

On reaching maturity the young man is advised to study well the characters of those with whom he comes in contact in business. From the serene height of his virtues, he can quickly detect the weaknesses of those unfortunate men who did not enjoy his moral training. He studies their weaknesses. He watches their unguarded moments, which are only too frequent, seeing that they generally have no will-power. He seizes opportunities. He does disagreeable things for the sake of the exceeding great reward in the future. He seeketh a wife (vide *Young Ladies' Guide*), and he lives, in full physical strength, to a happy old age, and descends into the tomb after the manner prescribed in *The Sloping Pathway*, by the same author.

Books on old age, which flourish under such titles as *Looking toward Sunset*, invariably assume that the old gentleman is, to use a rather slangy expression, "pretty well fixed." He has nothing to do but to be didactic. He gathers his grandchildren around him and tells them of his early struggles, his fierce fight against the temptation to buy an overcoat when he had the money and sorely needed one; his dispensing with a clerk and washerwoman when he was founding the fortunes of his house; his rough experience when he acted as a private watchman, and his triumphant defeat of coalitions of watchmen against him; his encounter with an Irish coalman when he expressed his determination to put in his own coal, and his glow of manly satisfaction at thus having saved a quarter; his determination to become a rich and honored member of society; "And now my children" (smiling) "see me."

There is a very charming book of Cicero's, *De Senectute*, in which he describes the compensations of old age, but he evidently was not aware of the kind of compensation here described. The retrospect of old age, according to Tully, should take in manifold deeds of heroism, of kindness, of doing service to the commonwealth. But if the chief crown of old age is to be a night-cap of United States bonds the halo somehow or other vanishes. Even Macbeth's dream of honored old age is an improvement upon this, and the great old men whom Cicero describes had little fortune beyond honors and troops of friends. There is nothing more beautiful than age in its full ear of good works; but Heaven save us from "descending the vale" in a patent invalid-chair, talking morally about our triumphs, which were somebody else's defeats!

It is only when one reads these goody-goody books that he realizes the extent which the biology of evolutionism has reached. The speculations of Herbert Spencer have quite supplanted the old teachings of the English moral philosophers. The deformity of evolution is most apparent in its moral essays. There is something quite fascinating in the scientific writings of the Darwinian school; but then, you know, the great struggle for existence took place myriads of ages ago. You cannot be expected to sympathize with the extinct species that went down before the fierce onslaught of the "fittest." It is all like the wars of the giants. But when the evolution theory applies its sociology you begin to regret that you ever felt any interest in the vile thing. Spencer, the moralist of evolution, asks you such horrible questions as Whether deformed persons should be encouraged to live; whether there is any "charity" in succoring the incurable; whether imbeciles and the insane had not best be disposed of as we are counselled to dispose of them in Plato's *Republic*; is life worth living for those who cannot make a living?—and other suggestions which go with a chill to the heart of him who, afar off, follows in the foot-steps of the

infinitely compassionate Redeemer of mankind. What business has anybody to be poor, lame, blind, or dumb? Whose fault is it? What right have sickly people to get married, or, if married, to preserve their diseased offspring, that will grow up burdens on society? Why do we encourage idleness and improvidence in the building of almshouses and refuges, when without them the wretched race of *imbeciles* would quickly perish under the law of the survival of the fittest? O horrible outcome of science! This is your boasted redemption of humanity! Rejoice, O man! if you are strong and well to do, and filled with the comforts and appliances of this life, for they will enable you all the more readily to overthrow and stamp out your weaker brother!

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

When President Garfield took Blaine of Maine into his Cabinet, making him Secretary of State, surely he foresaw the selection would wound the feelings of Roscoe Conkling of New York, to whom, more than to any other, he owes his own berth in the White House. He knew these two Senators were deadly rivals for the "boss"-ship of the Eastern States, and that Conkling's cunning manœuvres at Chicago had defeated Blaine's bold attempt to secure the presidential nomination for himself. But, as if Garfield did not consider Blaine's appointment a sufficient insult and injury to the gentleman from New York, he next proceeded to reward with lucrative positions some of the latter's personal enemies, notably one Robertson with the office of Collector of the Port of New York. This was too much for Conkling, and nobody was surprised to hear that he opposed with all the force he could command the choice of the President when submitted to the Senate for ratification. The result was a dead-lock in legislation for several days, over the petty appointment of a collector of tolls! A glorious spectacle truly in a great Republic! At last somebody had to give way, and the somebody was poor Mr. Conkling, who, together with Mr. Platt, his colleague from New York, resigned on May 16th. This was what Mr. Secretary Blaine desired but feared Conkling would not be fool enough to do. Of course, Conkling means to be elected again if he can, as a protest against the administration, although he pretends he will not move a hand to secure that result. With equal resolution Blaine is determined that his old rival, now his victim, shall not be re-elected, and the legislature at Albany will be the scene of one of the wickedest faction fights ever waged. Grant supports Conkling, and makes a warm appeal in his favor, bitterly denouncing the President and his advisers, but Ulysses A's prestige is gone, and his touch puts a blight upon everything. This embroilment is regarded by Democrats as the beginning of the end of the Republican party; by the independent press as the final collapse of the "Machine," which has run the departments in the interest of political gamblers, during every administration for decades of years. If so, there is a