

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XVII. CARROLL'S INSINUATIONS.

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more peaceful time I may be better understood and better judged by one who no longer regards me as the most stern-hearted of my sex. With regard to the information you ask, I can say this much: it is more than probable that Mr. O'Donoghue will be detained here a month, at the end of which time, if he is not sent on to Dublin, his trial will take place here."

Father Meagher bowed and thanked him, and returned to his fair charges, both of whom were once more heavily veiled. Captain Denier accompanied them to the limits of the officers' quarters. With a wild wish for some sign which might tell him that Clara's feelings toward him were not entirely those of aversion, he ventured to walk beside her as they neared the arched passage in which he would make his adieu; but she did not give him the slightest mark of notice. Disappointed and saddened, he still found opportunity to whisper when he had taken leave of Father Meagher and Nora: "The day may come—and I shall pray for its dawn—in which I shall be able to show you how cruelly, how bitterly you wrong me." Could he have penetrated the thickness of her veil, say, more, could he for one instant have read the depths of her heart, he would have been entirely comforted, for the latter was strangely touched—touched far more than its owner would admit to herself, and she thanked the friendly screen which concealed the sudden rush of tell-tale color to her face.

Tighe a Vohr, with his wonted shrewdness, was in a timely waiting, and to him Captain Denier resigned his visitors for further guidance from the barracks. "Is it success?" whispered the eager fellow, when he could ask the question without fear of being overheard. "No, Tighe," answered Father Meagher, "it is not; we have gained nothing by our visit but the information that Carroll is to be kept here a month, and perhaps will stand his trial here."

"A month!" repeated Tighe, "the powers—axin' yer riverence's pardon for swearin'—but mebbe I could fix the matter, how'd while, an' let me con-joiner—faith! I think I have it. Go back to Darromacchoil, but kape yerself in readiness to return any minute."

"What is it, Tighe; what have you planned?" asked the jaded Captain Denier kindly as came to an interview with the prisoner. The officer started, in all that he had surmised no suspicion of such a favor being craved crossed his mind. Being the friend and confidant as he was of the governor of the jail, a scratch of his pen to that official requesting permission for a visit of friends to the Fenian prisoner would have been sufficient to secure an instant assent; but such a proceeding would be an utter violation of that principle of duty which the young officer held to be dearer than life. His silence, his painful embarrassment, spoke too well the refusal that for the moment he was unable to utter.

"Captain Denier, could you, if you would," asked Clara's trembling voice, "help us to obtain this favor?" "I could," he responded, without looking at her. "Then may I beg—before he could realize or prevent what she was about to do, she had thrown herself on her knees before him, and burst into so passionate and piteous an appeal to be afforded one sight of her brother that the officer was well nigh motionless by the cord which compassion for her touching distress, and his own iron determination to do his duty at whatever cost, aroused within him. "The prayer and the blessings of two orphan girls will follow you!" she continued, with her clasped hands raised toward him, and her lovely eyes streaming with the tears she could no longer restrain. Her action had been so sudden and so unexpected that neither Father Meagher nor Nora had been prepared for it, and now both stood as if paralyzed by the shock of her proceeding. "Help me, Nora," she still continued, "pledged with me to this man, whose heart is so hard to touch."

"Rise, I beg you, Miss O'Donoghue," the officer at last found time to say, and he bent to assist her; by this time also, Father Meagher was soliciting her with tender entreaty, and Nora was supporting her with her trembling clasp. "Say that you will help us to one brief interview with him."

The captain was desperate; how he wished that he had resigned his commission as he had intended to do on the occasion of his last interview with Lord Heathcote—he would not then be in this wretched strait. With an effort which sent the hot blood surging madly into his face and then caused it to recede so suddenly, leaving him white to the lips, he said in a voice that trembled painfully, despite all his efforts to make it calm: "I am harrowed to the soul, Miss O'Donoghue; I would give my life to be able to answer as you desire me to do, but my duty, my honor, my principles forbid it. I will give you what information of your brother it is in my power to give—the probable time and whereabouts of the trial—but to assist you to an interview with him is impossible—I must refuse to interfere." He turned sadly away.

Clara would have made another effort, but Father Meagher detained her, "Control yourself, my dear child," he whispered; "we cannot move him; and nothing remains but to obtain the information of which he speaks."

He left her and sought the captain, who stood at a little distance from the party, his head bowed, and his eyes moodily seeking the floor. "I thank you, sir," the priest began solemnly, "for your evident commiseration of that poor girl, and I regret that we have put your devotion to duty to such a painful test; but perhaps the information of which you speak may be some balm to our suffering and anxious hearts."

