

and then views beneath his feet the almost invincible barriers ; but then he calls to remembrance that lofty mountains wear down by slow degrees ; that even the ocean in its vastness is filling up ; that Niagara has slowly eroded its limestone bed by pouring over it its thundering columns of water, and that ere long the great lake that now supplies its boiling chasm will be drained ; that vast portions of the Pacific are being gradually filled up by the labors of a little insect scarcely discernible by the naked eye. He has heard that Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, notwithstanding the Roman Senate's decree devoting to the infernal gods whatever general should presume to pass the boundary which separates Italy from Cisalpine Gaul ; that Wolfe scaled the heights of Quebec against almost impossible difficulties ; that Napoleon climbed the Alps which lay between him and Italy—his much-coveted conquest. These recollections intensify his resolve to fix his gaze on the object beyond and to think nothing of the perils at his feet. He believes that where there's the will there's the way ; that nothing is impossible to him that wills. He thinks only of position and fame in the words spoken in fable of the clouds,—

“ How beautiful and bright their hue !  
I wish that I were up there too ;  
For, if they look so fine from here,  
What must they be when one is near ! ”

Then, forgetful, or rather neglectful, of what lies around and beneath him, he fixes his eye with steady gaze upon the dazzling eminence. Difficulties are to him like the lion which met Samson in the way to Timnath as he journeyed to seek a wife—at first they roar, gnash their teeth, and grin the while, but when subdued he fondly hopes to find in them a nest of honey ! He doubts the truth of the aphorism—“ Better to be the cat in the philanthropist's family than a mutton-pie at a king's banquet.” Evidently he would prefer being the cat in the king's family with the mutton-pie at the philanthropist's banquet !

The thought has dawned upon him that the field for performing great deeds is “ white unto the harvest.” He is the man for the hour ; he enlists in the race and hopes to write his name among the stars of heaven. Neither brilliancy of intellect,