting, instead of prudently feeding appetite; an original, harmonious compact, violating order and reveling in confusion. Man is immortal without realizing it; rational, but often deaf to reason; a combination of noble powers, waging civil war, robbing, instead of aiding each other; yet, like the Siamese twins, compelled to remain in the same apartment.

The following shows the love, tenderness, and fortitude of woman. The letter, which was bedimmed with tears, was written before the husband was aware that death was fixing its grasp upon the lovely companion, and laid in a book which he was wont to peruse:

"When this shall reach your eyes, dear G—, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the

consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself on my mind. Although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imagination of a girl, yet, dear G—, it is so! Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed is it to struggle on silently and alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave forever and go down alone into the dark valley. 'But I know in whom I have trusted,' and leaning upon His arm, 'I fear no evil.' Don't blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such a sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and commend your departing spirit to its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so; and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Savior's bosom! And you shall share my last thought, the last faint pressure of my hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death; and our spirits shall hold one fast communion, until gently fading from my view, the last of earth, you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world, where partings

are unknown. Well do I know the spot, dear G—, where you will lay me; often have we stood by the place, as we watched the mellow sunset, as it glanced its quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of gold. Each perhaps has thought that one of us would come alone; and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. We loved the spot, and I know you'll love it none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight and gentle breezes play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you'll go often alone there, when I am laid there, and my spirit shall be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, 'I am not lost, but gone before.'"

A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes upon the water. It leads from her in a clear sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen figure through the trees, led on by a fairy laugh, now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care and sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing throughout the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns prose to poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are traveling.

Quincy being asked why there were more women

than men, replied, "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature. We always see more of heaven than of earth." He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without—enemies may gather in his path—but when he returns to his fireside, and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is comparatively a happy man. He is but half prepared for the journey of life, who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows—increase his joys—lift the veil from his heart—and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes. No, that man cannot be miserable who has such a companion, be he ever so poor, despised, and trodden upon by the world.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a woman who had been all tenderness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous path of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with

unshrinking firmness the bitterest winds of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy tree is riven by the thunderbolt cling round it with its caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully ordained that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in happiest hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten by sudden calamity.

A woman of true intelligence is a blessing at home, in her circle of friends, and in society. Wherever she goes, she carries with her a healthgiving influence. There is a beautiful harmony about her character that at once inspires a respect which soon warms into love. The influence of such a woman upon society is of the most salutary kind. She strengthens right principles in the virtuous, incites the selfish and indifferent to good actions, and gives to even the light and frivolous a taste for food more substantial than the frothy gossip with which they seek to recreate their minds.

Thackeray says: "It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, a tavern, or pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard-cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is unin-

spiring to a jockey; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; but as a pure epicure is hardly tired of water, sauces, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole evening talking with a well regulated, kindly woman about her girl Fanny, or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from a woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your moral men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world."

Tom Hood, in writing to his wife, says: "I never was anything till I knew you; and I have been better, happier and a more prosperous man ever since. Lay that truth by in lavender, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing fondly and warmly; but not without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter, lately received; next, the remembrance of our dear children, pledges of our old familiar love; then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hands are now writing. Perhaps there is an after-thought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth and excellence, of all that is wifely or womanly, from my pen."

Among all nations the women ornament themselves more than the men; wherever found, they are the same kind, obliging, humane, tender beings; they are ever

inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate like a man, to perform any hospitable or generous action; not haughty or arrogant, or supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society, industrious, economical, ingenious, more liable, in general, to err than man, but, in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he.

The gentle tendrils of woman's heart sometimes twine around a proud and sinful spirit, like roses and jessamines around a lightning-rod, clinging for support to what brings down upon them the blasting thunderbolt.

These are the national traits of woman's character:—The English woman is respectful and proud; the French is gay and agreeable; the Italian is ardent and passionate; the American is sincere and affectionate. With an English woman love is a principle; with a French it is a caprice; with an Italian it is a passion; with an American it is a sentiment. A man is married to an English lady; united to a French; cohabits with an Italian; and is wedded to an American. An English woman is anxious to secure a lord; a French, a companion; an Italian, a lover; an American, a husband. The Englishman respects his lady; the Frenchman esteems his companion; the Italian adores his mistress; the American loves his wife. At night the Englishman returns to his house; the Frenchman to his establishment; the Italian to his retreat; the American to his home. When an Englishman is sick his lady visits him; when a Frenchman is sick, his companion pities him; when an Italian is sick, his

mistress sighs over him; when an American is sick, his wife nurses him. When an Englishman dies, his lady is bereaved; when a Frenchman dies, his companion grieves; when an Italian dies, his mistress laments; when an American dies, his wife mourns. An English woman instructs her offspring; a French woman teaches her progeny; an Italian rears her young; an American educates her child.

The true lady is known wherever you meet her. Ten women shall get into the street car or omnibus, and, though we never saw them, we shall point out the true lady. She does not giggle constantly at every little thing that transpires, or does some one appear with a peculiar dress, it does not throw her into confusion. She wears no flowered brocade to be trodden under foot, nor ball-room jewelry, nor rose-tinted gloves; but the lace frill round her face is scrupulously fresh, and the strings under her chin have evidently been handled only by dainty fingers. She makes no parade of a watch, if she wears one; nor does she draw off her dark, neatly-fitting glove to display ostentatious rings. Still we notice, nestling in the straw beneath us, a trim little boot, not paper soled, but of an anti-consumption thickness. The bonnet upon her head is of plain straw, simply trimmed, for your true lady never wears a "dress hat" in an omnibus. She is quite as civil to the *poorest* as to the *richest* person who sits beside her, and equally regardful of their rights. If she attracts attention, it is by the unconscious grace of her person and manner, not by the ostentation of her dress.

We are quite sorry when she pulls the strap and disappears; if we were a bachelor we should go home to our solitary den with a resolution to become a better and a—married man.

The strongest man feels the influence of woman's gentlest thoughts, as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze. We confess to a great distrust of that man who persistently underrates woman. Never did language better apply to an adjective than when it called the wife the "better half." We admire the ladies because of their beauty, respect them because of their virtues, adore them because of their intelligence, and love them because *we can't help it*.

Man was made to protect, love and cherish, not to undervalue, neglect or abuse women. Treated, educated and esteemed, as she merits, she rises in dignity, becomes the refiner, and imparts a milder, softer tone to man. No community has ever exhibited the refinements of civilization and social order where women were held in contempt and their rights not properly respected and preserved. Degrade woman and you degrade man more. She is the fluid of the thermometer of society, placed there by the hand of the great Creator. Man may injure the instrument, but can neither destroy or provide a substitute for the mercury. Her rights are as sacred as those of the male sex. Her mental powers are underrated by those only who have either not seen, or were so blinded by prejudice, that they would not see their development. Educate girls as boys, put women in the business arena designed for men, and they will

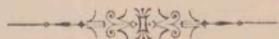
acquit themselves far better than boys and men would if they were placed in the departments designed for females.

The perception of woman, especially in cases of emergency, is more acute than that of man; unquestionably so designed by an all-wise Creator for the preservation and perpetuity of our race. Her patience and fortitude, her integrity and constancy, her piety and devotion, are naturally stronger than in the other sex. If she was first in transgression, she was first in prayer. Her seed has bruised the serpent's head. She stood by the expiring Jesus, when boasting Peter and the other disciples had forsaken their Lord. She was the last at his tomb, embalmed his sacred body, and the first to discover that he had burst the bars of death, risen from the cleft rock, and triumphed over death and the grave.

Under affliction, especially physical, the fortitude of woman is proverbial. As a nurse, one female will endure more than five men. That she is more honest than man, our penitentiaries fully demonstrate. That she is more religiously inclined, the records of our churches will show. That she is more devotional, our prayer meetings will prove.

Women have exercised a most remarkable judgment in regard to great issues. They have prevented the casting aside of plans which led to very remarkable discoveries and inventions. When Columbus laid a plan to discover the new world, he could not get a hearing till he applied to a woman for help. Woman equips man for the voyage of life. She is seldom a

leader in any project, but finds her peculiar and best attitude as helper. Though man executes a project, she fits him for it, beginning in his childhood. So everywhere; man performs, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, her comforts.



Mother.

It is true to nature, although it be expressed in a figurative form, that a mother is both the morning and the evening star of life. The light of her eye is always the first to rise, and often the last to set upon man's day of trial. She wields a power more decisive far than syllogisms in arguments, or courts of last appeal in authority. Nay, in cases not a few, where there has been no fear of God before the eyes of the young—where His love has been unfelt and His law outraged, a mother's affection or her tremulous tenderness has held transgressors by the heart-strings, and been the means of leading them back to virtue and to God.

Woman's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose, just bursting into beauty, has an irresistible bewitchingness;—the blooming bride, led triumphantly to the hymeneal altar, awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with

delight;—but the charm of maternity is more sublime than all these.

Heaven has imprinted in the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking, watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

Mother! ecstatic sound so twined round our hearts that they must cease to throb ere we forget it! 'tis our first love; 'tis part of religion. Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood; we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty—nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster.

“Can a mother's love be supplied? No! a thousand times no! By the deep, earnest yearning of our spirits for a mother's love; by the weary, aching void in our hearts; by the restless, unsatisfied wanderings of our affections, ever seeking an object on which to rest; by our instinctive discernment of the *true* maternal love from the *false*—as we would discern between a lifeless statue and a breathing man; by the hallowed emotions with which we cherish in the depths of our hearts the vision of a grass-grown mound in a quiet graveyard among the mountains; by the reverence, the holy love, the feeling akin to idolatry with which our thoughts hover about an

angel form among the seraphs of Heaven—by all these, we answer, no!”

“Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glance cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old church-yard; yet, still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.”

Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity; and if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living. How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness? But when she is dead and gone, when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts, when we experi-

ence how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few to love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in misfortune, then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

Over the grave of a friend, of a brother, or a sister, we would plant the primrose, emblematical of youth; but over that of a mother, we would let the green grass shoot up unmolested, for there is something in the simple covering which nature spreads upon the grave, that well becomes the abiding place of decaying age. O, a mother's grave! Earth has some sacred spots where we feel like loosing shoes from our feet, and treading with reverence; where common words of social converse seem rude, and friendship's hands have lingered in each other; where vows have been plighted, prayers offered, and tears of parting shed. Oh! how thoughts hover around such places, and travel back through unmeasured space to visit them! But of all spots on this green earth none is so sacred as that where rests, waiting the resurrection, those we have once loved and cherished—our brothers, or our children. Hence, in all ages, the better part of mankind have chosen spots for the dead, and on these spots they have loved to wander at eventide. But of all places, even among the charnel-houses of the dead, none is so sacred as a mother's grave. There sleeps the nurse of infancy, the guide of our youth, the counselor of our riper years—our friend when others deserted us; she whose heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love—there she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her sake.



THE NOVEL

THE HISTORY OF LIFE

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Over the grave of a friend, of a brother, or a sister, we would plant the primrose, emblematical of youth; but over that of a mother, we would let the green grass shoot up unadorned, for there is something in the simple covering which nature spreads upon the grave, that well becomes the abiding place of decaying age. O, a mother's grave! Earth has some sacred spots where we feel like loosing shoes from our feet, and treading with reverence; where common words of social converse seem rude, and friendship's hands have lingered in each other; where vows have been plighted, prayers offered, and tears of parting shed. Oh! how thoughts hover around such places, and travel back through unmeasured space to visit them! But of all spots on this green earth none is so sacred as that where rests, waiting the resurrection, those we have once loved and cherished—our brothers, or our children. Hence, in all ages, the better part of mankind have chosen spots for the dead, and on these spots they have loved to wander at eventide. But of all places, even among the charnel-houses of the dead, none is so sacred as a mother's grave. There sleeps the nurse of infancy, the guide of our youth, the counselor of our riper years—our friend when others deserted us; she whose heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love—there she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her sake.



Engraved & Coloured by Thomas Bewick

THE MOTHER.

FOR THE ROYAL PAIR OF LIFE.

In what Christian country can we deny the influence which a mother exerts over the whole life of her children. The roughest and hardest wanderer, while he is tossed on the ocean, or while he scorches his feet on the desert sands, recurs in his loneliness and suffering to the smiles which maternal affection shed over his infancy; the reckless sinner, even in his hardened career, occasionally hears the whisperings of those holy precepts instilled by a virtuous mother, and, although they may, in the fullness of guilt, be neglected, there are many instances of their having so stung the conscience that they have led to a deep and lasting repentance; the erring child of either sex will then, if a mother yet exists, turn to her for that consolation which the laws of society deny, and in the lasting purity of a mother's love will find the way to heaven. How cheerfully does a virtuous son labor for a poverty-stricken mother! How alive is he to her honor and high standing in the world! And should that mother be deserted—be left in "worse than widowhood," how proudly he stands forth her comforter and protector! Indeed, the more we reflect upon the subject, the more entirely are we convinced, that no influence is so lasting, or of such wide extent, and the more extensively we do feel the necessity of guiding this sacred affection, and perfecting that being from whom it emanates.

Science has sometimes tried to teach us that if a pebble be cast into the sea on any shore, the effects are felt though not perceived by man, over the whole area of the ocean. Or, more wonderful still, science

has tried to show that the effects of all the sounds ever uttered by man or beast, or caused by inanimate things, are still floating in the air: its present state is just the aggregate result of all these sounds; and if these things, be true, they furnish an emblem of the effects produced by a mother's power—effects which stretch into eternity, and operate there forever, in sorrow or in joy.

The mother can take man's whole nature under her control. She becomes what she has been called, "The divinity of infancy." Her smile is its sunshine, her word its mildest law, until sin and the world have steeled the heart. She can shower around her the most genial of all influences, and from the time when she first laps her little one in Elysium by clasping him to her bosom—"its first paradise"—to the moment when that child is independent of her aid, or perhaps, like Washington, directs the destinies of millions, her smile, her word, her wish, is an inspiring force. A sentence of encouragement or praise is a joy for a day. It spreads light upon all faces, and renders a mother's power more and more charm-like, as surely as ceaseless accusing, rebuking, and correcting, chafes, sours and disgusts. So intense is her power that the mere remembrance of a praying mother's hand, laid on the head in infancy, has held back a son from guilt when passion had waxed strong.

The mother is the angel-spirit of home. Her tender yearnings over the cradle of her infant babe, her guardian care of the child and youth, and her bosom companionship with the man of her love and choice,

make her the personal centre of the interests, the hopes and the happiness of the family. Her love glows in her sympathies and reigns in all her thoughts and deeds. It never cools, it never tires, never dreads, never sleeps, but ever glows and burns with increasing ardor, and with sweet and holy incense upon the altar of home devotion. And even when she is gone to her last rest, the sainted mother in heaven sways a mightier influence over her wayward husband or child, than when she was present. Her departed spirit still hovers over his affections, overshadows his path, and draws him by unseen cords to herself in heaven.

But in glancing at a mother's position in our homes, we should not overlook the sorrows to which she is often exposed. A mother mourning by the grave of her first-born is a spectacle of woe. A mother watching the palpitating frame of her child, as life ebbs slowly away, must evoke the sympathy of the sternest. A mother closing the dying eye of child after child, till it seems as if she were to be left alone in the world again, is one of the saddest sights of earth. When the cradle-song passes into a dirge, the heart is laden indeed.

Not long ago two friends were sitting together engaged in letter writing. One was a young man from India, the other a female friend, part of whose family resided in that far-off land. The former was writing to his mother in India. When the letter was finished his friend offered to enclose it in hers, to save postage. This he politely declined, saying: If it be sent sepa-

rately, it will reach her sooner than if sent through a friend; and, perhaps, it may save her a tear." His friend was touched at his tender regard for his mother's feelings, and felt with him, that it was worth paying the postage to save his mother a tear. Would that every boy and girl, every young man and every young woman were equally saving of a mother's tears.

The Christian mother especially can deeply plant and genially cherish the seeds of truth. Is her child sick? that is a text from which to speak of the Great Physician. Is it the sober calm of evening, when even children grow sedate? She can tell of the Home where there is no night. Is it morning, when all are buoyantly happy? The eternal day is suggested, and its glories may be told. That is the wisdom which wins souls even more than the formal lesson, the lecture, or the task.

There is one suggestion more. Perhaps the saddest sentence that can fall upon the ear regarding any child is—"He has no mother; she is dead!" It comes like a voice from the sepulchre, and involves the consummation of all the sorrows that can befall the young. In that condition they are deprived of their most tender comforter, and their wisest counselor. They are left a prey to a thousand temptations or a thousand ills, and freed from the restraint of one who could curb without irritating, or guide without affecting superiority. Now will mothers live with their children as if they were thus to leave them in a cold and inhospitable world? Will they guide their little ones to Him who is pre-eminently the

God of the orphan, and who inspired his servant to say—"Though father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up."



Children.

WOE to him who smiles not over a cradle, and weeps not over a tomb. He who has never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. The gleeful laugh of happy children is the best home music, and the graceful figures of childhood are the best statuary. We are all kings and queens in the cradle, and each babe is a new marvel, a new miracle. The perfection of the providence for childhood is willingly acknowledged. The care which covers the seed of the tree under tough husks, and stony cases provides for the human plant, the mother's breast and the father's house. The size of the nestler is comic, and its tiny, beseeching weakness is compensated perfectly by the one happy, patronizing look of the mother, who is a sort of high-reposing Providence to it. Welcome to the parents the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high; the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swal-

low his vexation—soften all hearts to pity and to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and all nature are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. His flesh is angel's flesh, all alive. "Infancy," said Coleridge, "presents body and spirit in unity; the body is all animated." All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and purs, and puts on his faces of importance, and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. By lamplight, he delights in shadows on the wall; by daylight, in yellow and scarlet. Carry him out of doors—he is overpowered by the light and by the extent of natural objects, and is silent. Then presently begins his use of his fingers, and he studies power—the lesson of his race.

Not without design has God implanted in the maternal breast that strong love of their children which is felt everywhere. This lays deep and broad the foundation for the child's future education from parental hands. Nor without designs has Christ commanded, "Feed my lambs,"—meaning to inculcate upon his church the duty of caring for the children of the church and the world at the earliest possible period. Nor can parents and all well-wishers to humanity be too earnest and careful to fulfill the promptings of their very nature and the command of Christ in this matter. Influence is as quiet and imperceptible on the child's mind as the falling of snowflakes on the

meadow. One cannot tell the hour when the human mind is not in the condition of receiving impressions from exterior moral forces. In innumerable instances, the most secret and unnoticed influences have been in operation for months and even years to break down the strongest barriers of the human heart, and work out its moral ruin, while yet the fondest parents and friends have been unaware of the working of such unseen agents of evil. Not all at once does any heart become utterly bad. The error is in this; that parents are not conscious how early the seeds of vice are sown and take root. It is as the Gospel declares, "While men slept, the enemy came and sowed tares, and went his way." If this then is the error, how shall it be corrected, and what is the antidote to be applied?

Never scold children, but soberly and quietly reprove. Do not employ shame, except in extreme cases. The suffering is acute; it hurts self-respect in the child to reprove a child before the family; to ridicule it, to tread down its feelings ruthlessly, is to wake in its bosom malignant feelings. A child is defenceless; he is not allowed to argue. He is often tried, condemned and executed in a second. He finds himself of little use. He is put at things he don't care for, and withheld from things which he does like. He is made the convenience of grown-up people; is hardly supposed to have any rights, except in a corner, as it were; is sent hither and thither; made to get up or sit down for everybody's convenience but his own; is snubbed and catechised until he learns to

dodge government and elude authority, and then be whipped for being "such a liar that no one can believe him."

Children will not trouble you long. They grow up—nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now! There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made, it is like a raveling stocking; stitch by stitch gives way till all are gone. The house has not a child in it—there is no more noise in the hall—boys rush in pell-mell; it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, bats, balls or strings left scattered about. Things are neat enough now. There is no delay for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task, before you lie down, of looking after anybody, and tucking up the bedclothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaint, no opportunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged. There never was such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet to clatter down the front stairs! Oh for some children's noise! What used to ail us, that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors? We wish our neighbors would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A home without children. It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a vine and no

grapes; a brook and no water gurgling and gushing in its channel. We want to be tired, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear children at work with all its varieties.

Bishop Earle says: "A child is man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam, before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come, by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. The older he grows, he is a stair lower from God. He is the Christian example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another."

Children are more easily led to be good by examples of loving kindness, and tales of well-doing in others, than threatened into obedience by records of sin, crime and punishment. Then, on the infant mind impress sincerity, truth, honesty, benevolence and their kindred virtues, and the welfare of your child will be insured not only during this life, but the life to come. Oh, what a responsibility, to form a creature, the frailest and feeblest that heaven has made,

into the intelligent and fearless sovereign of the whole animated creation, the interpreter and adorer and almost the representative of Divinity!



Youth.

MEN glory in raising great and magnificent structures, and find a secret pleasure in seeing sets of their own planting grow up and flourish; but it is a greater and more glorious work to build up a man; to see a youth of our own planting, from the small beginnings and advantages we have given him, grow up into a considerable fortune, to take root in the world, and to shoot up to such a height, and spread his branches so wide, that we who first planted him may ourselves find comfort and shelter under his shadow.

Much of our early gladness vanishes utterly from our memory; we can never recall the joy with which we laid our heads on our mother's bosom, or rode our father's back in childhood; doubtless that joy is wrought up into our nature as the sunlight of long past mornings is wrought up in the soft mellowness of the apricot.

The time will soon come—if it has not already—when you must part from those who have surrounded the same paternal board, who mingled with you in the gay-hearted joys of childhood, and the opening promise of youth. New cares will attend you in new situations; and the relations you form, or the busi-

ness you pursue, may call you far from the "play-place" of your "early days." In the unseen future, your brothers and sisters may be sundered from you; your lives may be spent apart; and in death you may be divided; and of you it may be said —

"They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea."

Let your own home be the cynosure of your affections, the spot where your highest desires are concentrated. Do this, and you will prove, not only the hope, but the stay of your kindred and home. Your personal character will elevate the whole family. Others may become degenerate sons, and bring the gray hairs of their parents with sorrow to the grave. But you will be the pride and staff of a mother, and an honor to your sire. You will establish their house, give peace to their pillow, and be a memorial to their praise.

Spend your evening hours, boys, at home. You may make them among the most agreeable and profitable of your lives, and when vicious companions would tempt you away, remember that God has said, "Cast not in thy lot with them; walk thou not in their way; refrain thy foot from their path. They lay in wait for their own blood; they lurk privily for their own lives. But walk thou in the way of good men, and keep the paths of the righteous."

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth.

Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If one speak evil of you, let life be such that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Always live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any kind of game of chance. Avoid temptation through fear that you may not be able to withstand it. Never run into debt, unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young to spend when you are old. Never think that which you do for religion is time or money misspent. Always go to meeting when you can. Read some portion of the Bible every day. Often think of death, and your accountability to God.

An honest, industrious boy is always *wanted*. He will be sought for; his services will be in demand; he will be respected and loved; he will be spoken of in words of high commendation; he will always have a home; he will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character.

He will be *wanted*. The merchant will want him for a salesman or a clerk; the master mechanic will want him for an apprentice or a journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; clients will want him for a lawyer; patients for a physician; religious congregations for a pastor; parents for a teacher of their children; and the people for an officer.

He will be *wanted*. Townsmen will want him as a citizen; acquaintances as a neighbor; neighbors as a friend; families as a visitor; the world as an acquaintance; nay, girls will want him for a beau and finally for a husband.

To both parents, when faithful, a child is indebted beyond estimation. If one begins to enumerate their claims, to set in order their labors, and recount their sacrifices and privations, he is soon compelled to desist from his task. He is constrained to acknowledge that their love for him is surpassed only by that of the great Spring of all good, whom—to represent in the strongest language our measureless indebtedness to Him—we call “Our Father in Heaven.”

Parents do wrong in keeping their children hanging around home, sheltered and enervated by parental indulgence. The eagle does better. It stirs up its nest when the young eagles are able to fly. They are compelled to shift for themselves, for the old eagle literally turns them out, and at the same time tears all the down and feathers from the nest. 'Tis this rude and rough experience that makes the king of birds so fearless in his flight and so expert in the

pursuit of prey. It is a misfortune to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth, for you have it to carry and plague you all your days. Riches often hang like a dead weight, yea like a millstone about the necks of ambitious young men. Had Benjamin Franklin or George Law been brought up in the lap of affluence and ease, they would probably never have been heard of by the world at large. It was the making of the one that he ran away, and of the other that he was turned out of doors. Early thrown upon their own resources, they acquired the energy and skill to overcome resistance, and to grapple with the difficulties that beset their pathway. And here I think they learned the most important lesson of their lives—a lesson that developed their manhood—forcing upon them Necessity, the most useful and inexorable of masters. There is nothing like being bound out, turned out, or even kicked out, to compel a man to do for himself. Rough handling of the last sort has often made drunken men sober. Poor boys, though at the foot of the hill, should remember that every step they take toward the goal of wealth and honor gives them increased energy and power. They have a *purchase* and, obtain a *momentum*, the rich man's son never knows. The poor man's son has *the heaviest weight to lift*, but without knowing it he is turning the *longest lever*, and that with the utmost *vim* and *vigor*. Boys, do not sigh for the capital or indulgence of the rich, but *use* the *capital* you have—I mean those God-given powers which every healthy youth of good habits has in and of himself. All a

man wants in this life is a skillful hand, a well informed mind, and a good heart. In our happy land, and in these favored times of libraries, lyceums, liberty, religion and education, the humblest and poorest can aim at the greatest usefulness, and the highest excellence, with a prospect of success that calls forth all the endurance, perseverance and industry that is in man.

We live in an age marked by its lack of veneration. Old institutions, however sacred, are now fearlessly, and often wantonly, assailed; the aged are not treated with deference; and fathers and mothers are addressed with rudeness. The command now runs, one would think, not in the good old tenor of the Bible, "Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right," but thus: Parents obey your children. Some may go so far as to say this is right. "Why should I, who am so much superior to my father and my mother, bow down before them? Were they equal to me; did they appear so well in society; and, especially, were they not in destitute circumstances I could respect them. But"—my young friend, pause—God, nature, and humanity forbid you to pursue this strain. Because our parents are poor, are we absolved from all obligations to love and respect them? Nay, if our father was in narrow circumstances, and still did all that he could for us, we owe him, instead of less regard, an hundred fold the more. If our mother, with scanty means, could promote our comfort and train us up as she did, then, for the sake of reason, of right, of common compassion, let us not despise her in her need.

Let every child, having any pretence to heart, or manliness, or piety, and who is so fortunate as to have a father or mother living, consider it a sacred duty to consult at any reasonable, personal sacrifice, the known wishes of such a parent, until that parent is no more; and our word for it the recollection of the same through the after pilgrimage of life will sweeten every sorrow, will brighten every gladness, will sparkle every tear drop with a joy ineffable. But be selfish still, have your own way, consult your own inclinations, yield to the bent of your own desires, regardless of a parent's commands, and counsels, and beseechings, and tears, and as the Lord liveth your life will be a failure; because, "the eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagle shall eat it."

Consider, finally, that if you live on, the polluted joys of youth cannot be the joys of old age; though its guilt and the sting left behind, will endure. We know well that the path of strict virtue is steep and rugged. But, for the stern discipline of temperance, the hardship of self-denial, the crushing of appetite and passion, there will be the blessed recompense of cheerful, healthful manhood, and an honorable old age. Yes, higher and better than all temporal returns, live for purity of speech and thought, live for an incorruptible character; have the courage to begin the great race, and the energy to pursue the glorious prize; foresee your danger, arm against it, trust in God and you will have nothing to fear.

Home.

WHAT a hallowed name! How full of enchantment and how dear to the heart! Home is the magic circle within which the weary spirit finds refuge; it is the sacred asylum to which the care-worn heart retreats to find rest from the toils and inquietudes of life.

Ask the lone wanderer as he plods his tedious way, bent with the weight of age, and white with the frost of years, ask him what is home. He will tell you "it is a green spot in memory; an oasis in the desert; a centre about which the fondest recollections of his grief-oppressed heart cling with all the tenacity of youth's first love. It was once a glorious, a happy reality, but now it rests only as an image of the mind."

Home! That name touches every fiber of the soul, and strikes every chord of the human heart with its angelic fingers. Nothing but death can break its spell. What tender associations are linked with home! What pleasing images and deep emotions it awakens! It calls up the fondest memories of life and opens in our nature the purest deepest, richest gush of consecrated thought and feeling.

Some years ago some twenty thousand people gathered in the old Castle Garden, New York, to hear Jennie Lind sing, as no other songstress ever had sung, the sublime compositions of Beethoven, Handel, etc. At length the Swedish Nightingale thought of

her home, paused, and seemed to fold her wings for a higher flight. She began with deep emotion to pour forth "Home, Sweet Home." The audience could not stand it. An uproar of applause stopped the music. Tears gushed from those thousands like rain. Beethoven and Handel were forgotten. After a moment the song came again, seemingly as from heaven, almost angelic. *Home*, that was the word that bound as with a spell twenty thousand souls, and Howard Payne triumphed over the great masters of song. When we look at the brevity and simplicity of this home song, we are ready to ask, what is the charm that lies concealed in it? Why does the dramatist and poet find his reputation resting on so apparently narrow a basis? The answer is easy. Next to religion, the deepest and most ineradicable sentiment in the human soul is that of the home affections. Every heart vibrates to this theme.

Home has an influence which is stronger than death. It is law to our hearts, and binds us with a spell which neither time nor change can break; the darkest villainies which have disgraced humanity cannot neutralize it. Gray-haired and demon guilt will make his dismal cell the sacred urn of tears wept over the memories of home, and these will soften and melt into tears of penitence even the heart of adamant.

Ask the little child what is home? You will find that to him it is the world—he knows no other. The father's love, the mother's smile, the sister's embrace, the brother's welcome, throw about his home a heavenly halo, and make it as attractive to him as the

home of the angels. Home is the spot where the child pours out all its complaints, and it is the grave of all its sorrows. Childhood has its sorrows and its grievances, but home is the place where these are soothed and banished by the sweet lullaby of a fond mother's voice.

Was paradise an abode of purity and peace? or will the New Eden above be one of unmingled beatitude? Then "the Paradise of Childhood," "the Eden of Home," are names applied to the family abode. In that paradise, all may appear as smiling and serene to childhood as the untainted garden did to unfallen man; even the remembrance of it, amid distant scenes of woe, has soothed some of the saddest hours of life, and crowds of mourners have spoken of

"A home, that paradise below
Of sunshine, and of flowers,
Where hallowed joys perennial flow
By calm sequester'd bowers."

There childhood nestles like a bird which has built its abode among roses; there the cares and the coldness of earth are, as long as possible, averted. Flowers there bloom, or fruits invite on every side, and there paradise would indeed be restored, could mortal power ward off the consequences of sin. This new garden of the Lord would then abound in beauty unsullied, and trees of the Lord's planting, bearing fruit to his glory, would be found in plenty there—it would be reality, and not mere poetry, to speak of

"My own dear quiet home,
The Eden of my heart."

Home of our childhood! What words fall upon the ear with so much of music in their cadence as those which recall the scenes of innocent and happy childhood, now numbered with the memories of the past! How fond recollection delights to dwell upon the events which marked our early pathway, when the unbroken home-circle presented a scene of loveliness vainly sought but in the bosom of a happy family! Intervening years have not dimmed the vivid coloring with which memory has adorned those joyous hours of youthful innocence. We are again borne on the wings of imagination to the place made sacred by the remembrance of a father's care, a mother's love, and the cherished associations of brothers and sisters.

Home! How often we hear persons speak of the home of their childhood. Their minds seem to delight in dwelling upon the recollections of joyous days spent beneath the parental roof, when their young and happy hearts were as light and free as the birds that made the woods resound with the melody of their cheerful voices. What a blessing it is, when weary with care and burdened with sorrow, to have a home to which we can go, and there, in the midst of friends we love, forget our troubles and dwell in peace and quietness.

There is no happiness in life, there is no misery like that growing out of the dispositions which consecrate or desecrate a home. Peace at home, that is the boon. "He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home." Home should be

made so truly home that the weary tempted heart could turn toward it anywhere on the dusty highway of life and receive light and strength. It should be the sacred refuge of our lives, whether rich or poor. The affections and loves of home are graceful things, especially among the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal and bear the stamp of heaven. These affections and loves constitute the poetry of human life, and, so far as our present existence is concerned with all the domestic relations, are worth more than all other social ties. They give the first throb to the heart and unseal the deep fountains of its love. Home is the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes, and solitudes form the chief interest of human life.

There is nothing in the world which is so venerable as the character of parents; nothing so intimate and endearing as the relation of husband and wife; nothing so tender as that of parents and children; nothing so lovely as those of brothers and sisters. The little circle is made one by a singular union of the affections. The only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitter ingredients, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life. Pleasure may heat the heart with artificial excitement, ambition may delude it with golden dreams, war may eradicate its fine fibres and diminish its sensitiveness,

but it is only domestic love that can render it truly happy.

Even as the sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, the home life must be constituted of little tendernesses, kind looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels; it must not be like the torch-blaze of natural excitement which is easily quenched, but like the serene, chastened light which burns as safely in the dry east wind as in the stillest atmosphere. Let each bear the other's burden the while—let each cultivate the mutual confidence which is a gift capable of increase and improvement—and soon it will be found that kindness will spring up on every side, displacing constitutional unsuitability, want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of the gray sea-rocks.

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks a counselor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin-stars are centered in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor.

Home is a place of refuge. Tossed day by day upon the rough and stormy ocean of life—harassed by worldly cares, and perplexed by worldly inquietudes, the weary spirit yearns after repose. It seeks and finds it in the refuge which home supplies. Here the mind is at rest; the heart's turmoil becomes quiet, and the spirit basks in the peaceful delights of domestic love.

Yes, home *is a place of rest*—we feel it so when we seek and enter it after the busy cares and trials of the day are over. We may find joy elsewhere, but it is not the joy, the satisfaction of home. Of the world the heart may soon tire; of the home, never. In the former there is much of cold formality, much heartlessness under the garb of friendship, but in the latter it is all heart—all friendship of the purest, truest character.

The road along which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth is not a Macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with “wait-a-bit” thorns and full of pit-falls, which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day’s journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace, and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for the poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, the welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that disencumber us and force us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daugh-

ters of business men! Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortification, and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own firesides.

Is it not true, that much of a man's energy and success, as well as happiness, depends upon the character of his home? Secure *there*, he goes forth bravely to encounter the trials of life. It encourages him to think of his pleasant home. It is his point of rest. The thought of a dear wife shortens the distance of a journey, and alleviates the harassings of business. It is a reserved power to fall back upon. Home and home friends! How dear they are to us all! Well might we love to linger on the picture of home friends! When all other friends prove false, home friends, removed from every bias but love, are the steadfast and sure stays of our peace of soul,—are best and dearest when the hour is darkest and the danger of evil the greatest. But if one have none to care for him at home,—if there be neglect, or love of absence, or coldness, in our home and on our hearth, then, even if we prosper without, it is dark indeed within! It is not seldom that we can trace alienation and dissipation to this source. If no wife or sister care for him who returns from his toil, well may he despair of life's best blessings. Without home friends, Home is nothing but a name.

The sweetest type of heaven is home—nay, heaven itself is the home for whose acquisition we are to strive the most strongly. Home, in one form

and another, is the great object of life. It stands at the end of every day's labor, and beckons us to its bosom; and life would be cheerless and meaningless did we not discern, across the river that divides it from the life beyond, glimpses of the pleasant mansions prepared for us.

Heaven! that land of quiet rest—toward which those, who, worn down and tired with the toils of earth, direct their frail barks over the troubled waters of life, and after a long and dangerous passage, find it—safe in the haven of eternal bliss. Heaven is the *home* that awaits us beyond the grave. There the friendships formed on earth, and which cruel death has severed, are never more to be broken; and parted friends shall meet again, never more to be separated.

It is an inspiring hope that, when we separate here on earth at the summons of death's angel, and when a few more years have rolled over the heads of those remaining, if "faithful unto death," we shall meet again in heaven, our eternal *home*, there to dwell in the presence of our Heavenly Father, and go no more out forever.

At the best estate, we are only pilgrims and strangers. Heaven is to be our eternal home. Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all that land there will not be a single grave. Aged parents rejoice very much when on Christmas Day or Thanksgiving Day they have their children at home; but there is almost always a son or a daughter absent—absent from the country, perhaps absent

from the world. But Oh, how our Heavenly Father will rejoice in the long thanksgiving day of heaven, when He has all His children with Him in glory! How glad brothers and sisters will be to meet after so long a separation! Perhaps a score of years ago, they parted at the door of the tomb. Now they meet again at the door of immortality. Once they looked through a glass darkly. Now, face to face, corruption, incorruption—mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sorrows and temptations and trials? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of death, while they, dry-shod, marched into glory. Gates of jasper cap-stone of amethyst! Thrones of dominion do not so much affect my soul as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggles and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow, no crying, no tears, no death; but home! sweet home! Beautiful home! Glorious home! Everlasting home! Home with each other! Home with angels! Home with God! Home, Home! Through the rich grace of Christ Jesus, may we all reach it.

Family Worship.

A PRAYERLESS family cannot be otherwise than irreligious. They who daily pray in their homes, do well; they that not only pray, but read the Bible, do better; but they do best of all, who not only pray and read the Bible, but sing the praises of God.

