

ies of the brain; gives him a "commission" under which he can establish a system of mental training that shall make his forces loyal to principle, enemies to policy and expediency, and uncompromising defenders of truth, right, honor and integrity.

Man's faculties demand a better mental, moral and physical discipline than they have ever yet received. The age requires us to give them a larger culture and to marshal them under a nobler and more heroic standard. Then we shall have wisdom without conceit, faith without bigotry, judgment without dogmatism, love without dissimulation, courage without brutality, perseverance without obstinacy and combativeness without a *knock-down argument*.

The respect of others would be far more valuable if it did not fail us in the hour of peril and disaster. Let the young man of fair character but without any outward resources start out in life, and he will undoubtedly have the respect of friends as a pleasant encouragement. It will fill his youthful heart with hope, will be a solace in his hours of weariness, a crumb of comfort to remind him of the whole loaf that may one day be his. But let that young man meet with a few reverses, and how soon his professed friends will readily and eagerly snatch away that "crumb of comfort" and leave the poor "child of misfortune" with nothing but the empty plate—leave him nothing but the empty plate? I mistake—behold it is filled with bitter, poisonous food, uncharitable epithets, commiseration pickled in the sauerkraut of contempt, sympathy dried to a hard, burnt crust over the hot fires of a merciless indignation, "morsels of advice" peppered with sarcasm and irony, a few "wild cherries" of encouragement, so sour and crispy that one is forced to feel that they were offered to irritate rather than to soothe and recuperate. The intellectual, physical and moral strength and righteous indignation which causes a young man to rise like a Hercules and kick over such fare and farce as that, is a manifestation of spirit and virtue that causes angels leaning from the balconies of heaven to shout, and the spirits of self-made men to rejoice. The fact is patent, the world respects only the successful man, and it measures that success with a rule of gold rather than with the "golden rule." The world applauds the successful man, and the successful man, applauds the world. The world kicks the unsuccessful man, and the unsuccessful man, if he has combativeness, returns the compliment.

It is a well established principle of law and ethics, that it is the motive that gives character and index to conduct; hence the respect and applause won from those who ignore motives are fickle and ephemeral, base and ignoble. There is no such progenitor of vice and crime as the old cynical criticism which hates every glimpse of ardor and enthusiasm, and which whispers no word of encouragement or counsel to the enterprising though inexperienced youth. Some one has said of youth that "we must pardon something to the spirit of liberty that is in them."

Beautiful theories and foreign innovations are courted, caressed and venerated. The young collegian acquires the basis of his political opinions by the study of the British Constitution, with its numerous balances and compromises, which hirs about as much bearing on our affairs, on our laws, manners and customs as have the "Annals of Tacitus."

We talk about practical, real life, while often our actions are visionary and impractical.—"What are these?" said Oliver Cromwell, when passing by and observing some silver statues in the niches of the chapel. "The Twelve Apostles," answered the trembling dean. "Take them down and make them into money that they may go about doing good," was the command. If the student who is about to close his University life, has within some niche of his mind the fascinating and every flattering delusion that he is now educated and finished for life, that he has the spirit of a prophet within him; that his mental beard has grown; that there is no need of his tarrying at Jericho, let him open wide the doors and windows of the temple and pitch it out, and grind it to powder. If there is one student here who has in his heart an idol which teaches that political honors should engage his passionate ambition—that gold diamonds and precious stones can be had for the mere picking up, let him cast it within the crucible, and coin a common sense that may be practical and efficient. Does he worship a deity that lures him with the belief

that some sudden but certain leap of genius will place him upon the highest round of the ladder of fame? dethrone it at once, with a "get thee thence, Satan." Let him remember that his epoch of intellectual wild oats must last a little longer, that he is not yet thoroughly ripe.

"It is astonishing how long a rotten tree will stand if nobody shakes it." There floats in the docks and navy yards many a stately ship, that looks stout and gallant and sea-worthy, but which is dry, rotted to the very keel, and could not have lived an hour in a tempest. Theories are sometimes very beautiful till somebody shakes them. Nicely adjusted theories, and speculative ideas are in themselves admirable, but they are too often like the "stately ship," or the defunct velocipede and flying machine, "rotted to the very keel," so far as usefulness and practicability are concerned.

Some times a public man, on whom the nation has reposed its confidence for years, gives away and falls with a crash. The public eye sees the fall, but does not always detect the secret vice that has devoured the very fibres and viscera of the man and left him the "sport and the prey" of overwhelming temptation. When New England's mightiest orator, who in his early years had thundered for liberty on Plymouth Rock, became suddenly the defender of injustice in the Senate Chamber, the people of Massachusetts and of the nation stood aghast at the shocking apostacy. They little knew how far that gigantic statesman had fallen under the dominion of his baser nature. Wine and women were worms at the heart that had sapped the strength of the great man's principle, and purity, and integrity, so that when political temptation smote him heavily he fell. How beautiful his theories, how sublime his ideas, but how rotten, corrupt and baneful his practical, real life.

To talents of the highest order, you may add all the gifts and graces of the orator, the dignity and courtesy of the perfect gentleman, the education and experience of the statesman, and that does not fill the measure of the perfect man. He must be endowed with that other greater, and "in these piping times of peace," far higher quality—incorruptible integrity. He must be endowed with something more than distinguished ability. He must have that which wealth cannot purchase, power monopolize, dying men bequeath, or institutions of learning bestow; he must have that which belongs to those who come into this world—whether in a palace or a manger, with souls lighted with celestial fire and natures stamped with the impress of God's nobility—he must be "an honest man, the noblest work of God."

Make that your standard, and then in His own good time you will be able to raise it up to that place and power to which the brazen serpent in the wilderness was raised in order that the plague might be stayed. Make that your standard, and you will be able to raise it up to that higher place of honor, to which the Ark of the Covenant was raised, round which the unseen legions of the Almighty keep watch and guard, that he who touches it with impious hands should die.

You may be tossed in the blackness of darkness upon the weary and troubled waters of many months, but you will rest at last upon the Ararat mountain-top. The sun will shine. The dove will leave you never to return, and now as then, emblem of purity and liberty and peace, she will seek to rebuild her habitation amidst the scenes of her former life. A peaceful serenity of soul will overshadow you, and with calm, clear eye you will penetrate the realm of Cause and educe therefrom the lessons of a practical, useful life; perceiving that misery and unhappiness are the product of ignorance oftener than the result of a perverted enlightenment. And in these seasons of meditations you will catch foregleams of a higher and nobler condition, previous to the golden era.

Then do not despair; have hope in the aspirations of men; have faith in the Providences of God; take courage in the thought, that in the eternal circles of the immortal throne, death is but the precursor of resurrection, and that the forces which hasten nations to decay, contain within themselves the electric spark of living fire which secures undying youth to our immortal race, and your lives may be bright and joyous as the "Morning Aurora," pure as the stars in heaven and eternal as the ever revolving cycles of time—*Ahumi Journal*.