

Genius

By Rev. James L. Gordon, Winnipeg.

During my vacation several years ago I spent a week in a manufacturing town whose population numbers about five thousand. An old resident of the place, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, informed me, not only with reference to the "points of interest," for which the thoughtful vacationist is always on the lookout, but went so far as to single out a dozen or more individuals whose personality happened to be of that pronounced type as to make them conspicuous in their individuality, standing head and shoulders above their townsmen, a wonder to their neighbors, a mystery to themselves, and an honor to the entire community. One man was described as a "born orator," while another was praised as a "born poet." This man was a "born preacher," while that man was a "born leader." The list numbered about twenty, I should say, among which there was a "born musician," a "born artist," a "born doctor," a "born lawyer," a "born statesman," a "born politician," a "born financier" and a "born accountant."

I was strongly impressed with the fact that (if my informant informed me correctly) there did not appear to be in any case two of a kind. There were not two "born musicians" or two "born orators" to dispute the right of sovereignty in their own particular department of genius. Each one of these men of genius stood forth alone and aloft, rising like some cloud-robed mountain peak, in solemn and sublime splendor up and above the broad level of common humanity, stretching down below. This impressed me as being extremely pleasant and convenient and agreeable for the favored few, "born" to honor and immortality. But after a most thorough search through the befogged brain apparatus of my friend, the aged resident above referred to, who, by the way, appeared to move in the mist thrown off by these great snow-clad ice bound mountain peaks of human greatness, beneath whose shadow he grouped his uncertain way—I failed to ascertain that the remaining four thousand nine hundred and seventy-five (more or less) specimens of humanity had been brought into this world with any definite plan or purpose on the part of God or nature. Born evidently for nothing in particular, except perhaps to provide an immense platform upon which these fifteen or twenty might strut forth backward and forward and sideways, robed in the glittering garb of their own greatness. This set my thought manipulator in motion. I retired to my room. Opened a fresh bottle of ink. Adjusted a new pen in the holder. Arranged a slice of snow white paper on my desk, and waited for my thought indicator, inspired by the electricity of an old but still vigorous truth, to tick forth its sparks of genius. The result is respectfully submitted.

"Genius is capacity for hard work" along the line of your own natural qualifications.

There are "born poets," "born orators," and "born musicians," and every man is a "born" something, and every man is born for something.

The man who finds out what God has qualified him to do and who does that—all of that—that all the time—that and nothing but that—and that with all his heart—will some day be crowned with the appellation of "genius."

"Second nature" usually turns out to be second nature. Nature says: "I move." Human nature says: "I second the motion;" and then the bill passes both houses; head and heart and the will never vetoes such action.

There is something you can do; you can do better than you can do anything else; you can do it better

than anybody else can do it. There is something for you to do which will remain undone for all time and eternity if you don't do it.

Genius in its root and essence means that one man can do just about one thing and do it well.

Genius is one man, doing one thing, and doing it as well as one man can do one thing—who loves to do that one thing, and loves to do nothing else as well, and does nothing else but what he loves to do.

The greatest discovery in the world is the discovery of a man. Every man is a "born genius." Every man has peculiar qualifications for some special work. If he never finds out what it is, his life rises no higher than the average level; if he does find out, then there rises a mountain peak on the plain.

Genius is an eye to see, an ear to hear, a heart to feel, a hand to seize, a head to scrutinize, a brain to analyze, a mind to utilize, and a will to realize, and feet that shall keep step to the pulse beat of just one throbbing thought: "This one thing I do."

The Irish have a genius for humor, the French for wit, the English for tenacity, the German for plodding, the Italian for expression, the Spaniard for spirit, the Hebrew for shrewdness, the African for emotion, the Chinese for imitation, the Japanese for industry, and the American for enterprise, and so each individual has some peculiar trait favorable to some one trade or profession.

The eye has a genius for light; the ear has a genius for sound, the nose has a genius for fragrance, tongue for taste, stomach for digestion, brain for thought, hands for motion, nerves for emotion, feet for locomotion, and so every man, like every member of man's body, has a genius, a leaning, a bent or bending towards some one favorite occupation.