What scene can be more lovely on earth, more like the heavenly home, and more pleasing to God, than that of a pious family kneeling with one accord around the home-altar, and uniting their supplications to their Father in heaven! How sublime the act of those parents who thus pray for the blessing of God upon their household! How lovely the scene of a pious mother gathering her little ones around her at the bedside, and teaching them the privilege of prayer! And what a safeguard is this devotion, against all the machinations of Satan!

It is this which makes home a type of heaven, the dwelling place of God. The family altar is heaven's threshold. And happy are those children who at that altar have been consecrated by a father's blessing, baptised by a mother's tears, and borne up to heaven upon their joint petitions, as a voluntary thank-offering to God. The home that has honored God with an altar of devotion may well be called blessed.

The influence of family worship is great, silent, irresistible and permanent. Like the calm, deep stream, it moves on in silent, but overwhelming power. It strikes its roots deep into the human heart, and

spreads its branches wide over the whole being, like the lily that braves the tempest, and the Alpine flower that leans its cheek upon the bosom of eternal snows—it is exerted amid the wildest storms of life, and breathes a softening spell in our bosom, even when a heartless world is drying up the fountains of sympathy and love.

It affords home security and happiness, removes family friction, and causes all the complicated wheels of the home-machinery to move on noiselessly and smoothly. It promotes union and harmony, expunges all selfishness, allays petulant feelings and turbulent passions, destroys peevishness of temper and makes home intercourse holy and delightful. It causes the members to reciprocate each other's affections, hushes the voice of recrimination, and exerts a softening and harmonizing influence over each heart. The dew of Heaven falls upon the home where prayer is wont to be made. Its members enjoy the good and the pleasantness of dwelling together in unity. It gives tone and intensity to their affections and sympathies; it throws a sunshine around their hopes and interests; it increases their happiness, and takes away the poignancy of their grief and sorrow. It availeth much, therefore, both for time and eternity. Its voice has sent many a poor prodigal home to his father's house. Its answer has often been, "This man was born there!" The child, kneeling beside the pious mother, and pouring forth its infant prayer to God, must attract the notice of the heavenly host, and receive into its soul the power of a new life.

But in order to do this, the worship must be regular and devout, and the whole family engage in it. Some families are not careful to have their children present when they worship. This is very wrong. The children, above all others, are benefited, and should always be present. Some do not teach the children to kneel during prayer, and hence, they awkwardly sit in their seats, while the parents kneel. This is a sad mistake. If they do not kneel, they naturally suppose they have no part or lot in the devotions, and soon feel that it is wrong for them to bow before the Lord. We have seen many cases where grown up sons and daughters have never bent the knee before the Lord, and thought it wrong to kneel till they were Christians. In this way they were made more shy and stubborn, and felt that there was an impassable barrier between them and Christ. This feeling is wrong, and unnecessary. If family worship had been rightly observed, they would have felt that they were very near the Savior, and would easily be inclined to give their hearts to him. Indeed, children thus trained, seldom grow to maturity without becoming practical Christians.

Family worship in itself embodies a hallowing influence that pleads for its observance. It must needs be that trials will enter a household. The conflict of wishes, the clashing of views, and a thousand other causes, will ruffle the temper, and produce jar and friction in the machinery of the family. There is needed, then, some daily agency that shall softly enfold the homestead with its hallowed and soothing

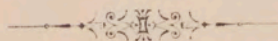
power, and restore the fine, harmonious play of its various parts. The father needs that which shall gently lift away from his thoughts the disquieting burden of his daily business. The mother that which shall smooth down the fretting irritation of her unceasing toil and trial; and the child and domestic that which shall neutralize the countless agencies of evil that ever beset them. And what so well adapted to do this, as for all to gather, when the day is done, around the holy page, and pour a united supplication and acknowledgment to that sleepless Power, whose protection and scrutiny are ever around their path, and who will bring all things at last into judgment? And when darker and sadder days begin to shadow the home, what can cheer and brighten the sinking heart so much as resort to that fatherly One who can make the tears of the loneliest sorrow to be the seed-pearls of the brightest crown? See what home becomes with religion as its life and rule! Human nature is there checked and molded by the amiable spirit and lovely character of Jesus. The mind is expanded, the heart softened, sentiments refined, passions subdued, hopes elevated, pursuits ennobled, the world cast into the shade, and heaven realized as the first prize. The great want of our intellectual and moral nature is here met, and home education becomes impregnated with the spirit and elements of our preparation for eternity.

Compare an irreligious home with this, and see the vast importance of family worship. It is a moral waste; its members move in the putrid atmosphere

of vitiated feeling and misdirected power. Brutal passions become dominant; we hear the stern voice of parental despotism; we behold a scene of filial strife and insubordination; there is throughout a heart-blank. Domestic life becomes clouded by a thousand crosses and disappointments; the solemn realities of the eternal world are cast into the shade; the home-conscience and feeling become stultified; the sense of moral duty distorted, and all the true interests of home appear in a haze. Natural affection is debased, and love is prostituted to the base designs of self, and the entire family, with all its tender chords, ardent hopes, and promised interests, becomes engulfed in the vortex of criminal worldliness!

Family worship is included in the necessities of our children, and in the covenant promises of God. The penalties of its neglect, and the rewards of our faithfulness to it, should prompt us to its establishment in our homes. Its absence is a curse; its presence a blessing. It is a foretaste of heaven. Like manna, it will feed our souls, quench our thirst, sweeten the cup of life, and shed a halo of glory and of gladness around our firesides. Let yours, therefore, be the religious home; and then be sure that God will delight to dwell therein, and His blessing will descend upon it. Your children shall "not be found begging bread," but shall be like "olive plants around your table,"—the "heritage of the Lord." Yours will be the home of love and harmony; it shall have the charter of family rights and privileges, the ward of family interests, the palladium of family hopes and

happiness. Your household piety will be the crowning attribute of your peaceful home,—the living stars that shall adorn the night of its tribulation, and the pillar of cloud and of fire in its pilgrimage to a “better country.” It shall strew the family threshold with the flowers of promise, and enshrine the memory of loved ones gone before, in all the fragrance of that “blessed hope” of reunion in heaven which looms up from a dying hour. It shall give to the infant soul its “perfect flowering,” and expand it in all the fullness of a generous love and conscious blessedness, making it “lustrous in the livery of divine knowledge.” And then in the dark hour of home separation and bereavement, when the question is put to you, mourning parents, “Is it well with the child? is it well with thee?” you can answer with joy, “It is well!”



Home Influence.

OUR nature demands home. It is the first essential element of our social being. This cannot be complete without the home relations; there would be no proper equilibrium of life and character without the home influence. The heart, when bereaved and disappointed, naturally turns for refuge to home-life and sympathy. No spot is so attractive to the weary one; it is the heart's moral oasis. There is a mother's watchful love and a father's sustaining influence;

there is a husband's protection and a wife's tender sympathy; there is the circle of loving brothers and sisters—happy in each other's love. Oh, what is life without these! A desolation, a painful, gloomy pilgrimage through "desert heaths and barren sands."

Home influence may be estimated from the immense force of its impressions. It is the prerogative of home to make the first impression upon our nature, and to give that nature its first direction onward and upward. It uncovers the moral fountain, chooses its channel, and gives the stream its first impulse. It makes the "first stamp and sets the first seal" upon the plastic nature of the child. It gives the first tone to our desires and furnishes ingredients that will either sweeten or embitter the whole cup of life. These impressions are indelible and durable as life. Compared with them, other impressions are like those made upon sand or wax. These are like "the deep borings into the flinty rock." To erase them we must remove every stratum of our being. Even the infidel lives under the holy influence of a pious mother's impressions. John Randolph could never shake off the restraining influence of a little prayer his mother taught him when a child. It preserved him from the clutches of avowed infidelity.

The home influence is either a blessing or a curse, either for good or for evil. It cannot be neutral. In either case it is mighty, commencing with our birth, going with us through life, clinging to us in death, and reaching into the eternal world. It is that unitive power which arises out of the manifold

relations and associations of domestic life. The specific influences of husband and wife, of parent and child, of brother and sister, of teacher and pupil, united and harmoniously blended, constitute the home influence.

From this we may infer the character of home influence. It is great, silent, irresistible and permanent. Like the calm, deep stream, it moves on in silent, but overwhelming power. It strikes its roots deep into the human heart, and spreads its branches wide over our whole being. It is exerted amid the wildest storms of life and breathes a softening spell in our bosom even when a heartless world is freezing up the fountains of sympathy and love. It is governing, restraining, attracting and traditional. It holds the empire of the heart and rules the life. It restrains the wayward passions of the child and checks him in his mad career of ruin.

Our habits, too, are formed under the molding power of home. The "tender twig" is there bent, the spirit shaped, principles implanted, and the whole character is formed until it becomes a habit. Goodness or evil are there "resolved into necessity." Who does not feel this influence of home upon all his habits of life? The gray-haired father who wails in his second infancy feels the traces of his childhood home in his spirit, desires and habits. Ask the strong man in the prime of life whether the most firm and reliable principles of his character were not the inheritance of a parental home.

The most illustrious statesmen, the most distin-

guished warriors, the most eloquent ministers, and the greatest benefactors of human kind, owe their greatness to the fostering influence of home. Napoleon knew and felt this when he said, "What France wants is good mothers, and you may be sure then that France will have good sons." The homes of the American revolution made the men of the revolution. Their influence reaches yet far into the inmost frame and constitution of our glorious republic. It controls the fountains of her power, forms the character of her citizens and statesmen, and shapes our destiny as a people. Did not the Spartan mother and her home give character to the Spartan nation? Her lessons to her child infused the iron nerve into the heart of that nation, and caused her sons, in the wild tumult of battle, "either to live behind their shields, or to die upon them!" Her influence fired them with a patriotism which was stronger than death. Had it been hallowed by the pure spirit and principles of Christianity what a power of good it would have been!

But alas! the home of an Aspasia had not the heart and ornaments of the Christian family. Though "the monuments of Cornelia's virtues were the character of her children," yet these were not "the ornaments of a quiet spirit." Had the central heart of the Spartan home been that of the Christian mother, the Spartan nation would now perhaps adorn the brightest page of history.

Home, in all well constituted minds, is always associated with moral and social excellence. The higher

men rise in the scale of being, the more important and interesting is home. The Arab or forest man may care little for his home, but the Christian man of cultured heart and developed mind will love his home, and generally love it in proportion to his moral worth. He knows it is the planting-ground of every seed of morality—the garden of virtue, and the nursery of religion. He knows that souls immortal are here trained for the skies; that private worth and public character are made in its sacred retreat. To love home with a deep and abiding interest, with a view to its elevating influence, is to love truth and right, heaven and God.

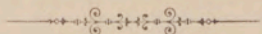
Our life abroad is but a reflex of what it is at home. We make ourselves in a great measure at home. This is especially true of woman. The woman who is rude, coarse and vulgar at home, cannot be expected to be amiable, chaste and refined in the world. Her home habits will stick to her. She cannot shake them off. They are woven into the web of her life. Her home language will be first on her tongue. Her home by-words will come out to mortify her just when she wants most to hide them in her heart. Her home vulgarities will show their hideous forms to shock her most when she wants to appear her best. Her home coarseness will appear most when she is in the most refined circles, and appearing there will abash her more than elsewhere. All her home habits will follow her. They have become a sort of second nature to her. It is much the same with men. It is indeed there that every man must

be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence. Every young woman should feel that just what she is at home she will appear abroad. If she attempts to appear otherwise, everybody will soon see through the attempt. We cannot cheat the world long about our real characters. The thickest and most opaque mask we can put on will soon become transparent. This fact we should believe without a doubt. Deception most often deceives itself. The deceiver is the most deceived. The liar is often the only one cheated. The young woman who pretends to what she is not, believes her pretense is not understood. Other people laugh in their sleeves at her foolish pretensions. Every young woman should early form in her mind an ideal of a *true home*. It should not be the ideal of a *place*, but of the *character of home*. Place does not constitute home. Many a gilded palace and scene of luxury is not a home. Many a flower-girt dwelling and splendid mansion lacks all the essentials of home. A hovel is often more a home than a palace. If the spirit of the congenial friendship link not the hearts of the inmates of a dwelling it is not a home. If love reign not there; if charity spread not her downy mantle over all; if peace prevail not; if contentment be not a meek and merry dweller therein; if virtue rear not her beautiful children, and religion come not in her white robe of gentleness to lay her hand in benediction on every head, the home is not

complete. We are all in the habit of building for ourselves ideal homes. But they are generally made up of outward things—a house, a garden, a carriage, and the ornaments and appendages of luxury. And if, in our lives, we do not realize our ideas, we make ourselves miserable and our friends miserable. Half the women in our country are unhappy because their homes are not so luxurious as they wish.

The grand idea of home is a quiet, secluded spot, where loving hearts dwell, set apart and dedicated to *improvement*—to intellectual and moral improvement. It is not a formal school of staid solemnity and rigid discipline, where virtue is made a task and progress a sharp necessity, but a free and easy exercise of all our spiritual limbs, in which obedience is a pleasure, discipline a joy, improvement a self-wrought delight. All the duties and labors of home, when rightly understood, are so many means of improvement. Even the trials of home are so many rounds in the ladder of spiritual progress, if we but make them so. It is not merely by speaking to children about spiritual things that you win them over. If that be all you do, it will accomplish nothing, less than nothing. It is the sentiments which they hear at home, it is the maxims which rule your daily conduct—the likings and dislikings which you express—the whole regulations of the household, in dress, and food, and furniture—the recreations you indulge—the company you keep—the style of your reading—the whole complexion of daily life—this creates the element in which your children are either growing in grace, and

preparing for an eternity of glory—or they are learning to live without God, and to die without hope.



Home Amusements.

“I HAVE been told by men, who had passed unharmed through the temptations of youth, that they owed their escape from many dangers to the intimate companionship of affectionate and pure-minded sisters. They have been saved from a hazardous meeting with idle company by some home engagement, of which their sisters were the charm; they have refrained from mixing with the impure, because they would not bring home thoughts and feelings which they could not share with those trusting and loving friends; they have put aside the wine-cup, and abstained from stronger potations, because they would not profane with their fumes the holy kiss, with which they were accustomed to bid their sisters good-night.”

A proper amount of labor, well-spiced with sunny sports, is almost absolutely necessary to the formation of a firm, hardy, physical constitution, and a cheerful and happy mind. Let all youth not only learn to choose and enjoy proper amusements, but let them learn to invent them at home, and use them there, and thus form ideas of such homes as they shall wish to have their own children enjoy. Not half the people know how to make a home. It is one of the greatest and most useful studies of life to learn how

to make a home—such a home as men, and women, and children should dwell in. It is a study that should be early introduced to the attention of youth. It would be well if books were written upon this most interesting subject, giving many practical rules and hints, with a long chapter on *Amusements*.

That was a good remark of Seneca, when he said, "Great is he who enjoys his earthen-ware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthen-ware." Every home should be cheerful. Innocent joy should reign in every heart. There should be domestic amusements, fireside pleasures, quiet and simple it may be, but such as shall make home happy, and not leave it that irksome place which will oblige the youthful spirit to look elsewhere for joy. There are a thousand unobtrusive ways in which we may add to the cheerfulness of home. The very modulations of the voice will often make a wonderful difference. How many shades of feeling are expressed by the voice! what a change comes over us at the change of its tones! No delicately tuned harpstring can awaken more pleasure; no grating discord can pierce with more pain.

Let parents talk much and talk well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house, may be in many respects a wise man; but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among the children. If they have not mental activity and mental stories

sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. Ireland exports beef and wheat, and lives on potatoes; and they fare as poorly who reserve their social charms for companions abroad, and keep their dullness for home consumption. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk of being "shut up" there; and the youth who does not love home is in danger.

The true mother loves to see her son come home to her. He may be almost as big as her house; a whiskerando, with as much hair on his face as would stuff her arm chair, and she may be a mere shred of a woman; but he's "her boy;" and if he grew twice as big he'd be "her boy" still; aye, and if he take unto himself a wife, he's her boy still, for all that. She does not believe a word of the old rhyme—

"Your son is your son till he gets him a wife;
But your daughter's your daughter all the days of her life."

And what will bring our boys back to our homesteads, but our making those homesteads pleasant to them in their youth. Let us train a few roses on the humble wall, and their scent and beauty will be long remembered; and many a lad, instead of going to a spree, will turn to his old bed, and return to his work again, strengthened, invigorated, and refreshed, instead of battered, weakened, and, perhaps, disgraced.

Fathers, mothers, remember this: and if you would not have your children lost to you in after-life—if you would have your married daughters not forget their old home in the new one—if you would have your sons lend a hand to keep you in the old rose-covered cottage, instead of letting you go to the naked walls of a workhouse—make home happy to them when they are young. Send them out into the world in the full belief that there is “no place like home,” aye, “be it ever so humble.” And even if the old home should, in the course of time, be pulled down, or be lost to your children, it will still live in their memories. The kind looks, and kind words, and thoughtful love of those who once inhabited it, will not pass away. Your home will be like the poet’s vase—

“You may break, you may ruin, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still.”

Music is an accomplishment usually valuable as a home enjoyment, as rallying round the piano the various members of a family, and harmonizing their hearts, as well as their voices, particularly in devotional strains. We know no more agreeable and interesting spectacle than that of brothers and sisters playing and singing together those elevated compositions in music and poetry which gratify the taste and purify the heart, while their parents sit delighted by. We have seen and heard an elder sister thus leading the family choir, who was the soul of harmony to the whole household, and whose life was a perfect exam-

ple. Parents should not fail to consider the great value of home music. Buy a good instrument and teach your family to sing and play, then they can produce sufficient amusement at home themselves so that the sons will not think of looking elsewhere for it, and thus often be led into dens of vice and immorality. The reason that so many become dissipated and run to every place of amusement, no matter what its character, making every effort possible to get away from home at night, is the lack of entertainment at home.



To Young Men.

YOUNG MEN! you are wanted. From the street corners, from the saloons and playhouses, from the loafers' rendezvous, from the idlers' promenade, turn your steps into the highway of noble aim and earnest work. There are prizes enough for every successful worker, crowns enough for every honorable head that goes through the smoke of conflict to victory.

There is within the young man an 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 watch-word, and leaning on 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; though no grand universal truth may at his bidding stand confessed to the world, —though it may never be his to bring to a successful issue a great political revolution—to be the founder of a republic, whose name shall be a “distinguished star in the constellation of nations,”—yea, more, though his name may never be heard beyond the narrow limits of his own neighborhood, yet is his mission none the less a high and holy one.

In the moral and physical world, not only the field of battle, but also the consecrated cause of truth and virtue calls for champions, and the field for doing good is “white unto the harvest;” and if he enlists in the ranks, and his spirit faints not, he may write his name among the stars of heaven. Beautiful lives have blossomed in the darkest places, as pure white lilies full of fragrance on the slimy, stagnant waters. 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.

God puts the oak in the forest, and the pine on its sand and rocks, and says to men, "There are your houses; go hew, saw, frame, build, make. God makes the trees; men must build the house. God supplies the timber; men must construct the ship. God buries iron in the heart of the earth; men must dig it, and smelt it, and fashion it. What is useful for the body, and, still more, what is useful for the mind, is to be had only by exertion—exertion that will work men more than iron is wrought—that will shape men more than timber is shaped.

Great men have ever been men of thought as well as men of action. As the magnificent river, rolling in the pride of its mighty waters, owes its greatness to the hidden springs of the mountain nook, 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

great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back, shivering, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks, and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, where a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterward; but at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and particular friends, till, one fine day, he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice.

Man is born to dominion, but he must enter it by conquest, and continue to do battle for every inch of ground added to his sway. His first exertions are put forth for the acquisition of the control and the establishment of the authority of his own will. With his first efforts to reduce his own physical powers to subjection, he must simultaneously begin to subject his mental faculties to control. Through the combined exertion of his mental and physical powers, he labors to spread his dominion over the widest possible extent of the world without.

Thus self-control and control over outward circumstances are alike the duty and the birthright of man. But self-control is the highest and noblest form of dominion. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

If you intend to marry, if you think your happiness will be increased and your interests advanced by matrimony, be sure and "look where you're going." Join yourself in union with no woman who is selfish, for she will sacrifice you; with no one who is fickle, for she will become estranged; have naught to do with a proud one, for she will ruin you. Leave a coquette to the fools who flutter around her; let her own fireside accommodate a scold; and flee from a woman who loves scandal, as you would flee from the evil one. "Look where your going" will sum it all up.

Gaze not on beauty too much, lest it blast thee; nor too long, lest it blind thee; nor too near, lest it burn thee: if thou like it, it deceives thee; if thou love it, it disturbs thee; if thou lust after it, it destroys thee; if virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associate it, it is the soul's purgatory; it is the wise man's bonfire, and the fool's furnace. The Godless youth is infatuated by a fair face, and is lured to his fate by a siren's smile. He takes no counsel of the Lord and is left to follow his own shallow fancies or the instigations of his passions. The time will surely come in his life when he will not so much want a pet as a heroine. In dark and trying days, when the waves of misfortune are breaking over him, and one home comfort, and another, and another is swept

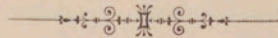
away, the piano—the grand instrument—gone to the creditors, the family turned out on the sidewalk by the heartless landlord, then what is the wife good for if her lips that accompanied the piano in song, cannot lift alone the notes, “Jesus, lover of my soul?” The strongest arm in this world is not the arm of a blacksmith, nor the arm of a giant; it is the *arm of a woman*, when God has put into it, through faith and submission to his will, his own moral omnipotence. If there is one beautiful spot on earth, it is the home of the young family consecrated by piety, the abode of the Holy Spirit, above which the hovering angels touch their wings, forming a canopy of protection and sanctity.

There is no moral object so beautiful as a conscientious young man. We watch him as we do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them and will beam again; the blaze of other's popularity may outshine him, but we know that, though unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation, not without a struggle, for that is not virtue, but he does resist and conquer; he bears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is a trait of virtue, but he heals the wound with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion if it leads to sin; the Atheist, who says not only in his heart, but with his lips, “There is no God!” controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it. Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience,

and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of morality. Onward, then, conscientious youth—raise thy standard and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume that beautiful garb of virtue! It is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then. Let truth be the lady of thy love—defend her.

A young man came to an aged professor of a distinguished continental university, with a smiling face, and informed him that the long and fondly cherished desire of his heart was at length fulfilled—his parents had given their consent to his studying the profession of the law. For some time he continued explaining how he would spare no labor or expense in perfecting his education. When he paused, the old man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, gently said, "Well! and when you have finished your studies, what do you mean to do then?" "Then I shall take my degree," answered the young man. "And then?" asked the venerable friend. "And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult cases, and shall attract notice, and win a great reputation." "And then?" repeated the holy man. "Why, then," replied the youth, "I shall doubtless

be promoted to some high office in the State." "And then?" "And then," pursued the young lawyer, "I shall live in honor and wealth, and look forward to a happy old age." "And then?" repeated the old man. "And then," said the youth, "and then—and then—and then I shall die." Here the venerable listener lifted up his voice, and again asked, with solemnity and emphasis, "And then?" Whereupon the aspiring student made no answer, and cast down his head, and in silence and thoughtfulness retired. The last "And then?" had pierced his heart like a sword, had made an impression which he could not dislodge.



To Young Women.

WHAT is womanhood? Is there any more important question for young women to consider than this? It should be the highest ambition of every young woman to possess a true womanhood. Earth presents no higher object of attainment. To be a woman, in the truest and highest sense of the word, is to be the best thing beneath the skies. To be a woman is something more than to live eighteen or twenty years; something more than to grow to the physical stature of women; something more than to wear flounces, exhibit dry-goods, sport jewelry, catch the gaze of lewd-eyed men; something more than to be a belle, a wife, or a mother. Put all these qualifications together and they do but little toward making a true woman.

Beauty and style are not the surest passports to womanhood—some of the noblest specimens of womanhood that the world has ever seen, have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by the real goodness of her heart, the greatness of her soul, and the purity and sweetness of her character; and a woman with a kindly disposition and well-balanced temper, is both lovely and attractive, be her face ever so plain, and her figure ever so homely; she makes the best of wives and the truest of mothers. She has a higher purpose in living than the beautiful, yet vain and supercilious woman, who has no higher ambition than to flaunt her finery on the street, or to gratify her inordinate vanity by extracting flattery and praise from society, whose compliments are as hollow as they are insincere.

Beauty is a dangerous gift. It is even so. Like wealth it has ruined its thousands. Thousands of the most beautiful women are destitute of common sense and common humanity. No gift from heaven is so general and so widely abused by woman as the gift of beauty. In about nine cases in ten it makes her silly, senseless, thoughtless, giddy, vain, proud, frivolous, selfish, low and mean. "She is beautiful, and she knows it," is as much as to say she is spoiled. A beautiful girl is very likely to believe she was made to be looked at; and so she sets herself up for a show at every window, in every door, on every corner of the street, in every company at which opportunity offers for an exhibition of herself. And believing

and acting thus, she soon becomes good for nothing else, and when she comes to be a middle-aged woman she is that weakest, most sickening of all human things—a faded beauty.

These facts have long since taught sensible men to beware of beautiful women—to sound them carefully before they give them their confidence. Beauty is shallow—only skin-deep; fleeting—only for a few years' reign; dangerous—tempting to vanity and lightness of mind; deceitful—dazzling often to bewilder; weak—reigning only to ruin; gross—leading often to sensual pleasure. And yet we say it need not be so. Beauty is lovely and ought to be innocently possessed. It has charms which ought to be used for good purposes. It is a delightful gift, which ought to be received with gratitude and worn with grace and meekness. It should always minister to inward beauty. Every woman of beautiful form and features should cultivate a beautiful mind and heart.

Young women ought to hold a steady moral sway over their male associates, so strong as to prevent them from becoming such lawless rowdies. Why do they not? Because they do not possess sufficient *force* of character. They have not sufficient resolution and energy of purpose. Their virtue is not vigorous. Their moral wills are not resolute. Their influence is not armed with executive power. Their goodness is not felt as an earnest force of benevolent purpose. Their moral convictions are not regarded as solemn resolves to be true to God

and duty, come what may. This is the virtue of too many women. They would not have a drunkard for a husband, but they would drink a glass of wine with a fast young man. They would not use profane language, but they are not shocked by its incipient language, and love the society of men whom they know are as profane as Lucifer out of their presence. They would not be dishonest, but they will use a thousand deceitful words and ways, and countenance the society of men known as hawkers, sharpers and deceivers. They would not be irreligious, but they smile upon the most irreligious men, and even show that they love to be wooed by them. They would not be licentious, but they have no stunning rebuke for licentious men, and will even admit them on parol into their society. This is the virtue of too many women—a virtue scarcely worthy the name—really no virtue at all—a milk-and-water substitute—a hypocritical, hollow pretension to virtue as unwomanly as it is disgraceful. We believe that a young lady, by her constant, consistent Christian example, may exert an untold power. You do not know the respect and almost worship which young men, no matter how wicked they may be themselves, pay to a consistent Christian lady, be she young or old. If a young man sees that the religion which, in youth, he was taught to venerate, is lightly thought of, and perhaps sneered at, by the young ladies with whom he associates, we can hardly expect him to think that it is the thing for him.

Men love to trust their fortunes in their hands. The good love to gather around them for the blessing of their smiles; they strew their pathway with moral light. They bless without effort; they teach sentiments of duty and honesty in every act of their lives.

Such is the rectitude of character which every young woman should cultivate. Nothing will more surely secure confidence and esteem. There is especial need of such cultivation, for young women are doubted in many respects more generally than any other class of people. Most people seldom think of believing many things they hear from the lips of young women, so little is genuine integrity cultivated among them. We are sorry to make such a remark. We wish truth did not compel it. We would that young women would cultivate the strictest regard for truth in all things; in small as well as in important matters. Exaggeration or false coloring is as much a violation of integrity as a direct falsehood. Equivocation is often falsehood. Deception in all forms is opposed to integrity. Mock manners, pretended emotions, affectation, policy plans to secure attention and respect are all sheer falsehoods, and in the end injure her who is guilty of them. Respect and affection are the outgrowth of confidence. She who secures the firmest confidence will secure the most respect and love. Confidence can only be secured by integrity. The young woman with a high sense of duty will always secure confidence, and having this, she will secure respect, affection, and influence.

You have great influence. You cannot live without

having some sort of influence, any more than you can without breathing. One thing is just as unavoidable as the other. Beware, then, what kind of influence it is that you are constantly exerting. An invitation to take a glass of wine, or to play a game of cards, may kindle the fires of intemperance or gambling, which will burn forever. A jest given at the expense of religion, a light, trifling manner in the house of God, or any of the numerous ways in which you may show your disregard for the souls of others, may be the means of ruining many for time and eternity.

We want the girls to rival the boys in all that is good, and refined, and ennobling. We want them to rival the boys, as they well can, in learning, in understanding, in virtues; in all noble qualities of mind and heart, but not in any of those things that have caused them justly or unjustly, to be described as savages. We want the girls to be gentle—not weak, but gentle, and kind, and affectionate. We want, to be sure, that wherever a girl is, there should be a sweet, subduing and harmonizing influence of purity, and truth, and love, pervading and hallowing, from centre to circumference, the entire circle in which she moves. If the boys are savages, we want her to be their civilizer. We want her to tame them, to subdue their ferocity, to soften their manners, and to teach them all needful lessons of order, and sobriety, and meekness, and patience, and goodness. The little world of self is not the limit that is to confine all her actions. Her love was not destined to waste its fires in the narrow chamber of a single human heart;

no, a broader sphere of action is hers—a more expansive benevolence. The light and heat of her love are to be seen and felt far and wide. Who would not rather thus live a true life, than sit shivering over the smoldering embers of self-love? Happy is that maiden who seeks to live this true life! As time passes on, her own character will be elevated and purified. Gradually will she return toward that order of her being, which was lost in the declension of mankind from that original state of excellence in which they were created. She will become, more and more, a true woman; will grow wiser, and better, and happier. Her path through the world will be as a shining light, and all who know her will call her blessed.

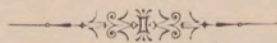
A right view of life, then, which all should take at the outset, is the one we have presented. Let every young lady seriously reflect upon this subject. Let her remember that she is not designed by her Creator to live for herself alone, but has a higher and nobler destiny—that of doing good to others—of making others happy. As the quiet streamlet which runs along the valley nourishes a luxuriant vegetation, causing flowers to bloom and birds to sing along its banks, so do a kind look and happy countenance spread peace and joy around.

Kindness is the ornament of man—it is the chief glory of woman—it is, indeed, woman's true prerogative—her sceptre and her crown. It is the sword with which she conquers, and the charm with which she captivates. Young lady, would you be admired

and beloved? would you be an ornament to your sex, and a blessing to your race? Cultivate this heavenly virtue. Wealth may surround you with its blandishments, and beauty, learning, or talents, may give you admirers, but love and kindness alone can captivate the heart. Whether you live in a cottage or a palace, these graces can surround you with perpetual sunshine, making you, and all around you, happy.

Seek ye, then, fair daughters, the possession of that inward grace, whose essence shall permeate and vitalize the affections,—adorn the countenance,—make mellifluous the voice,—and impart a hallowed beauty even to your motions! Not merely that you may be loved, would we urge this, but that you may, in truth, be lovely,—that loveliness which fades not with time, nor is marred or aliented by disease, but which neither chance nor change can in any way despoil. We urge you, gentle maiden, to beware of the silken enticements of the stranger, until your love is confirmed by protracted acquaintance. Shun the idler, though his coffer overflow with pelf. Avoid the irreverent,—the scoffer of hallowed things; and him “who looks upon the wine while it is red;”—him, too, “who hath a high look and a proud heart,” and who “privily slandereth his neighbor.” Do not heed the specious prattle about “first love,” and so place, irrevocably, the seal upon your future destiny, before you have sounded, in silence and secresy, the deep fountains of your own heart. Wait, rather, until your own character and that of him who would woo you, is more fully developed. Surely, if this

"first love" cannot endure a short probation, fortified by "the pleasures of hope," how can it be expected to survive years of intimacy, scenes of trial, distracting cares, wasting sickness, and all the homely routine of practical life. Yet it is these that constitute life, and the love that cannot abide them is false and must die.



Daughter and Sister.

THERE are few things of which men are more proud than of their daughters. The young father follows the sportive girl with his eye, as he cherishes an emotion of complacency, not so tender, but quite as active as the mother's. The aged father leans on his daughter as the crutch of his declining years. An old proverb says that the son is son till he is married, but the daughter is daughter forever. This is something like the truth. Though the daughter leaves the parental roof, she is still followed by kindly regards. The gray-haired father drops in every day to greet the beloved face; and when he pats the cheeks of the little grandchildren, it is chiefly because the bond which unites him to them passes through the heart of his darling Mary; she is his daughter still. There are other ministries of love more conspicuous than hers, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a

comparative estimate of a parent's affection for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. A good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house. His idea of her is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is the morning sunlight, and his evening star. The grace, and vivacity, and tenderness of her sex, have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes come to his mind with a new charm, as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the brightness of her young smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending but all-expressive proofs of love.

But now, turning to the daughters themselves, one of their first duties at home is to make their mother happy—to shun all that would pain or even perplex her. "Always seeking the pleasure of others, always careless of her own," is one of the finest encomiums ever pronounced upon a daughter. True: at that period of life when dreams are realities, and realities seem dreams, this may be forgotten. Mothers may find only labor and sorrow where they had a right to expect repose; but the daughter who would make her home and her mother happy, should learn

betimes that, next to duty to God our Savior, comes duty to her who is always the first to rejoice in our joy, and to weep when we weep. Of all the proofs of heartlessness which youth can give, the strongest is indifference to a mother's happiness or sorrow.

How large and cherished a place does a good sister's love always hold in the grateful memory of one who has been blessed with the benefits of this relation as he looks back to the home of his childhood! How many are there who, in the changes of maturer years, have found a sister's love, for themselves, and others dearer than themselves, their ready and adequate resource. With what a sense of security is confidence reposed in a good sister, and with what assurance that it will be uprightly and considerately given, is her counsel sought! How intimate is the friendship of such sisters, not widely separated in age from one another! What a reliance for warning, excitement, and sympathy has each secured in each! How many are the brothers to whom, when thrown into circumstances of temptation, the thought of a sister's love has been a constant, holy presence, rebuking every wayward thought!

The intercourse of brothers and sisters forms another important element in the happy influences of home. A boisterous or a selfish boy may try to domineer over the weaker or more dependent girl, but generally the latter exerts a softening, sweetening charm. The brother animates and heartens, the sister mollifies, tames, refines. The vine and its sustaining elm are the emblems of such a relation—and by

such agencies our "sons may become like plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters like corner-stones polished after the similitude of a temple." Among Lord Byron's early miseries, the terms on which he lived with his mother helped to sour the majestic moral ruin—he was chafed and distempered thereby. The outbreaks of her passion, and the unbridled impetuosity of his, made their companionship uncongenial, and at length drove them far apart. But Byron found a compensating power in the friendship of his sister, and to her he often turned amid his wanderings, or his misanthropy and guilt, as an exile turns to his home. "A world to roam in and a home with thee," were words which embodied the feelings of his void and aching heart, when all else that is lovely appeared to have faded away. He had plunged into the pleasures of sin till he was sated, wretched, and self-consumed—the very Sardanapalus of vice. But "his sister, his sweet sister," still shone like the morning star of memory upon his dark soul.

Sisters scarcely know the influence they have over their brothers. A young man testifies that the greatest proof of the truth of the Christian religion was his sister's life. Often the simple request of a lady will keep a young man from doing wrong. We have known this to be the case very frequently; and young men have been kept from breaking the Sabbath, from drinking, from chewing, just because a lady whom they respected, and for whom they had an affection, requested it. A tract given, an invitation to go to church, a request that your friend would

read the Bible daily, will often be regarded, when a more powerful appeal from other sources would fall unheeded upon the heart. Many of the gentlemen whom you meet in society are away from the influence of parents and sisters, and they will respond to any interest taken in their welfare. We all speak of a young man's danger from evil associates, and the very bad influence which his dissipated gentlemen associates have upon him. We believe it is all true that a gentleman's character is formed to a greater extent by the ladies that he associates with before he becomes a complete man of the world. We think, in other words, that a young man is pretty much what his sisters and young lady friends choose to make him. We knew a family where the sisters encouraged their young brothers to smoke, thinking it was manly, and to mingle with gay, dissipated fellows because they thought it "smart;" and they did mingle with them, body and soul, and abused the same sisters shamefully. The influence began further back than with their gentleman companions. It began with their sisters, and was carried on through the forming years of their character. On the other hand, if sisters are watchful and affectionate they may in various ways—by entering into any little plan with interest, by introducing their younger brothers into good ladies' society—lead them along till their character is formed, and then a high respect for ladies, and a manly self-respect, will keep them from mingling in low society.

Associates.

Thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable Metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed. Therefore 'tis meet
That noble Minds keep ever with their Likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduced?

---SHAKSPEARE.

AN author is known by his writings, a mother by her daughter, a fool by his words, and all men by their companions.

Intercourse with persons of decided virtue and excellence is of great importance in the formation of a good character. The force of example is powerful; we are creatures of imitation, and, by a necessary influence, our tempers and habits are formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate. Better be alone than in bad company. Evil communications corrupt good manners. Ill qualities are catching as well as diseases; and the mind is at least as much, if not a great deal more, liable to infection, than the body. Go with mean people, and you think life is mean.