The young man, in gratitude for words which seemed to say that at least one understood him, and had divined the unhappy conflict waging within him, extended his hand to the clergyman, and with an admirable look of calm answered: "I thank you from my soul, reverend sir, for what you have said; you have taken some of the bitterness out of that cup which it is my fate constantly to drink, and you give me hope that in a

I have good cause to know that the same lady does love you, an' she loikes you better for the way you're actin' at the present toime, makin' yerself agreeable to her wishes. Do you see now; do you comprehend intirely all I'm sayin' to you?" asked Tighe with much the same manner and voice he might have used to Shaun.

The dazed Englishman nodded; he was too mystified to know whether he ought to be pleased, or angry, or puzzled, or all three together. "Well, this, this same Jack Moore would'n't care if he destroyed you this night, the villain, an' it's a laughin' stock he wants to make of you, as well as to win yer money; but if you'll be me directions, I think we'll defeat him, the thafe of the world. Tell me now, will you do just as I say?"

The mystified Englishman again nodded. "Well, promise me that you won't be abridgin' yerself on the widdy's notice, that you won't get mixt nor high where she is till the race is over. Will you promise that?"

A third time the bewildered Englishman nodded. "Tighe gave a grant of satisfaction. 'Now tell me how many days afore the race will be closed; I mane when would it be too late for you to take the name of a horse in the place of Rody Crane's filly?'"

"The day afore to-morrow," replied the soldier, at last seeming to arouse to a correct understanding of the case. "That's short time," said Tighe, "but how sad ever will they. And now, chargin' his voice from his tone of authority to one of humble entreaty—"mebbe yer honor would'n't refuse me a bit of a favor. I'll not say it till after I've secured the horse an' the rider."

"What is it, Mr. Carmody?" asked the quartermaster. "It's to get a pass for me, some way, that'll admit three people into the jail to see that poor prisoner that was brought here by the Darromacchoil the other night. They're frien'ly of his, an' two of them the purist ladies you iver laid eyes on—me heart soked intirely when I seen the grief they wad in bekaise they wouldn't be let to see him. Now, Mr. Garfield, I'll put it to yerself: if it was yer own case an' the widdy Moore was breakin' her heart to see you, wouldn't you be thankfu'ly yerself, wouldn't the soldiers of ye heart rise in gratitude to the one that would bring her to visit you in yer lonely cell?"

That appeal did touch a tender spot in the quartermaster's bosom; imagination pictured the fair Mistress Moore paying him such a visit, and for the bliss of that he would have been willing to endure the dearest of his enemies. He was evidently softened, and he answered kindly: "Perhaps I can manage it. One of the officials of the prison is a warm friend of mine, and if the visit be made at night, and be kept quite secret, I think it can be arranged. But the visit must be made at night, and be kept entirely secret."

"Any condition at all be agreed to," said Tighe, meeting condition, and gleamingly the soldier's stare that he had made an error of speech; but without attempting to correct it he continued: "An' now I'll be takin' me leave, Mr. Garfield, but you'll see me to-morrow night, an' mebbe afore, an' I trust it's good news I'll be bringin' you."

And before Mr. Garfield could collect his wits he had been asked the numerous questions which led to his now thoroughly awakened mind, Tighe had disappeared. CHAPTER XIX. DISAPPOINTED. Back to Darromacchoil! nothing else was left for the three sorrowful hearts that had come up to Tralee that morning, hoping, trusting, praying, their hearts had been disappointed, their trust had proved vain, their prayer had been unanswered. Father Meagher, for sake of his despondent charges, assumed a cheerfulness it was impossible for him to feel, and he spoke in re-assuring terms to all Tighe might be able to achieve. But all had little effect. The silence and the pallor of his companions told too surely that there was little decrease in their doubts and their apprehensions.

As they turned the corner of a street on their way to the station they were met by Morty Carter. The surprise and the repugnance to the meeting were mutual, and Carter drew back, this time with no feigned emotion, but with a start of embarrassment and painful astonishment. Father Meagher, his first impulse of bitter indignation toward the traitor in the soldier's stare that he had seen, followed the example of his divine Master, and presented a not unfriendly mien to the miscreant. But there was a sternness in the priest's eye and an accent in his voice which spoke volumes to Carter, and make him wince despite all the bravado he in a moment assumed.

"I am glad to see your reverence," he said, bowing with a fulsome air, "the young ladies;—" the latter, though deeply veiled that not a feature could be discerned, had averted their faces—"I came here to try to gain admission to the jail, to see Mr. Carroll, but I have been sternly refused."