The right hand has a genius for aggressive work; in this hand you grasp the sword, cane, trowel, mallet, umbrella. The left hand has a genius for conserving—holds the reins—receives packages to hold and carry—supports you if you lean against the speaker's desk when before the public. The left hand holds the shield, the right hand swings the sword.

Genius is supernatural application. The only genius which is genuine. The genius for hard work. Genius is a capacity for hard work along the line of your natural qualifications. Genius finds out the bendings of the individual nature's "bent" and bends that way. Genius rises upon the two wings of reflection and repeated action. Genius has discovered that the so-called off-hand has been the longest on hand. Genius has discovered that the lowlands of the county of Effortshire lead finally to the sun crowned hills Ease and Pleasure. He who searches for wealth but shirks all work while he searches will be crowned with such success as shadowed the colored man who, one dark night, took an extinguished candle, and went down into a dark cellar to look for a black cat, which was not there. Nothing will "take place" for the man who is not willing to take pains. He who trusts always to luck—trusts only to lose. Hard work is the only cure for hard times. If all would labor to get, in order to be able to give, all labor would be a labor of love. When every laborer becomes a capitalist and every capitalist becomes a laborer, there will be exactly two classes; the working class and the shirking class; labor men and lazy men; and the one class will annihilate the other—the world will be happy.

—For everything that moves there must be something which moves not. Every stir needs a stay. The throbbing dynamo must rest on a foundation which cannot be made to throb. No lightning express unless there be a tightening of the rails which afford a narrow pathway. Every liberty has of a necessity a limitation. For everything seen there must be an adequate unseen; for every fruit a deep fixed root.

The thing which you are afraid to do will do the most for you if you

move forward and do it. The young man who is looking for a soft spot will find it at that point where his brains ought to be. The street called Aimless leads to the town of Brainless. The street called Vagueness leads to the city of Vacuity. You may yearn for success, but you can't yawn yourself into success. The man who proposes to live by his wits, usually lives by his wickedness. Find the man who goes about with his hands in his pockets and by and by you will find those hands in somebody else's pockets. A bracing atmosphere produces vigorous men. The weak and sickly seek the sunny slope. Those born in the lap of luxury may need the rap of poverty before they do anything which will honor ancestry or enrich posterity.

Genius is quality. Give the world your best at its best and you shall be blest with the best the world can give. Men have been made immortal by one act, one speech, one sentence,