The human race requires to be educated, and it is doubtless true that the greater part of that education is obtained through example rather than precept. This is especially true respecting character and habits. How natural is it for a child to look up to those around him for an example of imitation, and how readily does he copy all that he sees done, good or bad. The importance of a good example on which

the young may exercise this powerful and active element of their nature, is a matter of the utmost moment. To the phrenologist every faculty assumes an importance almost infinite, and perhaps none more so than that of imitation. It is a trite, but true maxim, that "a man is known by the company he keeps." He naturally assimilates, by the force of imitation, to the habits and manners of those by whom he is surrounded. We know persons, who walk much with the lame, who have learned to walk with a hitch or limp like their lame friends. Vice stalks in the streets unabashed, and children copy it. Witness the urchin seven years old trying to ape his seniors in folly, by smoking the cigar-stumps which they have cast aside. In time, when his funds improve, he will wield the long nine, and be a full-fledged "loafer." This faculty is usually more active in the young than in adult life, and serves to lead them to imitate that which their seniors do, before their reasoning powers are sufficiently developed and instructed to enable them to reason out a proper course of action. Thus by copying others, they do that which is appropriate, right or wrong, without knowing why, or the principles and consequences involved in their actions.

The awfully sad consequences of evil associations is exhibited in the history of almost all criminals. The case of a man named Brown, recently executed in Toronto, Canada, is an example. He was born in Cambridgeshire, England, of parents who were members of the Church of England; and in a sketch of

his life, written at his dictation, he attributes his downfall to early disobedience and to bad companions, which led to dissipation and finally plunged him into associations with the most dissolute and lawless characters. They led him on in transgression and sin, which ended in his being brought to the scaffold. On the gallows he made the following speech: "This is a solemn day for me, boys! 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 that brought me here to-day to my last end, though I am innocent of the murder I am about to suffer for. Before my God I am innocent of the murder! I never committed this or any other murder. I know nothing of it. I am going to meet my Maker in a few minutes. May the Lord have mercy on my soul! Amen, amen." What a terrible warning his melancholy example affords to young men never to deviate from the straight line of duty. Live with the culpable and you will be very likely to die with the criminal. Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven in up to the head, the pinchers cannot take hold to draw it out, which can only be done by the destruction of the wood. You may be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odor. Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away taint of it. "Let no man deceive himself," says Petrarch, "by thinking that the

contagions of the soul are less than those of the body. They are yet greater; they sink deeper, and come on more unsuspectedly." From impure air, we take diseases; from bad company, vice and imperfection. Avoid, as much as you can, the company of all vicious persons whatever; for no vice is alone, and all are infectious.

Men carry unconscious signs of their life about them, those that come from the forge and those from the lime and mortar, and those from dusty travel bear signs of being workmen and of their work. One needs not ask a merry face or a sad one whether it hath come from joy or from grief. Tears and laughter tell their own story. Should one come home with fruit, we say—"You have come from the orchard." If with hands full of wild flowers, "You have come from the field." If one's garments smell of mingled odors, we say, "You have walked in a garden." So with associations—those that walk with the just, the upright, have the sweetest incense that has ever anointed man. Let no man deceive himself.

Do you love the society of the vulgar? Then you are already debased in your sentiments. Do you seek to be with the profane? In your heart you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons your choice friends? He who loves to laugh at folly is himself a fool. Do you love and seek the society of the wise and good? Is this your habit? Had you rather take the lowest seat among these than the highest seat among others? Then you have already learned to be good. You may not make very much progress,

When you have once found your proper associate, then stick to him—make him your friend—a close friend; do all you can to improve him and learn all you can of him; let his good qualities become yours; one is not bound to bear a part in the follies of a friend, but rather to dissuade him from them; even though he cannot consent to tell him plainly, as Phocion did Antipater, who said to him, “I cannot be both your friend and flatterer.” It is a good rule always to back your friends and face your enemies. Whoever would reclaim his friend, and bring him to a true and perfect understanding of himself, may privately admonish, but never publicly reprehend him. An open admonition is an open disgrace.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced he lacks principle; a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices. He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

If you have once chosen the proper person as an associate and a friend, then you have a friend for life-time, and you will always cherish and honor him; but the neglected child, the reckless youth, the wrecked and wretched man will haunt you with memories of melancholy, with grief and despair. How we will curse those associates that dragged us down to ruin and destruction, and how love to repeat the names of old friends.

“Old friends!” What a multitude of deep and varied emotions are called forth from the soul by the

utterance of these two words. What thronging memories of other days crowd the brain when they are spoken. Ah, there is a magic in the sound and the spell which it creates is both sad and pleasing. As we sit by our fireside, while the winds are making wild melody without the walls of our cottage, and review the scenes of by-gone years which flit before us in swift succession, dim and shadowy as the recollections of a dream—how those “old familiar faces” will rise up and haunt our vision with their well remembered features. But ah, where are they? those friends of our youth—those kindred spirits who shared our joy and sorrows when first we started in the pilgrimage of life. Companions of our early days, they are endeared to us by many a tie, and we now look back through the vista of years upon the hours of our communion, as upon green oases in a sandy waste. Years have passed over us with their buds and flowers, their fruits and snows; and where now are those “old familiar faces?” They are scattered, and over many of their last narrow homes the thistle waves its lonely head; “after life’s fitful fever they sleep well.” Some are buffeting the billows of time’s stormy sea in distant lands; though they are absent our thoughts are often with them.

Influence.

AWAY up among the Alleghanies there is a spring so small that a single ox on a summer’s day could

drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities and many a cultivated farm; then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the emblem of eternity. It is one of the greatest tributaries to the ocean, which obedient only to God, shall roar till the angel with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall aver that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill—a rivulet—an ocean, and as boundless and fathomless as eternity.

“The stone, flung from my careless hand into the lake, splashed down into the depths of the flowing water, and that was all. No, it was not all. Look at those concentric rings, rolling their tiny ripples among the sedgy reeds, dipping the overhanging boughs of yonder willow, and producing an influence, slight but conscious, to the very shores of the lake itself. That stray word, that word of pride or scorn, flung from my lips in casual company, produces a momentary depression, and that is all. No, it is not all. It deepened that man’s disgust at godliness, and it sharpened the edge of that man’s sarcasm, and it shamed that half-converted one out of his penitent misgivings, and it produced an influence, slight, but eternal, on the destiny of a human life. Oh, it is a terrible power that I have—this power of influence—and it clings to me. I cannot shake it off. It is born with me; it has grown with my growth, and is strengthened with

my strength. It speaks, it walks, it moves; it is powerful in every look of my eye, in every word of my lips, in every act of my life. I cannot live to myself. I must either be a light to illumine, or a tempest to destroy. I must either be an Abel, who, by his immortal righteousness, being dead yet speaketh, or an Achan, the sad continuance of whose otherwise forgotten name is the proof that man perishes not alone in his iniquity. Dear reader, this necessary element of power belongs to you. The sphere may be contracted, thine influence may be small, but a sphere and influence you surely have."

Every human being is a centre of influence for good or for ill. No man can live unto himself. The meshes of a net are not more surely knit together than man to man. We may forget this secret, silent influence. But we are exerting it by our deeds, we are exerting it by our words, we are exerting it by our very thoughts—and he is wise with a wisdom more than that of earth who seeks to put forth the highest power for good, be his home a hut or a hall, a cabin or a palace.



Habit.

HABIT in a child is at first like a spider's web; if neglected it becomes a thread of twine; next, a cord of rope; finally, a cable—then who can break it? There are habits contracted by bad example, or bad

management, before we have judgment to discern their approaches, or because the eye of reason is laid asleep, or has not compass of view sufficient to look around on every quarter.

Oh, the tyranny, the despotism of a bad habit! Coleridge, one of the subtlest intellects and finest poets of his time, battled for twenty years before he could emancipate himself from his tyrant, opium. He went into voluntary imprisonment. He hired a man to watch him day and night, and keep him by force from tasting the pernicious drug. He formed resolution after resolution. Yet, during all the best years of his life, he wasted his substance and his health, neglected his family and lived degraded and accursed because he had not resolution to abstain. He would lay plans to cheat the very man whom he paid to keep the drug from him, and bribe the jailer to whom he had voluntarily surrendered himself.

Terrible, *terrible* is the despotism of a bad habit. The case of Coleridge is an extreme one, of course. But there are many, whose eyes these lines will meet, who are as truly the slaves of a perverted appetite as he. Their despot may be opium, tobacco, drink, or worse; but they are so completely under the *dominion* of their master, that nothing short of a moral war of independence, which should task all their own strength, and all they could borrow from others, would suffice to deliver them.

John B. Gough uses the following as a powerful illustration: I remember once riding from Buffalo to Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," he said, "is Niagara river."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright and fair and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near to the falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget. Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wave you leave behind adds to the enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed—there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff, all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; will catch pleasure

as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! Beware! The rapids are below you!"

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

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

Few people form habits of wrong-doing deliberately or willfully; they glide into them by degrees and almost unconsciously, and before they are aware of danger, the habits are confirmed and require resolute and persistent effort to effect a change. "Resist beginning," was the maxim of the ancients, and should be preserved as a landmark in our day. Those who are prodigal or passionate, or indolent, or visionary, soon make shipwreck of themselves, and drift about the sea of life, the prey of every wind and current, vainly shrieking for help, till at last they drift away into darkness and death.

Take care that you are not drifting. See that you have fast hold of the helm. The breakers of life

forever roar under the lee, and adverse gales continually blow on the shore. Are you watching how she heads? Do you keep a firm grip of the wheel? If you give way but for one moment you may drift hopelessly into the boiling vortex. Young men, take care! It rests with yourselves alone under God, whether you reach port triumphantly or drift to ruin.

Be not slow in the breaking of a sinful custom; a quick, courageous resolution is better than a gradual deliberation; in such a combat, he is the bravest soldier who lays about him without fear or wit. Wit pleads, fear disheartens; he that would kill hydra, had better strike off one neck than five heads; fell the tree, and the branches are soon cut off.

Whatever be the cause, says Lord Kames, it is an established fact, that we are much influenced by custom; it hath an effect upon our pleasures, upon our actions, and even upon our thoughts and sentiments. Habit makes no figure during the vivacity of youth; in middle age it gains ground; and in old age, governs without control. In that period of life, generally speaking, we eat at a certain hour, take exercise at a certain hour, go to rest at a certain hour, all by the direction of habit; nay, a particular seat, table, bed, comes to be essential; and a habit in any of these cannot be contradicted without uneasiness.

Man, it has been said, is a bundle of habits; and habit is second nature. Metastasio entertained so strong an opinion as to the power of repetition in act and thought, that he said, "All is habit in mankind, even virtue itself."

Evil habits must be conquered, or they will conquer us and destroy our peace and happiness.

Vicious habits are so great a stain upon human nature, said Cicero, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by right reason would avoid them, though he was sure they would always be concealed both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.

Vicious habits, when opposed, offer the most vigorous resistance on the first attack. At each successive encounter this resistance grows fainter and fainter, until finally it ceases altogether and the victory is achieved.

Habit is man's best friend or worst enemy; it can exalt him to the highest pinnacle of virtue, honor and happiness, or sink him to the lowest depths of vice, shame and misery.

We may form habits of honesty, or knavery; truth, or falsehood; of industry, or idleness; frugality, or extravagance; of patience, or impatience; self-denial, or self-indulgence; of kindness, cruelty, politeness, rudeness, prudence, perseverance, circumspection. In short, there is not a virtue, nor a vice, not an act of body, nor of mind, to which we may not be chained down by this despotic power.

It is a great point for young men to begin well; for it is in the beginning of life that that system of conduct is adopted which soon assumes the force of habit. Begin well, and the habit of doing well will become quite as easy as the habit of doing badly. Pitch upon that course of life which is the most

excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful. Well begun is half ended, says the proverb; and a good beginning is half the battle. Many promising young men have irretrievably injured themselves by a first false step at the commencement of life; while others, of much less promising talents, have succeeded simply by beginning well, and going onward. The good practical beginning is, to a certain extent, a pledge, a promise, and an assurance, of the ultimate prosperous issue. There is many a poor creature, now crawling through life, miserable himself and the cause of sorrow to others, who might have lifted up his head and prospered, if, instead of merely satisfying himself with resolutions of well-doing, he had actually gone to work and made a good practical beginning.



Company.

Congenial passions souls together bind,
 And every calling mingles with its kind;
 Soldier unites with soldier, swain with swain,
 The mariner with him that roves the main.

F. LEWIS.

THAT we may be known by the company we frequent, has become proverbial. For, when unrestrained, we are prone to choose and associate with those whose manners and dispositions are agreeable and congenial to ours. Hence, when we find persons frequenting any company whatsoever, we are disposed

to believe that such company is congenial with their feelings, not only in regard to their intellectual capacities and accomplishments, but also their moral disposition and their particular manner in life.

Good company not only improves our manners, but also our minds; for intelligent associates will become a source of enjoyment, as well as of edification. If they be pious they will improve our morals; if they be polite they will tend to improve our manners; if they be learned they will add to our knowledge and correct our errors. On the other hand, if they be immoral, ignorant, vulgar, their impress will most surely be left upon us. It therefore becomes a matter of no trivial concern to select and associate with proper company, while avoiding that which is certainly prejudicial.

We should always seek the company of those who are known to possess superior merit and natural endowments; for then, by being assimilated in manners and disposition, we rise. Whereas, by associating with those who are our inferiors in every respect, we become assimilated with them, and by that assimilation become degraded. Upon the whole much care and judgment are necessary in selecting properly that company which will be profitable. Yet this is not a point of so great interest among women as men; because they are not necessarily thrown into associations of such diversity of character as the latter. Nevertheless, the greater care and prudence are requisite to women, should they happen in such circles, to avoid the pernicious influence of such associations, to which many are too prone to yield.

Good company is that which is composed of intelligent and well-bred persons; whose language is chaste and good; whose sentiments are pure and edifying; whose deportment is such as pure and well-regulated education and correct morals dictate; and whose conduct is directed and restrained by the pure precepts of religion.

When we have the advantage of such company, it should be the object of our zeal "to imitate their real perfections; copy their politeness, their carriage, their address, and the easy well-bred turn of their conversation; but we should remember that, let them shine ever so bright, their vices (if they have any) are so many blemishes, which we should no more endeavor to imitate than we should make artificial warts on our faces because some very handsome lady happened to have one by nature. We should, on the contrary, think how much handsomer she would have been without it."

What can be more pleasing and more angelic than a young lady, virtuous and adorned with the graces and elegances of finished politeness based upon a sound intellect, and well improved mind!

"For her inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change."

The reflection is pleasing, that it is in the power of all to acquire an elegance of manner, although they may be deprived of the advantages to be derived from a liberal education. At least they may attain to that degree of elegance and manners, by judicious

selection of company, that will render them pleasing in any social circle, whether at home or abroad. This will excite interest, which will grow into respect; from which always springs that pure, ardent, and affectionate attachment which alone forms the only generous and indissoluble connection between the sexes; that which the lapse of time serves only to confirm, and nought but death can destroy.

If so much importance be attached to the prudent selection of company and associates, and if this be of such vital interest to every young female, how careful should she be not to take to her bosom for life a companion of dissolute habits and morals. Such an act might destroy all the domestic felicity she might have hoped to enjoy, and be a source of constant sorrow to her through life.

“Oh shun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coast
Where peace expires, and fair affection's lost.”

For no connection or friendship can be fond and lasting, where a conformity of inclination and disposition does not exist; but where this exists, all passions and finer feelings of the soul gently harmonize, and form one common and lasting interest.



Force of Character.

WHAT you can effect depends on what you are. You put your whole self into all that you do. If that self be small, and lean, and mean, your entire life-

work is paltry, your words have no force, your influence has no weight. If that self be true and high, pure and kind, vigorous and forceful, your strokes are blows, your notes staccatos, your work massive, your influence cogent — you can do what you will. Whatever your position, you are a power, you are felt as a kingly spirit, you are as one having authority. Too many think of character chiefly in its relation to the life beyond the grave. We certainly would not have less thought of it with reference to that unknown future, on the margin of which some of us undoubtedly are at this moment standing; but we do wish that more consideration were bestowed upon its earthly uses. We would have young men, as they start in life, regard character as a capital, much surer to yield full returns than any other capital, unaffected by panics and failures, fruitful when all other investments lie dormant, having as certain promise in the present life as in that which is to come.

Franklin, also, attributed his success as a public man, not to his talents or his powers of speaking — for these were but moderate — but to his known integrity of character. "Hence, it was," he says, "that I had so much weight with my fellow-citizens. I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my point." Character creates confidence in men in every station of life. It was said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde,

Montaigne was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gates unbarred; and it was said of him, that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horse.

There are trying and perilous circumstances in life, which show how valuable and important a good character is. It is a sure and strong staff of support, when everything else fails. It is the Acropolis which remains impregnable, imparting security and peace when all the other defenses have been surrendered to the enemy. The higher walks of life are treacherous and dangerous; the lower full of obstacles and impediments. We can only be secure in either, by maintaining those principles which are just, praiseworthy, and pure, and which inspire bravery in ourselves and confidence in others.

Truthfulness, integrity and goodness—qualities that hang not on any man's breath—from the essence of manly character, or, as one of our old writers has it, "that inbred loyalty unto virtue which can serve her without a livery." He who possesses these qualities, united with strength of purpose, carries with him a power which is irresistible. He is strong to do good, he is strong to resist evil, and strong to bear up under difficulty and misfortune. When Stephen of Coloma fell into the hands of his base assailants, and they asked him, in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" "Here," was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. It is in misfortune that the character of the upright man shines forth with the greatest lustre; and, when all else fails, he takes

stand upon his integrity and his courage. In the famous pass of Thermopylæ, the three hundred Spartans withstood the enemy with such vigor that they were obliged to retire wearied and conquered during three successive days, till, suddenly falling upon their rear, they crushed the brave defenders to pieces.

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. Now, it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength.

Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? This is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish, stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who,

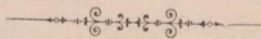
keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

The truest criterion of a man's character and conduct, is, invariably, to be found in the opinion of his nearest relations, who having daily and hourly opportunities of forming a judgment of him, will not fail in doing so. It is a far higher testimony in his favor, for him to secure the esteem and love of a few individuals within the privacy of his own home, than the good opinion of hundreds in his immediate neighborhood, or that of ten times the number residing at a distance. The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.

Deportment, honesty, caution, and a desire to do right carried out in practice, are to human character what truth, reverence, and love are to religion. They are the unvaried elements of a good reputation. Such virtues can never be reproached, although the vulgar and despicable may scoff at them; but it is not so much in their affected revulsion at them, as it is in the wish to reduce them to the standard of their own degraded natures, and vitiated passions. Let such scoff and sneer—let them laugh and ridicule as much as they may—a strict, upright, onward course will

evince to the world and to them, that there is more manly independence in one forgiving smile, than in all the pretended exceptions to worthiness in the society of the mean and vulgar. Virtue must have its admirers, and firmness of principle, both moral and religious, will ever command the proudest encomium of the intelligent world, to the exclusion of every other thing connected with human existence.

That character is power is true in a much higher sense than that knowledge is power. Mind without heart, intelligence without conduct, cleverness without goodness, are powers in their way, but they may be powers only for mischief. We may be instructed or amused by them, but it is sometimes as difficult to admire them as it would be to admire the dexterity of a pickpocket or the horsemanship of a highwayman.



Integrity.

YOUNG men look about them and see a great measure of worldly success awarded to men without principle. They see the trickster crowned with public honors, they see the swindler rolling in wealth, they see the sharp man, the over-reaching man, the unprincipled man, the liar, the demagogue, the time-server, the trimmer, the scoundrel who cunningly manages, though constantly disobeying moral law and trampling upon social courtesy, to keep himself out of the clutches of the legal police, carrying off

the prizes of wealth and place. All this is a demoralizing puzzle and a fearful temptation; and multitudes of young men are not strong enough to stand before it. They ought to understand that in this wicked world there is a great deal of room where there is integrity. Great trusts may be sought by scoundrels, but great trusts never seek them; and perfect integrity is at a premium even among scoundrels. There are some trusts that they will never confer on each other. There are occasions where they need the services of true men, and they do not find them in shoals and in the mud, but alone and in pure water.

Integrity is the foundation of all that is high in character among mankind; other qualities may add to its splendor, but if this essential requisite be wanting all their lustre fades. Our integrity is never worth so much to us as when we have lost everything to keep it. Integrity without knowledge is weak; knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful. Integrity, however rough, is better than smooth dissimulation. Let a man have the reputation of being fair and upright in his dealings, and he will possess the confidence of all who know him. Without these qualities every other merit will prove unavailing. Ask concerning a man, "Is he active and capable?" Yes. "Industrious, temperate, and regular in his habits?" O, yes, "Is he honest? is he trustworthy?" Why, as to that, I am sorry to say that he is not to be trusted; he wants watching; he is a little tricky, and will take an undue advantage, if he can. "Then I will have nothing to do with him,"

will be the invariable reply. Why, then, is honesty the best policy? Because, without it you will get a bad name, and everybody will shun you.

The world is always asking for men who are not for sale; men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core; men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others; men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole; men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels; men who can tell the truth, and look the world and the devil right in the eye; men who neither brag nor run; men who neither flag nor flinch; men who can have courage without shouting to it; men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep, and strong; men who do not cry, nor cause their voices to be heard on the streets, who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth; men who know their message and tell it; men who know their places and fill them; men who know their own business; men who will not lie; men who are not too lazy to work, not too proud to be poor; men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for. It is always safe to trust those who can trust themselves, but when a man suspects his own integrity, it is time he was suspected by others. Moral degradation always begins at home. Honesty is never gained or lost suddenly, or by accident. Moral strength or moral weakness takes possession of us by slow and imperceptible degrees.

Avoid — and young men especially — avoid all base,

servile, underhand, sneaking ways. Part with anything rather than your integrity and conscious rectitude; flee from injustice as you would from a viper's fangs; avoid a lie as you would the gates of hell. Some there are who are callous as to this. Some there are who, in stooping to mercantile dishonor and business—in driving the immoral bargain—think they have done a clever action. Things are often called by their wrong names; duplicity is called shrewdness, and wrong-heartedness is called long-headedness; evil is called good, and good evil, and darkness is put for light, and light for darkness. Well! be it so. You may be prosperous in your own eyes; you may have realized an envied fortune; you may have your carriage, and plate, and servants, and pageantry; but rather the shielding and the crust of bread with a good conscience, than the stately dwelling or palace without it. Rather than the marble mausoleum, which gilds and smothers tales of heartless villainy and fraud—rather, far rather, that lowly heap of grass we were wont often to gaze upon in an old village churchyard, with the simple record of a cottager's virtues: "*Here lies an honest man!*" There is nothing more sad than to be carried like a vessel away from the straight course of principle; to be left a stranded outcast thing on the sands of dishonor: a man bolstering himself up in a position he is not entitled to. "That is a man of *capital*," says the world, pointing to an unscrupulous and successful swindler. Capital! What is capital? Is it what a man *has*? Is it counted by pounds and pence, stocks

and shares, by houses and lands? No! capital is not what a man *has*, but what a man *is*. Character is capital; honor is capital. That is the most fearful of ruin when *character* is gone, when integrity is sold, when honor is bartered for a miserable mess of earthly pottage. God save us from ruin like this! Perish what may; perish gold, silver, houses, lands; let the winds of misfortune dash our vessel on the sunken rock, but let *integrity* be like the valued keepsake which the sailor boy lashed with the rope round his body, the only thing we care to save. Let one die; but let angels read, if friends cannot afford to erect the grave stone: "*Here lies an honest man.*"



Poor Boys and Great Eminence.

MANY men have been obscure in their origin and birth, but great and glorious in life and death. They have been born and nurtured in villages, but have reigned and triumphed in cities. They were first laid in the mangers of poverty and obscurity, but have afterwards become possessors of thrones and palaces. Their fame is like the pinnacle which ascends higher and higher, until at last it becomes a most conspicuous and towering object of attraction.

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself. Cervantes was a common soldier. Homer was the son of a small farmer. Moliere was the son of a tapestry maker. Demosthenes was the son of

a cutler. Terrence was a slave. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a London brewer. Howard was an apprentice to a grocer. Franklin was the son of a tallow-chandler and soap boiler. Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a linen-draper. Daniel Defoe, was a hostler and son of a butcher. Whitfield was the son of an inn-keeper. Virgil was the son of a porter. Horace was the son of a shop keeper. Shakspeare was the son of a wood stapler. Milton was the son of a money scrivener. Robert Burns was a plowman in Ayrshire. Mohammed, called the prophet, was a driver of asses. Madame Bernadotte was a washerwoman of Paris. Napoleon was of an obscure family of Corsica. John Jacob Astor once sold apples on the streets of New York. Catherine, Empress of Russia, was a camp-follower. Cincinnatus was plowing in his vineyard when the dictatorship of Rome was offered him. Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith. Daniel Webster, while young, worked on a farm. Henry Clay was "the mill-boy of the slashes."

The young man who thinks of taking a short cut to fortune, should deliberately write down the names of a dozen of our richest men, and he will find that the largest part of the wealth of the Astors and Browns and Stewarts and Vanderbilts was accumulated after they had passed their fiftieth year.

"Without fame or fortune at forty, without fame or fortune always" is the sentiment of many, oftener expressed by the saying, that if a man is not rich at forty, he never will be. It was after forty that Sir

Walter Scott became the great unknown; it was after forty that Palmerston was found to be England's greatest prime minister of the century. At that age, many who now appear prominently in our political history were obscure citizens. Howe, of the sewing-machine, was utterly destitute at thirty-five, a millionaire six years later.

A long time ago, a little boy, twelve years old, on his road to Vermont, stopped at a country tavern, and paid for his lodging and breakfast by sawing wood, instead of asking for food as a gift. Fifty years later, the same boy passed that same little inn as George Peabody, the banker, whose name is the synonym of magnificent charities—the honored of two hemispheres. He was born poor in Danvers, Mass., and by beginning right and pursuing a course of strict honesty, integrity, industry, activity and Christian benevolence, he has been able to amass great wealth. Some years since he made a generous gift to his native town; and also remembered the city of Baltimore, Maryland, where he long resided, by a liberal donation. For nearly twenty-five years, having done business in London, and being past sixty years old, he had given £150,000—nearly \$750,000—to be devoted to the benefit of the poor of that city.

When Cornelius Vanderbilt was a young man, his mother gave him fifty dollars of her savings to buy a small sail-boat, and he engaged in the business of transporting market-gardening from Staten Island to New York city. When the wind was not favorable he would work his way over the shoals by pushing

the boat along by poles, putting his own shoulder to the pole, and was very sure to get his freight to market in season. This energy gave him always a command of full freights, and he accumulated money. After awhile he began to build and run steamboats, and he died worth more than eighty-five millions of dollars.

Mr. Tobin, formerly President of the Hudson River Railroad Company, is a millionaire. He is not yet forty years of age. He began life as a steamboat clerk with Commodore Vanderbilt. When he took his position the Commodore gave him two orders: first, to collect fare of everybody and have no dead-heads on the boat; second, to start the boat on time, and wait for nobody. The Commodore then lived at Staten Island. Tobin obeyed his orders so literally that he collected fare of the Commodore the first evening, and left him on the wharf the next morning, as the boat could not wait. The Commodore was coming down the wharf leisurely, and supposed, of course, the boat would wait for him. He proved a man after Vanderbilt's own heart. He became his confidential clerk and broker, bought and sold Harlem and made for himself a fortune.

Stephen Girard left his native country at the age of ten or twelve years, as a cabin boy on a vessel. He came to New York in that capacity. His deportment was distinguished by such fidelity, industry and temperance, that he won the attachment and confidence of his master, who generally bestowed upon him the appellation of "my Stephen." When his

master gave up business he promoted Girard to the command of a small vessel. Girard was a self-taught man, and the world was his school. It was a favorite theme with him, when he afterwards grew rich, to relate that he commenced life with a sixpence, and to insist that a man's best capital was his industry. All professions and all occupations, which afforded a just reward for labor, were alike honorable in his estimation. He was never too proud to work.

In the time of the yellow fever, in 1793, when consternation had seized the whole population of the city of Philadelphia, Stephen Girard, then a rich merchant, offered his services as a nurse in the hospital. His offers were accepted, and in the performance of the most loathsome duties, he walked unharmed in the midst of the pestilence. He used to say to his friends, "When you are sick, if anything ails you, do not go to a doctor, but come to me, I will cure you."

Far back in the teens of the present century, a young man asked for employment in the Springfield armory; but he was poor and modest, and had no friends, so he went away without it; but, feeling the man within him, he sought work until he found it. An age later, he visited that armory a second time, not as a common day-laborer, but as the ablest speaker of the House of Representatives, and for many years Governor of Massachusetts.

Of P. R. Spencer, the author of the Spencerian system of penmanship, it is said that, "the smooth sand beach of Lake Erie constituted the foolscap in and on which, for want of other material, he perfected

essentially the system which meets such general favor in our common and commercial schools, and in our business and literary circles." When we reflect upon the immense popularity of his system, which, passing beyond the limits of our own country, has been re-engraved in England, is used in the model counting rooms of London, Liverpool and Manchester, and is also the adopted system of the English Department of the University of Zurich, in Switzerland, we must accord to its honored author chaste and elevated powers of conception, with bold and tireless grasp, of just apprehension, and agree that the barefooted boy of fifty years ago *must have been thinking*, and thinking *aright*, and thinking with *no ordinary* mind, when he gave to his coinings in the sands such vitality of science that the world has adopted and embalmed them as the most beautiful imagery of "the art."

Masons and bricklayers can boast of Ben Jonson, who worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket; Edwards and Telford, the engineers; Hugh Miller, the geologist, and Allen Cunningham, the writer and sculptor. John Hunter, the physiologist, Ronevey and Opie, the painters, Professor Lee, the orientalist, and John Gibbons, the sculptor, were carpenters. Wilson, the ornithologist, Dr. Livingstone, the missionary traveler, and Tannahill, the poet, were weavers. Samuel Drew, the essayist, and Gifford, the editor of the "Quarterly Review," were shoemakers. Admiral Hobson, one of the gallantest of British seaman, was originally a tailor.



FOR THE ROYAL PAIR OF LIFE.

essentially the system which meets such general needs in our common and commercial schools, and in our business and literary circles. When we reflect on the immense popularity of his system, which, passing beyond the limits of our own country, has been re-engraved in England, is used in the model and long rows of London, Liverpool and Manchester, and is the adopted system of the English Department of the University of Zurich in Switzerland, we must admire the elevated author chaste and elegant in style, and with bold and tireless energy in his composition, and agree that the bareness of his style must have been thought of as a necessary evil, and thinking with no other view than to give to his comings in the sands of the world, the feeling that the world has adopted the most beautiful imagery of the world.

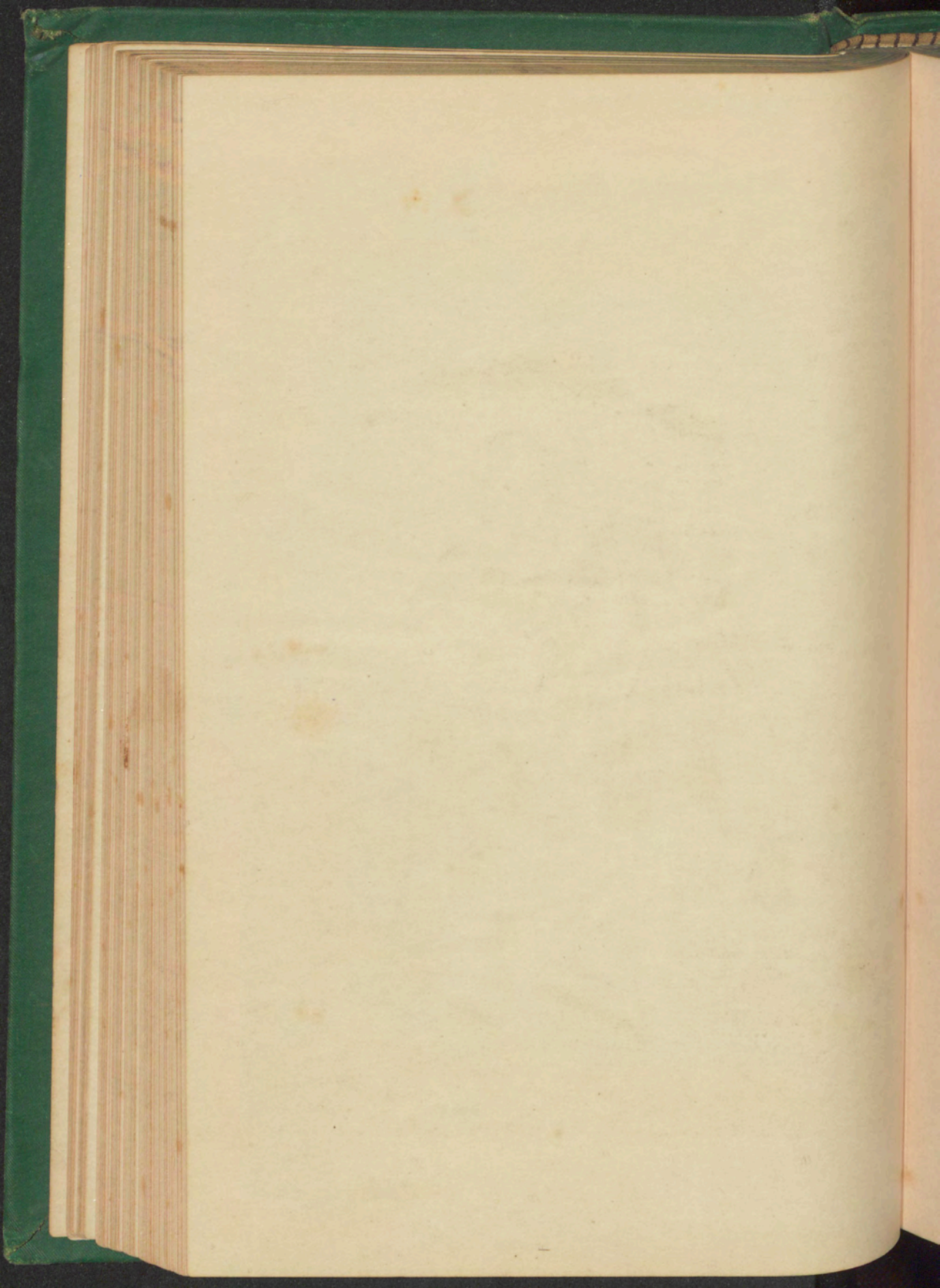
Masters and workmen can boast of Ben Jonson, who worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn and wrote in his hand and a book in his pocket; Edward Taylor, the poet, and John Bunyan, the author of *Gravelly Hill*; Hugh Miller, the geologist and naturalist; the writer and teacher John Ruskin, the geologist, Kebley and Owen, the painters, De Witt, the orientalist, and John Galsworthy, the dramatist, were carpenters. Wilson, the geologist, and W. G. L. Stone, the missionary, were weavers, and Tennyson, the poet, were weavers. Samuel Johnson, the essayist, and Colford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, were shoemakers. Adam Smith, one of the gallantest of British seamen, was originally a tailor.



Designed & Engraved by James Watson.

YOUTH.

FOR THE ROYAL PATH OF LIFE.



It is not good for human nature to have the road of life made too easy. Better to be under the necessity of working hard and faring meanly, than to have everything done ready to our hand, and a pillow of down to repose upon. Indeed, to start in life with comparatively small means seems so necessary as a stimulus to work, that it may almost be set down as one of the essential conditions to success in life. Hence, an eminent judge, when asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, "Some succeed by great talent, some by high connections, some by miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling." So it is a common saying that the men who are most successful in business are those who begin the world in their shirt sleeves; whereas, those who begin with fortunes generally lose them. Necessity is always the first stimulus to industry, and those who conduct it with prudence, perseverance and energy will rarely fail. Viewed in this light, the necessity of labor is not a chastisement, but a blessing—the very root and spring of all that we call progress in individuals, and civilization in nations. It may, indeed, be questioned whether a heavier curse could be imposed on man than the complete gratification of all his wishes without effort on his part, leaving nothing for his hopes, desires or struggles. The feeling that life is destitute of any motive or necessity for action, must be, of all others, the most distressing and the most insupportable to a rational being.

Occupation.

THE man who has no occupation is in a bad plight. If he is poor, want is ever and anon pinching him; if he is rich, enui is a more relentless tormentor than want. An unoccupied man cannot be happy—nor can one who is improperly occupied. We have swarms of idlers among us, the worst of whom are gentlemen idlers; that is, men who pursue no useful occupation, and sponge their way, often enjoying the luxuries of life, living upon the hard earnings of others—the cancers of community—pseudo patterns of bipeds—leeches on the body politic.

In this widespread and expanding country, no one need be without some useful occupation. All trades and professions are open, from the honest hod-carrier, up to the highest place in the agricultural, commercial and mechanical departments, and from the humblest, but not least useful teacher of A, B, C, up to the pinnacle of professional fame. Those occupations that require manual labor are the surest, most healthy, and most independent.

Men or women with no business, nothing to do, are an absolute pest to society. They are thieves, stealing that which is not theirs; beggars, eating that which they have not earned; drones, wasting the fruits of others' industry; leeches, sucking the blood of others; evil-doers, setting an example of idleness and dishonest living; hypocrites, shining in stolen and

false colors; vampires, eating out the life of the community. Frown upon them, O youth, Learn in your heart to despise their course of life.

