

## The Song of the World

There's a song that the hammer is singing,  
A ringing and wholesome song,  
Of the day's bread won,  
Of the day's work done,  
Of a mould well cast  
In the fiery blast—  
And never one blow gone wrong.

There's a song that the engines are singing,  
A deep and echoing song,  
Of the whirling wheel  
And the burnished steel,  
From the lightest spring  
To the mightiest swing—  
And never a stroke gone wrong.

There's a song that the sails are singing,  
A humming and catching song,  
Of the prow that braves  
The ravening waves,  
Of storms outailed,  
And of ports safe hailed—  
And never the helm gone wrong.

There's a song that the world is singing,  
A resonant, splendid song,  
Of its work, work, work,  
With never a shirk,  
Of its battles won,  
Of its labors done—  
And of Right that masters Wrong!

## His Reason for Rising

BY WILLIAM RITTENHOUSE.

THE story is told of a large dry goods commission house in New York where a young man not thirty years of age, with neither influence nor a college education to begin with, was made partner after a dozen years' work for the firm. The senior partner was asked by a friend how it happened.

"He is promoted purely on his own merits," was the reply. "He came into my office one morning, some twelve years ago, and told me that he had just finished school and was looking for a position. I happened to have a position open at the time for an office boy and started him in at five dollars a week. His rise from that position to the one he now occupies was steady and rapid, and was due entirely to the fact that after having received an order or instructions he could be relied upon to carry them out, and do it correctly, too. He was not afraid to ask questions and thus get his instructions straight before undertaking the work in hand. In fact, I might say that he owes everything to the fact that he was always accurate in all that he did. You may think I am preaching a sort of sermon, but if young men entering business positions, whether high or low, would take for their motto the two words 'be accurate,' and would live up to it, there need be no fear of the ultimate outcome of their undertakings."

This seems to set a high value upon accuracy. But mechanical accuracy is not the thing meant. Business accuracy, like accuracy in scholarship, means two things—first, concentrated attention; second, clear comprehension. That boy, who in his classes at school concentrates his attention upon the lesson, and questions the teacher till he gets a clear comprehension of it, is bound to rise in his class studies; as a that that sort of scholar asks unnecessary questions; as a matter of fact, he needs to ask very few, because his attention to what the teacher says saves him the trouble. School is a very good place to begin to practise accuracy. No young man can be accurate all of a sudden, for accuracy is a habit of mind, and takes years to form thoroughly. "Be accurate," is a motto to commence with in one's earliest teens, if it is to win notice from others in the twenties.

The late George Stevens, that most brilliant of war correspondents, won his success largely by the extreme accuracy of his descriptions, as well as their wit and spirit. As a school-boy he built up the habit of accuracy so well that when, after leaving college, he wrote some classical "Monologues"—studies

of great characters among the ancients—his comrades in the office noticed that he rarely consulted the books on his shelf, but wrote out of his own memory, and seldom needed to refresh it. He distanced other journalists easily, because editors could rely upon his quick and brilliant reports absolutely, whether he wrote on the Dreyfus case, in the French court-room at Rennes, or from a camp in the desert with Kitchener. "Be accurate" is a rule of success, because concentration and comprehension mean a controlled and disciplined mind, ready for its best efforts whenever opportunity comes round. Accuracy, even without brilliancy, "gets there," as the slang phrase goes. Accuracy with brilliancy—well, no one can prophesy how far that combination will go when it once starts, but it is bound to go far and achieve things worth the doing.

## "Whatsoever Things Are Lovely"

SOME things are not lovely. There are ways that are not winning. There are people whose personality is by no means attractive. They fail to draw others to them. They neither make close friends nor keep friends. They may be good in the general fabric of their character—honest, truthful, upright, just. No one can condemn them or charge them with anything really wrong. Yet they are not lovable in their dispositions. There is something in them that hinders their popularity, that mars their influence, that interferes with their usefulness.

Simplicity is one element in loveliness. Artificiality is never beautiful. There are many people who suffer greatly in their lives by reason of their affectations. They are unnatural in their manners. They give the impression of acting always under restraint of rules. It was said the other day of a good man that he talks even in common conversation as if he were delivering an oration. There are some who use a great deal of exaggerated language in complimenting their friends, even in expressing the most commonplace feelings. There are those whose very walk shows a studied air, as if they are conscious of a certain importance, a burden of greatness, thinking that wherever they appear everybody's eyes follow them with a sort of admiration and worship. All affectations in manner, in speech, in dress, in bearing, in disposition, are unlovely. They are classed with insincerities. Only the simple, unaffected, natural life is truly beautiful.

Selfishness is unlovely. It has many ways, too, of showing itself. Indeed, it cannot be hid—it crops out continually, in act and word and disposition. There are those who are disobliging, never willing to put themselves out to do a favor or to show a kindness to others. They may talk unselfishly, protesting their interest in people and their friendship for them, but when the test comes self asserts itself. Selfishness is simply the absence of love—love seeketh not its own. Unselfishness is lovely. It does not count the cost of serving. It loves unto the uttermost and never fails in helpfulness. It thinks of others, not only as of itself, but, like the Master, forgets itself altogether.

Another lovely attribute in the Christian life is peace. It never worries. It is never fretted. It is quiet, not noisy. It is the quality of a self-disciplined life. Hurry is always unbeautiful. The lovely life is never in haste, yet never loiters. It is self-poised. If women knew how much a quiet, self-controlled manner means in the making up of their personality, they would seek for it more than for great riches. Nervous hurry, especially in women, is unlovely. It shows itself in flustered manners, in hasty and oft-times rash speech, too often in ungoverned temper. The exhortation, "Be ambitious to be quiet," does not refer merely to speech, but especially to the inner spirit, to the manner, to the whole bearing of the life.

The face is the index of the character. It tells what is going on within. We are responsible, too, for our faces. We owe it to our Master to make them mirrors of his beauty and gladness. A group of girls were laughing and chatting together over some pictures. One of them had been to the photographer and was showing some proofs of herself in varied poses.

"Look at this one," she said. "Did you ever see a more scowling and woe-begone creature? And the photographer actually said it was a good likeness of me and wanted to finish it up! I suppose I did wear that expression just then,