

nothing who has not suffered! How can a man love truly, devotedly, enduringly, unless he has been tried in the great fire of experience—"whose name is also sorrow"—and found out what his life is; and who is worthy to receive it! A man must suffer, and grow strong, if his heart is kindled with a love of the ideal. And I would to God that every man and woman, too, felt this more keenly!

I believe, in the life of every individual, there comes, with the putting away of childish things, a longing for that higher manhood, the type of which is found alone in Christ. This feeling takes possession of his soul; and he, looking away from himself into the busy, bustling world with an eager, restless, hungry soul, longing for the future of his hopes—the goal of his ambition—turns from the picture therein presented; and from his inmost soul cries out to God in one long wail of piercing agony.

Alas! his life has been imaginary. His brain has been revolving on a pivot, which existed in his fancy alone. The ideal is unattainable, the real is not enough, and feeling

—this thirst and hunger of the soul,
We cannot still—this longing, this wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not,
And cannot have; the effort to be strong,
And like the Spartan boy, to smile and smile
While fatal wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks,"

he becomes impetuous, daring, sinful; and grasping the nearest support to his sinking hopes, he drains the first fountain no matter whether its waters are living or poisonous; and with a hurried desperation goes down to ruin. O! this awakening—this coming from the sweet dreams of youth to the bare realities of manhood! At one spring we launch from the ideal to the real, from the soft June midnight to the raw November morning. Thackeray has said:—

"The delusion is better than the truth sometimes, and fine dreams than dismal wakings."

In some instances this is verily true. A thoughtful, sensitive youth nourishes his affection for the good and beautiful, until after years of blissfully ignorant training, he finds the delicate plant has reached a height whence its tendrils droop for support; and instantly he sets to work to discover an object suitable for his love to entwine. In his mind's inner chamber there hangs a portrait

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