Many of our most interesting youth waste a great portion of their early life in fruitless endeavors at nothing. They have no trade, no profession, no object before them, nothing to do; and yet have a great desire to do something, and something worthy of themselves. They try this and that, and the other; offer themselves to do anything, and everything, and yet know how to do nothing. Educate themselves, they cannot, for they know not what they should do it for. They waste their time, energies, and little earnings in endless changes and wanderings. They have not the stimulus of a fixed object to fasten their attention and awaken their energies; not a known prize to win. They wish for good things, but have no way to attain them; desire to be useful, but little means for being so. They lay plans, invent schemes, form theories, build castles, but never stop to execute and realize them. Poor creatures! All that ails them is the want of an object — a *single object*. They look at a hundred things, and see nothing. If they should look steadily at one, they would see it distinctly. They grasp at random at a hundred things and catch nothing. It is like shooting among a scattered flock of pigeons. The chances are doubtful. This will never do — no, never. Success, respectability, and happiness are found in a permanent business. An early choice of some business, devotion to it, and preparation for it, should be made by every youth.

When the two objects, business and character, as the great end of life, are fairly before a youth, what then? Why, he must attain those objects. Will wishes and prayers bring them into his hands? By no means. He must work as well as wish, labor as well as pray. His hand must be as stout as his heart, his arm as strong as his head. Purpose must be followed by action. The choosing of an occupation, however, is not a small thing; great mistakes are made and often the most worthy pursuits are left. The young man who leaves the farm-field for the merchant's desk, or the lawyer's or doctor's office, thinking to dignify or ennoble his toil, makes a sad mistake. He passes by that step from independence to vassalage. He barter a natural for an artificial pursuit; and he must be the slave of the caprice of customers, and the chicane of trade, either to support himself or to acquire a fortune. The more artificial a man's pursuit, the more debasing is it, morally and physically. To test it, contrast the merchant's clerk with the plow-boy. The former may have the most exterior polish, but the latter, under his rough outside, possesses the true stamina. He is the freer, franker, happier, and nobler man. Would that young men might judge of the dignity of labor by its usefulness, rather than by the superficial glosses it wears. Therefore, we never see a man's nobility in his kid gloves and toilet adornments, but in that sinewy arm, whose outlines, browned by the sun, betoken a hardy, honest toil, under whose farmer's or mechanic's vest the kingliest heart may beat.

Above all, the notion that the "three black graces," Law, Medicine and Ministry, must be worshiped by the candidate for respectability and honor, has done incalculable damage to society. It has spoiled many a good carpenter, done injustice to the sledge and the anvil, cheated the goose and the shears out of their rights, and committed fraud on the corn and the potato field. Thousands have died of broken hearts in these professions—thousands who might have been happy at the plow, or opulent behind the counter; thousands, dispirited and hopeless, look upon the healthful and independent calling of the farmer with envy and chagrin; and thousands more, by a worse fate still, are reduced to necessities which degrade them in their own estimation, rendering the most brilliant success but a wretched compensation for the humiliation with which it is accompanied, and compelling them to grind out of the miseries of their fellow men the livelihood which is denied to their legitimate exertions. The result of all this is, that the world is full of men who, disgusted with their vocations, getting their living by their weakness instead of by their strength, are doomed to hopeless inferiority. "If you choose to represent the various parts in life," says Sydney Smith, "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

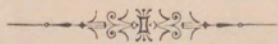
round hole." A French writer on agriculture observes that it is impossible profitably to improve land by trying forcibly to change its natural character — as by bringing sand to clay, or clay to sand. The only true method is to adapt the cultivation to the nature of the soil. So with the moral or intellectual qualities. Exhortation, self-determination may do much to stimulate and prick a man on in a wrong career against his natural bent; but, when the crisis comes, this artificial character thus laboriously induced will break down, failing at the very time when it is most wanted.

No need of spurs to the little Handel or the boy Bach to study music, when one steals midnight interviews with a smuggled clavichord in a secret attic, and the other copies whole books of studies by moonlight, for want of a candle, churlishly denied. No need of whips to the boy-painter, West, when he begins in a garret, and plunders the family cat for bristles to make his brushes. On the other hand to spend years at college, at the work-bench, or in a store, and then find that the calling is a wrong one, is disheartening to all but men of the toughest fibre. The discovery shipwrecks the feeble, and plunges ordinary minds into despair. Doubly trying is this discovery when one feels that the mistake was made in defiance of friendly advice, or to gratify a freak of fancy or an idle whim. The sorrows that come upon us by the will of God, or through the mistakes of our parents, we can submit to with comparative resignation; but the sorrows which we have wrought by our

own hand, the pitfalls into which we have fallen by obstinately going on our own way, these are the sore places of memory which no time and no patience can salve over.

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

It is an uncontroverted truth, that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them. Let no young man of industry and perfect honesty despair because his profession and calling is crowded. Let him always remember that there is room enough at the top, and that the question whether he is ever to reach the top, or rise above the crowd at the base of the pyramid, will be decided by the way in which he improves the first ten years of his active life in securing to himself a thorough knowledge of his profession, and a sound moral and intellectual culture.



Employment.

I TAKE it that men and women were made for business, for activity, for employment. Activity is the life of us all. To do and to bear is the duty of life. We know that employment makes the man in a very great measure. A man with no employment, nothing to do, is scarcely a man. The secret of making men is to put them to work, and keep them at it. It is

not study, not instruction, not careful moral training, not good parents, not good society that makes men. These are means; but back of these lies the grand molding influence of men's life. It is employment. A man's business does more to make him than every thing else. It hardens his muscles, strengthens his body, quickens his blood, sharpens his mind, corrects his judgment, wakes up his inventive genius, puts his wits to work, starts him on the race of life, arouses ambition, makes him feel that he is a man and must fill a man's shoes, do a man's work, bear a man's part in life, and show himself a man in that part. No man feels himself a man who is not doing a man's business. A man without employment is not a man. He does not prove by his works that he is a man. He cannot act a man's part. A hundred and fifty pounds of bone and muscle is not a man. A good cranium full of brains is not a man. The bone and muscle and brain must know how to act a man's part, do a man's work, think a man's thoughts, mark out a man's path, and bear a man's weight of character and duty before they constitute a man. A man is body and soul in action. A statue, if well dressed, may *appear* to be a man; so may a human being. But to *be* a man, and *appear* to be, are two very different things. Human beings *grow*, men are *made*. The being that grows to the stature of a man is not a man till he is made one. The grand instrumentality of man-making is employment. The world has long since learned that men cannot be made without employment. Hence it sets its boys to work; gives them trades, callings,

professions; puts the instruments of man-making into their hands and tells them to work out their manhood. And the most of them do it somehow, not always very well. The men who fail to make themselves a respectable manhood are the boys who are put to no business, the young men who have nothing to do; the male beings that have no employment. We have them about us; walking nuisances; pestilential gasbags; fetid air-bubbles, who burst and are gone. Our men of wealth and character, of worth and power, have been early bound to some useful employment. Many of them were unfortunate orphan boys, whom want compelled to work for bread—the children of penury and lowly birth. In their early boyhood they buckled on the armor of labor, took upon their little shoulders heavy burdens, assumed responsibilities, met fierce circumstances, contended with sharp opposition, chose the ruggedest paths of employment because they yielded the best remuneration, and braved the storms of toil till they won great victories for themselves and stood before the world in the beauty and majesty of noble manhood. This is the way men are made. There is no other way. Their powers are developed in the field of employment.

Men are not born; they are made. Genius, worth, power of mind are more made than born. Genius born may grovel in the dust; genius made will mount to the skies. Our great and good men who stand along the paths of history bright and shining lights are witnesses of these truths. They stand there as everlasting pleaders for employment.

True Greatness.

THE forbearing use of power is a sure attribute of true greatness. Indeed, we may say that power, physical, moral, purely social or political, is one of the touchstones of genuine greatness.

The power which the husband has over his wife, in which we must include the impunity with which he may be unkind to her; the father over his children; the old over the young, and the young over the aged; the strong over the weak; the officer over his men; the master over his hands; the magistrate over the citizens; the employer over the employed; the rich over the poor; the educated over the unlettered; the experienced over the confiding. The forbearing and inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it, where the case admits it, will show the true greatness in a plain light.

"You are a plebeian," said a patrician to Cicero. "I *am* a plebeian," said the eloquent Roman; "the nobility of my family begins with me; that of yours will end with you. I hold no man deserves to be crowned with honor whose life is a failure; and he who lives only to eat and drink and accumulate money, is a failure. The world is no better for his living in it. He never wiped a tear from a sad face—never kindled a fire upon a frozen hearth. I repeat with emphasis, he is a failure. There is no flesh in

his heart; he worships no God but gold." These were the words of a heathen.

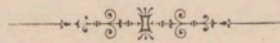
Man is to be rated, not by his hoards of gold, not by the simple or temporary influence he may for a time exert; but by his unexceptionable principles relative both to character and religion. Strike out these, and what is he? A brute without a virtue—a savage without a sympathy! Take them away and his *manship* is gone; he no longer lives in the image of his maker! A cloud of sin hangs darkly on his brow; there is ever a tempest on his countenance, the lightning in his glance, the thunder in words, and the rain and whirlwind in the breathing of his angry soul. No smile gladdens his lip to tell that love is playing there; no sympathizing glow illuminates his cheek. Every word burns with malice, and that voice—the mystic gift of heaven—grates as harshly on the timid ear as rushing thunders beating amid falling cliffs and tumbling cataracts.

That which especially distinguishes a high order of man from a low order of man—that which constitutes human goodness, human greatness, human nobleness—is surely not the degree of enlightenment with which men pursue their own advantage; but it is self-forgetfulness; it is self-sacrifice; it is the disregard of personal pleasure, personal indulgence, personal advantage, remote or present, because some other line of conduct is more right.

The truest greatness is that which is unseen, unknown. Public martyrdom of every shade has a certain *eclat* and popularity connected with it that will

often bear men up to endure with courage its trials; but those who suffer alone, without sympathy, for truth or principle, those who, unnoticed by men, maintain, their post, and in obscurity, and amid discouragement, patiently fulfill their trust, these are the real heroes of the age, and the suffering they bear is true greatness.

Let man go abroad with just principles, and what is he? An exhaustless fountain in a vast desert; a glorious sun shining ever, dispelling every vestige of darkness. There is love animating his heart, sympathy breathing in every tone. Tears of pity—dew drops of the soul—gather in his eye and gush impetuously down his cheek. A good man is abroad, and the world knows and feels it. Beneath his smiles lurks no degrading passions. Within his heart there slumbers no guile. He is not exalted in moral pride, not elevated in his own views; but honest, moral and virtuous before the world. He stands throned on truth; his fortress is wisdom and his dominion is the vast and limitless world. Always upright, kind and sympathizing; always attached to just principles and actuated by the same, governed by the highest motives in doing good.



Idleness.

MANY moralists have remarked that pride has, of all human vices, the widest dominion, appears in the greatest multiplicity of forms, and lies hidden under

the greatest variety of disguises — which disguises, like the moon's veils of brightness, are both its lustre and its shade, and betray it to others though they hide it from themselves.

It is not our intention to degrade pride from its pre-eminence, yet we know not whether idleness may not maintain a very doubtful and obstinate position. Idleness predominates in many lives where it is not suspected, for, being a vice which terminates in itself, it may be enjoyed without injury to others, and therefore is not watched like fraud, which endangers property, or like pride, which naturally seeks its gratification in other's inferiority.

Idleness is a silent and peaceful quality that neither raises envy by ostentation nor hatred by opposition. There are some who profess idleness in its full dignity; they boast because they do nothing, and thank their stars that they have nothing to do — who sleep every night until they cannot sleep any longer, and then rise only that exercise may enable them to sleep again; who prolong the reign of darkness by double curtains, and never see the sun but to tell him how they hate his beams; whose whole labor is to vary the posture of indulgence, and whose day differs from their night but as a couch or a chair differs from a bed. These are the true and open votaries of idleness, who exist in a state of unruffled stupefied laziness, forgetting and forgotten, who have long ceased to live, and at whose death the survivors can only say that they have ceased to breathe. Such a person is an annoyance — he is of no use to anybody — he is an intruder

in the busy thoroughfare of every-day life—he is of no advantage; he annoys busy men—he makes them unhappy; he may have an income to support his idleness, or he may sponge on his good-natured friends, but in either case he is despised; he is a criminal prodigal, and a prolific author of want and shame; he is a confused work-shop for the devil to tinker in, and no good can ever be expected from him; in short, he is a nuisance in the world, and needs abatement for the public good. Idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of haughtiness, the chief author of all mischief, one of seven deadly sins—the cushion upon which the devil reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy but of many other diseases, for the mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief or sinks into melancholy. Of all contemptible things, there is nothing half so wretched as a *lazy man*. The Turks say the devil tempts everybody, but the idle man tempts the devil. When we notice that a man can be a professional loafer, a successful idler, with less capital, less brains, than are required to succeed in any other profession, we cannot blame him so much after all, for those are things that the idler is generally destitute of; and we can notice it as an actual fact, that they succeed in their business, and it costs them no energy, no brains, no character, “no nothing.” They are dead beats; they should not be classed among the living—they are a sort of dead men that cannot be buried.

Idleness is an ingredient in the upper current,

which was scarcely known, and never countenanced, in the good old linsey-woolsey, tow-and-linen, mush-and-milk, pork-and-potato times of the pilgrim fathers, and revolutionary patriots. We now have those among us, who would rather go hungry and be clad in rags, than to work. We also have a numerous train of gentleman idlers, who pass down the stream of life at the expense of their fellow passengers. They live well, and dress well, as long as possible, by borrowing and sponging, and then take to gambling, swindling, stealing, robbing; and often pass on for years, before justice overtakes them. So long as these persons can keep up fashionable appearances, and elude the police, they are received into the company of the upper ten thousand. Many an idle knave, by means of a fine coat, a lily hand, and a graceful bow, has been received into the *polite* circles of society with *eclat*, and walked, rough-shod, over a worthy young mechanic or farmer, who had too much good sense to make a dash, or imitate the monkey-shines of an itinerant dandy. A fine dress, in the eyes of some, covers more sins than charity.

If thus the young man wishes to be nobody, his way is easy. He need only go to the drinking saloon to spend his leisure time; he need not drink much at first, only a little beer, or some other drink; in the meantime play dominoes, checkers, or something else, to kill time, so that he is sure not to read any useful books. If he reads at all, let it be some of the dime novels of the day. Thus go on, keep his stomach full and his head empty, and he will soon graduate a

We once knew a weaving room filled with girls above the average in character and intelligence, and there was one girl among them who had been highly educated. Though length of arms and strength of muscle are advantages in weaving, and though this girl was short and small, she always wove the greatest number of pieces in the room, and consequently drew the largest pay at the end of every month. We might fill many pages with similar cases which have come under our own observation, but there is no occasion. It has long since been settled by the general observation of manufacturers, that intelligent workmen will do more and better work than ignorant ones.

But the excess in the amount of work performed is not the most important respect in which an intelligent workman is superior to a stupid one. He is far more likely to be faithful to the interests of his employer, to save from waste and to turn to profit every thing that comes to his hand. There is also the exalted satisfaction of being surrounded by thinking, active and inquiring minds, instead of by ignorance.

Such are some of the advantages to the "Captains of Industry," which result from the employment of intelligent workmen; not in one article, nor any number of articles, could these advantages be fully set forth. And if it is impossible to state the advantages to the employer, how vain must be the effort to describe those which result to the workman himself!

The increase of wages is the least and lowest of the rich rewards of mental culture. The whole

being is enlarged and exalted; the scope of view is widened; the objects of interest are increased; the subjects of thought are multiplied; life is more filled with emotion; and the man is raised in the scale of creation.

To intelligent English travelers, nothing in the United States has excited so much wonder and admiration as Lowell, Nashua, Manchester, Lawrence, and the other manufacturing towns of New England. That factory-girls should play on the piano, and sustain a creditable magazine by their own contributions; that their residences should be clean, commodious, and elegant; that factory-men should be intelligent gentlemen, well-read in literature, and totally unacquainted with beer and its inspirations, have been, for many years, the crowning marvels of America to all travelers of right feeling and good judgment.

Daniel Webster says: "Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the large term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined, the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education."

Too many have imbibed the idea that to obtain a sufficient education to enable a man to appear advantageously upon the theatre, especially of public life; his boyhood and youth must be spent within the walls of some classical seminary of learning, that he may

commence his career under the high floating banner of a collegiate diploma—with them, the first round in the ladder of fame.

That a refined, classical education is desirable, and one of the *accomplishments* of a man, we admit—that it is indispensably necessary, and always makes a man more useful, we deny. He who has been incarcerated, from his childhood, up to his majority, within the limited circumference of his school and boarding room, although he may have mastered all the classics, is destitute of that knowledge of men and things, indispensably necessary to prepare him for action, either in private or public life. Classic lore and polite literature are very different from that vast amount of common intelligence, fit for every day use, that he *must* have, to render his intercourse with society pleasing to himself, or agreeable to others. He is liable to imposition at every turn he makes. He may have a large fund of *fine* sense, but if he lacks *common* sense, he is like a ship without a rudder. Let boys and girls be taught, first and last, all that is necessary to prepare them for the common duties of life—if the classics and polite literature can be worked between the coarser branches, they will be much safer—as silk goods are, enclosed in canvas, or a bale. We wish not to undervalue high seminaries of learning—but rather to stimulate those to persevere in the acquirement of science, who are deprived of the advantage of their dazzling lights. Franklin, Sherman, and others, emerged from the work shop, and illuminated the world as brightly as the most

profound scholar from a college. In this enlightened age, and in our free country, all who will, may drink, deeply, at the pure fountain of science. Ignorance is a voluntary misfortune. By a proper improvement of time, the apprentice of the mechanic may lay in a stock of useful knowledge, that will enable him, when he arrives at manhood, to take a respectable stand by the side of those who have grown up in the full blaze of a collegiate education—and with a better prospect of success at the start, because he is much better stocked with *common* information, without which a man is a poor, helpless animal.

Education of every kind has two values—value as knowledge and value as discipline. Besides its use for guidance in conduct, the acquisition of each order of facts has also its use as mental exercise; and its effects as a preparative for complete living have to be considered under both these heads.

Education cannot be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure water, but when once you come to the springs, they rise up and meet you. Every grain helps fill the bushel, so does the improvement of every moment increase knowledge.

Says Swedenborg: "It is of no advantage to man to know much, unless he lives according to what he knows, for knowledge has no other end than goodness; and he who is made good is in possession of a far richer treasure than he whose knowledge is the most extensive, and yet is destitute of goodness; for, what the latter is seeking by his great acquirements, the former already possesses."

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired and pleasing from what they can impart. Knowledge is the treasure, but judgment the treasurer of a wise man. Superficial knowledge, pleasure dearly purchased, and subsistence at the will of another, are the disgrace of mankind.

The chief properties of wisdom are to be mindful of things past, careful for things present, and provident of things to come.

He that thinks himself the happiest man is really so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

A wise man, says Seneca, is provided for occurrences of any kind: the good he manages, the bad he vanquishes; in prosperity he betrays no presumption, and in adversity he feels no despondency.

By gaining a good education you shall have your reward in the rich stores of knowledge you have thus collected, and which shall ever be at your command. More valuable than earthly treasure—while fleets may sink, and storehouses consume, and banks may totter, and riches flee, the intellectual investments you have thus made will be permanent and enduring, unfailing as the constant flow of Niagara or Amazon—a bank whose dividends are perpetual, whose wealth is undiminished however frequent the drafts upon it; which, though moth may impair, yet thieves cannot break through nor steal.

Nor will you be able to fill these storehouses to their full. Pour into a glass a stream of water, and at last it fills to the brim and will not hold another drop. But you may pour into your mind, through a whole lifetime, streams of knowledge from every conceivable quarter, and not only shall it never be full, but it will constantly thirst for more, and welcome each fresh supply with a greater joy.

Nay, more, to all around you may impart of these gladdening streams which have so fertilized your own mind, and yet, like the candle from which a thousand other candles may be lit without diminishing its flame, your supply shall not be impaired. On the contrary, your knowledge, as you add to it, will itself attract still more as it widens your realm of thought; and thus will you realize in your own life the parable of the ten talents, for "to him that hath shall be given."

The beginning of wisdom is to fear God, but the end of it is to love him. The highest learning is to be wise; and the greatest wisdom is to be good. The wise man looks forward into futurity, and considers what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present.

Opportunity.

MANY do with opportunity as children do at the sea-shore; they fill their little hands with sand, then let the grains fall through one by one, till they are all gone.

Four things come not back; the spoken word; the sped arrow; the past life; and the neglected opportunity. Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her, but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again. Opportunities are the offers of God, Heaven gives us enough when it gives us opportunity. Great opportunities are generally the result of the wise improvement of small ones. Wise men make more opportunities than they find. If you think your opportunities are not good enough, you had better improve them. Remember you are responsible for talents, for time and for opportunities; improve them as one that must give an account. Make hay while the sun shines. Gather roses while they bloom.

As a general rule, those who have no opportunities despise small ones; and those who despise small opportunities never get large ones.

Opportunity does not only do great work, but if not heeded is often most disastrous.

A shipmaster once said, "It was my lot to fall in with the ill-fated steamer, the 'Central America.' The night was closing in, the sea rolling high; but I hailed the crippled steamer, and asked if they needed help. 'I am in a sinking condition,' cried Captain Herndon. 'Had you not better send your passengers on board directly?' I said. 'Will you not lay by me till morning?' answered Captain Herndon. 'I will try,' I replied; 'but had you not better send your passengers on board now?' 'Lay by me till morning,' again

said Captain Herndon. I tried to lay by him; but at night such was the heavy roll of the sea I could not keep my position, and I never saw the steamer again. In an hour and a half after the captain said 'Lay by me till morning,' the vessel, with its living freight, went down—the captain and crew, and a great majority of passengers, found a grave in the deep." There is so little time for over-squeamishness at present that the opportunity slips away; the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation and not pass one opportunity after another.

What may be done at any time, will be done at no time. Take time while time is, for time will away, say the English. When the fool has made up his mind, the market has gone by; Spanish. A little too late, much too late; Dutch. Some refuse roast meat, and afterwards long for the smoke of it; Italian.

There is sometimes wanting only a stroke of fortune to discover numberless latent good or bad qualities, which would otherwise have been eternally concealed; as words written with a certain liquor appear only when brought near the fire.

Accident does very little toward the production of any great result in life. Though sometimes what is called a "happy hit" may be made by a bold venture, the old and common highway of steady industry and application is the only safe road to travel.

It is not accident that helps a man in the world, but purpose and persistent industry. These make a man sharp to discern opportunities, and turn them to account. To the feeble, the sluggish, and purposeless, the happiest opportunities avail nothing—they are passed by and no meaning is seen in them.



Spare Moments.

If we are prompt to seize and improve even the shortest intervals of possible action and effort, it is astonishing how much can be accomplished. Watt taught himself chemistry and mechanics while working at his trade of a mathematical instrument maker; and he availed himself of every opportunity to extend his knowledge of language, literature, and the principles of science. Stephenson taught himself arithmetic and mensuration while working as an engineer during the night shifts, and he studied mechanics during his spare hours at home, thus preparing himself for the great work of his life—the invention of the railway locomotive.

With perseverance, the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value. An hour in every day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits, would, if profitably employed, enable any man of ordinary capacity, very shortly to master a complete science. It would make an ignorant man a well-informed man in ten years. We must not allow

the time to pass without yielding fruits, in the form of something learned worthy of being known, some good principle cultivated, or some good habit strengthened. Dr. Mason Good translated Lucretius while riding in his carriage in the streets of London, going his rounds among his patients. Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way, while riding about in his "sulky," from house to house in the country—writing down his thoughts on little scraps of paper, which he carried about with him for the purpose. Hale wrote his "contemplations" while traveling on a circuit. Dr. Burney learned French and Italian while traveling on horseback from one musical pupil to another in the course of his profession. Kirk White learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office; and we personally know a man of eminent position in a northern manufacturing town, who learned Latin and French while going messages as an errand boy in the streets of Manchester.

Elihu Burritt attributed his first success in self-improvement, not to genius, which he disclaimed, but simply to the careful employment of those invaluable fragments of time, called "odd moments." While working and earning his living as a blacksmith, he mastered some eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two European dialects. Withal, he was exceedingly modest, and thought his achievements nothing extraordinary. Like another learned and wise man, of whom it was said that he could be silent in ten languages, Elihu Burritt could do the

same in forty. "Those who have been acquainted with my character from my youth up," said he, writing to a friend, "will give me credit for sincerity when I say, that it never entered into my head to blazon forth any acquisition of my own. * * * All that I have accomplished, or expect, or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the antheap—particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact. And if ever I was actuated by ambition, its highest and warmest aspirations reached no further than the hope to set before the young men of my country an example in employing those invaluable fragments of time called 'odd moments.'"

Daguesseau, one of the great chancellors of France, by carefully working up his odd bits of time, wrote a bulky and able volume in the successive intervals of waiting for dinner; and Madame de Gentis composed several of her charming volumes while waiting for the princess to whom she gave her daily lessons. Jeremy Bentham in like manner disposed of his hours of labor and repose, so that not a moment should be lost, the arrangement being determined on the principle that it is a calamity to lose the smallest portion of time. He lived and worked habitually under the practical consciousness that man's days are numbered, and that the night cometh when no man can work.

What a solemn and striking admonition to youth is that inscribed on the dial at All Souls, Oxford, England, "*Periunt et imputantur,*" the hours perish and are laid to our charge. For time, like life, can never

be recalled. Melanchthon noted down the time lost by him, that he might thereby reanimate his industry, and not lose an hour. An Italian scholar put over his door an inscription intimating that whosoever remained there should join in his labors. "We are afraid," said some visitors to Baxter, "we break in upon your time." "To be sure you do," replied the disturbed and blunt divine. Time was the estate out of which these great workers, and all other workers, carved a rich inheritance of thoughts and deeds for their successors.

Sir Walter Scott found spare moments for self-improvement in every pursuit, and turned even accidents to account. Thus it was in the discharge of his functions as a writer's apprentice that he first penetrated into the Highlands, and formed those friendships among the surviving heroes of 1745 which served to lay the foundation for a large class of his works. Later in life, when employed as quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Cavalry, he was accidentally disabled by the kick of a horse, and confined for some time to his house; but Scott was a sworn enemy to idleness, and he forthwith set his mind to work, and in three days composed the first canto of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," his first great original work.

Let not, then, the young man sit with folded hands, calling on Hercules. Thine own arm is the demi-god. It was given thee to help thyself. Go forth into the world trustful, but fearless. Exalt thine adopted calling or profession. Look on labor as honorable, and dignify the task before thee, whether it be in the

study, office, counting-room, work-shop, or furrowed field. There is an equality in all, and the resolute will and pure heart may ennoble either.



Books.

NO MAN has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices.

A little library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life. It is not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, and needing repair; but like a spiritual tree. There it stands and yields its precious fruit from year to year and from age to age.

Carlyle saw the influence of books many years ago. "I say, of all the priesthoods, aristocracies—governing classes at present extant in the world—there is no class comparable for importance to the priesthood of the writers of books."

The art of writing, and of printing, which is a

sequence to it, is really the most wonderful thing in the world. Books are the soul of actions, the only audible, articulate voice of the accomplished facts of the past. The men of antiquity are dead; their fleets and armies have disappeared; their cities are ruins; their temples are dust; yet all these exist in magic preservation in the books they have bequeathed us, and their manners and their deeds are as familiar to us as the events of yesterday. And these papers and books, the mass of printed matter which we call literature, are really the teacher, guide and law-giver of the world to-day.

The influence of books upon man is remarkable; they make the man. You may judge a man more truly by the books and papers which he reads than by the company which he keeps, for his associates are often, in a manner, imposed upon him; but his reading is the result of choice, and the man who chooses a certain class of books and papers unconsciously becomes more colored in their views, more rooted in their opinions, and the *mind becomes fettered to their views*.

All the life and feeling of a young girl fascinated by some glowing love romance, is colored and shaped by the page she reads. If it be false, and weak, and foolish, she will be false, and weak, and foolish, too; but if it be true, and tender, and inspiring, then something of its truth, and tenderness, and inspiration will grow into her soul and become a part of her very self. The boy who reads deeds of manliness, of bravery and noble daring, feels the spirit of emulation grow

within him, and the seed is planted which will bring forth fruit of heroic endeavor and exalted life.

A good book is the most appropriate gift that friendship can make. It never changes, it never grows unfashionable or old. It is soured by no neglect, is jealous of no rival; but always its clean, clear pages are ready to amuse, interest and instruct. The voice that speaks the thought may change or grow still forever, the heart that prompted the kindly and cheering word may grow cold and forgetful; but the page that mirrors it is changeless, faithful, immortal. The Book that records the incarnation of divine love, is God's best gift to man, and the books which are filled with kindly thought and generous sympathy, are the best gifts of friend to friend.

Every family ought to be well supplied with a choice supply of books for reading. This may be seen from the consequences of its neglect and abuse on the one hand, and from its value and importance on the other. Parents should furnish their children the necessary means, opportunities and direction of a Christian education. Give them proper books. "Without books," says the quaint Bartholin, "God is silent, justice dormant, science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness." Bring them up to the habit of properly reading and studying these books. "A reading people will soon become a thinking people, and a thinking people must soon become a great people." Every book you furnish your child, and which it reads with reflection, is "like a cast of the weaver's

shuttle, adding another thread to the indestructible web of existence." It will be worth more to him than all your hoarded gold and silver.

Dear reader, be independent and make up your mind what it is best for you to read, and read it. Master a few good books. Life is short and books are many. Instead of having your mind a garret crowded with rubbish, make it a parlor with rich furniture, beautifully arranged, in which you would not be ashamed to have the whole world enter. "Readers," says Addison, "who are in the flower of their youth should labor at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to lay in timely provisions for manhood and old age." Says Dr. Watts: "A line of the golden verses of the Pythagoreans recurring in the memory hath often tempted youth to frown on temptation to vice." No less worthy is the following: "There are many silver books, and a few golden books; but I have one book worth more than all, called the Bible, and that is a book of bank notes." The parent who lives for his children's souls will often consider what other books are most likely to prepare his little ones for prizing aright that Book of Books, and make that object the pole star of his endeavors.

Every book has a moral expression, though as in the human face, it may not be easy to say what it consists in. We may take up some exquisite poem or story, with no distinctly religious bearing, and feel that it is religious, because it strikes a chord so deep in human nature that we feel that it is only the divine

nature, "God who encompasses," that can respond to what it calls forth. When we feel the inspiring influence of books, when we are lifted on the wings of ancient genius, we should jealously avoid the perversion of the gift. The children of this world have their research and accomplishment, and enough is done for pleasure and fame; but the Christian scholar will rebuke himself, unless he find it in his heart to be more alive in devotion to heavenly things, at the very moment when he has breathed the aroma of poetry and eloquence. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

"Not to know what was before you were," as has been truly said, "is to be always a child." And it is equally true that he never becomes a complete man, who learns nothing of the former days, from reading. "Books," says a good writer, "are the crystalline founts, which hold in eternal ice the imperishable gems of the past."

Good books are invaluable as a moral guard to a young man. The culture of a taste for such reading, keeps one quietly at home, and prevents a thirst for exciting recreations and debasing pleasure. It makes

him scorn whatever is low, coarse, and vulgar. It prevents that weary and restless temper which drives so many to the saloon, if not the gambling table, to while away their leisure hours. Once form the habit of domestic reading, and you will, at any time, prefer an interesting book, to frequenting the haunts of vice.

Chief among the educational influences of a household are its books. Therefore, good sir or madam, wherever you economize, do not cut off the supply of good literature. Have the best books, the best papers, and the best magazines, though you turn your old black silk once more, and make the old coat do duty another season. Nothing will compensate to your boys and girls for the absence of those quiet, kindly teachers, who keep such order in their schools, and whose invaluable friendship never cools or suffers change. You may go without pies and cake, or without butter on your bread, but, if you care for your family's best happiness and progress, you will not go without the best of books, such as Shakspeare and the best authors of the day.

In books we live continually in the decisive moments of history, and in the deepest experience of individual lives. The flowers which we cull painfully and at long intervals in our personal history, blossom in profusion here, and the air is full of a fragrance which touches our own life only in the infrequent springs. In our libraries we meet great men on a familiar footing, and are at ease with them. We come to know them better, perhaps, than those who bear their names and sit at their tables. The reserve that makes

so many fine natures difficult of access is entirely lost. No crudeness of manner, no poverty of speech or unfortunate personal peculiarity, mars the intercourse of author and reader. It is a relation in which the interchange of thought is undisturbed by outward conditions. We lose our narrow selves in the broader life that is opened to us. We forget the hindrances and limitations of our own work in the full comprehension of that stronger life that cannot be bound nor confined, but grows in all soils and climbs heavenward under every sky. It is the privilege of greatness to understand life in its height and depth. Hazlitt has told us of his first interview with Coleridge, and of the moonlight walk homeward, when the eloquent lips of the great conversationalist awoke the slumbering genius within him, and made the old familiar world strange and wonderful under a sky that seemed full of new stars. Such intercourse with gifted men is the privilege of few; but in the seclusion of the library there often grows up an acquaintance more thorough and inspiring. Books are rich, not only in thought and sentiment, but in character. Where shall we find in any capitals such majesty as "doth hedge about" the kings of Shakspeare, or such brave and accomplished gentlemen as adorn his courts and measure wit and courtesy with the fair and graceful women of his fancy?

The best society in the world is that which lives in books. No taint of vulgarity attaches to it, no petty strife for place and power disturbs its harmony, no falsehood stains its perfect truth; and those who move

habitually in these associations find a strength which is the more controlling because molded by genius into forms of grace and refinement.

There is a certain monotony in daily life, and those whose aims are high, but who lack the inherent strength to stand true to them amid adverse influences, gradually drop out of the ever-thinning ranks of the aspiring. They are conquered by routine, and disheartened by the discipline and labor that guard the prizes of life. Even to the strongest there are hours of weakness and weariness. To the weak, and to the strong in their times of weakness, books are inspiring friends and teachers. Against the feebleness of individual efforts they proclaim the victory of faith and patience, and out of the uncertainty and discouragement of one day's work they prophesy the fuller and richer life, that grows strong and deep through conflict, sets itself more and more in harmony with the noblest aims, and is at last crowned with honor and power.



Reading.

THERE are four classes of readers. The first is like the hour-glass; and its reading being on the sand, it runs in and runs out and leaves no vestige behind. A second is like a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third is like a jelly bag, allowing all that is pure to

pass away, and retaining only the refuse and dregs. The fourth is like the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, obtain only pure gems.

One's reading is, usually, a fair index of his character. Observe in almost any house you visit, the books which lie customarily on the centre-table; or note what are taken by preference from the public or circulating library; and you may judge, in no small degree, not only the intellectual tastes and the general intelligence of the family, but also—and what is of far deeper moment—you may pronounce on the moral attainments and the spiritual advancement of most of the household. "A man is known," it is said, "by the company he keeps." It is equally true that a man's character may be, to a great extent, ascertained by knowing what books he reads.

The temptation to corrupt reading is usually strongest at the period when the education of the school-room is about closing. The test of the final utility, however, is the time when our youth leave these schools. If the mind be now awakened to a manly independence, and start on a course of vigorous self-culture, all will be well. But if, on the other hand, it sink into a state of inaction, indifferent to its own needs, and to all the highest ends and aims of life, then woe to the man. For few, very few, ever rouse themselves in mid-life to a new intellectual taste, and to an untried application of their time and powers to that culture for which the Creator formed and endowed them.

To read books which present false pictures of human life is decidedly dangerous, and we would say stand aloof! Life is neither a tragedy nor a farce. Men are not all either knaves or heroes. Women are neither angels nor furies. And yet, if you depended upon much of the literature of the day, you would get the idea that life, instead of being something earnest, something practical, is a fitful and fantastic and extravagant thing. How poorly prepared are that young man and that young woman for the duties of to-day who spent last night wading through brilliant passages descriptive of magnificent knavery and wickedness! The man will be looking all day long for his heroine in the tin shop, by the forge, in the factory, in the counting-room, and he will not find her, and he will be dissatisfied. A man who gives himself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be nerveless, inane, and a nuisance. He will be fit neither for the store, nor the shop, nor the field. A woman who gives herself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be unfitted for the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughter. There she is, hair disheveled, countenance vacant, cheeks pale, hands trembling, bursting into tears at midnight over the fate of some unfortunate lover; in the day-time, when she ought to be busy, staring by the half hour at nothing; biting her finger-nails to the quick. The carpet that was plain before, will be plainer, after having, through a romance all night long, wandered in tessellated halls of castles. And your industrious companion will be more unattractive than ever, now

that you have walked in the romance through parks with plumed princesses, or lounged in the arbor with the polished desperado.

Abstain from all those books which, while they have some good things about them, have also *an admixture of evil*. You have read books that had the two elements in them—the good and the bad. Which stuck to you? The bad! The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the small particles of gold fall through, but keeps the great cinders. Once in a while there is a mind like a loadstone, which, plunged amid steel and brass filings, gathers up the steel and repels the brass. But it is generally just the opposite. If you attempt to plunge through a hedge of burrs to get one blackberry, you will get more burrs than blackberries. You cannot afford to read a bad book, however good you are. You say, "The influence is insignificant." I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced the lockjaw. Alas, if through curiosity, as many do, you pry into an evil book, your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who should take a torch into a gunpowder mill merely to see whether it really would blow up or not.