Father Meagher could control himself no longer. "Morty Carter," said he, looking with withering scorn at the traitor, "what a wretch before him! 'are you plotting more treachery; have you not betrayed our poor boy sufficiently that you would see him to cement your infamy?'"

Carter strove to return the steady look of the priest, but his eyes fell; he tried to assume the defiant air which had borne him through on previous occasions, but somehow the sight of those veiled figures, and one especially, the taller of the two, unnerved him; it was with a crestfallen air he answered: "Your reverence is prejudiced against me, so it would be little good to speak my own favor; but one day, perhaps, when these black reports about me are proved—"

"To be entirely true, Carter," interrupted Father Meagher, "you will appear as you are, and we shall know what a viper we have nourished. Good day." He turned shortly, his companions following him, and Mortimer Carter was left to his own dark and vengeful thoughts. The dim little chapel with its silence and solitude formed Nora's consolation and rest, and to it she hastened when, after weary hours of dusty travel, the

little party had arrived at home and she could steal away unnoticed. The hour was late, and Clara, unusually fatigued in body and mind, went immediately to her room. Father Meagher sought his niece, she was putting the last touches to her kitchen work, and the cleanly swept floor, the old-fashioned dresser, just under the light where its array of burnished tins and polished ware were brought into resplendent view, with Nora herself, fresh and winsome as a spring blossom, formed a picture exceedingly pretty. The clergyman was the more disposed to think it fair, and to be much pleased with his niece, because of her obedience regarding Tighe a Vohr. With a pleasant compliment on the neat appearance of the room, a remark so unusual from him that Nora started, he called her to him.

She obeyed, blushing and delighted. "I understand that Tim Carmody has been here," said the priest. "He has been," she answered, half falteringly, and with her air of delight changing to one of some anxiety and fear.

"Oh, you need not be afraid," spoke the clergyman quickly, in order to reassure her. "I have found out all about it from Tighe himself—we met him in Tralee—and I was much pleased to hear of your obedience; you absolutely refused to go to him, I believe."

She immediately regained her confidence and her vivacity. "I did, uncle; I would not say one word to him, because you forbade me to."

"So he told me; but I did not mean, my dear child, to enjoin absolute silence upon you; I desired you not to receive his attentions, not to permit him to be so close to you, not to permit him of wishing you not to speak to him—that would be unwell and uncharitable. But God will bless you for the strict obedience you thought it your duty to practice. And now I am happy to say that the poor fellow has done us good service; he has lost neither time nor thought in serving poor Carroll."

Her delight at her uncle's unworded praise of Tighe a Vohr, Nora quite forgot her caution; she burst out eagerly: "And did he tell you, uncle, about that dreadful paper with Mr. O'Donoghue's name on it? he gave it to me to read, and—"

"Gave it to you to read?" interrupted the priest, who had supposed that her absolute silence which Tighe reported to her, had been a matter of even usual civility on her part, an idea which now seemed to be disproved by the fact of her acceptance of the paper from Tighe in order to read it. "And you read it," continued the priest, "and still no communication passed between you and Tighe? I cannot understand this."

Mora was scarlet; she hung her head in shame and confusion. "Answer me, Nora," said the clergyman sternly, "have both you and Tighe been telling me wilful lies?"

There was no other course for the shame-stricken girl but to tell the truth, and the whole truth. "We spoke to Shaun, uncle, Tighe and I, sending him from one to the other of us with our messages."

Father Meagher looked for an instant as if he had become suddenly dazed; then the whole affair flashing upon him as vividly as though he had been present at the interview in which Shaun played so important a part, it was with difficulty he could repress a smile at the ingenuity which would thus deceive him; but he was really annoyed that such cunning had been practiced, and he determined on the morrow to give his niece a more stern reprimand than she had ever received from him.

"A precious pair both you and Tighe are!" he muttered, abruptly leaving the kitchen. "Now I've done it, like a realomad, kawn as I am!" muttered Mora, with a heavy heart she repaired to her chamber.

Nora had finished her prayers and her long meditation, and leaving the chapel by the passage which led to the garden surrounding the house, she was tempted by the beauty of the night to prolong her stay. Standing by a broken gap, the stones of which had only that day fallen, she heard a deep-drawn sigh, and proceeded from some one crouched among the stones. Alarmed, and yet yielding to the impulse which prompted her to see if it was a case that her charity could benefit, she stooped a little, and asked softly: "Is there any one here in trouble?"

