Ideals.

Sir Philip Sydney said, "It is better to aim at the sun and miss it than to aim at a bush and hit it." In other words, "Set before yourself an impossibly high ideal rather than some low, all to easily attained, standard of life and character. Don't be afraid of being romantic, poetic, in this respect. Young people without romance and poetry miss half the charm and half the incentive of youth." Lowell expresses this thought beautifully in his poem called "Longing," when he says:

"Still, through our paltry stir and strife, Glows down the wished ideal, And longing moulds in clay, what life Carves in the marble real."

Decoys lure more birds than scarecrows affright, and good examples do more than awful warnings towards keeping us in the right way. If we could but realize this fully, how carefully would we keep from others, and ourselves shun books and papers that depict human depravity. We would regard as "a most ugly man" the one who told us of evil, and would look upon evil doers, like the plague-stricken, as creatures to be pitied, but carefully avoided. Let a boy take for his beau ideal some big-hearted

"square," self-mastered man. Will he not find it a constant check to ill-temper, meaness, or week-kneed self-indulgence? Or let a girl take for her model the cleanest-souled, gentlest, least-selfish woman she has ever met, and she will grow to be like Mrs. Browning's "Kate." in whose presence we are told

"Men grew purer, girls sweeter, and through the whole town, Children were happier that clung to her gown."

Carlyle is right in magnifying hero-worship. A fig for the boy or girl incapable of honest enthusiasm over a hero; whose pulse do not quicken and tears start at the chivalrous deed of a thousand years ago, or of yesterday. And, after all, where should we look for the highest example, the most inspiring incentive, the purest ideal but to Him who is all this, and through whom strengthening us we may at last attain that to which we now aspire?—M. B. B. in New York Examiner.

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