Inferior books are to be rejected, in an age and time when we are courted by whole libraries, and when no man's life is long enough to compass even those which are good and great and famous. Why should we bow down at puddles, when we can approach freely to the crystal spring-heads of science and letters? Half the reading of most people is

snatched up at random. Many stupefy themselves over the dullness of authors who ought never to have escaped oblivion. The invention of paper and printing—especially the production of both by a new motive power—may be said to have overdone the matter, and made it too easy to be born into the world of authorship. The race would be benefited by some new invention for strangling nine out of ten who sue for publicity. No man can do his friend or child a more real service than to snatch from his hand the book that relaxes and effeminates him, lest he destroy the solids and make his fibre flaccid by the slops and hashes of a catch-penny press. But especially is he a benefactor who instills the principle that no composition should be deliberately sought which is not good, beneficial, and above mediocrity.

To those who plead the want of time to read, we would say, be as frugal of your hours as you are of your dollars, and you can create time in the busiest day. Horace Greeley, the editor of a newspaper which reached what was then an almost incredible circulation, tells us, that when a boy, he would "go reading, to the wood-pile; reading, to the garden; reading, to the neighbors." His father was poor, and needed his services through the day; and it was a mighty struggle with him to get Horace to bed. "I would take a pine knot," he says, "put it on the back-log, pile my books around me, and lie down and read all through the long winter evenings; silent, motionless, and dead to the world around me, alive only to the world to which I was transported by my book."

In this country talent has a fair field to rise by culture from the humblest walks of life, and to attain the highest distinction of which it is capable. "Why," inquired a bystander of a certain carpenter, who was bestowing great labor in planing and smoothing a seat for the bench in a court-room, "why do you spend so much time on that seat?" "I do it," was the reply, "to make it easy for myself." And he kept his word; for, by industry, perseverance, and self-education, he rose, step by step, until he actually *did* afterwards sit as judge on that very bench he had planed as a carpenter.

Consider that what we carry *to* a book is always quite as important as what we receive *from* it. We may strike the keys of the best instrument, from earliest morn till latest night, but unless there be music in our soul, it can produce no harmony for us. While, to an earnest, inquiring, self-poised mind, "a good book is the plectrum by which our else silent lyres are struck." Master your reading, and let it never master you. Then it will serve you with an ever-increasing fidelity. Only read books aright, and they will charge your mind with the true electric fire. Take them up as among your best friends; and every volume you peruse will join the great company of joyous servitors who will wait around your immortal intellect. Then, too, your daily character will bear the signatures of the great minds you commune with in secret. And, as the years pass on, you will walk in the light of an ever-enlarging multitude of well-chosen, silent, but never-erring guides.

To read with profit, the books must be of a kind calculated to inform the mind, correct the head, and better the heart. These books should be read with attention, understood, remembered, and their precepts put in practice. It depends less on number than quality. One good book, well understood and remembered, is of more use than to have a superficial knowledge of fifty, equally sound. Books of the right character produce reflection, and induce investigation. They are a mirror of mind, for mind to look in. Of all the books ever written, no one contains so instructive, so sublime, and so great a variety as the Bible. Resolve to read three chapters each day, for one year, and you will find realities there, more wonderful than any pictures of fiction that have been drawn by the pencilings of the most practiced novel writer in the dazzling galaxy of ancient or modern literature.

The advice in regard to reading only the best selected works leads us to say, read slowly. We sometimes rush over pages of valuable matter, because, at a glance, they seem to be dull; and we leap along to see how the story, if it be a story, is to end. We do every thing in this age in a hurry; we demand not only fast horses, but fast writers, fast preachers, and fast lecturers. Said a noted seaman's preacher in one of our large cities, "I work in a hurry, I sleep in a hurry, and, if I ever die, I expect to die in a hurry." This is the history of much of the present reading.

No one can too highly appreciate the magic power

of the press, or too deeply deprecate its abuses. Newspapers have become the great highway of that intelligence which exerts a controlling power over our nation, catering the every-day food of the mind. Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plenty. Nobody who has been without these private tutors can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you ever thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast table; the important public measures with which thus early our children become acquainted; the great philanthropic questions of the day, to which, unconsciously, their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great social and moral light.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are familiar, and he will progress accordingly. A newspaper, in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child. Every father must consider that information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for emergency. Children

amused by reading or study are of course more considerate and easily governed.

How many thoughtless young men have spent their earnings in a tavern or grog shop who ought to have been reading! How many parents who have not spent twenty dollars for books for their families, would have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly or thoughtlessly fallen into temptation!

Take away the press, and the vast educating power of the school and the college would soon come to an end. Or, look one moment at the immense influence a single writer has had upon an age, or upon the world—Shakspeare in creating the drama, or Bacon and Descartes in founding different systems of philosophy. Who may estimate the influence of Charles Dickens upon society, when by the magic of his pen he touched the under world of poverty and want and sin, over which the rich and the gay glided on, not knowing or thinking what was beneath their feet, and marched all this ghastly array of ragged and hungry children and sorrowful women and discouraged men, and the famished forms from the poor-house, and the ugly visage of the criminal, into the parlors of wealth and culture, and there had them tell the story of their woes and their suffering? Or who can tell the influence of a MacDonald, or a Beecher, or an Eggleston in entering the wide realm of romance and compelling it to serve truth, humanity and religion? Or who knows the influence of Thomas Paine and Jefferson in strengthening the cause of liberty in our

struggle for national independence? Take one single writer of our own land — Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. The single tale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," stirred the heart of this vast nation to its profoundest depths. At the simple moving of her pen millions of swords and bayonets gleamed and flashed in the air, and vast armies met in deadly array and fought face to face, till liberty, re-baptized in blood, was given to man as man. This vast world moves along lines of thought and sentiment and principle, made eloquent by the clangor of the printing-press



Perseverance.

"CONTINUAL dropping wears a stone." So persevering labor gains our objects. Perseverance is the virtue wanted, a lion-hearted purpose of victory. It is this that builds, constructs, accomplishes whatever is great, good, and valuable.

Perseverance built the pyramids on Egypt's plains, erected the gorgeous temple at Jerusalem, reared the seven-hilled city, inclosed in adamant the Chinese empire, scaled the stormy, cloud-capped Alps, opened a highway through the watery wilderness of the Atlantic, leveled the the forests of a new world, and reared in its stead a community of states and nations. It has wrought from the marble block the exquisite creations of genius, painted on the canvas the gor-

geous mimicry of nature, and engraved on the metallic surface the viewless substance of the shadow. It has put in motion millions of spindles, winged as many flying shuttles, harnessed a thousand iron steeds to as many freighted cars, and set them flying from town to town and nation to nation, tunneled mountains of granite, and annihilated space with the lightning's speed. It has whitened the waters of the world with the sails of a hundred nations, navigated every sea and explored every land. It has reduced nature in her thousand forms to as many sciences, taught her laws, prophesied her future movements, measured her untrodden spaces, counted her myriad hosts of worlds, and computed their distances, dimensions, and velocities.

But greater still are the works of perseverance in the world of mind. What are the productions of science and art compared with the splendid achievements won in the human soul? What is a monument of constructive genius, compared with the living domes of thought, the sparkling temples of virtue, and the rich, glory-wreathed sanctuaries of religion, which perseverance has wrought out and reared in the souls of the good? What are the toil-sweated productions of wealth piled in vast profusion around a Girard, or a Rothschild, when weighed against the stores of wisdom, the treasures of knowledge, and the strength, beauty and glory with which this victorious virtue, has enriched and adorned a great multitude of minds during the march of a hundred generations? How little can we tell, how little know,

the brain-sweat, the heart-labor, the conscience-struggles which it cost to make a Newton, a Howard, or a Channing; how many days of toil, how many nights of weariness, how many months and years of vigilant, powerful effort, was spent to perfect in them what the world has bowed to in reverence! Their words have a power, their names a charm, and their deeds a glory. How came this wealth of soul to be theirs? Why are their names watchwords of power set high on the temple of fame? Why does childhood lisp them in reverence, and age feel a thrill of pleasure when they are mentioned?

They were the sons of perseverance—of unremitting industry and toil. They were once as weak and helpless as any of us—once as destitute of wisdom, virtue and power as any infant. Once, the very alphabet of that language which they have wielded with such magic effect, was unknown to them. They toiled long to learn it, to get its sounds, understand its dependencies, and longer still to obtain the secret of its highest charm and mightiest power, and yet even longer for those living, glorious thoughts which they bade it bear to an astonished and admiring world. Their characters, which are now given to the world, and will be to millions yet unborn as patterns of greatness and goodness, were made by that untiring perseverance which marked their whole lives. From childhood to age they knew no such word as fail. Defeat only gave them power; difficulty only taught them the necessity of redoubled exertions; dangers gave them courage; the sight of great labors inspired

in them corresponding exertions. So it has been with all men and all women who have been eminently successful in any profession or calling in life. Their success has been wrought out by persevering industry. Successful men owe more to their perseverance than to their natural powers, their friends, or the favorable circumstances around them. Genius will falter by the side of labor, great powers will yield to great industry. Talent is desirable, but perseverance is more so. It will make mental powers, or, at least, it will strengthen those already made. Yes, it will make mental power. The most available and successful kind of mental power is that made by the hand of cultivation.

It will also make friends. Who will not befriend the persevering, energetic youth, the fearless man of industry? Who is not a friend to him who is a friend to himself? He who perseveres in business, and hardships, and discouragements, will always find ready and generous friends in every time of need. He who perseveres in a course of wisdom, rectitude, and benevolence, is sure to gather around him friends who will be true and faithful. Honest industry will procure friends in any community and any part of the civilized world. Go to the men of business, of worth, of influence, and ask them who shall have their confidence and support. They will tell you, the men who falter not by the wayside, who toil on in their callings against every barrier, whose eye is bent upward, and whose motto is "Excelsior." These are the men to whom they give their confidence. But they shun the

lazy, the indolent, the fearful, and faltering. They would as soon trust the wind as such men. If you would win friends, be steady and true to yourself; be the unfailing friend of your own purposes, stand by your own character, and others will come to your aid. Though the earth quake and the heavens gather blackness, be true to your course and yourself. Quail not, nor doubt of the result; victory will be yours. Friends will come. A thousand arms of strength will be bared to sustain you.

First, be sure that your trade, your profession, your calling in life is a good one—one that God and goodness sanctions; then be true as steel to it. Think for it, plan for it, work for it, live for it; throw in your mind, might, strength, heart, and soul into your actions for it, and success will crown you her favored child. No matter whether your object be great or small, whether it be the planting of a nation or a patch of potatoes, the same perseverance is necessary. Every body admires an iron determination, and comes to the aid of him who directs it to good.

But perseverance will not only make friends, but it will make favorable circumstances. It will change the face of all things around us; It is silly and cowardly to complain of the circumstances that are against us. Clouds of darkness, evil forebodings, opposition, enemies, barriers of every kind, will vanish before a stout heart and resolute energy of soul. The Alps stood between Napoleon and Italy, which he desired to conquer. He scaled the mountain and descended upon his prey. His startling descent more than half

conquered the country. He forced every circumstance into his favor. His greatest barrier proved a sure means of victory. A conquered enemy is often the readiest slave. So a barrier once scaled affords a vantage-ground for our future efforts. Opposing circumstances often create strength, both mental and physical. Labor makes us strong. Opposition gives us greater power of resistance. To overcome one barrier gives greater ability to overcome the next. It is cowardice to grumble about circumstances. Some men always talk as though fate had woven a web of circumstances against them, and it were useless for them to try to break through it. Out upon such dastardly whining! It is their business to dash on in pursuit of their object against everything. Then circumstances will gradually turn in their favor, and they will deem themselves the favored children of destiny.

Look at nature. She has a voice, which is the voice of God, teaching a thousand lessons of perseverance. The lofty mountains are wearing down by slow degrees. The ocean is gradually, but slowly, filling up, by deposits from its thousand rivers. The Niagara Falls have worn back several miles through the hard limestone over which they pour their thundering columns of water, and will by-and-by drain the great lake which feeds their boiling chasm. The Red Sea and whole regions of the Pacific ocean are gradually filling up by the labors of a little insect, so small as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. These stupendous works are going on before our

eyes, by a slow but sure process. They teach a great lesson of perseverance. Nature has but one voice on this subject, that is "Persevere!" God has but one voice, that is "Persevere!" and duty proclaims the same lesson. More depends upon an active perseverance than upon genius. Says a common-sense author upon this subject, "Genius, unexerted, is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks." There may be epics in men's brains, just as there are oaks in acorns, but the tree must come out before we can measure it. We very naturally recall here that large class of grumblers and wishers, who spend their time in longing to be higher than they are, while it should have been employed to advance themselves. They bitterly moralize on the injustice of society. Do they want a change? Let them then change! Who prevents them? If you are as high as your faculties will permit you to rise in the scale of society, why should you complain of men?

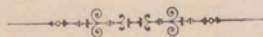
It is God who arranged the law of precedence. Implead Him or be silent! If you have capacity for a higher station, take it. What hinders you? How many men would love to go to sleep beggars and wake up Rothschilds or Astors? How many would fain go to bed dunces, to be waked up Solomons? You reap what you have sown. Those who have sown dunce-seed, vice-seed, laziness-seed, usually get a crop. They who sow the wind reap a whirlwind. A man of mere "capacity undeveloped" is only an organized degradation with a shine on it.

A flint and a genius that will not strike fire are no better than wet junk-wood. We have Scripture for it, that "a living dog is better than a dead lion!" If you would go up, go—if you would be seen, shine. At the present day eminent position, in any profession, is the result of hard, unwearied labor. Men can no longer fly at one dash into eminent position. They have got to hammer it out by steady and rugged blows. The world is no longer clay, but rather iron, in the hands of its workers.

Work is the order of this day. The slow penny is surer than the quick dollar. The slow trotter will out-travel the fleet racer. Genius darts, flutters, and tires; but perseverance wears and wins. The all-day horse wins the race. The afternoon-man wears off the laurels. The last blow finishes the nail.

Men must learn to labor and to wait, if they would succeed. Brains grow by use as well as hands. The greatest man is the one who uses his brains the most, who has added most to his natural stock of power. Would you have fleet feet? Try them in the race. Would you have stronger minds? Put them at rational thinking. They will grow strong by action. Would you have greater success? Use greater and more rational and constant efforts? Does competition trouble you? Work away; what is your competitor but a man? Are you a coward, that you shrink from the contest? Then you ought to be beaten. Is the end of your labors a long way off? Every step takes you nearer to it. Is it a weary distance to look at? Ah, you are faint-hearted! That is the trouble

with the multitude of youth. Youth are not so lazy as they are cowardly. They may bluster at first, but they won't "stick it out." Young farmer, do you covet a homestead, nice and comfortable, for yourself and that sweet one of your day-dreams? What hinders that you should not have it? Persevering industry with proper economy, will give you the farm. A man can get what he wants if he be not faint-hearted. Toil is the price of success. Learn it, young farmer, mechanic, student, minister, physician, Christian. Learn it, ye formers of character, ye followers of Christ, ye would-be men and women. Ye must have something to do, and do it with all your might. Ye must harden your hands and sweat your brains. Ye must work your nerves and strain your sinews. Ye must be at it, and always at it. No trembling, doubting, hesitating, flying the track. Like the boy on the rock, ye cannot go back. Onward ye must go. There is a great work for ye all to do, a deep and earnest life-work, solemn, real and useful. Life is no idle game, no farce to amuse and be forgotten. It is a fixed and stern reality, fuller of duties than the sky is of stars.



Pluck.

THERE is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they who read the lustrous syllables of the

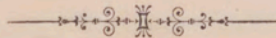
one, and stop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the lesser half of the lesson earth has to give.

The hopelessness of any one's accomplishing anything without pluck is illustrated by an old East Indian fable. A mouse that dwelt near the abode of a great magician was kept in such constant distress by its fear of a cat, that the magician, taking pity on it, turned it into a cat itself. Immediately it began to suffer from its fear of a dog, so the magician turned it into a dog. Then it began to suffer from fear of a tiger, and the magician turned it into a tiger. Then it began to suffer from its fear of huntsmen, and the magician, in disgust, said, "Be a mouse again. As you have only the heart of a mouse, it is impossible to help you by giving you the body of a nobler animal." And the poor creature again became a mouse.

It is the same with a mouse-hearted man. He may be clothed with the powers, and placed in the position of a brave man, but he will always act like a mouse; and public opinion is usually the great magician that finally says to such a person, "Go back to your obscurity again. You have only the heart of a mouse, and it is useless to try to make a lion of you."

Many depend on luck instead of pluck. The P left off that word makes all the difference. The English say luck is all; "it is better to be born lucky than wise." The Spanish, "The worst pig gets the best acorn." The French, "A good bone never falls to a good dog." The German, "Pitch the lucky man into the Nile, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth."

Fortune, success, fame, position are never gained, but by piously, determinedly, bravely sticking, living to a thing till it is fairly accomplished. In short, you must carry a thing through if you want to be anybody or anything. No matter if it do cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand pearly gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it. Put forth your whole energies. Be awake, electrify yourself; go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself; others will think better of you. The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined doer. It sees in him its best sight, its brightest object, its richest treasure. Drive right along, then, in whatever you undertake. Consider yourself amply sufficient for the deed, and you will succeed.



Self-Reliance.

God never intended that strong, independent beings should be reared by clinging to others, like the ivy to the oak, for support. The difficulties, hardships, and trials of life—the obstacles one encounters on the road to fortune—are positive blessings. They knit his muscles more firmly, and teach him self-reliance,

just as by wrestling with an athlete, who is superior to us, we increase our own strength, and learn the secret of his skill. All difficulties come to us, as Bunyan says of temptation, like the lion which met Samson; the first time we encounter them they roar and gnash their teeth, but, once subdued, we find a nest of honey in them. Peril is the very element in which power is developed. "Ability and necessity dwell near each other," said Pythagoras.

The greatest curse that can befall a young man is to lean, while his character is forming, on others for support. 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 in the sheltered garden or the hot-house, but on the rugged Alpine cliffs, where the storms beat most violently, that the toughest plants are reared. The oak that stands alone to contend with the tempest's blasts, only takes deeper root and stands the firmer for ensuing conflicts; while the forest tree, when the woodman's ax has spoiled its surroundings, sways and bends and trembles, and perchance is uprooted. So it is with men. Those who are trained to self-reliance are ready to go out and contend in the sternest conflicts of life; while men who have always leaned for support on those around them, are never prepared to breast the storms of adversity that arise.

Many a young man—and for that matter, many a one who is older—halts at his outset upon life's battle-field, and falters and faints for what he con-

ceives to be a necessary capital for a start. A few thousand dollars, or hundreds, or "something handsome" in the way of money in his purse, he *fancies* to be about the only thing needful to secure his fortune.

The best capital, in nine cases out of ten, a young man can start in the world with, is robust health, sound morals, a fair intelligence, a will to work his way honestly and bravely, and if it be possible, a trade—whether he follows it for a livelihood or not. He can always fall back upon a trade when other paths are closed. Any one who will study the lives of memorable men—apart from the titled, or hereditarily great—will find that a large majority of them rose from the ranks, with no capital for a start, save intelligence, energy, industry, and a will to rise and conquer. In the mechanic and artizan pursuits, in commerce, in agriculture, and in the paths of literature, science and art, many of the greatest names have sprung from poverty and obscurity. Dr. Johnson made himself illustrious by his intellect and industry—so did Franklin, and so have multitudes whose memories are renowned.

The greatest heroes of the battle-field—as Napoleon, Hannibal, Cromwell—some of the greatest statesmen and orators, ancient and modern—as Demosthenes, Chatham, Burke, and our own Webster and Clay—could boast no patrician advantages, no capital in gold, to start with. The grandest fortunes ever accumulated or possessed on earth were and are, the fruit of endeavor that had no capital to begin

with save energy, intellect, and the will. From Cræsus down to Astor, the story is the same—not only in the getting of wealth, but also in the acquirement of various eminence—those men have won most, who relied most upon themselves.

The path of success in business is invariably the path of common sense. Notwithstanding all that is said about “lucky hits,” the best kind of success in every man’s life is not that which comes by accident. The only “good time coming” we are justified in hoping for, is that which we are capable of making for ourselves. The fable of the labors of Hercules is indeed the type of all human doing and success. Every youth should be made to feel that if he would get through the world usefully and happily, he must rely mainly upon himself and his own independent energies. Making a small provision for young men is hardly justifiable; and it is of all things the most prejudicial to themselves. They think what they have that which is much larger than it really is; and they make no exertion. The young should never hear any language but this: “You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you starve or not.” Outside help is your greatest curse. It handcuffs effort, stifles aspiration, shuts the prison door upon emulation, turns the key on energy.

The wisest charity is to help a man to help himself. To put a man in the way of supporting himself gives him a new lease of life, makes him feel young again, for it is very many times all the sick man needs to restore him to perfect health.

People who have been bolstered up and levered all their lives, are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for somebody to cling to, or lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go. Once down, they are as helpless as capsized turtles, or unhorsed men in armor, and they can not find their feet again without assistance.

There are multitudes of such men. They are like summer vines, which never grow even ligneous, but stretch out a thousand little hands to grasp the stronger shrubs; and if they can not reach them, they lie disheveled in the grass, hoof-trodden, and beaten of every storm. It will be found that the first real movement upward will not take place until, in a spirit of resolute self-denial, indolence, so natural to almost every one, is mastered. Necessity is, usually, the spur that sets the sluggish energies in motion. Poverty, therefore, is oftener a blessing to a young man than prosperity; for, while the one tends to stimulate his powers, the other inclines them to languor and disuse. But, is it not very discreditable for the young man, who is favored with education, friends, and all the outside advantages which could be desired as means to worldly success, to let those who stand, in these respects, at the beginning, far below him, gradually approach as the steady years move on, and finally outstrip him in the race? It is not only discreditable, but disgraceful. A man's true position in society is that which he achieves for himself—he is worth to the world no more, no less. As he

builds for society in useful work, so he builds for himself. He is a man for what he does, not for what his father or his friends have done. If they have done well, and given him a position, the deeper the shame, if he sink down to a meaner level through self-indulgence and indolence.

If the boy be not trained to endure and to bear trouble, he will grow up a girl; and a boy that is a girl has all a girl's weakness without any of her regal qualities. A woman made out of a woman is God's noblest work; a woman made out of a man is his meanest. A child rightly brought up will be like a willow branch, which, broken off and touching the ground, at once takes root. Bring up your children so that they will root easily in their own soil, and not forever be grafted into your old trunk and boughs.



Labor.

THERE is dignity in toil—in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head—in toil to provide for the bodily wants of an individual life, as well as in toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labor that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, to elevate man's nature—in a word, all labor that is honest—is honorable too. Labor clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes "the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Labor drives the plow, and scatters the seeds, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor, tending the pastures and sweeping the waters as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the thousand millions of the family of man. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment soft and warm and beautiful, the purple robe of the prince and the gray gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork. Labor molds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome. Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of homes to defy the winter's cold.

Labor explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold and silver, the copper and tin. Labor smelts the iron, and molds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead. Labor hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over

marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with the dark tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifies, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low." Labor draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, and compete with lightning, for the telegraph flies as rapidly as thought itself.

Labor, the mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation, then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain-slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears; the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbor; representatives of far-off regions make it their resort; science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service; art, awakening, clothes its strength with beauty; civilization smiles; liberty is glad; humanity rejoices; piety exults, for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every side. Working men walk worthy of your vocation! You

have one able scutcheon; disgrace it not. There is nothing really mean and low but sin. Stoop not from your lofty throne to defile yourselves by contamination with intemperance, licentiousness, or any form of evil. Labor, allied with virtue, may look up to heaven and not blush, while all worldly dignities, prostituted to vice, will leave their owner without a corner of the universe in which to hide his shame. You will most successfully prove the honor of toil by illustrating in your own persons its alliance with a sober, righteous and godly life. Be ye sure of this, that the man of toil who works in a spirit of obedient, loving homage to God, does no less than cherubim and seraphim in their loftiest flights and holiest songs.

Labor achieves grander victories, it weaves more durable trophies, it holds wider sway, than the conqueror. His name becomes tainted and his monuments crumble; but labor converts his red battle-fields into gardens, and erects monuments significant of better things. Labor rides in a chariot driven by the wind. It writes with the lightning. It sits crowned as a king in a thousand cities, and sends up its roar of triumph from a million wheels. It glistens in the fabric of the loom, it rings and sparkles from the steely hammer, it glories in shapes of beauty, it speaks in words of power, it makes the sinewy arm strong with liberty, the poor man's heart rich with content, crowns the swarthy and sweaty brow with honor, and dignity, and peace.

Don't live in hope with your arms folded; fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves, and put

their shoulders to the wheel. You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one. To love and to labor is the sum of living, and yet how many think they live who neither love nor labor.

The man and woman who are above labor, and despise the laborer, show a want of common sense, and forget that every article that is used is the product of more or less labor, and that the air they breathe, and the circulation of the blood in the veins, is the result of the labor of the God of nature. The time was when kings and queens stimulated their subjects to labor by example. Queen Mary had her regular hours of work, and had one of her maids of honor read to her while she plied the needle. Sir Walter Raleigh relates a cutting reply made to him by the wife of a noble duke, at whose house he lodged over night. In the morning he heard her give directions to a servant relative to feeding the pigs. On going into the breakfast room he jocosely asked her if the pigs had all breakfasted. "All, sir, but the strange pig I am about to feed," was the witty reply. Sir Walter was mute, and walked up to the trough.

The noblest thing in the world is honest labor. It is the very preservative principle of the universe. Wise labor brings order out of chaos; it turns deadly bogs and swamps into grain-bearing fields; it rears cities; it adorns the earth with architectural monuments, and beautifies them with divinest works of art; it whitens the seas with the wings of commerce; it brings remote lands into mutual and profitable neigh-

borhood; it binds continents together with the fast-holding bands of railroads and telegraphs; it extinguishes barbarism and plants civilization upon its ruins; it produces mighty works of genius in prose and verse, which gladden the hearts of men forever. Work, therefore, with pride and gladness, for thereby you will be united by a common bond with all the best and noblest who have lived, who are now living, and who shall ever be born.

Washington and his lady were examples of industry, plainness, frugality and economy—and thousands of others of the wealthy, labored in the field and kitchen, in older times, before folly superseded wisdom, and fashion drove common sense and economy off the track.

No man has the right to expect a good fortune, unless he go to work and deserve it. "Luck!" cried a self-made man, "I never had any luck but by getting up at five every morning and working as hard as I could." No faithful workman finds his task a pastime. We must all toil or steal—no matter how we name our stealing. A brother of the distinguished Edmund Burke was found in a revery after listening to one of his most eloquent speeches in Parliament, and being asked the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then I remember, when we were at play he was always at work."

The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual must be chiefly *his own work*. How else could it happen that young men, who have had pre-

cisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate.

You will see issuing from the walls of the same college—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom the *one* shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the *other* scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity and wretchedness, while, on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction—an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. Men *are* the architects of their respective fortunes. It is the fiat of fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death.

It is this capacity for high and long continued exertion, this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation, this careening and wide-spreading comprehension of mind, and those long reaches of thought, that

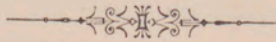
“Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks.”

What we have seen of men and of the world convinces us that one of the first conditions of enjoying life is to *have something to do*, something great enough to rouse the mind and noble enough to satisfy the heart, and then to *give our mind and heart*, our thought and toil and affections to it, to labor for it, in the fine words of Robert Hall, "with an ardor bordering on enthusiasm," or, as a yet greater sage expresses it, to "*do it with all our might.*"

A life of full and constant employment is the only safe and happy one. If we suffer the mind and body to be unemployed, our enjoyments, as well as our labors, will be terminated. One of the minor uses of steady employment is, that it keeps one out of mischief; for truly an idle brain is the devil's workshop, and a lazy man the devil's bolster. To be occupied is to be possessed as by a tenant, whereas to be idle is to be empty; and when the doors of the imagination are opened, temptation finds a ready access, and evil thoughts come trooping in. It is observed at sea that men are never so much disposed to grumble and mutiny as when least employed. Hence an old captain, when there was nothing else to do, would issue the order to "scour the anchor."

Labor, honest labor, is mighty and beautiful. Activity is the ruling element of life, and its highest relish. Luxuries and conquests are the result of labor; we can imagine nothing without it. The noblest man of earth is he who puts his hands cheerfully and proudly to honest labor. Labor is a business and ordinance of God. Suspend labor, and where

are the glory and pomp of earth—the fruit, fields, and palaces, and the fashioning of matter for which men strive and war? Let the labor-scorner look to himself and learn what are the trophies. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is the debtor and slave of toil. The labor which he scorns has tricked him into the stature and appearance of a man. Where gets he garmenting and equipage? Let labor answer. Labor—which makes music in the mines and the furrow and the forge—oh, scorn not labor, you man who never yet earned a morsel of bread! Labor pities you, proud fool, and laughs you to scorn. You shall pass to dust, forgotten; but labor will live on forever, glorious in its conquests and monuments.

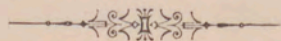


Energy.

THE longer we live the more we are certain the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy; invincible determination*—a purpose, once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.

Never suffer your energies to stagnate. There is no genius of life like the genius of energy and industry. All the traditions current among very

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young men that certain great characters have wrought their greatness by an inspiration, as it were, grows out of a sad mistake. There are no rivals so formidable as those earnest, determined minds, which reckon the value of every hour, and which achieve eminence by persistent application.

The difference between one boy and another consists not so much in talent as in energy. Provided the dunce have persistency and application, he will inevitably head the cleverer fellow without these qualities. Slow but sure wins the race. It is perseverance that explains how the position of boys at school is often reversed in real life; and it is curious to note how some who were then so clever have since become so common-place, whilst others, dull boys, of whom nothing was expected, slow in their faculties, but sure in their pace, have assumed the position of leaders of men. We recollect that when a boy we stood in the same class with one of the greatest of dunces. One teacher after another had tried his skill upon him and failed. Corporeal punishment, the fool's-cap, coaxing, and earnest entreaty, proved alike fruitless. Sometimes the experiment was tried of putting him at the top of his class, and it was curious to note the rapidity with which he gravitated to the inevitable bottom, like a lump of lead passing through quicksilver. The youth was given up by many teachers as an incorrigible dunce—one of them pronouncing him to be "a stupendous booby." Yet, slow though he was, this dunce had a dull energy and a sort of beefy tenacity of purpose, which grew with his muscles and

his manhood; and, strange to say, when he at length came to take part in the practical business of life, he was found heading most of his school companions, and eventually left the greater number of them far behind. The tortoise in the right road will beat a racer in the wrong. It matters not though a youth be slow, if he be but diligent. Quickness of parts may even prove a defect, inasmuch as the boy who learns readily will often forget quite as readily; and also because he finds no need of cultivating that quality of application and perseverance which the slower youth is compelled to exercise, and which proves so valuable an element in the formation of every character. The highest culture is not obtained from teachers when at school or college, so much as by our own diligent self-education when we have become men. Parents need not be in too great haste to see their children's talents forced into bloom. Let them watch and wait patiently, letting good example and quiet training do their work, and leave the rest to Providence. Let them see to it that the youth is provided, by free exercise of his bodily powers, with a full stock of physical health; set him fairly on the road of self-culture; carefully train his habits of application and perseverance; and as he grows older, if the right stuff be in him, he will be enabled vigorously and effectively to cultivate himself.

He who has heart has everything; and who does not burn does not inflame. It is astonishing how much may be accomplished in self-culture by the energetic and the persevering, who are careful to avail them-

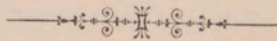
selves of opportunities, and use up the fragments of spare time which the idle permit to run to waste. In study as in business, energy is the great thing. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike it until it is made hot.

Give us not men like weathercocks, that change with every wind, but men like mountains, who change the winds themselves. There is always room for a man of force and he makes room for many. You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one. Therefore don't live in hope with your arms folded; fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel. "I can't! it is impossible!" said a foiled lieutenant to Alexander. "Begone!" shouted the conquering Macedonian in reply—"there is nothing impossible to him who will try;" and to make good his words, the haughty warrior, not yet come to weep that there were no more worlds to subdue, charged with a phalanx the rock-crested fortress that had defied his timid subaltern, and the foe were swept down as with the besom of destruction.

A man's character is seen in small matters; and from even so slight a test as the mode in which a man wields a hammer, his energy may in some measure be inferred. Thus an eminent Frenchman hit off in a single phrase the characteristic quality of the inhabitants of a particular district, in which a friend of his proposed to buy land and settle. "Beware," said he, "of making a purchase there; I know the men of that department; the pupils who come from it to our

veterinary school at Paris, *do not strike hard upon the anvil*; they want energy; and you will not get a satisfactory return on any capital you may invest there;"—a fine and just appreciation of character, indicating the accurate and thoughtful observer; and strikingly illustrative of the fact that it is the energy of the individual man that gives strength to a state, and confers a value even upon the very soil which he cultivates.

It is a Spanish maxim, that he who loseth wealth, loseth much; he who loseth a friend, loseth more; but he who loseth his energies, loseth all.



Luck and Pluck.

YOUNG man, your success or your failure, your weal or woe of life will hang largely in the manner in which you treat these two words.

Rev. G. S. Weaver says: "The word luck is suggestive of a want of law." This idea has passed into many common proverbs, such as these: "It is more by hit than good wit;" "It is as well to be born lucky as rich;" "Fortune is a fickle jade;" "Risk nothing, win nothing;" and more of a similar import, all ignoring the grand rule of law and resting upon the atheistical idea of *chance*.

Our fathers were good, religious people, and did not mean to foster atheism when they talked about

luck, and gave a half-way assent to its Godless reality. If the universe were an infinite chaos; if order had no throne in its wide realm; if universal law were a fable of fancy; if God were a Babel, or the world a Pandemonium, there might be such a thing as luck. But while from the particle to the globe, from the animalcule to the archangel, there is not a being or a thing, a time or an event, disconnected with the great government of eternal law and order, we cannot see how such a game of chance as the word luck supposes can be admitted into any corner of the great world. Luck! What is it? A lottery? A hap-hazard? A frolic of gnomes? A blind-man's-bluff among the laws? A ruse among the elements? A trick of dame nature? Has any scholar defined luck, any philosopher explained its nature, any chemist shone us its elements? Is luck that strange, nondescript unmateriality that does all things among men that they cannot account for? If so, why does not luck make a fool speak words of wisdom? an ignoramus utter lectures on philosophy; a stupid dolt write the great works of music and poetry; a double-fingered dummy create the beauties of art, or an untutored savage the wonders of mechanism?

If we should go into a country where the sluggard's farm was covered with the richest grains and fruits, and where industry was rewarded only with weeds and brambles; where the drunkard looked sleek and beautiful, and his home cheerful and happy, while temperance wore the haggard face and ate the bread of want and misery; where labor starved,

while idleness was fed and grew fat; where common sense was put upon the pillory, while twaddle and moonshine were raised to distinction; where genius lay in the gutter and ignorance soared to the skies; where virtue was incarcerated in prison, while vice was courted and wooed by the sunlight, we might possibly be led to believe that luck had something to do there. But where we see, as we everywhere do in our world, the rewards of industry, energy, wisdom and virtue constant as the warmth in sunlight or beauty in flowers, we must deny *in toto* the very existence of this good and evil essence which men have called *luck*.

Was it luck that gave Girard and Astor, Rothschild and Gray their vast wealth? Was it luck that won victories for Washington, Wellington, and Napoleon? Was it luck that carved Venus de' Medici, that wrote the "Æneid," "Paradise Lost," and "Festus?" Was it luck that gave Morse his telegraph, or Fulton his steamboat, or Franklin the lightning for his plaything? Is it luck that gives the merchant his business, the lawyer his clients, the minister his hearers, the physician his patients, the mechanic his labor, the farmer his harvest? Nay, verily. No man believes it. And yet many are the men who dream of luck, as though such a mysterious spirit existed, and did sometimes humor the whims of visionary cowards and drones.

Many are the young men who waste the best part of their lives in attempts to woo this coy maid into their embraces. They enter into this, or that, or the other speculation, with the dreamy hope that luck will

pay them a smiling visit. Some go to California, or Australia, or the "Far West," or to the torrid or the frigid zone, or some wondrous away-off place, with no fair prospect or hope of success from their own energies and exertions, but depending almost wholly on a gentle smile from capricious luck. Poor fellows! they find that luck does not get so far from home.

Some, less daring and more lazy, loiter about home, draw around town, or loll through the country. Their only trust or expectation is in a shuffle of luck in their favor. They know they deserve nothing, yet, with an impudence hard as brass, they will pray to luck for a "windfall," or a "fat office, or a "living," and foolishly wait for an answer. These are the men who make your gamblers, your horse-thieves, your counterfeiters, your gentleman-loafers. They are not men who originally meant any harm. But they believe in luck, and their trust is in luck, and they are going to have it out of luck some way. They despised meanness at first, perhaps, as much as you and we do; but somebody told them of luck, and they believed, and lo! they got duped. Little by little they went over to meanness, waiting all the while for a shake of the hand from luck.