A figure rose slowly, noisily displacing the stones about it as it did so, and then, mounting on the lowest part of the broken gap, stood fully revealed by the moonlight to Nora. It was a man of medium height, with shoulders so high as to give him somewhat of a deformed appearance; his head, deeply sunken between his shoulders, was abundantly covered by coarse black hair that, hanging matted almost over his very eyes, mounted on the haggard face a half wild and savage look.

"Rick of the Hills!" exclaimed Nora. "Yes; Rick of the Hills, and no less," responded the man doggedly. "What is the matter?" asked Nora, kindly; "you have been seen about here so little of late that we hoped you had found some comfortable home at last."

the pain of my conscience. If a father lost his child—a little one that was like the apple of his eye; a little one that he loved till his heart didn't seem to beat when she was out of his sight—I he lost her, I mean I was taken from him to a good, rich home to be the darling of everybody there, and to be made to think that her father was dead, and if that father was content to give her up—content because of the riches, and the comfort, and the education which would be given his darling—I say if he was content to do all this, and to wander the world without her, begging his bit, but always crying for her in his heart; at the last, when he could stand it no longer, when the grief in his bosom was hurrying him to the grave, would it be right for him to claim his child?"

The homely, but touching, pathos of the voice, the wild grief in the face looking down upon her, drew forth Nora McCarthy's most compassionate tears; they flowed fast and copiously. "It would be right," she answered.

"Right for him to intrude himself?" he resumed, "into that grand home, beggar and outcast as he is; right for him to spoil his child's happiness by the shock which it would give her to learn that she has such a father?"

"Yes," replied Nora; "and when she learns of his faithful and tender affection for her through all the years, surely her heart will bound to him—let him be what he may, a villain, a murderer, he will still be her father, and, so far as regards herself, her loving father."

"And do you think, then?"—the voice grew more mournfully earnest, the eyes more piercing in their look—"that it would be the duty of that child to leave that elegant home and go with her begging father?"

"I do," answered Nora; "and it should be her loving task to labor for him and to comfort him."

"Thank you, Miss McCarthy; those are the sweetest words I have heard for many a day; if I wasn't the sinful creature I am, I'd bid God to bless you, but such words from me would only be a mockery."

He turned to leave the gap. "I moment, Rick," besought Nora. "I would say another word to you. I feel that this case which you have so touchingly described is your own, and I fancy that I can understand now your unhappy life—the wandering habits we have so censured, your impatience, your distance for labor—all have been due to this harrowing grief. I pity you, my poor fellow, but a brighter day is coming, and you will claim this long lost, ardently-loved child; she will bound to your arms, and with her you will be once more happy. Yes, Rick; and in that happiness you will thank God, and you will return to Him; you will atone for the past, you will make reparation to the Sacred Heart you have so wounded. Promise me, Rick, that when that day comes you will return to the God you have so long forsaken—you will frequent the sacraments once more."

He had clasped his hands over his face, and she saw by the violent trembling of his form, and the tears which trickled between his fingers, the grief that he could not repress. "You know not what you ask, Miss McCarthy," he said at last, looking at her.

"I do, Rick, I do, and I want your promise"—stepping lightly on the loose stones so that she could be nearer to him, while at the same time she extended her hand. "Not my hand to lie in your innocent palm," he replied, "I'll promise without that."

He turned quickly, jumped into the road below, and walked rapidly away. Nora went to her couch with strange thoughts; amid her own grief and anxiety she had sympathy to spare for the poor wretch with whom she had so recently parted, and for whom before she left she offered many an earnest and fervent prayer.

TO BE CONTINUED. IS IT GENUINE? Probably thousands of people in this section of country, and this section is no exception to any other in this respect in the United States, have read the report said to have been written by Prof. S. A. Lattimore, Ph. D., LL. D., Analyst of Foods and Medicines, New York State Board of Health and Professor of Chemistry in the Rochester, N. Y., University, stating that all of the Safe Remedies manufactured by H. H. Warner & Co. were pure and wholesome, nor did any of them contain any mercury or deleterious substance. To shorten the controversy, however, we will give Prof. Lattimore's report entire:

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER, CHEMICAL LABORATORY. Mr. H. H. Warner has placed in my possession the formulae of the several medicines manufactured and sold under the general designation of "Warner's Safe Remedies." I have investigated the same with extreme care and according to the best methods. I have taken from the Laboratory samples of all the articles used in the preparation of these medicines, as well as the several medicines in which they enter. I have also purchased from different druggists in this city "Warner's Safe Remedies," and upon critical examination I find them all entirely free from mercury and from poisonous and deleterious substances.

