

## THE HILL OF MERCANTILE LIFE. 219

the strange scene you are beholding. This is a picture of commercial life. Yonder high and scraggy mass of earth and rocks that looms and frowns upon us is the mountain of business life, up whose steep and slippery sides every man must climb who would reach the beautiful garden of ease and comfort, which you observe at the top, and which represents the rock-supported plateau of worldly success. The beautiful female you saw gliding so gracefully about among the bowers of that enchanting eminence, serving those to whom she is so especially devoted, is the Goddess of Fortune. She carries in her golden girdle the ponderous keys which unlock the great storehouse of nature represented by the mountain before you. This charming goddess is said to be a fickle jade. She frowns upon the struggling masses clinging to the rocks below, while she is devotion itself to all who reach the sacred enclosure. She will not extend a helping hand to any man until he has grasped with firm hold, by his own indomitable pluck, the lower rail of that enclosing balustrade. Then her scorn gives place to the sweetest of smiles, and she crowns him with the laurel wreath of victory and invests him with the golden sceptre emblematical of the power and influence which ever accompany the acquisition of wealth or so-called worldly success.

"Those winding, frail-looking ladders extending up the rough and uneven sides, now following some deep depression where they are