Some of the believers in luck of more moral firmness, dally with all life's great duties, and so do about the same as nothing, and eat the bread of disappointment. They do a little at this business, and luck does not smile. They do a little at that, and still luck keeps away. They do a little at something else, they hear not a foot-fall from luck. And so they fritter

away time and life. These are the do-littles. Hard-working men they are frequently. It is with them as though they had started to go to a place a thousand miles distant, leading to which there were many roads. They set out at full speed on one road, go a few miles, and get tired, and so conclude, to turn back and try another. And so they try one road after another, each time returning to the starting-place. In a little while it is too late to get there at the appointed time, and so they mope along any road they happen to be on till the day is over.

They crave a good they do not earn; they pray to luck to give what does not belong to them; their whole inward life is a constant craving wish for something to which they have no just claim. It is a morbid, feverish covetousness, which is very apt to end in the conclusion, "The world owes me a living, and a living I'll have," and so they go out to get a living as best they may. They fancy that every rich and honored man has got his good by some turn of luck, and hence they feel that he has no special right to his property or his honors, and so they will get either from him if they can. They look upon the world, not as a great hive of industry, where men are rewarded according to their labors and merits, but as a grand lottery, a magnificent scheme of chance, in which fools and idlers have as fair a show as talent and labor.

In our humble opinion, this philosophy of luck is at the bottom of more dishonesty, wickedness, and moral corruption than anything else. It sows its

seeds in youthful minds just at that visionary season when judgment has not been ripened by experience nor imagination corrected by wisdom. And it takes more minds from the great school-house of useful life, and more arms from the great workshop of human industry, than any other one thing to which our mind reverts. It is a moral palsy, against which every just man should arm himself. The cure of the evil is found in pluck.

It is not luck, but pluck, which weaves the web of life; it is not luck, but pluck, which turns the wheel of fortune. It is pluck that amasses wealth, that crowns men with honors, that forges the luxuries of life. We use the term pluck as synonymous with whole-hearted energy, genuine bravery of soul.

That man is to be pitied who is too fearful and cowardly to go out and do battle for an honest living and a competence in the great field of human exertion. He is the man of luck, bad luck. Poor fellow! He lost his luck when he lost his pluck. Good pluck is good luck. Bad pluck is bad luck. Many a man has lost his luck, but never while he had good pluck left. Men lose their luck by letting their energies leak out through bad habits and unwise projects. One man loses his luck in his late morning naps, another in his late evening hours. One loses his luck in the bar-room, another in the ball-room; one down by the river holding the boyish fishing-rod, another in the woods chasing down the innocent squirrel. One loses his luck in folly, one in fashion, one in idleness, one in high living, one in dishonesty, one in

brawls, one in sensualism, and a great many in bad management. Indeed, bad management is at the bottom of nearly all bad luck. It is bad management to train up a family of bad habits, to eat out one's living and corrupt his life. It is bad management to drink liquor, and eat tobacco, and smoke, and swear, and tattle, and visit soda-fountains, and cream saloons, and theatres, and brothels, and live high, and chase after the fashions, and fret and scold, and get angry, and abuse people, and mind other people's business and neglect one's own. It is bad management to expose one's health or overtax one's powers, and get sick, and take drugs to get well; to be idle or extravagant, or mean or dishonest. All these things tend to bring that evil genius which men call bad luck.

Indeed, there is hardly a word in the vocabulary which is more cruelly abused than the word "luck." To all the faults and failures of men, their positive sins and their less culpable short-comings, it is made to stand a godfather and sponsor. We are all Micawbers at heart, fancying that "something" will one day "turn up" for our good, for which we have never striven.

An unskillful commander sometimes wins a victory; and again a famous warrior finds himself, "after a hundred victories, foiled." Some of the skillfulest sea-captains lose every ship they sail in; others, less experienced, never lose a spar. Some men's houses take fire an hour after the insurance expires; others never insure, and never are burned out. Some of the shrewdest men, with indefatigable industry and

the closest economy, fail to make money; others, with apparently none of the qualities that insure success, are continually blundering into profitable speculations, and Midas-like, touch nothing but it turns to gold. Beau Brummell, with his lucky sixpence in his pocket, wins at every gaming-table, and bags £40,000 in the clubs of London and Newmarket.

So powerfully does fortune appear to sway the destinies of men, putting a silver spoon into one man's mouth, and a wooden one into another's, that some of the most sagacious of men, as Cardinal Mazarin and Rothschild, seem to have been inclined to regard luck as the first element of worldly success; experience, sagacity, energy, and enterprise as nothing, if linked to an unlucky star. Whittington, and his cat that proved such a source of riches; the man who, worn out by a painful disorder, attempted suicide, and was cured by opening an internal imposthume; the Persian, condemned to lose his tongue, on whom the operation was so bunglingly performed that it merely removed an impediment in his speech; the painter who produced an effect he had long toiled after in vain, by throwing his brush at the picture in a fit of rage and despair; the musical composer, who, having exhausted his patience in attempts to imitate on the piano a storm at sea, accomplished the precise result by angrily extending his hands to the two extremities of the keys, and bringing them rapidly together—all these seem to many fit types of the freaks of fortune by which some men are enriched or made famous by their blunders, while others, with ten times

the capacity and knowledge, are kept at the bottom of her wheel. Hence we see thousands fold their arms and look with indifference on the great play of life, keeping aloof from its finest and therefore most arduous struggles, because they believe that success is a matter of accident, and that they may spend their heart's choicest blood and affection on noble ends, yet be balked of victory, cheated of any just returns. Really "lucky fellows" there have always been in the world; but in a great majority of cases they who are called such will be found on examination to be those keen-sighted men who have surveyed the world with a scrutinizing eye, and who to clear and exact ideas of what is necessary to be done unite the skill necessary to execute their well-approved plans.

At first, in our admiration of the man who stands upon the topmost round of the ladder of fame, we are apt to mistake the way in which he got there. Our eyes are weary with gazing up, and dazzled by the brilliant light; and we fancy that God must have let him down out of heaven for us; never thinking that he may have clambered up, round after round, through the mists which shroud the base of that ladder, while all the world, in its heedlessness, was looking another way. Then, when we come to know better, we are content to lie prostrate at the foot of our ladder, as Jacob slept beneath his, dreaming that they are angels whom we see ascending, and believing they ascend by heaven-born genius, or some miraculous way, not by pluck.

A better solution is that which explains the phe-

nomena of eminent success by industry. Clearly, the industrious use of ordinary tools, whether mechanical or intellectual, will accomplish far more than the mere possession of the most perfectly appointed tool-chest that was ever contrived. This is especially true of the mind, whose powers improve with use. When we reflect how the sharp wit-blade grows keener in often cutting, how the logic-hammer swells into a perfect sledge in long striking, how all our mental tools gain strength and edge in severe employment, we shall see that it is but a poor question to ask concerning success in life, "What tools had you?"—that a better question is, "How have you used your tools?"

One who thus educates himself up to success is often contented to labor a long while in a very humble sphere. He knows too much, indeed, to abandon one position before his powers for a higher one are fully ripe; for he has observed that they who leap too rapidly from one of life's stepping-stones to another, are more likely to lose their footing than to improve it. Very often, therefore, one who possesses this character grows up to complete manhood before his neighbors take him out of his cradle. In some Western parish, in some country practice, or at the head of some district school, he labors quietly for years and years, gathering a secret strength from every occurrence of his life, unnoticed, unknown, until at last the crisis of opportunity arrives—to every man such opportunity some time comes—and he starts forth, armed and equipped, thoroughly built

from head to foot; there is bone for strength, and stout muscle for movement, and society around is astonished to find that it contained such a power, and knew it not. This rise of an individual, thus trained, is sometimes surprising in its suddenness. To the vision of mankind around, he seems to shoot up like a rocket; and they gaze, and wonder, and glorify the power of genius. Whereas he *grew*, grew by a slow, steady, natural process of growth, available to all men. He grew, however, under cover; and it was not until circumstances threw the cover off him, that we saw to what stature he had attained.

It is by the exercise of this forward-reaching industry that men attain eminence in intellectual life. The lives of eminent men of all nations determine, by a vote almost overwhelming, that whatever may have been their native powers, they did not attain their ultimate success without the most arduous, well-directed, life-lasting labor for self-improvement.

Idleness is death; activity is life. The worker is the hero. Luck lies in labor. This is the end. And labor the fruit of pluck. Luck and pluck, then, meet in labor. Pleasure blossoms on the tree of labor. Wisdom is its fruit. Thrones are built on labor. Kingdoms stand by its steady props. Homes are made by labor. Every man of pluck will make him one and fill it with the fruits of industry. In doing this he will find no time to wait for, or complain of, luck.

Purpose and Will.

WE can never overestimate the power of purpose and will. It takes hold of the heart of life. It spans our whole manhood. It enters into our hopes, aims, and prospects. It holds its sceptre over our business, our amusements, our philosophy, and religion. Its sphere is larger than we can at first imagine.

The indomitable will, the inflexible purpose looking for future good through present evil, have always begotten confidence and commanded success, while the opposite qualities have as truly led to timid resolves, uncertain councils, alternate exaltation and depression, and final disappointment and disaster. A vacillating policy, irresolute councils, unstable will, subordination of the future to the present, efforts to relieve ourselves from existing trouble without providing against its recurrence, may bring momentary quiet, but expose us to greater disquiet than ever hereafter. A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways. Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.

When a child is learning to walk, if you can induce the little creature to keep its eyes fixed on any point in advance, it will generally "navigate" to that point without capsizing; but distract its attention by word or act from the object before it, and down goes the baby. The rule applies to children of a larger growth. The man who starts in life with a determination to reach a certain position, and adheres unwaveringly to

his purpose, rejecting the advice of the over-cautious, and defying the auguries of the timid, rarely fails if he lives long enough to reach the goal for which he set out. If circumstances oppose him, he bends them to his exigencies by the force of energetic, indomitable will. On the other hand, he who vacillates in his course, "yawning," as the sailors say, toward all points of the compass, is pretty sure to become a helpless castaway before his voyage of life is half completed.

There can be no question among philosophic observers of men and events, that fixedness of purpose is a grand element of human success. Weathercock men are nature's failures. They are good for nothing.

The men of action, whose names are written imperishably on the page of history, were men of iron. Silky fellows may do for intrigue, but the founders, and conquerors, and liberators, and saviors of empires, have all been of the warrior metal. No human being who habitually halts between two opinions, who cannot decide promptly, and having decided, act as if there was no such word as fail, can ever be great. Cæsar would never have crossed the Rubicon, nor Washington the Delaware, had they not fixed their stern gaze on objects far beyond the perils at their feet.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon, remarked: "We see supreme purposes which men have formed running through their whole career in this world. A young man means to be a civil engineer. That is the

thing to which his mind is made up; not his father's mind, perhaps, but his. He feels his adaptation to that calling, and his drawing toward it. He is young, inexperienced, forgetful, accessible to youthful sympathies, and is frequently drawn aside from his life purpose. To-day he attends a picnic. Next week he devotes a day to some other excursion. Occasionally he loses a day in consequence of fatigue caused by overaction. Thus there is a link knocked out of the chain of this week, and a link out of the chain of that week. And in the course of the summer he takes a whole week, or a fortnight out of that purpose. Yet there is the thing in his mind, whether he sleeps or wakes. If you had asked him a month ago what he meant to be in life, he would have replied, 'I mean to be a civil engineer.' And if you ask him to-day what has been the tendency of his life, he will say, 'I have been preparing myself to be a civil engineer.' If he waits and does nothing, the reason is that he wants an opportunity to carry out his purpose. That purpose governs his course, and he will not engage in anything that would conflict with it.

"These generic principles in the soul are like those great invisible laws of nature, whose effects are seen in the falling of the pebble-stone, in all the various changes which natural objects undergo. When a man has formed in his mind a great sovereign purpose, it governs his conduct, as the law of nature governs the operation of physical things.

"Every man should have a *mark* in view, and pursue it steadily. He should not be turned from his

course by other subjects ever so attractive. Life is not long enough for any one man to accomplish everything. Indeed but few can at best accomplish more than one thing well. Many, alas, very many! accomplish nothing worthy. Yet there is not a man endowed with fair or ordinary intellect or capacity but can accomplish at least one useful, important, worthy purpose.

“But few men could ever succeed in more than one of the learned professions. Perhaps the man never lived who could master and become eminent in the practice of all of them—certainly not in them, and also in agriculture and the mechanic arts. Our country, every country, abounds with men possessing sufficient natural capacity for almost or quite any pursuit they might select and pursue exclusively. Man’s days, at most, are so few, and his capacity, at the highest, so small, that never yet has he even by confining the united efforts and energies of his life-time at the most trivial pursuit, much less in the deep and intricate learned professions, attained to perfection; and he never will. How much less, then, are the probabilities of his exhausting several, and those perhaps the most complicated spheres of man’s activity.”

It requires purpose, will, and oneness of aim and invincible determination to succeed in some one calling.

It is *will*—force of purpose—that enables a man to do or be whatever he sets his mind on being or doing. A holy man was accustomed to say, “What-

ever you wish, that you are; for such is the force of our will, joined to the Divine, that whatever we wish to be, seriously, and with a true intention, that we become. No one ardently wishes to be submissive, patient, modest, or liberal, who does not become what he wishes."

Will is the monarch of the mind, ruling with despotic, and at times with tyrannical powers. It is the rudder of the mind, giving directions to its movements. It is the engineer giving course and point, speed and force to the mental machinery. It acts like a tonic among the soul's languid powers. It is the band that ties into a strong bundle the separate faculties of the soul. It is the man's momentum; in a word, it is that power by which the energy or energies of the soul are concentrated on a given point, or in a particular direction: it fuses the faculties into one mass, so that instead of scattering all over like grape and canister, they spend their united force on one point. The intellect is the legislative department, the sensibilities are the judicial, and the will the executive.

Among the many causes of failure in life, none is more frequent than that feebleness of the will which is indicated by spasmodic action—by fitful effort, or lack of persistence. Dr. Arnold, whose long experience with youth at Rugby gave weight to his opinion, declared that "the difference between one boy and another consists not so much in talent as in energy." The very reputation of being strong willed, plucky, and indefatigable, is of priceless value. It often crows enemies and dispels at the start opposition to

one's undertakings which would otherwise be formidable.

Says Shakspeare, "Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our souls are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; sow hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, and distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills."

Where there is a will there is a way. Nothing is impossible to him who wills. Will is the root; knowledge the stem and leaves; feeling the flower.

He who resolves upon doing a thing, by that very resolution often scales the barriers to it, and secures its achievement. 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. "You can only half will," Suwarrow would say to people who had failed. "I don't know," "I can't," and "impossible," were words which he detested above all others. "Learn! do! try!" he would exclaim.



Courage.

Nothing that is of real worth can be achieved without courageous working. Man owes his growth chiefly to that active striving of the will, that encounter

with difficulty, which we call effort, and it is astonishing to find how often results apparently impracticable are thus made possible. An intense anticipation itself transforms possibility into reality; our desires being often but the precursors of the things which we are capable of performing. On the contrary, the timid and hesitating find everything impossible, chiefly because it seems so. It is related of a young French officer that he used to walk about his apartment exclaiming, "I *will* be marshal of France and a great general." This ardent desire was the presentiment of his success; for he did become a distinguished commander, and he died a marshal of France.

Courage, by keeping the senses quiet and the understanding clear, puts us in a condition to receive true intelligence, to make just computations upon danger, and pronounce rightly upon that which threatens us. Innocence of life, consciousness of worth, and great expectations are the best foundations of courage.

True courage is the result of reasoning. A brave mind is always impregnable. Resolution lies more in the head than in the veins; and a just sense of of honor and of infamy, of duty and of religion, will carry us further than all the force of mechanism.

To believe a business impossible is the way to make it so. How many feasible projects have miscarried through despondency, and been strangled in the birth by a cowardly imagination. It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. A ship on a lee shore stands out to sea in a storm to escape shipwreck.

Impossibilities, like vicious dogs, fly before him who is not afraid of them. Should misfortune overtake, retrench—work harder—but never fly the track—confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance. Should you then fail, you will be honored; but shrink, and you will be despised. When you put your hands to a work, let the fact of your doing so constitute the evidence that you mean to prosecute it to the end. Stand like a beaten anvil. It is the part of a great champion to be stricken and conquer.

“Trouble's darkest hour
Shall not make me cower
To the sceptre's power—
Never, never, never.

“Then up my soul, and brace thee,
While the perils face thee;
In thyself encase thee
Manfully for ever.

“Storms may howl around thee,
Foes may hunt and hound thee;
Shall they overpower thee?
Never, never, never.”

Courage, like cowardice, is undoubtedly contagious, but some persons are not at all liable to catch it. The attention of restless and fickle men turns to no account; poverty overtakes them whilst they are flying so many different ways to escape it. What is called courage is oftentimes nothing more than the fear of being thought a coward. The reverence that restrains us from violating the laws of God or man is not unfrequently branded with the name of cowardice. The Spartans had a saying, that he who stood most in

fear of the law generally showed the least fear of an enemy. And we may infer the truth of this from the reverse of the proposition, for daily experience shows us that they who are the most daring in a bad cause are often the most pusillanimous in a good one.

Plutarch says courage consists not in hazarding without fear, but by being resolute in a just cause. An officer, after a very severe battle, on being complimented on standing his ground firmly, under a terrible fire, replied, "Ah, if you knew how I was frightened, you would compliment me more still." It is not the stolid man, or the reckless man, who exhibits the noblest bravery in the great battle of life. It is the man whose nerves and conscience are all alive; who looks before and behind; who weighs well all the probabilities of success or defeat, and is determined to stand his ground. There is another fine anecdote *apropos* to this subject: A phrenologist examining the head of the Duke of Wellington, said, "Your grace has not the organ of animal courage largely developed." "You are right," replied the great man, "and but for my sense of duty I should have retreated in my first fight." This first fight, in India, was one of the most terrible on record. O, that word "duty!" What is animal courage compared with it? Duty can create that courage, or its equivalent, but that courage never can create *duty*. The Duke of Wellington saw a man turn pale as he marched up to a battery. "That is a brave man," said he, "he knows his danger and faces it."

To lead the forlorn hope in the field of courage requires less nerve than to fight nobly and unshrinkingly the bloodless battle of life. To bear evil speaking and illiterate judgment with equanimity, is the highest bravery. It is, in fact, the repose of mental courage.

Physical courage, which despises all danger, will make a man brave in one way; and moral courage, which despises all opinion, will make a man brave in another. The former would seem most necessary for the camp, the latter for council; but to constitute a great man, both are necessary.

No one can tell who the heroes are, and who the cowards, until some crisis comes to put us to the test. And no crisis puts us to the test that does not bring us up alone and single-handed to face danger. It is nothing to make a rush with the multitude even into the jaws of destruction. Sheep will do that. Armies might be picked from the gutter, and marched up to make food for powder. But when some crisis singles one out from the multitude, pointing at him the particular finger of fate, and telling him, "Stand or run," and he faces about with steady nerve, with nobody else to stand behind, we may be sure the hero stuff is in him. When such a crisis comes, the true courage is just as likely to be found in people of shrinking nerves, or in weak and timid women, as in great burly people. It is a moral, not a physical trait. Its seat is not in the temperament, but the will. How courageous Peter was, and all those square-built fishermen of the sea of Galilee, at the Last Sup-

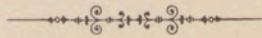
per, and in the garden of Gethsemane, where Peter drew his sword and smote the officer! But when Christ looked down from his cross, whom did he see standing in that focus of Jewish rage? None of those stout fishermen, but a young man and a tender-hearted woman—John and Mary.

A good cause makes a courageous heart. They that fear an overthrow are half conquered. To be valorous is not always to be venturous. A warm heart requires a cool head.

Though the occasions of high heroic daring seldom occur but in the history of the great, the less obtrusive opportunities for the exertion of private energy are continually offering themselves. With these, domestic scenes as much abound as does the tented field. Pain may be as firmly endured in the lonely chamber as amid the din of arms. Difficulties can be manfully combated; misfortunes bravely sustained; poverty nobly supported; disappointments courageously encountered. Thus courage diffuses a wide and succoring influence, and bestows energy apportioned to the trial. It takes from calamity its dejecting quality, and enables the soul to possess itself under every vicissitude. It rescues the unhappy from degradation, and the feeble from contempt.

Courage, like every other emotion, however laudable in its pure form, may be allowed to degenerate into a faulty extreme. Thus rashness, too often assuming the name of courage, has no pretensions to its merit. For rashness urges to useless and impossible efforts, and thus produces a waste of vigor and

spirit, that, properly restrained and well directed, would have achieved deeds worthy to be achieved. Rashness is the exuberance of courage, and ought to be checked, as we prune off the useless though vigorous shoots of shrubs and trees.



Little Things.

TRIFLES are not to be despised. The nerve of a tooth, not so large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A musquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock, which causes a navy to founder, is the work of tiny insects. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect. For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost. Every pea helps to fill the peck. Little and often fills the purse. Moments are the golden sands of time. Every day is a little life; and our whole life is but a day repeated; those, therefore, who dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those who dare misspend it, desperate. Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle bit is a little thing, but see its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold parts of large buildings together; a word, a look, a frown, all are little things, but powerful for good or evil.

Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt—its promise redeem.

Little acts are the elements of true greatness. They raise life's value like the little figures over the larger ones in arithmetic, to its highest power. They are tests of character and disinterestedness. They are the straws upon life's deceitful current, and show the current's way. The heart comes all out in them. They move on the dial of character and responsibility significantly. They indicate the character and destiny. They help to make the immortal man. It matters not so much where we are as what we are. It is seldom that acts of moral heroism are called for. Rather the real heroism of life is, to do all its little duties promptly and faithfully.

There are no such things as trifles in the biography of man. Drops make up the sea. Acorns cover the earth with oaks and the ocean with navies. Sands make up the bar in the harbor's mouth, on which vessels are wrecked; and little things in youth accumulate into character in age, and destiny in eternity. All the links in that glorious chain which is in all and around all, we can see and admire, or at least admit; but the staple to which all is fastened, and which is the conductor of all, is the Throne of Deity.

If you cannot be a great river, bearing great vessels of blessing to the world, you can be a little spring by the wayside of life, singing merrily all day and all night, and giving a cup of cold water to every weary, thirsty one who passes by.

Life is made up of little things. He who travels

Over a continent must go step by step. He who writes books must do it sentence by sentence. He who learns a science must master it fact by fact, and principle after principle. What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes, and good deeds. One in a million—once in a lifetime—may do a heroic action; but the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is the whole life full of beauty and goodness.

There is nothing too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible. "If a straw," says Dryden, "can be made the instrument of happiness, he is a wise man who does not despise it." A very little thing makes all the difference. You stand in the engine-room of a steamer; you admit the steam to the cylinders, and the paddles turn ahead; a touch of a lever, you admit the self-same steam to the self-same cylinders, and the paddles turn astern. It is so, oftentimes, in the moral world. The turning of a straw decides whether the engines shall work forward or backward. Look to the littles. The atomic theory is the true one. The universe is but an infinite attrition of particles. The grandest whole is resolvable to fractions; or, as the ditty has it—

"Little drops of water and little grains of sand,
Fill the mighty ocean and form the solid land."

Is it not strange that, in the face of these facts, men will neglect details? that many even consider them beneath their notice, and, when they hear of the success of a business man who is, perhaps, more solid than brilliant, sneeringly say that he is "great in little things?" Is it not the "little things" that, in the aggregate, make up whatever is great? Is it not the countless grains of sand that make the beach; the trees that form the forest; the successive strata of rock that compose the mountains; the myriads of almost imperceptible stars that whiten the heavens with the milky-way? So with character, fortune, and all the concerns of life—the littles combined form the great bulk. If we look well to the disposition of these, the sum total will be cared for. It is the minutes wasted that wound the hours and mar the day. It is the pennies neglected that squander the dollars. The majority of men disdain littles—to many fractions are "vulgar" in more senses than the rule implies. It is apt to be thought indicative of a narrow mind and petty spirit to be scrupulous about littles. Yet from littles have sprung the mass of great vices and crimes. In habits, in manners, in business, we have only to watch the littles, and all will come out clear. The smallest leak, overlooked, may sink a ship—the smallest tendency to evil thinking or evil doing, left unguarded, may wreck character and life. No ridicule should dissuade us from looking to the littles. The greatest and best of men have not been above caring for the littles—some of which have to do with every hour and every purpose of our lives.

Often what seems a trifle, a mere nothing by itself, in some nice situation turns the scale of fate, and rules the most important actions. The cackling of a goose is fabled to have saved Rome from the Gauls, and the pain produced by a thistle to have warned a Scottish army of the approach to the Danes; and according to the following anecdote from Randall's "Life of Jefferson," it seems that flies contributed to hasten the American independence: While the question of independence was before Congress, it had its meeting near a livery stable. Its members wore short breeches and silk stockings, and, with handkerchief in hand, they were diligently employed in lashing the flies from their legs. So very vexatious was this annoyance, and to so great an impatience did it arouse the sufferers, that it hastened, if it did not aid in inducing them to promptly affix their signatures to the great document which gave birth to an empire republic!

Discoveries are made mostly by little things. The art of printing owes its origin to rude impressions (for the amusement of children) from letters carved on the bark of a beech tree. It was a slight matter which thousands would have passed over with neglect. Gunpowder was discovered from the falling of a spark on some material mixed in a mortar.

The stupendous results of the steam-engine may all be attributed to an individual observing steam issuing from a bottle just emptied and placed casually close to a fire. He plunged the bottle's neck into cold water and was intelligent enough to notice the instantaneous rush which ensued from this simple

condensing apparatus. Electricity was discovered by a person observing that a piece of rubbed glass, or some similar substance, attracted small bits of paper, etc.

Galvanism again owes its origin to Madame Galvani's noticing the contraction of the muscles of a skinned frog which was accidentally touched by a person at the moment of the professor, her husband, taking an electric spark from a machine. He followed up the hint by experiments.

Pendulum clocks were invented from Galileo's observing the lamp in a church swinging to and fro. The telescope we owe to some children of a spectacle-maker placing two or more pairs of spectacles before each other and looking through them at a distant object. The glimpse thus afforded was followed up by older heads.

The barometer originated in the circumstance of a pump which had been fixed higher than usual above the surface of a well. A sagacious observer hence deduced the pressure of the atmosphere and tried quicksilver.

The Argand lamp was invented by one of the brothers of that name having remarked that a tube held by chance over a candle caused it to burn with a bright flame.

Sedulous attention and painstaking industry always mark the true worker. The greatest men are not those who "despise the day of small things," but those who improve it the most carefully. Michael Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor at his

studio what he had been doing at a statue since his previous visit. "I have retouched this part—polished that—softened this feature—brought out that muscle—given some expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb." "But these are trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." So it was said of Nicholas Poissin the painter, that the rule of his conduct was, that "whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing well;" and when asked, late in life, by what means he had gained so high a reputation among the painters of Italy, he emphatically answered, "Because I have neglected nothing."

Many of the most distinguished names in the world's history were nearly half a century in attracting the admiring notice of mankind; as witness Cromwell and Cavour, and Bismarck and Palmerston, and the elder Beecher. But their star will never die; their works, their influence on the age in which they lived, will be perpetuated to remote generations. This should be encouragement to all the plodders, for *their* time may come.

It is the intelligent eye of the careful observer which gives apparently trivial phenomena their value. So trifling a matter as the sight of sea-weed floating past his ship, enabled Columbus to quell the mutiny which rose among his sailors at not discovering land, and to assure them that the eagerly sought New World was not far off. There is nothing so small that it should remain forgotten; and no fact, however

trivial, but may prove useful in some way or other if carefully interpreted. Who could have imagined that the famous "chalk-cliffs of Albion" had been built up by tiny insects—detected only by the help of the microscope—of the same order of creatures that have gemmed the sea with islands of coral! And who that contemplates such extraordinary results, arising from infinitely minute operations, will venture to question the power of little things?

It is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit in life. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts, made by successive generations of men, the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up by them growing at length into a mighty pyramid. Though many of these facts and observations seemed in the first instance to have but slight significance, they are all found to have their eventful uses, and to fit into their proper places. Even many speculations seemingly remote turn out to be the basis of results the most obviously practical. In the case of the conic sections discovered by Apollonius Pergœus, twenty centuries elapsed before they were made the basis of astronomy—a science which enables the modern navigator to steer his way through unknown seas, and traces for him in the heavens an unerring path to his appointed haven. And had not mathematics toiled for so long, and, to uninstructed observers, apparently so fruitlessly, over the abstract relations of lines and surfaces, it is probable that but few of our mechanical inventions would have seen the light.

When Franklin made his discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, it was sneered at, and people asked, "Of what use is it?" to which his apt reply was, "What is the use of a child? It may become a man!" When Galvani discovered that a frog's leg twitched when placed in contact with different metals, it could scarcely have been imagined that so apparently insignificant a fact could have lead to important results. Yet therein lay the germ of the electric telegraph, which binds the intelligence of continents together, and has "put a girdle round the globe." So, too, little bits of stone and fossil, dug out of the earth, intelligently interpreted, have issued in the science of geology and the practical operations of mining, in which large capitals are invested and vast numbers of persons profitably employed.



Economy.

ECONOMY is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease; of cheerfulness, and of health; and profuseness is a cruel and crazy demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debt; that is, fetters them with "irons that enter into their souls."

A sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action. It is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice. It is foreseeing contingencies and providing against them. Economy is one of three sisters of whom the other

and less reputable two are avarice and prodigality. She alone keeps the straight and safe path, while avarice sneers at her as profuse, and prodigality scorns at her as penurious. To the poor she is indispensable; to those of moderate means she is found the representative of wisdom. The loose change which many young men throw away uselessly, and sometimes even worse, would often form the basis of fortune and independence. But when it is so recklessly squandered it becomes the worst enemy to the young man. He will soon find that he has bought nothing but expensive habits, and perhaps a ruined character. Economy, joined to industry and sobriety is a better outfit to business than a dowry.

We don't like stinginess, we don't like economy, when it comes down to rags and starvation. We have no sympathy with the notion that the poor man should hitch himself to a post and stand still, while the rest of the world moves forward. It is no man's duty to deny himself every amusement, every recreation, every comfort, that he may get rich. It is no man's duty to make an iceberg of himself, to shut his eyes and ears to the sufferings of his fellows, and to deny himself the enjoyment that results from generous actions, merely that he may hoard wealth for his heirs to quarrel about. But there is an economy which is every man's duty, and which is especially commendable in the man who struggles with poverty—an economy which is consistent with happiness, and which must be practiced if the poor man would secure independence. It is almost every man's privilege,

and it becomes his duty, to live within his means; not to, but within them. This practice is of the very essence of honesty. For if a man does not manage honestly to live within his own means, he must necessarily be living dishonestly upon the means of some one else. If your means do not suit your ends, pursue those ends which suit your means. Men are ruined not by what they really want, but by what they think they want. Therefore they should never go abroad in *search* of their wants; if they be real wants they will come home in search of them; for if they buy what they do not want, they will soon want what they cannot buy.

Wealth does not make the man, we admit, and should never be taken into the account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured, when it can be, by the practice of economy and self-denial only to a tolerable extent. It should be secured, not so much for others to look upon, or to raise us in the estimation of others, as to secure the consciousness of independence, and the constant satisfaction which is derived from its acquirement and possession.

Simple industry and thrift will go far toward making any person of ordinary working faculty comparatively independent in his means. Almost every working man may be so, provided he will carefully husband his resources and watch the little outlets of useless expenditure. A penny is a very small matter, yet the comfort of thousands of families depends upon the proper saving and spending of pennies. If a

man allow the little pennies, the result of his hard work, to slip out of his fingers—some to the beer-shop, some this way and some that—he will find that his life is little raised above one of mere animal drudgery. On the other hand, if he take care of the pennies; putting some weekly into a benefit society or an insurance fund, others into a savings-bank, and confiding the rest to his wife to be carefully laid out, with a view to the comfortable maintenance and education of his family, he will soon find that his attention to small matters will abundantly repay him, in increasing means, growing comfort at home, and a mind comparatively free from fears as to the future. If a working man have high ambition and possess richness in spirit—a kind of wealth which far transcends all mere worldly possessions—he may not only help himself, but be a profitable helper of others in his path through life.

When one is blessed with good sense, and fair opportunities, this spirit of economy is one of the most beneficial of all secular gifts, and takes high rank among the minor virtues. It is by this mysterious power that the loaf is multiplied, that using does not waste, that little becomes much, that scattered fragments grow to unity, and that out of nothing, or next to nothing, comes the miracle of something! Economy is not merely saving, still less, parsimony. It is foresight and arrangement. It is insight and combination. It is a subtle philosophy of things by which new uses, new compositions are discovered. It causes inert things to labor, useless things to serve our

necessities, perishing things to renew their vigor, and all things to exert themselves for human comfort. Economy is generalship in little things. We know men who live better on a thousand dollars a year than others upon five thousand. We know very poor persons who bear about with them in everything a sense of fitness and nice arrangement, which makes their life artistic. There are day laborers who go home to more real comfort of neatness, arrangement, and prosperity, in their single snug room, than is found in the lordly dwellings of many millionaires. And blessings be on their good angel of economy, which wastes nothing, and yet is not sordid in saving; that lavishes nothing, and is not parsimonious in giving; that spreads out a little with the blessings of taste upon it, which, if it does not multiply the provision, more than makes it up in the pleasure given. Let no man despise economy.

There is no virtue so unduly appreciated as economy, nor is there one more truly worthy of estimation; a neglect of economy eventually leads to every misery of poverty and degradation, not unfrequently to every variety of error and of crime. Dr. Johnson asserted "that where there was no prudence, there was no virtue." Of all the maxims pronounced by that great moralist, perhaps no one was more just or more instructive. Even in that branch of prudence that directs us to take cognizance of our pecuniary affairs, the propriety of this aphorism is very striking.

The progress of civilization has incurred a necessity of barter and exchange as the means of subsistence.

Thus wealth, as the medium of acquiring all the comforts and all the luxuries of life, has obtained high consideration among mankind. Philosophers may therefore scoff as much as they please at the value placed upon riches, but they will never succeed in lessening the desire for their possession. When considered as the means of enjoying existence, it must be seen that it is only by the judicious expenditure of wealth, that this end can be obtained. Pass a few years, and the prodigal is penniless. How few, under such circumstances, directly or indirectly, are guilty of injustice and cruelty. Debts unpaid, friends deceived, kindred deprived of a rightful inheritance—such are the consequences of profusion, and are not such positive acts of injustice and cruelty? Let those, therefore, who indignantly stigmatize the miser as a pest to society, and in a fancied honorable horror of miserly meanness are for showing their nobler spirit by running into an opposite extreme, reflect, that though different the means, the results of profusion are similar, exactly conducting to the same crimes and miseries. The taste of the age is so much more friendly to prodigality; the lavish expenditure of wealth, by conducting to the gratification of society, is so often unduly applauded, that it is an extreme likely to be rushed upon. But when the real consequences of its indulgence are fairly and dispassionately surveyed, its true deformity will be quickly perceived.

In short, economy appears to induce the exertion of almost every laudable emotion; a strict regard to hon-

esty; a spirit of independence; a judicious prudence in providing for the wants; a steady benevolence in preparing for the claims of the future. Really we seem to have run the circle of the virtues; justice and disinterestedness, honesty, independence, prudence and benevolence.



Farm Life.

AGRICULTURE is the greatest among the arts, for it is first in supplying our necessities. It is the mother and nurse of all other arts. It favors and strengthens population; it creates and maintains manufactures, gives employment to navigation and materials to commerce. It animates every species of industry, and opens to nations the surest channels of opulence. It is also the strongest bond of well-regulated society, the surest basis of internal peace, the natural associate of good morals.

We ought to count among the benefits of agriculture the charm which the practice of it communicates to a country life. That charm which has made the country, in our own view, the retreat of the hero, the asylum of the sage, and the temple of the historic muse. The strong desire, the longing after the country, with which we find the bulk of mankind to be penetrated, points to it as the chosen abode of sublunary bliss. The sweet occupations of culture, with her varied products and attendant enjoyments

are, at least, a relief from the stifling atmosphere of the city, the monotony of subdivided employments, the anxious uncertainty of commerce, the vexations of ambition so often disappointed, of self-love so often mortified, of fictitious pleasures and unsubstantial vanities.

Health, the first and best of all the blessings of life, is preserved and fortified by the practice of agriculture. That state of well-being which we feel and cannot define; that self-satisfied disposition which depends, perhaps, on the perfect equilibrium and easy play of vital forces, turns the slightest acts to pleasure, and makes every exertion of our faculties a source of enjoyment; this inestimable state of our bodily functions is most vigorous in the country, and if lost elsewhere, it is in the country we expect to recover it.

“In ancient times, the sacred plow employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compared, your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war, then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plow *and greatly independent lived.*”

—THOMSON'S SEASONS.

We deplore the disposition of young men to get away from their farm homes to our large cities, where they are subject to difficulties and temptations, which but too often they fail to overcome.

Depend upon it, if you would hold your sons and brothers back from roaming away into the perilous centres, you must steadily make three attempts—to

abate the task-work of farming, to raise maximum crops and profits, and to surround your work with the exhilaration of intellectual progress. You must elevate the whole spirit of your vocation for your vocation's sake, till no other can outstrip it in what most adorns and strengthens a civilized state.

