

"I would not get the stuff before there would be something else. I am waiting for the permanent, the ultimate. Surely the dusty attic of oblivion is well filled with contrivances. Jonah's gourd has ever been accompanied by a worm." Poor soul! the wheels of progress ever move onward, and make but one revolution in time and eternity.

The mental vision, however, of all the inhabitants of Hillsdale was not bounded by the local horizon. There were those who pressed the eye of the soul against a narrow casement for the widest possible outlook. Underneath the monotony and quiet, subtle touches from the great ongoings of the world registered themselves in the brain and heart, from the flashes which fell on those eyes at that casement.

The mother followed her boy as he struggled honorably and heroically along the crowded road of mediocrity, or perchance, if of stronger pinion, soared to fame; and alas, too, as he fell ignominiously, to shame. In the latter case it was always the wicked city, and not the boy, that bore the opprobrium. The corner tavern with the smiling landlord was rarely if ever counted in as the initiation of this graduation in ignominy. "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." No