

intellectually and morally bankrupt? Is it not too true of the road of ambition, that, as another has said, "the higher it ascends the more difficult it becomes, till at last it terminates in some elevation too narrow for friendship, too steep for safety, too sharp for repose, and where the occupant, above the sympathy of man and below the friendship of angels, resembles in the solitude if not the depth of his sufferings a Prometheus chained to the Caucasian rock?"

Whatever you will pay the price for, you can have in this world,—that is the rule. Be rich or popular, if you choose,—bringing all your faculties, as did Bonaparte his forces, to bear upon one point, and letting your intellectual and moral nature lie fallow. But do not arrogate too much on the strength of this vulgar success; do not expect admiration and applause, or even a tacit assent to your claims, from those who are accustomed to look below the surface. Do not deem yourself authorized to pity those who prefer incorruptible treasures to a balance at their banker's,—the "pearl of great price" to the jewel that sparkles on the finger,—and who have been successful as *men*, though they may have failed as lawyers, doctors, and merchants. The possession of 5-20 bonds, and mortgages, and corner lots does not always and necessarily reward virtuous industry; "a play, a book, a great work, an architect, or a general, may owe success simply to the bad taste of the times; and, again, non-success in any candidate may arise from a conscience too clear and sensitive, a taste too good and too nice, a judgment too discriminative, a generosity too romantic and noble, or a modesty too retiring." There is no possible valuation of human character which would make the slightest show in the stock-list; and hence success, truly understood, must be sought, not in what we *have*, but in what we *are*.

All experience shows that the greatest and most continued favours of fortune cannot of themselves, make a man happy nor can the deprivation of them render altogether miserable the possessor of a clear conscience and a well-regulated mind. Goethe, who seems to have been born to show how little genius, health, honour, influence and worldly goods can do to make a man happy, confessed that he had not, in the course of his life, enjoyed five weeks of genuine pleasure; and a famous caliph, looking back over a brilliant reign of fifty years, found