

SUCCESSFUL MEN—THEIR ENERGY.

All men who have succeeded in life have been men of high resolve and endurance. The famed William Pitt was in his early life fond of gaming; the passion increased with his years; he knew he must at once master the passion or the passion would master him. He made a firm resolve that he would never again play at a game of hazard.—He could make such a resolution; he could keep it. His subsequent eminence was the fruit of that power. William Wilberforce in his earlier days, like most young men of his rank and age loved the excitement of places of hazard. He was one night persuaded to keep the faro-bank. He saw the ruin of the vice of gaming as he never saw it before; he was appalled with what he beheld. Sitting amid gaming, ruin and despair, he took the resolution that he would never again enter a gaming house. He changed his company with the change of his conduct, and subsequently became one of the most distinguished Englishmen of his age.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was once requested to drink wine with a friend. The Dr. proposed tea. "But drink a *little* wine," said his host. "I cannot," was the reply. "I know abstinence—I know excess; but I know no medium. Long since I resolved, as I could not drink a *little* wine, I would not drink at all." A man who could thus support his resolution by action was a man of endurance, and that element is as well displayed in this incident as in the combinations of his great work.

When Richard Brinsley Sheridan made his first speech in Parliament, it was regarded on all hands as a mortifying failure. His friends urged him to abandon a Parliamentary career, and enter upon a field better suited to his ability. "No!" said Sheridan—"no, it is in me, and it *shall* come out!" And it did, and he became one of the most splendid debaters in England.

Loyola, the founder of the order of Jesuits, the courtier, the man of gallantry and dissipation, obtained such mastery over himself by labor and endurance, that, to illustrate to illustrate the fact, he stood several hours, apparently unmoved, in a pond of ice and muddy water up to his chin.

Perhaps no other nation in Europe, at the time, could have won the battle of Waterloo except the British, because no other could have brought to that conflict the amount of endurance necessary to win.—For many hours that army stood manfully before the murderous fire of the French, column after column fell, while not a gun was discharged on their part. One sullen word of command ran along the line as thousands fell—"File up! file up!" "Not yet—not yet!" was the Iron Duke's reply to the earnest requests made to charge and fight the foe. At length the time of action came. The charge was given, and victory crowned the noble standard of England.

[Another remarkable instance of this kind of valor on the part of the British army is given in the "Russian account of the battle of Inkerman," recently reprinted from the German by Murray of London, in which he endeavours to account for the defeat of 35,000 Russians by 8,000 or 10,000 English; the writer, after enumerating many physical obstacles which the Russians had to encounter proceeds to ask: "What was it then that prevented the complete success of the Russian attack? *The bravery and steadiness of the English!*" This unquestionably deserves to be recorded; it was remarkable, and the British soldier fought in a manner worthy of his most glorious days."

* * * * * The following episode illustrates this in a fearful manner. The writer proceeds: "The second crisis of the fight arrived. Pauloff's three regiments, which were coming with their guns along the Pioneer Road, had arrived on the field about eight o'clock, about the time that Simonoff's troops retreated into the Ravine. These brave soldiers, who had lately fought so gallantly at Oltenitza, were forthwith sent by Dannenberg against the enemy to restore the fortune of the day. Defiling regiment by regiment through their comrades of the 7th Division, the Ochotzk in front, then the Yakutzk and lastly the Selenginsk, eagerly and full of courage, through the ravine and the embarrassing brushwood, they went against the enemy. And now began a new desperate hand-to-hand conflict, a more obstinate struggle than before. The Ochotzk, without stopping often to fire, attacked immediately with the bayonet, and, with the irresistible force that fresh troops possess, pressed the English back in spite of a gallant resistance, and advanced to seize on the flank redoubt. But here they met with formidable opponents. The gigantic Coldstream guardsmen, 700 strong, and all picked men, with a great renown to support, great expectations to satisfy, resisted here with unconquerable heroism. Though surrounded and separated from their comrades, their only thought was to hold

the redoubt. As it had no banquette, and the breastwork was too high to fire over, they used the corpses as footstools. They suffered much, especially from Pauloff's artillery which opened on them from its position behind the ravine. They saw the contest in other quarters getting distant, and the Russians advancing with success: but each Coldstream was pervaded with the thought, 'Life may be lost, but the honor of the regiment must be preserved, and the enemy shall only make his way over our bodies.' The desperation which throws away life is its surest safeguard; it gave these giants the strength of giants, and for long they held their post untaken, and repeated attacks of the Ochotzk, who had partly made good their entrance through the embrasures, were repulsed. These last crowded themselves close under the wall, where the fire of the enemy could not reach them, to rest and renew their strength. And now the fury and daring of both sides gave rise to a truly Homeric combat. Some of the Ochotzk seized the muskets of their fallen comrades, and hurled them, with their bayonets attached, like spears into the redoubt; others picked up huge stones and flung them in. Spears and stones were hurled back by the Coldstreams. For ten minutes this fight, like a return to ancient times, endured, until they reverted to the real working weapons of the present time, and began a fresh murderous struggle with ball and bayonet. Soon the Coldstreams, fearfully distressed by Pauloff's artillery, saw 200 of their ranks dead or wounded on the ground; they lost hope of holding the redoubt against repeated assaults, and as they once more beheld their friends advancing, they chose the moment, and forced their way to them with the bayonet, and not without great loss."

Twice after this was the redoubt taken and retaken, and terrible was the scene it presented after the battle. The whole records of warfare scarcely present a more deadly hand-to-hand conflict than the battle of Inkerman.—ED. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, U. C.]

Men of genius without endurance cannot succeed. Men who start in one kind of business may find it impossible to continue therein all their days. Ill health may demand a change. New and wider fields of enterprise and success may be opened to them; new elements of character may be developed. Men may have a positive distaste for some pursuits, and success may demand a change. None of these cases fall within the general rule. Men may have rare talents, but if they "are everything by turns, and nothing long," they must not expect to prosper. No form of business is free from vexations; each man knows the spot on which his own harness chafes; but he cannot know how much his neighbor suffers. It is said that a Yankee can splice a rope in many different ways; an English sailor knows but one method, but in that method, he does his work well. Life is not long enough to allow any one to be really master of but one pursuit.—*Michigan Journal of Education.*

Miscellaneous.

THANK GOD FOR PLEASANT WEATHER.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

Thank God for pleasant weather,
Chant it, merry rills!
And clap your hands together,
Ye exulting hills!
Thank him teeming valley!
Thank him fruitful plain!
For the golden sunshine,
And the silver rain.

Thank God of Good the Giver!
Shout it, sportive breeze!
Respond, oh tuneful river!
To the nodding trees.
Thank Him, bird and birdling!
As ye grow and sing!
Mingle in thanksgiving
Every living thing!

Thank God, with cheerful spirit,
In a glow of love,
For what we here inherit,
And our hopes above!—
Universal Nature
Revels in her birth,
When God in pleasant weather,
Smiles upon the earth!