

THE CALLIOPE.

the black, insatiable jaws of death thousands of premature victims. Trace all the calamities which befall man to their source and you will find it mostly to lie in his wrong estimate of his own capabilities.

If we were each to say: let me know the purpose for which I exist. Is it to move through this transitory existence solitary, excluded from the world, in the pursuit of studies which can benefit myself alone, but not have the remotest influence on the welfare of the world at large? that can exalt my intellect, raise me superior to my fellow beings, and elicit their admiration and applause, but not aid in lifting from poverty and misery; and snatching from the horrors of starvation and attendant vice, poor, fallen man? Was I placed on earth to ascend to power, honour, fame, on the necks of my prostrate fellow creatures; to rise a step higher at each wretch I cast into the dust? Was I placed on earth my only object to accumulate wealth; to draw from the poor man, as the tiger sucks his victims life-blood, his last penny to throw on my glittering, hell-damning pile? that penny which, perhaps, a long day of painful toil had won; which the feeble cries of perishing infants and the rending sobs of a mother had driven the heartbroken father forth to seek? Assuredly not. In what then consists my duty? Charity. Learn your true nature;—to sympathize with your unfortunate fellow men in their wrongs; to mitigate their sufferings;

“And learn the luxury of doing good.”

Crush with unsparing hand your selfish motives and aims. Take faltering, weak man by the hand and lead him upward to happiness and hopes which will be intensified and realized in a future world. Raise the poor man's head from the dust; wash from him the stains of poverty and hide his nakedness from a cold, careless and deriding world. Let thy trembling hand convey the crust of bread to the starving mouth, and raise the refreshing cup to the parched lips; cause that pulse which had nigh ceased beating, to palpitate again; that blood, stagnant in the

veins, to resume its lightening speed. Let it be thine to keep the pale midnight vigils by the bed of sickness; to aid almost exhausted nature, to throw off the fell hand of disease and struggle back to life and health; to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded mind. Be a *christian*. Know thyself and thou shalt be one.

Let each of us say to himself: “let me know myself.” Do I wear the garments of hypocrisy? let me tear them from my shoulders and fling them from me; let my heart be thrown open to the gaze of the world; my tongue not belie my thoughts. Have I a revengeful, unfor-giving nature? let me search with straining, anxious eyes for the spot in which the rankling poison lurks; cease not till it be discovered and the destroying antidote applied. Skrink my heart with envy? let me burn it out and infuse in its stead pure, disinterested affection. Does malice, lurking in my tongue, shoot from thence its envenomed shafts? let me pluck them out, and let none but words of love and kindness fall from it. Do prejudices warp my judgement and contract my mind? let me release them from those fetters, that they may expand to their utmost bounds; and that reason and justice may wholly predominate. Am I wrapt up in selfishness and pride? let me throw them from me, and take instead mankind and humility. But alas! how few of us do these things! Many of us cannot relinquish weak and foolish habits which a long indulgence make us regard in the light of old friends, in the absence of which we would mope and pine. Take the woodpecker from his stump and he pines away and dies; take his weak or vicious habits from the man, he feels deserted. We must all have something to peck at. To many the appeal would be made in vain. Some of us have cherished habits and prejudices so long and closely that they have become inseparable parts of our nature; and in some places are so intimately connected with the good that it would be difficult, as with the tares in the wheat, to eradicate the one without uprooting the other.

“And e'en our failings lean to virtue's side.”