

may become the live thought and feeling by which the lives of men are nurtured and governed.

The good leader had his anxieties and fears about the people from whom he was so soon to part. They were but men, and he knew how easy it is for men to forget. Time and again, in those forty years, forgetfulness had been just the great fault of omission with which he had to charge them, and for which he had to rebuke them in pungent terms. We can, therefore, understand his anxiety; and admire both the spirit and the substance of his valedictory. Men and women are so ready to forget—forget favors, and when reminded of them, claim that they were rights—forget adversity, and in the day of prosperity sometimes indignantly decry the mention of it—forget trials, and utterly ignoring the wholesome lessons which they teach, land themselves by and by in heavier trials still. There seems to be nothing easier than for some natures to forget the offices of kindness, or wise counsel, or to profit by the obvious teaching of stern experience. Selfish souls are those and thoughtless, with no true sense of responsibility, or worthy ideals of propriety, gratitude, or justice. Try to impress such poor specimens of humanity as you will, it seems to be all the same. Help them out of ninety-nine difficulties, and at the hundredth they will abuse the generous friend who has sacrificed for them again and again, because weary and discouraged he cannot go the fool the hundredth time. Counsel them wisely again and again, and, trusting to their profuse promises of amendment, give them another chance to regain lost confidence, and just when you expect them to be most helpful and reliable, find to