We have long observed, and with unfeigned regret, the growing tendency of young men and lads, yet early in their teens, to abandon the healthful and ennobling cares of the farm for the dangerous excitements and vicissitudes of city life and trade. Delightful firesides and friendly circles in the quiet rural districts are every day sacrificed to this lamentable mania of the times. Young men, favored with every comfort of life, and not overworked, fancy that they may do far better than "to guide the ox or turn the stubborn glebe;" and with the merest trifle of consideration their hands are withdrawn from the implements of agriculture and given to the office or shop-work of the city, which generally proves vastly less agreeable or profitable than they had (in their inexcusable thoughtlessness) anticipated. Disappointed and chagrined, they faint under the advance of

"Nimble mischance, that comes so swift of foot,"

and where one is enabled to withstand the sweeping tide of temptation, five are submerged in its angry waves and hurried on to ruin. Every year finds hundreds, ay, thousands, of such victims irrecoverably allied to the fallen and vicious of every class, from

the smoothed-tongued parlor gambler and rake, to the more degraded, if not more despicable, "Bowery Boy" and "Dead Rabbit," while the prison doors, and worse, the gates of hell, close on many "lost ones" who had been saved but for the foolish desertion of home and true friends. It has been well said that "for a young man of unstable habits and without religious principles, there is no place where he will be so soon ruined as in a large city."

Parents throughout the country have not failed to realize this startling truth, and to sorely mourn the strange inclination of their sons to encounter the fascinating snares and pitfalls of city residence and fashion. In brief, let the country lad be as well educated for the farm as his city cousin is for the bar, or the counting-room. And by all possible means let the farmer be led to properly estimate his high and honorable position in the community. "Ever remember," writes Goldthwait, "that for health and substantial wealth, for rare opportunities for self-improvement, for long life and real independence, farming is the best business in the world." History tells of one who was called from the plow to the palace, from the farm to the forum; and when he had silenced the angry tumults of a State resumed again the quiet duties of a husbandman. Of whose resting-place did Halleck write these beautiful lines?

"Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined —
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind."

He referred to Burns, the plow-boy, afterward the national bard of Scotland. And Burns himself has left evidence that he composed some of the rarest gems of his poetry while engaged in rural pursuits.

It would require volumes to enumerate the noble men who have imperishably recorded their exalted appreciation of rural life and enterprise. Every age has augmented the illustrious number. Our own immortal Washington was ever more enamored of the sickle than the sword, and unhesitatingly pronounced agriculture "the most healthy, the most useful, and the most noble employment of man."

When we walk abroad in nature, we go not as artists to study her scenes, but as her children to rejoice in her beauty. The breath of the air, the blue of the unclouded sky, the shining sun, and the green softness of the unflowered turf beneath our feet, are all that we require to make us feel that we are transported into a region of delights. We breathe and tread in a pure untroubled world, and the fresh clear delight that breathes round our senses seems to bathe our spirits in the innocence of nature. It is not that we have prized a solitude which secludes us from the world of life; but the aspects on which we look breathe a spirit; the characters we read speak a language which, mysterious and obscurely intelligible as they are, draw us on with an eager and undefined desire. In shapes and sounds of fear; in naked crags, gulfs, precipices, torrents that have rage without beauty, desolate places; there is to that temper of mind an attractive power. All speak in some way to

the spirit, and raise up in it new and hidden emotion, which, even when mingled with pain, it is glad to feel; for such emotion makes discovery to it of its own nature, and the interest it feels so strongly springs up from and returns into itself.

Of all occupations, that of agriculture is best calculated to induce love of country, and rivet it firmly on the heart. No profession is more honorable, none as conducive to health, peace, tranquility and happiness. More independent than any other calling, it is calculated to produce an innate love of liberty. The farmer stands upon a lofty eminence, and looks upon the bustle of cities, the intricacies of mechanism, the din of commerce, and brain-confusing, body-killing literature, with feelings of personal freedom, peculiarly his own. He delights in the prosperity of the city as his market place, acknowledges the usefulness of the mechanic, admires the enterprise of the commercial man, and rejoices in the benefits that flow from the untiring investigations and developments of science; then turns his thoughts to the pristine quiet of his agrarian domain, and covets not the fame that accumulates around the other professions.



Success.

TWENTY clerks in a store; twenty hands in a printing office; twenty apprentices in a shipyard; twenty young men in a village—all want to get on in the

world, and expect to succeed. One of the clerks will become a partner and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master builder; one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky! there is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the Rule of Three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure hours to the acquisition of knowledge, who never gets into debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old dusty highway—but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune and serene old age, all go on in this road.

We hear a great deal about “good luck” and “bad luck.” If a person has prospered in business, he is said to have had “good luck.” If he has failed, he has had “bad luck.” If he has been sick, good or bad luck is said to have visited him, accordingly as he got well or died. Or, if he has remained in good health, while others have been attacked by some epidemic disease, he has had the “good luck to escape that with which others have had the “bad luck” to be seized. Good or bad luck is, in most cases, but a synonym for good or bad judgment. The prudent, the considerate, and the circumspect seldom complain of ill luck.

We do not know anything which more fascinates youth than what, for want of a better word, we may call brilliancy. Gradually, however, this peculiar kind of estimation changes very much. It is no longer those who are brilliant, those who affect to do the most and the best work with the least apparent pains and trouble, whom we are most inclined to admire. We eventually come to admire labor, and to respect it the more, the more openly it is proclaimed by the laborious man to be the cause of his success, if he has any success to boast of.

A great moral safeguard is the habit of industry. This promotes our happiness; and so leaves no cravings for those vices which lead on and down to sin and its untold miseries. Industry conducts to prosperity. Fortunes may, it is true, be won in a day; but may also be lost in a day. It is only the hand of the diligent that makes one premanently rich. The late Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, a model merchant and publisher, in his last hours spoke of the value of a steady pursuit of one's legitimate business. He commented on the insane traffic in gold at that moment, as ruinous to the country and the parties engaged in it. "The pathway of its track," said he, "is strewn with wrecks of men and fortunes; but few have failed of success who were honest, earnest, and patient." He attributed his own success to his clinging to his resolution to avoid all speculations, and steadily pursuing the business of his choice. He had been bred to the trade of a broker; but thought it as dangerous as the lottery and dice. And no young

man could fail to be warned by him, who had seen the frenzy that comes over the "Brokers' Board." "A Babel of conflicting sounds—a hot oven of excitement" is that board; it is a moral storm which few can withstand long. How much wiser is he who keeps out of this whirlpool, content with an honest calling and reasonable gains.

Who are the successful men? They are those who when boys were compelled to work either to help themselves or their parents, and who when a little older were under the stern necessity of doing more than their legitimate share of labor; who as young men had their wits sharpened by having to devise ways and means of making their time more available than it would be under ordinary circumstances. Hence in reading the lives of eminent men who have greatly distinguished themselves, we find their youth passed in self-denials of food, sleep, rest, and recreation. They sat up late, rose early, to the performance of imperative duties, doing by daylight the work of one man, and by night that of another. Said a gentleman, the other day, now a private banker of high integrity, and who started in life without a dollar, "For years I was in my place of business by sunrise, and often did not leave it for fifteen or eighteen hours." Let not, then, any youth be discouraged if he has to make his own living, or even to support a widowed mother, or sick sister, or unfortunate relative; for this has been the road to eminence of many a proud name. This is the path which printers and teachers have often trod—thorny enough at times, at

others so beset with obstacles as to be almost impassible; but the way was cleared, sunshine came, success followed—then the glory and renown.

The secret of one's success or failure in nearly every enterprise is usually contained in answer to the question: How earnest is he? Success is the child of confidence and perseverance. The talent of success is simply doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame. Fame never comes because it is craved. Success is the best test of capacity. Success is not always a proper criterion for judging a man's character. It is certain that success naturally confirms us in a favorable opinion of ourselves. Success in life consists in the proper and harmonious development of those faculties which God has given us.

Be thrifty that you may have wherewith to be charitable. He that labors and thrives spins gold.

We are familiar with people who whine continually at fate. To believe them, never was a lot so hard as theirs; yet those who know their history will generally tell you that their life has been but one long tale of opportunities disregarded, or misfortunes otherwise deserved. Perhaps they were born poor. In this case they hate the rich, and have always hated them, but without ever having emulated their prudence or energy. Perhaps they have seen their rivals more favored by accident. In this event they forget how many have been less lucky than themselves; so they squandered their little, because, as they say, they cannot save as much as others. Irritated at life, they

grow old prematurely. Dissatisfied with everything, they never permit themselves to be happy. Because they are not born at the top of the wheel of fortune, they refuse to take hold of the spoke as the latter comes around, but lie stubborn to the dirt, crying like spoiled children, neither doing anything themselves, nor permitting others to do it for them.

Some men make a mistake in marrying. They do not in this matter begin right. Have they their fortunes still to make? Too often, instead of seeking one who would be a helpmate in the true sense of the term, they unite themselves to a giddy, improvident creature, with nothing to recommend her but the face of a doll and a few showy accomplishments. Such a wife, they discover too late, neither makes home happy nor helps to increase her husband's means. At first, thriftless, extravagant and careless, she gradually becomes cross and reproachful, and while she envies other women, and reproaches her husband because he cannot afford to maintain her like them, is really the principal cause of his ill-fortune. The selection of a proper companion is one of the most important concerns of life. A well-assorted marriage assists, instead of retarding, a man's prosperity. Select a sensible, agreeable, amiable woman, and you will have secured a prize "better than riches." If you do otherwise, then, alas for you!

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Everything is gained, and nothing lost, by courtesy." "Good manners secure success." Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor. "He who

waits for dead men's shoes may have to go a long time barefoot." And above all, "*Nil desperandum*," for "Heaven helps those who help themselves." If you implicitly follow these precepts, nothing can hinder you from accumulating. Let the business of everybody else alone, and attend to your own; don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to advantage, and study to make even leisure hours useful; think twice before you throw away a shilling; remember you will have another to make for it; find recreation in your own business; buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and, if you find an error, trace it out; should a stroke of misfortune come over your trade, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track; confront difficulties with unceasing perseverance, and they will disappear at last; though you should fail in the struggle, you will be honored; but shrink from the task and you will be despised.

Engage in one kind of business only, and stick to it faithfully until you succeed, or until your experience shows that you should abandon it. A constant hammering on one nail will generally drive it home at last, so that it can be clinched. When a man's undivided attention is centred on one object, his mind will constantly be suggesting improvements of value, which would escape him if his brain were occupied by a dozen different subjects at once. Many a fortune has slipped through a man's fingers because he was engaging in too many occupations at a time. There is good sense in the old caution against having too many irons in the fire at once.

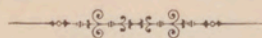
“At thy first entrace upon thy estate,” once said a wise man, “keep low sail, that thou mayst rise with honor; thou canst not decline without shame; he that begins where his father ends, will end where his father began.”

Everywhere in human experience, as frequently in nature, hardship is the vestibule of the highest success. That magnificent oak was detained twenty years in its upward growth while its roots took a great turn around a boulder by which the tree was anchored to withstand the storms of centuries.

In our intercourse with the world a cautious circumspection is of great advantage. Slowness of belief, and a proper distrust, are essential to success. The credulous and confiding are ever the dupes of knaves and impostors. Ask those who have lost their property how it happened, and you will find in most cases it has been owing to misplaced confidence. One has lost by indorsing; another by crediting; another by false representations; all of which a little more foresight and a little more distrust would have prevented. In the affairs of this world men are not saved by faith, but by the want of it.

They who are eminently successful in business, or who achieve greatness, or even notoriety in any pursuit, must expect to make enemies. Whoever becomes distinguished is sure to be a mark for the malicious spite of those who, not deserving success themselves, are galled by the merited triumph of the more worthy. Moreover, the opposition which originates in such despicable motives, is sure to be of the

most unscrupulous character; hesitating at no iniquity, descending to the shabbiest littleness. Opposition, if it be honest and manly, is not in itself undesirable. It is the whetstone by which a highly tempered nature is polished and sharpened. He that has never known adversity, is but half acquainted with others or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For, as it surrounds us with friends, who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.



Industry.

OUR success in life generally bears a direct proportion to the exertions we make, and if we aim at nothing we shall certainly achieve nothing. By the remission of labor and energy, it often happens that poverty and contempt, disaster and defeat, steal a march upon prosperity and honor, and overwhelm us with reverses and shame.

A very important principle in the business of money-getting, is industry—persevering, indefatigable attention to business. Persevering diligence is the philosopher's stone, which turns everything to gold. Constant, regular, habitual, and systematic application to business, must, in time, if properly directed, produce great results. It must lead to wealth, with the same certainty that poverty follows in the train of idleness and inattention.

It has been said that the best cure for hard times is to cheat the doctor by being temperate; the lawyer, by keeping out of debt; the demagogue, by voting for honest men; and poverty, by being industrious.

To industry, guided by reasonable intelligence and economy, every people can look with certainty as an unfailling source of temporal prosperity. Whatever is useful or beautiful in art, science or other human attainment, has come from industry. In the humblest pursuits, industry may be accompanied by the noblest intelligence, so that respect, place and power are open to its humblest honest practicer. Let no man spurn industry as his temporal shield; it is the safest and surest he can buckle to his arm, and with it he may defy the want and poverty which, more than everything else, destroy the independence of man.

Honorable industry always travels the same road with enjoyment and duty; and progress is altogether impossible without it. The idle pass through life leaving as little trace of their existence as foam upon the water, or smoke upon the air; whereas the industrious stamp their character upon their age, and influence not only their own but all succeeding generations. Labor is the best test of the energies of men, and furnishes an admirable training for practical wisdom.

Practical industry, wisely and vigorously applied, never fails of success. It carries a man onward and upward, brings out his individual character, and powerfully stimulates the action of others. All may not rise equally, yet each, on the whole, very much according to his deserts. "Though all cannot live

on the piazza," as the Tuscan proverb has it, "every one may feel the sun."

Industry is the heir of fortune; the companion of honesty and honor; the beautiful sister of temperance, health and ease—one of the noble virtues which links with perfection.

Industry has a physical blessing; limbs strengthened by exercise, and sinews braced by exertion; every organ performing its legitimate duty, and kept in its appointed office; the blood circulated by motion, and the joints pliant from use; disease repelled by internal vigor; appetite created by the calls of increasing strength; rest rendered welcome by previous labor; sleep become acceptable after busy working. The habit, free from the petty ailments entailed by sluggishness, no longer falls a prey to peevishness and irritation, and time employed, not wasted in murmurs and discontent. The temper, less tried by bodily infirmity and secret upbraidings, acquires equanimity. The spirits, unharrassed by petty pains and plagues, rise to cheerfulness. The faculties, unimpaired by disease, unblunted by disuse, more vigorously expand. The whole man, active, useful, and happy, is enabled to resist the approaches of infirmity, sickness, and sorrow; to enjoy a vigorous old age, and to drop after a brief struggle his mortal frame, to soar with improved powers into a state of improved being. While in idleness, the disordered frame, gradually sickening, oppresses the vital powers. The mind, weakened and stupefied, imbibes wild or gloomy ideas; the better faculties are crushed

and curbed, and the whole man at last sinks beneath the undermining mischiefs of insidious sloth.

Is this a wretched picture? Whilst we feel that though it is so, it is also a true one, let us gratefully remember, that such a state is not inevitable, but that it is one incurred from choice, and produced by voluntary permission. Reverse the picture, extirpate sloth, and in its place introduce activity, and how mighty is the difference? The wand of Harlequin could never produce a more striking change.

In vain has nature thrown obstacles and impediments in the way of man. He surmounts every difficulty interposed between his energy and his enterprise. Over seas and mountains his course is unchecked; he directs the lightning's wings, and almost annihilates space and time. Oceans, rivers, and deserts are explored; hills are leveled, and the rugged places made smooth. "On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in." The soil teems with fertility, and under the cunning and diligent hand of his taste and skill, the whole earth is beautified and improved.

The stimulus of a painful necessity urges man to ceaseless effort, and the world is filled with monuments and memorials of his industry, his zeal, his patient labor, his masterly spirit, and his indomitable perseverance.

"All is the gift of industry: whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful."

Honesty.

THE first step toward greatness is to be honest, says the proverb; but the proverb fails to state the case strong enough. Honesty is not only the first step toward greatness—it is greatness itself.

It is with honesty in one particular as with wealth; those that have the thing care less about the credit of it than those that have it not. What passes as open-faced honesty is often masked malignity. He who saith there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave. When any one complains, as Diogenes did, that he has to hunt the street with candles at noon-day to find an honest man, we are apt to think that his nearest neighbor would have quite as much difficulty as himself in making the discovery. If you think there isn't an honest man living, you had better, for appearance sake, put off saying it until you are dead yourself. Honesty is the best policy, but those who do honest things merely because they think it good policy, are not honest. No man has ever been too honest. Cicero believed that nothing is useful that is not honest. He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known. There is an alchemy in a high heart which transmutes other things to its own quality.

The truth of the good old maxim, that "Honesty is the best policy," is upheld by the daily experience

of life; uprightness and integrity being found as successful in business as in everything else. As Hugh Miller's worthy uncle used to advise him, "In all your dealings give your neighbor the cast of the bank—'good measure, heaped up, and running over'—and you will not lose by it in the end."

Honesty is the best policy. But no man can be upright, amid the various temptations of life, unless he is honest for the right's sake. You should not be honest from the low motive of policy, but because you feel the better for being honest. The latter will hold you fast, let the element set as it will, let storms blow ever so fiercely; the former is but a cable of pack-thread, which will snap apart. In the long run, character is better than capital. Most of the great American merchants, whose revenues outrank those of princes, owe their colossal fortunes principally to a character for integrity and ability. Lay the foundations of a character broad and deep. Build them on a rock, and not on sand. The rains may then descend, the floods rise and the winds blow, but your house will stand. But, establish a character for loose dealings, and lo! some great tempest will sweep it away.

The religious tradesman complains that his honesty is a hindrance to his success; that the tide of custom pours into the doors of his less scrupulous neighbors in the same street, while he himself waits for hours idle. My brother, do you think that God is going to reward honor, integrity and high-mindedness

with this world's coin? Do you fancy that he will pay spiritual excellence with plenty of custom? Now consider the price that man has paid for his success — perhaps mental degradation and inward dishonor. His advertisements are all deceptive; his treatment of his workmen tyrannical; his cheap prices made possible by inferior articles. Sow that man's seed, and you will reap that man's harvest. Cheat, lie, advertise, be unscrupulous in your assertions, custom will come to you; but if the price is too dear, let him have his harvest, and take yours. Yours is a clear conscience, a pure mind, rectitude within and without. Will you part with that for his? Then why do you complain? He has paid his price; you do not choose to pay it.

Some, in their passion for sudden accumulation, practice secret frauds, and imagine there is no harm in it, so they be not detected. But in vain will they cover up their transgressions; for God sees it to the bottom; and let them not hope to keep it always from man. The birds of the air sometimes carry the tale abroad. In the long web of events, "be sure your sin will find you out." He who is carrying on a course of latent corruption and dishonesty, be he president of some mammoth corporation, or engaged only in private transactions, is sailing in a ship like that fabled one of old, which ever comes nearer and nearer to a magnetic mountain, that will at last draw every nail out of it. All faith in God, and all trust in man will eventually be lost, and he will get no reward for his guilt. The very winds will sigh forth

his iniquity; and "a beam will come out of the wall," and convict and smite him.

Strict honesty is the crown of one's early days. "Your son will not do for me," was once said to a friend of mine; "he took pains, the other day, to tell a customer of a small blemish in a piece of goods." The salesboy is sometimes virtually taught to declare that goods cost such or such a sum; that they are strong, fashionable, perfect, when the whole story is false. So is the bloom of a God-inspired truthfulness not seldom brushed from the cheek of our simple-hearted children.

We hope and trust these cases are rare; but even one such house as we allude to, may ruin the integrity and the fair fame of many a lad. God grant our young men to feel that "an honest man is the noblest work of God," and, under all temptations, to *live* as they feel.

The possession of the principle of honesty is a matter known most intimately to the man and his God, and fully, only to the latter. No man knows the extent and strength of his own honesty, until he has passed the fiery ordeal of temptation. Men shudder at the dishonesty of others, at one time in life; then, sailing before the favorable wind of prosperity, when adversity overtakes them, their honesty too often flies away on the same wings with their riches; and, what they once viewed with holy horror, they now practice with shameless impunity. Others, at the commencement of a prosperous career, are quite above any tricks in trade; but their love of money increases with their wealth, their honesty relaxes, they become

hard honest men, then hardly honest, and are, finally, confirmed in dishonesty.

On the great day of account, it will be found, that men have erred more in judging of the honesty of others than in any one thing else; not even religion excepted. Many who have been condemned, and had the stigma of dishonesty fixed upon them, because misfortune disabled them from paying their just debts, will stand acquitted by the Judge of quick and dead, whilst others cover dishonest hearts and actions, undetected by man.

It is our earnest desire to eradicate the impression, so fatal to many a young man, that one cannot live by being perfectly honest. You must have known men who have gone on for years in unbroken prosperity and yet never adopted that base motto, "All is fair in trade." You must have seen, too, noble examples of those who have met with losses and failures, and yet risen from them all with a conscious integrity, and who have been sustained by the testimony of all around them, that, though unfortunate, they were never dishonest. When we set before you such examples, when we show you, not only that "honesty is the best policy," but that it is the very keystone of the whole arch of manly and Christian qualities, it cannot be that every ingenuous heart does not respond to the appeal. Heaven grant all such to feel that "an honest man is the noblest work God," and to live as they feel.

Character.

THERE is a structure which every body is building, young and old, each one for himself. It is called *character*, and every act of life is a stone. If day by day we be careful to build our lives with pure, noble, upright deeds, at the end will stand a fair temple, honored by God and man. But, as one leak will sink a ship, and one flaw break a chain, so one mean, dishonorable, untruthful act or word will forever leave its impress and work its influence on our characters. Then, let the several deeds unite to form a day, and one by one the days grow into noble years, and the years, as they slowly pass, will raise at last a beautiful edifice, enduring forever to our praise.

There are as many master-workmen in you as there are separate faculties; and there are as many blows struck as there are separate acts of emotion or volition. Every single day these myriad forces are building, building, building. Here is a great structure going up, point by point, story by story, although you are not conscious of it. It is a building of character. It is a building that must stand, and the word of inspiration warns you to take heed how you build it; to see to it that you have a foundation that shall endure; to make sure that you are building on it, not for the hour in which you live, but for that hour of revelation, when you shall be seen just as you are.

Our minds are given us, but our characters we

make. Our mental powers must be cultivated. The full measure of all the powers necessary to make a man are no more a character than a handful of seeds is an orchard of fruits. Plant the seeds and tend them well, and they will make an orchard. Cultivate the powers and harmonize them well, and they will make a noble character. The germ is not the tree, the acorn is not the oak, neither is the mind a character. God gives the mind, man makes the character. The mind is the garden; the character is the fruit; the mind is the white page; the character is the writing we put on it. The mind is the metallic plate; the character is our engraving thereon. The mind is the shop, the counting-room; the character is our profits on the trade. Large profits are made from quick sales and small per centage. So great characters are made by many little acts and efforts. A dollar is composed of a thousand mills; so is a character of a thousand thoughts and acts. The secret thoughts never expressed, the inward indulgences in imaginary wrong; the lie never told for want of courage, the licentiousness never indulged in from fear of public rebuke, the irreverence of the heart, are just as effectual in staining the character as though the world knew all about them. A subtle thing is a character; and a constant work is its formation. Whether it be good or bad, it has been long in its growth, and is the aggregate of millions of little mental acts. A good character is a precious thing, above rubies, gold, crowns, or kingdoms, and the work of making it is the noblest labor on earth.

Character is formed by a course of actions, and not actions by character. A person can have no character before he has had actions. Though an action be ever so glorious in itself, it ought not to pass for great, if it be not the effect of wisdom and good design. Great actions carry their glory with them as the ruby wears its colors. Whatever be your condition or calling in life, keep in view the whole of your existence. Act not for the little span of time allotted you in this world, but act for eternity.

Characters formed by circumstances are much like machine poetry. They will do for the sport of mirth, and the torment of the senses of the beautiful. But they are horrible things. It makes angels weep to look at them. They are the picture of old chaos, a mass of confusion. A thousand winds have blown together the materials of which they are made. They usually lack order, harmony, consistency, and beauty, the very elements and essentials of a good character. They are those aimless nuisances that live for nothing, and molder, and become putrid, about the sewers of the world. If aught on earth is despicable, it is these porous masses of conglomerated filth and scum that float on the surface of society, driven or attracted by every speck of circumstance about them. They are purposeless, powerless, enervated automatons, playing second fiddle to chance. One brave will to resist evil and hold fast to good, is worth a million of them. One stout soul, with a resolute determination to make its own character, after the pattern of its own high-wrought ideal, that, Jackson-

like, takes the responsibility of being what suits its well-formed judgment, is of more real significance than an army of them. It will stand against them, and defy their power.

Every man is bound to aim at the possession of a good character, as one of the highest objects of his life. The very effort to secure it by worthy means will furnish him with a motive for exertion; and his idea of manhood, in proportion as it is elevated, will steady and animate his motive. It is well to have a high standard of life, even though we may not be able altogether to realize it. "The youth," says Disraeli, "who does not look up will look down; and the spirit that does not soar is destined, perhaps, to grovel." He who has a high standard of living and thinking will certainly do better than he who has none at all. We would have young men, as they start in life, regard character as a capital, much surer to yield full returns than any other capital, unaffected by panics and failures, fruitful when all other investments lie dormant, having as certain promise in the present life as in that which is to come. Character is like stock in trade; the more of it a man possesses, the greater his facilities for adding 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.

Trifles discover a character more than actions of importance. In regard to the former, a person is off his guard, and thinks it not material to use disguise. It is no imperfect hint toward the discovery of a man's

character to say he looks as though you might be certain of finding a pin upon his sleeve. Truthfulness is a corner-stone in character, and if it is not firmly laid in youth, there will be ever after a weak spot in the foundation.

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, the last that age should forget.

The value of character is the standard of human progress. The individual, the community, the nation tells its standing, its advancement, its worth, its true wealth and glory in the eye of God by its estimation of character. That man or nation who or which lightly esteems character, is low, groveling and barbarous. Wherever character is made a secondary object, sensualism and crime prevail. He who would prostitute character to reputation is base. He who lives for anything less than character is mean. He who enters upon any study, pursuit, amusement, pleasure, habit, or course of life, without considering its effect upon his character, is not a trusty or an honest man. He whose modes of thought, states of feeling, every-day acts, common language, and whole outward life, are not directed by a wise reference to their influence upon his character, is a man always to be watched. Just as a man prizes his character, so is he. This is the true standard of a man.

Principle and Right.

We often judge unwisely. We approve or condemn men by their actions. But it so happens that many a man whom we condemn, God approves; and many a one whom we approve, God condemns. Here below it often happens that we have saints in prisons and devils in priestly robes. We often view things under a false sight, and pass our judgments accordingly; but God judges from behind the veil, where motives reveal themselves like lightnings on a cloud.

Now, right and might lie in motive. Personally they answer the question, "Ought I?" and "Can I?" Some men ask, "Ought I do this?" Others ask, "Can I do this?" It is the angel that asks, "Ought I to do this?" It is the devil that asks, "Can I do this?"

We all have good and bad in us. The good would do what it ought to do; the bad does what it can do. The good dwells in the kingdom of right; the bad sits on the throne of might. Right is a loyal subject; might is a royal tyrant. Right is the foundation of the river of peace; might is the mother of war and its abominations. Right is the evangel of God that proclaims the "acceptable year of the Lord;" might is the scourge of the world that riots in carnage, groans and blood. Right is the arm of freedom made bare and beautiful in the eyes of all the good in heaven and earth; might is the sword of power unsheathed in the hand of oppression. Right gains

its victories by peace; might conquers only by war. Right strengthens its army by the increase of all its conquered; might weakens its force by every victory, as a part of its power must stand guard over its new-made subjects. Right rules by invitation; might by compulsion. Right is from above; might from below; Right is unselfish; might knows nothing but self. Right is for the whole; might is for one. Right is unassuming; might is pompous as a king. Right is instructive; might is dictatorial. Right reasons like a philosopher, and prepares the ground on which it sows; might stalks on like madness, reckless of everything but the end sought. Right is a lamb, cropping buds and flowers to make itself more beautiful; might is a tiger prowling in search of prey. Right is a moralist resting in principle; might is a worldling seeking for pleasure. These are inward principles contending with each other in every human soul.

There are men, and their number is not small, who make principle and right depend on policy. They are honest when they think it policy to be honest. They smile when it is policy, though they design to stab the next minute. Men of policy are honest when it is convenient and plainly profitable. When honesty costs nothing and will pay well, they are honest; but when policy will pay best, they give honesty the slip at once. When they think honesty is the best policy they are most conscientiously honest; but when policy will, in their judgment, serve them a better turn, their consciences change faces.

very quickly. Principle, right and honesty are always, and everywhere, and eternally best. It is hard to make honesty and policy work together in the same mind. When one is out, the other is in. Honesty will not stay where policy is permitted to visit. They do not think or act alike, and never can be made to agree. They have nothing in common. One is the prophet of God, the other of Baal.

There are men who choose honesty as a soul companion. They live in it, and with it, and by it. They embody it in their actions and lives. Their words speak it. Their faces beam it. Their actions proclaim it. Their hands are true to it. Their feet tread its path. They are full of it. They love it. It is to them like a God. They believe it is of God. With religious awe they obey its behests. Not gold, or crowns, or fame, could bribe them to leave it. They are wedded to it from choice. It is their first love. It makes them beautiful men; yea, more, noble men, great, brave, righteous men. When God looks about for his jewels, these are the men his eye rests on, well pleased. He keeps his angels employed in making crowns for them, and they make crowns for themselves too! Crowns of honesty! To some men they seem not very beautiful in the dim light of earth; but when the radiance of heaven is opened upon them, they will reflect it in gorgeous splendor. Nothing is brighter; nothing is better; nothing is worth more, or more substantial. Honesty, peerless queen of principles! how her smile enhaloes the men who love her! How ready they are to suffer

for her, to die for her! They are the martyrs. See them! What a multitude! Some at the stake; some in stocks; some in prison; some before judges as criminals; some on gibbets, and some on the cross. But they are all sustained. They smile on their foes. They have peace within. They are strong and brave in heart. Their souls are dauntless as the bright old sun.



Value of Reputation.

Who shall estimate the cost of a priceless reputation—that impress which gives this human dross its currency—without which we stand despised, debased, depreciated? Who shall repair it injured? Who can redeem it lost? Oh, well and truly does the great philosopher of poetry esteem the world's wealth as “trash” in the comparison. Without it, gold has no value; birth, no distinction; station, no dignity; beauty, no charm; age, no reverence; without it every treasure impoverishes, every grace deforms, every dignity degrades, and all the arts, the decorations, and accomplishments of life stand, like the beacon-blaze upon a rock, warning the world that its approach is dangerous; that its contact is death.

The wretch without it is under *eternal quarantine*; no friend to greet; no home to harbor him. The voyage of his life becomes a joyless peril; and in the midst of all ambition can achieve, or avarice amass,

or rapacity plunder, he tosses on the surge, *a buoyant pestilence*. But let me not degrade into selfishness of individual safety or individual exposure this individual principle; it testifies a higher, a more ennobling origin.

It is this which, consecrating the humble circle of the hearth, will at times extend itself to the circumference of the horizon; which nerves the arm of the patriot to save his country; which lights the lamp of the philosopher to amend man; which, if it does not inspire, will yet invigorate the martyr to merit immortality; which, when one world's agony is passed, and the glory of another is dawning, will prompt the prophet, even in his chariot of fire, and in his vision of Heaven, to bequeath to mankind the mantle of his memory!

Oh, divine! oh, delightful legacy of a spotless reputation! Rich is the inheritance it leaves; pious the example it testifies; pure, precious, and imperishable, the hope which it inspires! Can there be conceived a more atrocious injury than to filch from its possessor this inestimable benefit—to rob society of its charm, and solitude of its solace; not only to out-law life, but to attain death, converting the very grave, the refuge of the sufferer, into the gate of infamy and of shame!

We can conceive few crimes beyond it. He who plunders one's property takes from him that which can be repaired by time; but what period can repair a ruined reputation? He who maims one's person, affects that which medicine may remedy; but what

herb has sovereignty over the wounds of slander? He who ridicules one's poverty, or reproaches one's profession, upbraids him with that which industry may retrieve, and integrity may purify; but what riches shall redeem the bankrupt fame? What power shall blanch the sullied snow of character? There can be no injury more deadly. There can be no crime more cruel. It is without remedy. It is without antidote. It is without evasion.

The reptile, calumny, is ever on the watch. From the fascinations of its eye no activity can escape; from the venom of its fang no sanity can recover. It has no enjoyment but crime; it has no prey but virtue; it has no interval from the restlessness of its malice, save when, bloated with its victims, it grovels to disgorge them at the withered shrine where envy idolizes her own infirmities.



Fame.

Though fame is smoke,
Its fumes are frankincense to human thoughts.

— BYRON.

FAME, like money, should neither be despised nor idolized. An honest fame, based on worth and merit, and gained, like large estates, by prudence and industry, deservedly perpetuates the names of the great and good.

No glory or fame is both consolatory and enduring

unless based on virtue, wisdom, and justice. That acquired by wild ambition, is tarnished by association—time deepens the stain. We read the biography of Washington with calmness and delight; that of Bonaparte with mingled feelings of admiration and abhorrence. We admire the gigantic powers of his intellect, the vastness of his designs, the boldness of their execution; but turn, with horror, from the slaughter-fields of his ambition, and his own dreadful end. His giddy height of power served to plunge him deeper in misery; his lofty ambition increased the burning tortures of his exile; his towering intellect added a duplicate force to the consuming pangs of his disappointment. His fatal end should cool the ardor of all who have an inordinate desire for earthly glory.

The praises and commendations of intimates and friends, are the greatest and most impassable obstacles to real superiority. Better were it, that they should whip us with cords and drive us to work, than that they should extol and exaggerate our childish scintillations and puerile achievements.

False fame is the rushlight which we, or our attendants, kindle in our apartments. We witness its feeble burning, and its gradual but certain decline. It glimmers for a little while, when, with flickering and palpitating radiance, it soon expires.

Egotism and vanity detract from fame as ostentation diminishes the merit of an action. He that is vain enough to cry up himself, ought to be punished with the silence of others. We soil the splendor of

our most beautiful actions by our vainglorious magnifying them. There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage as fame, nor any which, by ill management, makes so contemptible a figure. The desire of being thought famous is often a hindrance to being so; for such an one is more solicitous to let the world see what knowledge he hath than to learn that which he wants. Men are found to be vainer on account of those qualities which they fondly believe they have, than of those which they really have. Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools or instruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only drew the bellows.

Be not so greedy of popular applause as to forget that the same breath which blows up a fire may blow it out again. True fame is the light of heaven. It cometh from afar. It shines powerfully and brightly, but not always without clouds and shadows, which interpose, but do not destroy; eclipse, but do not extinguish. Like the glorious sun, it will continue to diffuse its beams when we are no more; for other eyes will hail the light, when we are withdrawn from it.

Great and decided talent is a tower of strength which cannot be subverted. Envy, detraction, and persecution are missiles hurled against it only to fall harmless at its base, and to strengthen what they cannot overthrow. It seeks not the applause of the present moment, in which folly or mediocrity often secure the preference; but it extends its bright and prophetic vision through the "dark obscure" of dis-

tant time, and bequeaths to remote generations the vindication of its honor and fame, and the clear comprehension of its truths.

No virtues and learning are inherited, but rather ignorance and misdirected inclinations; and assiduous and persevering labor must correct these defects, and make a fruitful garden of that soil which is naturally encumbered with stones and thistles. All home-triumphs and initiatory efforts are nothing worth. That which is great, commanding, and lasting, must be won by stubborn energy, by patient industry, by unwearied application, and by indefatigable zeal. We must lie down and groan, and get up and toil. It is a long race, not a pleasant walk, and the prize is not a leaf or a bauble, but a chaplet or a crown. The spectators are not friends, but foes; and the contest is one in which thousands fall through weakness and want of real force and courage.

We may add virtue to virtue, strength to strength, and knowledge to knowledge, and yet fail, and soon be lost and forgotten in that mighty and soul-testing struggle, in which few come off conquerors and win an induring and imperishable name. If we embark on this course, we shall need stout hearts conjoined with invincible minds. We must bid adieu to vice, to sloth, to flatteries and ease,

“And scorn delights and live laborious days.”



Engraved & Colored by James Duncanson

THE DEPARTURE.

FOR THE ROYAL NAVY OF LIFE.

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 or a bauble, but a chaplet or a crown. The
 tors are not friends, but foes; and the contest
 in which thousands fall through weakness and
 of real force and courage.

