

this, that work achieved is but the earnest of a greater work, that thus the limit of man's work lies in infinity! To return, imagine a man as influenced solely by his inner physical constitution, irrespective of outside forces, and we know that he must work to sustain his own powers. that is to say to live, for power is an attribute of life. Hence the determination to labour is the solution of the problem of life.

But, secondly, regarding man in his true relation, as in vital connection with a world of life, the same truth obtains. He is constantly being assailed by forces which threaten his existence, to defeat which demands his undivided strength. His physical life is in constant jeopardy. Gaunt Famine, Poverty lean and ragged, Fever with vacant countenance and hollow eye, children all of Death, regard him hungrily; and unbidden, stalk, unseemly forms, across the threshold of his door. To beat back the approaches of the grim contestants for his life, man must fight with bare hands and a single purpose.

The struggle for supremacy becomes a struggle for life. In such a struggle intellect, though not all powerful, is most potent. It is part of a great truth that eminence is determined by intellectual power. The body is no more than the amanuensis of the mind, at whose dictation it may write, perchance, ineffaceable characters upon the rock of immortality. The mind and body are to some extent interdependent, but not wholly so. Without the mind the body is incapable of motion and hence of achievement; free of the body, the mind of man may in a mysterious but potent manner work and do throughout all time. The ever puissant mind of Shakespeare is fashioning the thought of to-day to a degree that his generation never beheld, and it is a far piercing eye that can mark the ceasing of its influence. But we must beware of deifying intellect. Since life is in its deepest meaning life, full, rich, symmetrical, great everywhere, the aspiration toward life is realized only when with growth of body and mind there comes and is a greatness of soul. The spiritual life, whose heart is the soul, whose essence is etherial, immeasurably transcends grosser life. No eulogy is more exquisite than that which denominates a man great-souled. Intellect, then, not of itself, nor inspired by evil genii, but intellect enshrined in a soul of purity, nobility and truth is the triumphant of powers, the enduring of things. Shakespeare and Dickens live,

and shall live, because they were men of deepest soul, as well as mightiest intellect. He of brilliant intellect, but sordid spirit, may enjoy a transient elevation; but that one to whose cradle the Virtues have brought rich gifts, to whose pure and sympathetic heart, vice and meanness are unknown, he alone is great, his work alone shall live. True greatness, not of necessity what the world concedes to be greatness, but greatness which works as loyally and cheerfully for self-approval as in the plaudits of the unthinking throng, is the true ambition. Though the worth of many of earth's noblest have never met with a recognition of men, let this not dismay nor encourage, for the stature of every man is recorded in Jellibly somewhere, and will be recorded sometime.

But how may the struggle to attain this life be successful. Such a struggle exists, nay more, is a necessity. And it need not be a hopeless struggle. Success is possible, not certain, depending not on the greatness of our powers, but on our use of them. Perhaps the first indispensable condition to success lies in the principle of self-effort. The endeavour must be of himself, while it is not possible to prize too dearly that subtle bond of sympathy which encircles the hearts of men, which suggests the helping hand and cheering word, from which proceeds that interchange of benefits and strength which ministers to the weakness of each, while we know that in vital union there is strength, yet is no less a truth that in the irresistible phalanx every man stands as firm as a rock. Had every son of bonny England not done his duty on that all-glorious day of Trafalgar the brightest of his medals might never have gleamed on the gallant breast of the nation's hero. Every man for himself, and all for a noble purpose is the truest of rallying cries.

Again, the struggle must be a constant one. A moment of idleness is ever a moment of loss in which may perish the work of weary years. Diligent, unceasing effort has a sure reward.

Earnestness also is an element of success. He who brings to any task his greatest energies, who desires above all else its accomplishment, is most certain to witness its consummation. The man of wavering purpose is the most pitiable, the most fatal of beings.

Finally, the greatest success greets the hopeful effort. We have much of the strength of desperation,