S. A. LATTIMORE, Ph. D., LL. D., Analyst of Foods and Medicines, New York State Board of Health, Professor of Chemistry, University of Rochester, N. Y. We cannot think that a firm of the standing of H. H. Warner & Co. would dare publish such a statement if it were untrue, and we now have that firm's authority to say to our readers that it is absolutely and unqualifiedly true in every particular.

THE COCKLE AGAIN.

Written for THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

BY THE REV. MR. L.L.

MY DEAR RECORD.—The parable of the gospel where the enemy came in the night and sowed cockle in the wheat field is likely to be perpetuated in this Canada of ours with more effrontery than the ancient enemy, for our modern vender of noxious weed seeds sows his cockle in the daytime and uses paper and printer's ink as his broadcast seed. The constitution of modern society appears to sanction the treason of a Judas, but it is a blessing that his following and friends are only a small fraction of the community, perhaps about the proportion of one to twelve as it was in the apostolic times. We remember the time when the Toronto Globe, under the late George Brown, tried its best at sowing cockle, and every one in Canada remembers the harvest that followed when the leader in the ungodly dissension was left with a following that was not a decent corporal's guard till it took in "fall and tacked in the opposite direction by appealing to the people to forget what it had said and come together for mutual assistance. The Mail is now acting the part of Annanias and Judas to the country of its adoption, in hopes of getting the thirty pieces of silver for sowing weed seeds in the Province of Ontario. Its manager may be too young to remember the rewards that such labor purchased in the past, but if it will continue in the dirty path which it has chosen, its career will be short and ignominious, for the age in which such a course would lead to success has long since passed away, and the people of Ontario have too much good sense to be led into sectarian strife by any designing adventurer who hopes to make a fortune for himself by the ruin of our young and prosperous country. Big game and fanatics are now happily in so small a minority that though they occasionally annoy the body politic, they will never again have power to create any considerable disturbance, or retard the onward march of the Dominion to her manifest destiny among the great nations of the north in the near future. Our inheritance is so grand, our resources so great, our country so extensive and fruitful in all the requirements of future greatness and happiness for our people that any one who tries to hinder the united and harmonious march of progress and prosperity by heading a faction, or trying to kindle party strife, deserves to be left to his fate, which is desertion and self-destruction. He who tries to introduce the elements of strife is a rebel to his country, which demands the united efforts of all to attain our great end, and it is gratifying to see that the efforts those weed sowers have to work against a head wind and that the few seeds that fall on the ground have the life smothered out of them by the robust growth of patriotism, charity and good fellowship, native to the soil. Every one who is proud of his adopted country, and is happy to call himself A CANADIAN.

VOCATION.

BY CLARA GUYLIE.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vocation is derived from the Latin word, "vocare," which in its literal sense, means "a calling;" but how much more does it not convey to the intelligent mind? God has bestowed upon each, and every one of us, some special talent for a particular line of action, and it is for us to discover what power we possess. All the faculties are born in the child, but remain dormant until developed by time and circumstances. As soon as the child comes to the age of reason it is natural for him to wish to act like those he most admires; as he advances years an ardent desire to achieve something great takes possession of him; then, after some deliberation, he determines what his parent will be, when his steps on the broad highway of human action.

First of all we must, then, concentrate our ideas, and when we have decided what our vocation really is, we must understand how necessary it is for us to be earnest in our undertaking, and that nothing can be accomplished without labor. Even if the universe be full of good, no produce will come to us till we bestow a certain amount of toil on the field given us to till. God has provided us with the instruments for the formation of our own destiny; so great care must be taken that the foundation be solid, or the result will prove a tottering edifice, and we will be failures.

It is true we cannot all be clever and brilliant, but everyone can work, either physically or mentally, for the benefit of his fellow creatures. Labor is the source of all happiness and success, and boys and girls, try it, if you wish to be civilized; let the fairy goddess who, with a magic touch of her wand, dispels the frown of discontent and substitutes the smile of peace; she wears us, in order that we may enjoy rest, she rouses our enthusiasm to lighten our task; in fine, she points out the only true way to prosperity. Have an aim in life and action, then concentrate your ideas, and when you have decided what your vocation really is, we must understand how necessary it is for us to be earnest in our undertaking, and that nothing can be accomplished without labor. Even if the universe be full of good, no produce will come to us till we bestow a certain amount of toil on the field given us to till. God has provided us with the instruments for the formation of our own destiny; so great care must be taken that the foundation be solid, or the result will prove a tottering edifice, and we will be failures.

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