We may add virtue to virtue, strength to strength,
 and knowledge to knowledge, and yet fail, and
 be lost and forgotten in that mighty and sore
 struggle, in which few come off conquerors,
 an enduring and imperishable name. If we
 on this course, we shall need stout hearts
 with invincible minds. We must bid adieu
 to ease, to flatteries and ease;

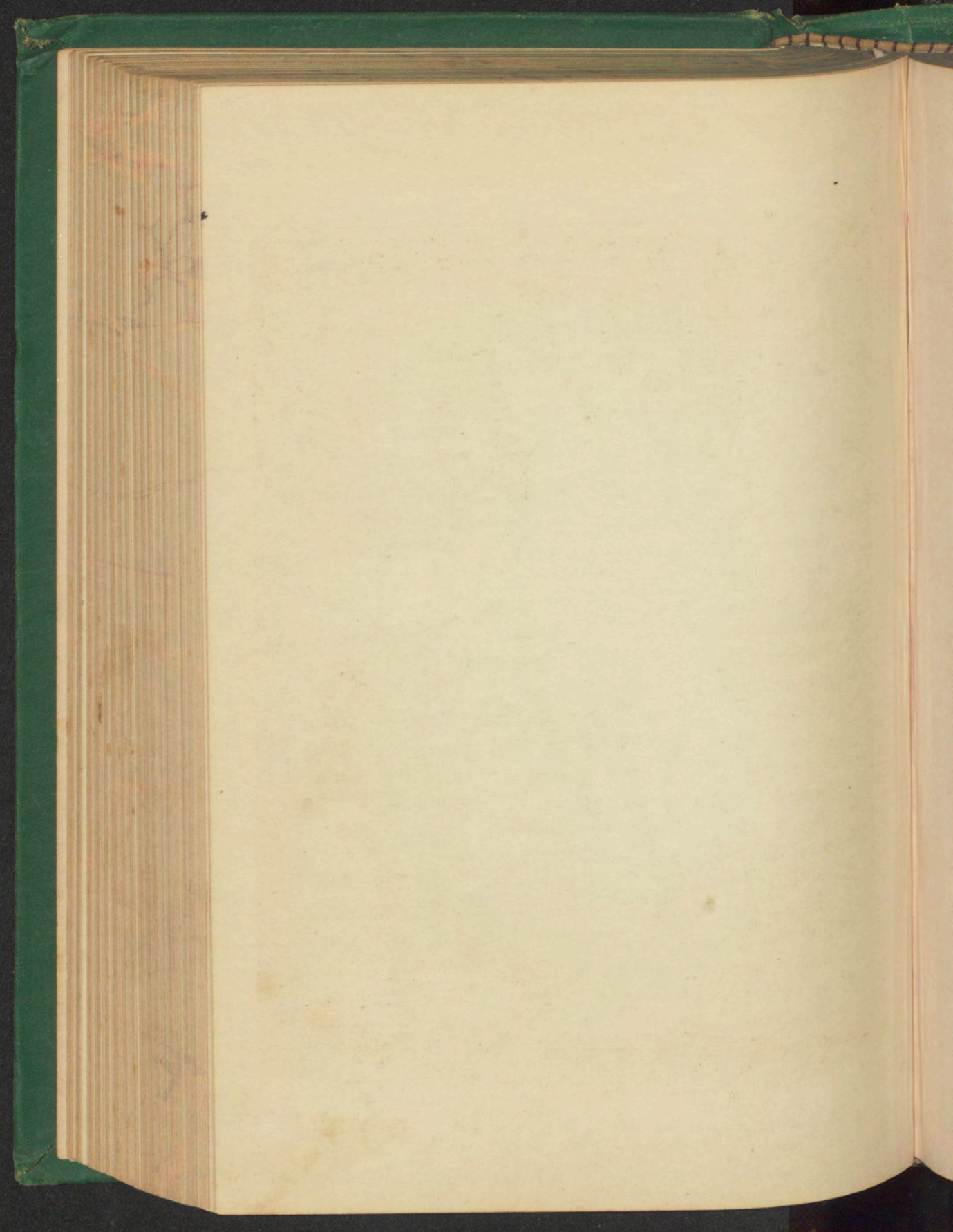
* And worst delights and the laborious days.



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THE DEPARTURE.

FOR THE ROYAL PATH OF LIFE.



Ambition.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.

—BYRON.

SOME conceited wights, who study party politics more than philosophy or ethics, call all the laudable desires of the human heart ambition, aiming to strip the monster of its deformity, that they may use it as the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. The former are based on philanthropy, the latter on selfishness. Lexicographers define ambition to be an earnest desire of power, honor, preferment, pride. The honor that is awarded to power is of doubtful grandeur, and the power that is acquired by ambition is held by a slender tenure, a mere rope of sand. Its hero often receives the applause of the multitude one day, and its execrations the next. The summit of vain ambition is often the depth of misery. Based on a sandy foundation, it falls before the blasts of envy, and the tornado of faction. It is inflated by a gaseous thirst for power, like a balloon with hydrogen, and is in constant danger of being exploded by the very element that causes its elevation. It eschews charity, and deals largely in the corrosive sublimate of falsehood. Like the kite, it cannot rise in a calm, and requires a constant wind to preserve its upward

course. The fulcrum of ignorance, and the lever of party spirit, form its magic power. An astute writer has well observed, that "ambition makes the same mistake concerning power, that avarice makes relative to wealth." The ambitious man begins by accumulating it as the desideratum of happiness, and ends his career in the midst of exertions to obtain more. So ended the onward and upward career of Napoleon; his life a modern wonder; his fate a fearful warning; his death a scene of gloom. Power is gained as a means of enjoyment, but oftener than otherwise, is its fell destroyer. Like the viper in the fable, it is prone to sting those who warm it into life. History fully demonstrates these propositions. Hyder Ali was in the habit of starting frightfully in his sleep. His confidential friend and attendant asked the reason. He replied: "My friend, the state of a beggar is more delightful than my envied monarchy—awake, he sees no conspirators—asleep, he dreams of no assassins." Ambition, like the gold of the miser, is the sepulchre of the other passions of the man. It is the grand centre around which they move with centripetal force. Its history is one of carnage and blood; it is the bane of substantial good; it endangers body and soul for time and eternity. Reader, if you desire peace of mind, shun ambition and the ambitious man. He will use you as some men do their horses, ride you all day without food, and give you post meat for supper. He will gladly make a bridge of you on which to walk into power, provided he can pass toll free. Let your aim be more lofty than the highest pinnacle

ambition can rear. Nothing is pure but heaven, let that be the prize you seek,

“And taste and prove in that transporting sight,
Joy without sorrow, without darkness—light.”

The road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, too dark for science, and too hilly for happiness.



Avarice.

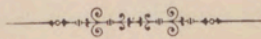
A judicious writer has well remarked, that avarice is the father of more children than Priam, and, like him, survives them all. It is a paradoxical propensity, a species of heterogeneous insanity. The miser starves himself, knowing that those who wish him dead will fatten on his hoarded gains. He submits to more torture to lose heaven than the martyr does to gain it. He serves the worst of tyrannical masters more faithfully than most Christians do the best, whose yoke is easy and burden light. He worships this world, but repudiates all its pleasures. He endures all the miseries of poverty through life, that he may die in the midst of wealth. He is the mere turnkey of his own riches—a poorly-fed and badly-clothed slave; a draught-horse without bells or feathers; a man condemned to work in mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of servitude; and, to increase his misery, a worker there for he knows

not whom. "He heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall enjoy them." It is only sure that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He is an indigent, needy slave; he will hardly allow himself clothes and board wages. He defrauds not only other men, but his own genius; he cheats himself for money. He lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to take in everything and to part with nothing. Charity is accounted no grace with him, and gratitude no virtue. The cries of the poor never enter his ears, or if they do, he has always one ear readier to let them out than to take them in. In a word, by his rapines and extortions he is always for making as many poor as he can, but for relieving none whom he either finds or makes so. So that it is a question whether his heart be harder than his fist is close. In a word, he is a pest and a monster; greedier than the sea and barrenner than the shore. He is the cocoon of the human race—death ends his toils and others reel off the glossy product of his labors. He is the father of more miseries than the prodigal—whilst he lives he heaps them on himself and those around him. He is his own and the poor man's enemy.

The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by repletion and strengthened by age. His mind is never expanded beyond the circumference of the almighty dollar. He thinks not of his immortal soul, his accountability to God, or of his final destiny. He

covets the wealth of others, revels in extortion, stops at nothing to gratify his ruling passion that will not endanger his dear idol. He is an Ishmael in community—he passes to the grave without tasting the sweets of friendship, the delights of social intercourse, or the comforts of a good repast, unless the latter is got by invitation, when abroad. The first voluntary expenditure upon his body during his manhood, and the first welcome visit of his neighbors, both passive on his part, are at his funeral.

If we would enjoy the comforts of life rationally, we must avoid the miseries of avarice and the evils of prodigality. Let us use the provisions of our benevolent Benefactor without abusing them, and render to Him that gratitude which is His due. Banish all inordinate desires after wealth—if you gain an abundance, be discreetly liberal, judiciously benevolent, and, if your children have arrived at their majority, die your own executor.



Gambling.

EVERY device that suddenly changes money or property from one person to another without a *quid pro quo*, or leaving an equivalent, produces individual embarrassment—often extreme misery. More pernicious is that plan, if it changes property and money from the hands of the many to the few.

Gambling does this, and often inflicts a still greater injury, by poisoning its victims with vice, that eventually lead to crimes of the darkest hue. Usually, the money basely filched from its victims, is the smallest part of the injury inflicted. It almost inevitably leads to intemperance. Every species of offence, on the black catalogue of crime, may be traced to the gambling table, as the entering wedge to its perpetration.

This alarming evil is as wide-spread as our country. It is practiced from the humblest water craft that floats on our canals up to the majestic steamboat on our mighty rivers; from the lowest groggeries that curse the community, up to the most fashionable hotels that claim respectability; from the hod-carrier in his bespattered rags, up to the honorable members of congress in their ruffles. Like a mighty maelstrom, its motion, at the outside, is scarcely perceptible, but soon increases to a fearful velocity; suddenly the awful centre is reached—the victim is lost in the vortex. Interested friends may warn, the wife may entreat, with all the eloquence of tears; children may cling and cry for bread—once in the fatal snare, the victim of gamblers is seldom saved. He combines the deafness of the adder with the desperation of a maniac, and rushes on, regardless of danger—reckless of consequences.

To the fashionable of our country, who play cards and other games as an *innocent* amusement, we may trace the most aggravated injuries resulting from gambling. It is there that young men of talents, education, and wealth, take the degree of entered

apprentice. The example of men in high life, men in public stations and responsible offices, has a powerful and corrupting influence on society, and does much to increase the evil, and forward, as well as sanction the high-handed robbery of fine dressed blacklegs. The gambling hells in our cities, tolerated and patronized, are a disgrace to a nation bearing a Christian name, and would be banished from a Pagan community.

Gambling assumes a great variety of forms, from the flipping of a cent in the bar room for a glass of whisky, up to the splendidly furnished faro bank room, where men are occasionally swindled to the tune of "ten thousand a year," and sometimes a much larger amount. In addition to these varieties, we have legalized lotteries and fancy stock brokers, and among those who manage them, professors of religion are not unfrequently found.

Thousands who carefully shun the monster under any other form, pay a willing tribute to the tyrant at the shrine of lotteries. Persons from all classes throw their money into this vault of uncertainty, this whirlpool of speculation, with a less chance to regain it than when at the detested faro bank. It is here that the poor man spends his last dollar; it is here that the rich often become poor, for a man has ten chances to be killed by lightning where he has one to draw a capital prize. The ostensible objects of lotteries are always praiseworthy. Meeting houses, hospitals, seminaries of learning, internal improvement, some laudable enterprise, may always be found first and

foremost in a lottery scheme ; the most ingenious and most fatal gull trap ever invented by man or devil

Gaming cowers in darkness, and often blots out all the nobler powers of the heart, paralyzes its sensibilities to human woe, severs the sacred ties that bind man to man, to woman, to family, to community, to morals, to religion, to social order, and to country. It transforms men to brutes, desperadoes, maniacs, misanthropists, and strips human nature of all its native dignity. The gamester forfeits the happiness of this life and endures the penalties of sin in both worlds. His profession is the scavenger of avarice, haggard and filthy, badly fed, poorly clad, and worse paid.

Let me entreat all to shun the monster, under all his borrowed and deceptive forms. Remember that gambling for amusement is the wicket gate into the labyrinth, and when once in, you may find it difficult to get out. Ruin is marked in blazing capitals over the door of the gambler ; his hell is the vestibule to that eternal hell where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. If you regard your own, and the happiness of your family and friends, and the salvation of your immortal soul, recoil from even the shadow of a shade reflected by this heaven-daring, heart-breaking, soul-destroying, fashionable, but ruinous vice.

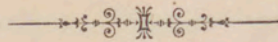
An evil that starts upon a wrong principle, the vital element of which is injustice, must have a vast productive force in creating other evils. It is necessarily a mighty agency in destroying all that is good in the

soul; vitiating the whole character, and dragging down every lofty purpose and noble aspiration. And we find that the gambler is rapidly qualified for every other species of wickedness. The fiery excitement to which he yields himself in the game-room inflames every other passion. It produces a state of mind that can be satisfied only with intense and forbidden pleasures. It virtually takes him out of the circle of refined, rational enjoyment and plunges him into scenes more congenial to a corrupt taste. He would gladly witness as a pastime bull fights, pugilistic contests; and perhaps his craving for excitement could only be fully satisfied by scenes such as Roman persecutors and heathen spectators formerly feasted upon, in which men and women were torn in pieces by wild beasts. Such bloody encounters and horrid tragedies might come up to his standard of amusement.

Thus does the giant vice uncivilize a man and throw him back into a state of barbarism. It revolutionizes his tastes at the same time that it casts down his moral principles. If its victim has been in early life under the influence of religious sentiment, it speedily obliterates those sentiments from the mind. If the voice of conscience has been in the past years heard, that voice is now silenced. If feelings of humanity once had influence, their power is now gone. If visions of extensive usefulness and honorable achievement once floated in the imagination they have vanished; vanished in the distance, never to return.

Nor should the youth forget that if he is once

taken in the coils of this vice, the hope of extricating himself, or of realizing his visions of wealth and happiness, is exceedingly faint. He has no rational grounds to expect that he can escape the terrible consequences that are inseparably connected with this sin. If he does not become bankrupt in property, he is sure to become one in character and in moral principle; he becomes a debauched, debased, friendless vagabond.



Temper.

Good temper is like a sunny day, it sheds its brightness on everything. No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of good temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstration; patience and forbearance are the sentinels within.

If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself, who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight duels all his life if he is disposed to quarrel. How sweet the serenity of habitual self-command! How many stinging self-reproaches it spares us! When does a man feel more at ease with himself than when

he has passed through a sudden and strong provocation *without speaking a word, or in undisturbed good humor!* When, on the contrary, does he feel a deeper humiliation than when he is conscious that anger has made him betray himself by word, look or action? Nervous irritability is the greatest weakness of character. It is the sharp grit which aggravates friction and cuts out the bearings of the entire human machine. Nine out of every ten men we meet are in a chronic state of annoyance. The least untoward thing sets them in a ferment.

There are people, yes many people, always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without finding that some offense is designed. They are as touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some mode personal to themselves and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fruit of their irritability. Indigestion makes them see impertinence in every one they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offense, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or momentary taciturnity, mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose that a slight is intended unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hues in a great degree from the color of our own mind. If we are frank and generous, the world will treat us kindly; if, on the contrary, we are suspicious,

men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being "touchy," and everybody is under restraint, and in this way the chances of an imaginary offense are vastly increased.

Do you not find in households—refined, many of them—many women who are jealous, exacting, and have a temper that will be swayed by nothing? And do we not see in another family circle a man as coarse and bloody-mouthed as a despot? The purpose of the existence of a score of people is to make him happy, fan him, feed him, amuse him, and he stands as a great absorbent of the life and heat that belongs to the rest. Many sermons tell you to be meek and humble, but you do n't hear many which tell you you live in your families to growl, to bite, and to worry one another. You ought to make in your households the outward and visible life-work for this spiritual and transcendent life. There can be nothing too graceful and truthful, generous, disinterested and gracious for the household. All that a man expects to be in heaven, he ought to try to be from day to day with his wife and children, and with those that are members of his family.

It is said of Socrates, that whether he was teaching the rules of an exact morality, whether he was answering his corrupt judges, or was receiving sentence of death, or swallowing the poison, he was still the same man; that is to say, calm, quiet, undisturbed, intrepid, in a word, wise to the last.

A man once called at the house of Pericles and abused him violently. His anger so transcended him

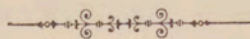
that he did not observe how late it was growing, and when he had exhausted his passion it was quite dark. When he turned to depart, Pericles calmly summoned a servant and said to him, "Bring a lamp and attend this man home."

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

Truly, a man ought to be, above all things, kind and gentle, but however meek he is required to be, he also ought to remember that he is a man. There are many persons to whom we do not need to tell this truth, for as soon as they only think of having been offended or that somebody has done them any harm, they fly up like gunpowder. Long before they know for a certainty that there is a thief in the garden they have the window open and the old gun has been popped. It is a very dangerous thing to have such neighbors, for we could sit more safely on the horns of a bull than to live in quietness with such characters. We, therefore, should form no friendship

with persons of a wrathful temper, and go no farther than is needful with a man of a fiery and unrestrained spirit. Solomon said, "He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding, but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly."

Our advice is, to keep cool under all circumstances, if possible. Much may be effected by cultivation. We should learn to command our feelings and act prudently in all the ordinary concerns of life. This will better prepare us to meet sudden emergencies with calmness and fortitude. If we permit our feelings to be ruffled and disconcerted in small matters, they will be thrown into a whirlwind when big events overtake us. Our best antidote is, implicit confidence in God.



Anger.

It does no good to get angry. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort, but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment, and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool. And he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others too.

Sinful anger, when it becomes strong, is called wrath; when it makes outrages, it is fury; when it becomes fixed, it is termed hatred; and when it intends to injure any one, it is called malice. All

these wicked passions spring from anger. The continuance and frequent fits of anger produce an evil habit in the soul, a propensity to be angry, which oftentimes ends in choler, bitterness, and morosity; when the mind becomes ulcerated, peevish, and querulous, and like a thin, weak plate of iron, receives impressions, and is wounded by the least occurrence.

Anger is such a headstrong and impetuous passion, that the ancients call it a short madness; and indeed there is no difference between an angry man and a madman while the fit continues, because both are void of reason and blind for that season. It is a disease that, where it prevails, is no less dangerous than deforming to us; it swells the face, it agitates the body, and inflames the blood; and as the evil spirit mentioned in the Gospel threw the possessed into the fire or the water, so it casts us into all kinds of danger. It too often ruins or subverts whole families, towns, cities, and kingdoms. It is a vice that very few can conceal; and if it does not betray itself by such external signs as paleness of the countenance and trembling of the limbs, it is more impetuous within, and by gnawing in the heart injures the body and the mind very much.

No man is obliged to live so free from passion as not to show some resentment; and it is rather stoical stupidity than virtue, to do otherwise. Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rest only in the bosom of fools. Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give

you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury. When Socrates found in himself any disposition to anger, he would check it by speaking low, in opposition to the motions of his displeasure. If you are conscious of being in a passion, keep your mouth shut, for words increase it. Many a person has dropped dead in a rage. Fits of anger bring fits of disease. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and the example is a good one for our imitation. If you would demolish an opponent in argument, first make him as mad as you can. Dr. Fuller used to say that the heat of passion makes our souls to crack, and the devil creeps in at the crevices. Anger is a passion the most criminal and destructive of all the passions; the only one that not only bears the appearance of insanity, but often produces the wildest form of madness. It is difficult, indeed, sometimes to mark the line that distinguishes the bursts of rage from the bursts of frenzy; so similar are its movements, and too often equally similar are its actions. What crime has not been committed in the paroxysms of anger? Has not the friend murdered his friend? the son massacred his parent? the creature blasphemed his Creator? When, indeed, the nature of this passion is considered, what crime may it not commit? Is it not the storm of the human mind, which wrecks every better affection—wrecks reason and conscience; and, as a ship driven without helm or compass before the rushing gale, is not the mind borne away, without guide or government, by the tempest of unbounded rage?

A passionate temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, robs him of all that is either great or noble in his nature; it makes him unfit for conversation, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns all order into confusion. Says Lord Bacon: "An angry man who suppresses his passions, thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks." A wise man hath no more anger than is necessary to show that he can apprehend the first wrong, nor any more revenge than justly to prevent a second. One angry word sometimes raises a storm that time itself cannot allay. There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue. He is the man of power who controls the storms and tempests of his mind. He that will be angry for anything, will be angry for nothing. As some are often incensed without a cause, so they are apt to continue their anger, lest it should appear to their disgrace to have begun without occasion. If we do not subdue our anger it will subdue us. It is the second word that makes the quarrel. That anger is not warrantable that hath seen two suns. One long anger, and twenty short ones, have no very great difference. Our passions are like the seas, agitable by the winds; and as God hath set bounds to these, so should we to those—*so far shall thou go, and no farther.*

Angry and choleric men are as ungrateful and unsociable as thunder and lightning, being in themselves all storm and tempests; but quiet and easy

natures are like fair weather, welcome to all, and acceptable to all men ; they gather together what the other disperses, and reconcile all whom the other incenses ; as they have the good will and the good wishes of all other men, so they have the full possession of themselves, have all their own thoughts at peace, and enjoy quiet and ease in their own fortunes, how strait soever it may be.

But how with the angry? Who thinks well of an ill-natured, churlish man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbor, or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in nearly the same state of mind as if they were living next door to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal. And so to prosperity in business ; one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and everything goes "by contraries!" Will a fit of passion make the wind more propitious, the ground more productive, the market more favorable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured? If men, animals, or senseless matter cause trouble, will getting "mad" help matters?—make men more subservient, brutes more docile, wood and stone more tractable? Any angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. He may do some good, but more hurt. Heated passion makes him a firebrand, and it is a wonder that he does not kindle flames of discord on every hand.

The disadvantages arising from anger, under all circumstances, should prove a panacea for the com-

plaint. In moments of cool reflection, the man who indulges it, views, with deep regret, the desolations produced by a summer storm of passion. Friendship, domestic happiness, self-respect, the esteem of others, and sometimes property, are swept away by a whirlwind; perhaps a tornado of anger. We have more than once seen the furniture of a house in a mass of ruin, the work of an angry moment. We have seen anger make wives unhappy, alienate husbands, spoil children, derange all harmony, and disturb the quiet of a whole neighborhood. Anger, like too much wine, hides us from ourselves, but exposes us to others.

Some people seem to live in a perpetual storm; calm weather can never be reckoned upon in their company. Suddenly, when you least expect it, without any adequate reason, and almost without any reason at all, the sky becomes black, and the wind rises, and there is growling thunder and pelting rain. You can hardly tell where the tempest came from. An accident for which no one can be rightly blamed, a misunderstanding which a moment's calm thought would have terminated, a chance word which meant no evil, a trifling difficulty which good sense might have removed at once, a slight disappointment which a cheerful heart would have borne with a smile, brings on earthquakes and hurricanes. What men want of reason for their opinions, they are apt to supply and make up in rage. The most irreconcilable enmities grow from the most intimate friendships. To be angry with a weak man is to prove that you are not

very strong yourself. It is much better to reprove than to be angry secretly. Anger, says Pythagoras, begins with folly and ends with repentance.

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.

He that is angry with the just reprovor kindles the fire of the just avenger. Bad money cannot circulate through the veins and arteries of trade. It is a great pity that bad blood can circulate through the veins and arteries of the human frame. It seems a pity that an angry man, like the bees that leave their stings in the wounds they make, could inflict only a single injury. And, to a certain extent, it is so, for anger has been compared to a ruin, which, in falling upon its victims, breaks itself to pieces. Since, then, anger is useless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found "only in the bosom of fools," why should it be indulged at all?



Obstinacy.

AN obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed of an error, it is like a devil, only cast out with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loosens, though it but help to sink him the sooner. Narrowness of mind is the cause of

obstinacy. We do not easily believe what is beyond our sight. There are few, very few, who will own themselves in a mistake. Obstinacy is a barrier to all improvement. Whoever perversely resolves to adhere to plans or opinions, be they right or be they wrong, because such plans and opinions have been already adopted by him, raises an impenetrable bar to conviction and information. To be open to conviction, speaks a wise mind, an amiable character. Human nature is so frail and so ignorant, so liable to misconception, that none but the most incorrigibly vain can pertinaciously determine to abide by self-suggested sentiments, unsanctioned by the experience or the judgment of others, as only the most incurably foolish can be satisfied with the extent of their knowledge. The wiser we are, the more we are aware of our ignorance. Whoever resolves not to alter his measures, shuts himself out from all possibility of improvement, and must die, as he lives, ignorant, or at best but imperfectly informed.

In morals, perhaps, obstinacy may be more plausibly excused, and, under the misnomer of firmness, be practiced as a virtue. But the line between obstinacy and firmness is strong and decisive. The smallest share of common sense will suffice to detect it, and there is little doubt that few people pass this boundary without being conscious of the fault.

It will probably be found that those qualities which come under the head of foibles, rather than of vices, render people most intolerable as companions and coadjutors. For example, it may be observed that

those persons have a more worn, jaded, and dispirited look than any others, who have to live with people who make difficulties on every occasion, great or small. It is astonishing to see how this practice of making difficulties grows into a confirmed habit of mind, and what disheartenment it occasions. The savor of life is taken out of it when you know that nothing you propose or do, or suggest, hope for, or endeavor, will meet with any response but an enumeration of difficulties that lie in the path you wish to travel. The difficulty-monger is to be met with not only in domestic and social life, but also in business. It not unfrequently occurs in business relations that the chief will never by any chance, without many objections and much bringing forward of possible difficulties, approve of anything that is brought to him by his subordinates. They at last cease to take pains, knowing that no amount of pains will prevent their work being dealt with in a spirit of ingenious objectiveness. At last they say to themselves, "The better the thing we present, the more opportunity he will have for developing his unpleasant task of objectiveness, and his imaginative power of inventing difficulties."

Of all disagreeable people, the obstinate are the worst. Society is often dragged down to low standards by two or three who propose, in every case, to fight everything and every idea of which they are not the instigators. When a new idea is brought to such persons, instead of drawing out of it what good they can, they seek to get the bad, ever ready to heap a mountain of difficulties upon it.

But there are situations in which the proper opinions and mode of conduct are not evident. In such cases we must maturely reflect ere we decide; we must seek for the opinions of those wiser and better acquainted with the subject than ourselves; we must candidly hear all that can be said on both sides; then, and only then, can we in such cases hope to determine wisely; but the decision, once so deliberately adopted, we must firmly sustain, and never yield but to the most unbiased conviction of our former error.



Hypocrisy.

THERE is no folly in the world so great as to be a hypocrite. The hypocrite is hated of the world for seeming to be a Christian; he is hated by God for not being one. He hates himself and he is even despised by Satan for serving him and not acknowledging it. Hypocrites are really the best followers and the greatest dupes that Satan has; they serve him better than any other, but receive no wages. And, what is most wonderful, they submit to greater mortifications to go to hell than the most sincere Christian to go to heaven. They desire more to seem good than to be so, while the Christian desires more to be so than to seem so. They study more to enter into religion than that religion should enter into them. They are zealous in little things but cold and remiss in the most important. They are saints by

pretension, but satans in intention. They testify, they worship only to answer their wicked purposes. They stand as angels before their sins so as to hide them. A scorpion thinks when its head is under a leaf it cannot be seen. So the hypocrite. The false saints think when they have hoisted up one or two good works, that all their sins therewith are covered and hid.

Let us ask ourselves seriously and honestly, "What do I believe after all? What manner of man am I after all? What sort of a show should I make after all, if the people around me knew my heart and all my secret thoughts? What sort of show, then, do I already make, in the sight of Almighty God, who sees every man exactly as he is?" Oh, that poor soul, though it may fool people and itself, it will not fool God!

Hypocrisy shows love, but is hatred; shows friendship, but is an enemy; shows peace, but is at war; it shows virtue, but is wretched and wicked. It flatters; it curses; it praises; it slanders. It always has two sides of a question; it possesses what it does not pretend to, and pretends to what it does not possess.

Men are afraid of slight outward acts which will injure them in the eyes of others, while they are heedless of the damnation which throbs in their souls in hatreds, and jealousies, and revenges.

They are more troubled by the outburst of a sinful disposition, than by the disposition itself. It is not the evil, but its reflex effect upon themselves, that they dread. It is the love of approbation, and not

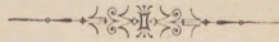
the conscience, that enacts the part of a moral sense, in this case. If a man covet, he steals. If a man have murderous hate, he murders. If a man brood dishonest thoughts, he is a knave. If a man harbor sharp and bitter jealousies, envies, hatreds, though he never express them by his tongue, or shape them by his hand, they are there. Society, to be sure, is less injured by their latent existence than it would be by their overt forms. But the man himself is as much injured by the cherished thoughts of evil, in his own soul, as by the open commission of it, and sometimes even more. For evil brought out ceases to disguise itself, and seems as hideous as it is. But evil that lurks and glances through the soul avoids analysis, and evades detection.

There are many good-seeming men who, if all their day's thoughts and feelings were to be suddenly developed into acts, visible to the eye, would run from themselves, as men in earthquakes run from the fiery gapings of the ground, and sulphurous cracks that open the way to the uncooled centre of perdition.

Pretension! profession! how haughtily they stride into the kingdom of the lowly Redeemer, and usurp the highest seats, and put on the robes of sanctity, and sing the hymns of praise, and utter aloud, to be heard of men, the prayers which the spirit ought to breathe in silent and childlike confidence into the ear of the listening and loving Father! How they build high domes of worship with velvety seats and golden altars and censers and costly plate and baptismal

Fonts by the side of squalid want and ragged poverty! How their mocking prayers mingle with the cry of beggary, the curse of blasphemy, the wail of pain and the lewd laugh of sensuality! How mournfully their organ chants of praise, bought with sordid gold, go up from the seats of worldliness and pride, and how reproachfully the tall steeples of cathedrals and synagogues and churches look down on the oppression and pride and selfishness which assemble below them, and the slavery, poverty, and intemperance which pass and repass their marble foundations! Oh! shade of religion, where art thou? Spirit of the lowly bleeder on Calvary, hast thou left this world in despair? Comforter of the mourning, dweller with the sinful, how long shall these things be? Religion is made a show-bubble. Pride is her handmaid, and selfishness her leader. What a tawdry show they make! And who believes the substance is equal to the show, the root as deep as the tree is high, the foundation as firm as the structure is imposing? Nowhere does show more wickedly usurp the dominion of substance than in the realm of religion. In the world we might expect to see hypocrisy. But the true religion is above the world. "My kingdom is not of this world," said its founder. It has a world of its own. It is built on substance. But men have sought to make it a world of show, to carry the deception and Pharisaism of this world up into the Redeemer's world, and palm them off there for the golden reality that shall be admitted to heaven. But poorly will hypocrisy pass at the bar of God. No

coin but the true one passes there. No gilding will hide the hollowness of a false soul. No tawdry displays will avail with that eye whose glance, like a sword, pierces to the heart. All is open there; all hypocrisy, vanity; worse than vanity; it is sin. It is a gilded lie, a varnished cheat. It is proof of the hollowness within, the sign of corruption. Yea, more; it is itself corrupting; a painted temptation. It lures men away from the truth; wastes their energies on a shadow; wins their affections to fading follies, and gives them a disrelish for the real, the substantial, and enduring. Who can expect that God will not hide in every hollow show intended to deceive, a sharp two-edged sword that shall cut with disappointment, and pierce with inward wasting want?



Fretting and Grumbling.

MANY very excellent persons, whose lives are honorable and whose characters are noble, pass numberless hours of sadness and weariness of heart. The fault is not with their circumstances, nor yet with their general characters, but with themselves that they are miserable. They have failed to adopt the true philosophy of life. They wait for happiness to come instead of going to work and making it; and while they wait they torment themselves with borrowed troubles, with fears, forebodings, morbid fan-

cies and moody spirits, till they are all unfitted for happiness under any circumstances. Sometimes they cherish unchaste ambition, covet some fancied or real good which they do not deserve and could not enjoy if it were theirs, wealth they have not earned, honors they have not won, attentions they have not merited, love which their selfishness only craves. Sometimes they undervalue the good they do possess; throw away the pearls in hand for some beyond their reach, and often less valuable; trample the flowers about them under their feet; long for some never seen, but only heard or read of; and forget present duties and joys in future and far-off visions. Sometimes they shade the present with every cloud of the past, and although surrounded by a thousand inviting duties and pleasures, revel in sad memories with a kind of morbid relish for the stimulus of their miseries. Sometimes, forgetting the past and present, they live in the future, not in its probable realities, but in its most improbable visions and unreal creations, now of good and then of evil, wholly unfitting their minds for real life and enjoyments. These morbid and improper states of mind are too prevalent among some persons. They excite that nervous irritability which is so productive of pining regrets and fretful complaints. They make that large class of fretters who enjoy no peace themselves, nor permit others to enjoy it. In the domestic circle they fret their life away. Everything goes wrong with them because they make it so. The smallest annoyances chafe them as though they were unbearable aggravations. Their

business and duties trouble them as though such things were not good. Pleasure they never seem to know because they never get ready to enjoy it. Even the common movements of Providence are all wrong with them. The weather is never as it should be. The seasons roll on badly. The sun is never properly tempered. The climate is always charged with a multitude of vices. The winds are everlastingly perverse, either too high or too low, blowing dust in everybody's face, or not fanning them as they should. The earth is ever out of humor, too dry or too wet, too muddy or dusty. And the people are just about like it. Something is wrong all the time, and the wrong is always just about them. Their home is the worst of anybody's; their street and their neighborhood is the most unpleasant to be found; nobody else has so bad servants and so many annoyances as they. Their lot is harder than falls to common mortals; they have to work harder and always did; have less and always expect to. They have seen more trouble than other folks know anything about. They are never so well as their neighbors, and they always charge all their unhappiness upon those nearest connected with them, never dreaming that they are themselves the authors of it all. Such people are to be pitied. Of all the people in the world they deserve most our compassion. They are good people in many respects, very benevolent, very conscientious, very pious, but, withal, very annoying to themselves and others. As a general rule, their goodness makes them more difficult to cure of their evil. They can-

not be led to see that they are at fault. Knowing their virtues they cannot see their faults. They do not, perhaps, overestimate their virtues; but they fail to see what they lack, and this they always charge upon others, often upon those who love them best. They see others' actions through the shadow of their own fretful and gloomy spirits. Hence it is that they see their own faults as existing in those about them, as a defect in the eye produces the appearance of a corresponding defect in every object toward which it is turned. This defect in character is more generally the result of vicious or improper habits of mind, than any constitutional idiosyncrasy. It is the result of the indulgence of gloomy thoughts, morbid fancies, inordinate ambition, habitual melancholy, a complaining, fault finding disposition.

A fretting man or woman is one of the most unlovable objects in the world. A wasp is a comfortable house-mate in comparison; it only stings when disturbed. But an habitual fretter buzzes if he don't sting, with or without provocation. "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman and in a wide house." Children and servants cease to respect the authority or obey the commands of a complaining, worrisome, exacting parent or master. They know that "barking dogs don't bite," and fretters don't strike, and they conduct themselves accordingly.

If we are faultless, we should not be so much annoyed by the defects of those with whom we associate. If we were to acknowledge honestly that we

have not virtue enough to bear patiently with our neighbors' weaknesses, we should show our own imperfection, and this alarms our vanity.

He who frets is never the one who mends, heals, or repairs evils; more, he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. And when the fretter is one who is beloved, whose nearness of relation to us makes his fretting, even at the weather, seem almost like a personal reproach to us, then the misery of it becomes indeed insupportable. Most men call fretting a minor fault, a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice except drunkenness which can so utterly destroy the peace, the happiness of a home. We never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady.

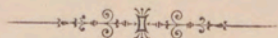
It is not work that kills men, it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids, but love and trust are sweet juices. The man or woman who goes through the world grumbling and fretting, is not only violating the laws of God, but is a sinner against the peace and harmony of society, and is, and of right ought to be, shunned accordingly. They are always in hot water.

forever in trouble. They throw the blame of their own misdeeds and want of judgment upon others, and if one might believe them, society would be found in a shocking state. They rail at everything, lofty or lowly, and when they have no grumbling to do they begin to deprecate. They endeavor to make good actions seem contemptible in other men's eyes, and try to belittle every noble and praiseworthy enterprise by casting suspicion upon the motives of those connected with it. Such individuals, whether men or women, are an incubus on any society, and the best way to paralyze their efforts to create discord, is to ignore them altogether. Let grumblers form a select circle by themselves. Let them herd together; give them the cold shoulder when they appear, and make them uncomfortable during their sojourn, and if they cannot be cured they may be more easily endured, and perhaps discover the error of their ways and reform.

An Englishman dearly likes, says *Punch*, to grumble, no matter whether he be right or wrong, crying or laughing, working or playing, gaining a victory or smarting under a national humiliation, paying or being paid—still he must grumble, and, in fact, he is never so happy as when he is grumbling; and, supposing everything was to our satisfaction (though it says a great deal for our power of assumption to assume any such absurd impossibility), still he would grumble at the fact of there being nothing for him to grumble about.

There are two things about which we should never

grumble: the first is that which we *cannot help*, and the other that which we *can help*.



Fault Finding.

A MAN would get a very false notion of his standing among his friends and acquaintances if it were possible—as many would like to have it possible—to know what is said of him behind his back. One day he would go about in a glow of self-esteem, and the next he would be bowed under a miserable sense of misapprehension and disgust. It would be impossible for him to put this and that together and “strike an average.” The fact is, there is a strange human tendency to take the present friend into present confidence. With strong natures this tendency proves often a stumbling-block; with weak natures it amounts to fickleness. It is a proof, no doubt, of the universal brotherhood; but one has to watch, lest, in an unguarded moment it lead him into ever so slight disloyalty to the absent.

Never employ yourself to discover the faults of others—look to your own. You had better find out one of your own faults than ten of your neighbor's. When a thing does not suit you, think of some pleasant quality in it. There is nothing so bad as it might be. Whenever you catch yourself in a fault-finding remark, say some approving one in the same breath,