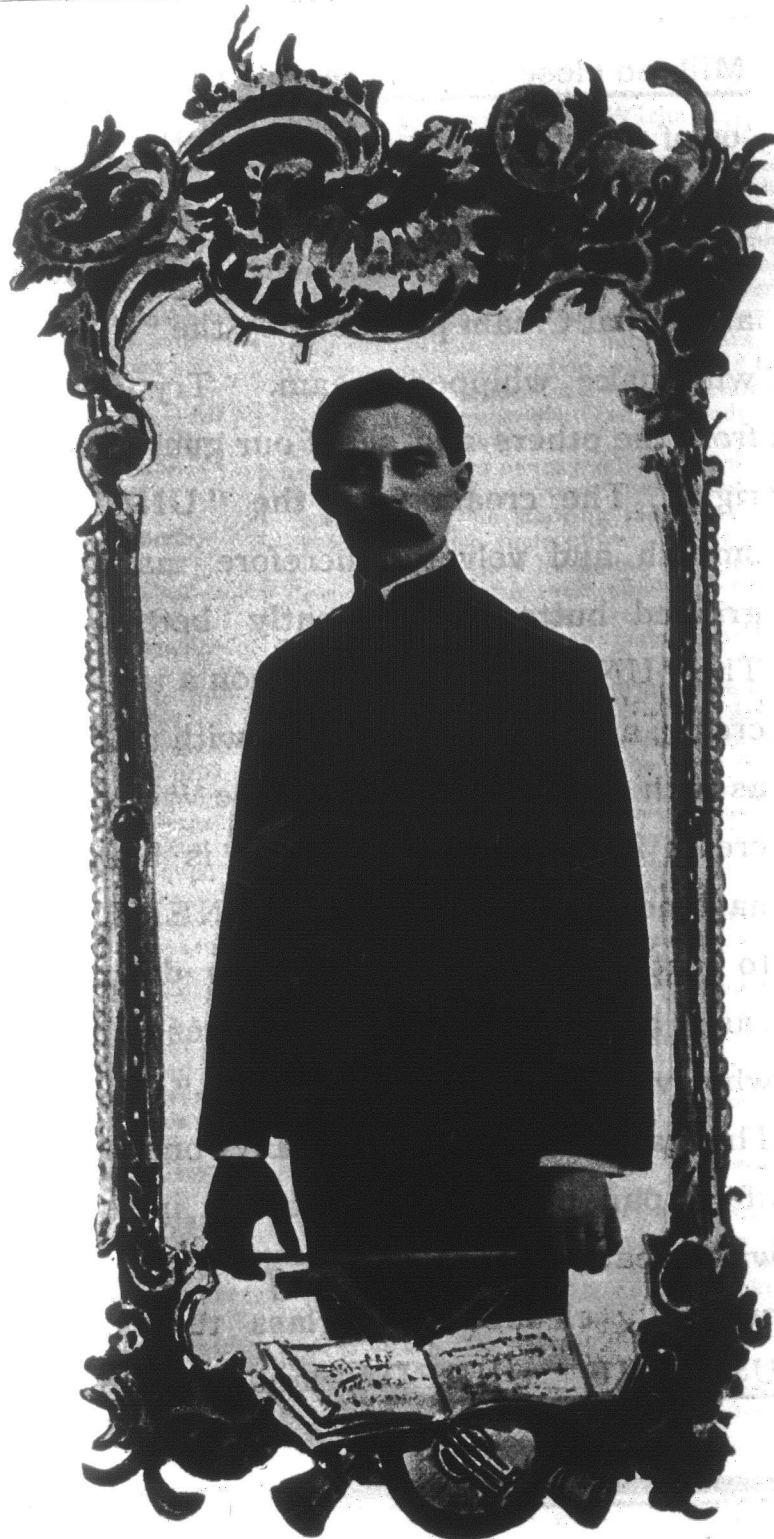
one book, one poem. The poem which made the man famous was saved by the quality of one verse. The verse that saved the poem, that won immortality for an otherwise unknown poet, was saved by two lines which flashed with the incandescent light of genius. Genius is quality. Genius is that concentration of energy and ability which produces the best at its very best. Quality! It is not what you do but how you do what you do. It is not how much, but how well. It is not your sphere, but your spirit. It is not your position, but your disposition. "How do you do?" is a more important question than most people suppose.

Prayers would be shorter if desires were measured by deserts.

Blessed are the buoyant lives.

Nothing helps men to see together better than serving together.

No man can sacrifice himself until he appreciates himself.



S. L. Barrowclough.

The above photograph is of S. L. Barrowclough, western manager of the Morris Piano Co. There are few men in the country better known than Mr. Barrowclough, especially in musical circles. Ever since his boyhood days his name has been coupled with music and musical organizations, so that today he is one of the recognized leaders of music in the West. He has until quite recently been leader of the well-known Winnipeg City Band, and is now leading Barrowclough's orchestra, and is choirmaster of the Central Congregational Church, a position that he held for several years previous to his present engagement.

Mr. Barrowclough has been in the music business for the past fifteen

years. Three years ago he sold out his sheet music and small instrument business to Barrowclough & Scribble to take over the management of the Morris Piano Co. in the West, the instrument of his choice. The manner in which the latter named business has grown in three short years is proof, not only of the excellence of the instrument, but of the thorough way in which he has performed his duties.

Mr. Barrowclough in his business career has won for himself an honorable and enviable reputation through his close application to business and his courteous and gentlemanly treatment of all with whom he comes in contact.