

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Without employment there can be no real happiness, and the more significant our employment the better. Our success in any science or art, whatever our natural talents, must all be the reward of industry and toil. Instances are many of men of great natural genius "whose beginnings promised much, but degenerated wretchedly as they advanced; because they trusted to genius alone, and made no efforts to improve." We have no records upon the pages of history of any that ever rose to eminence without possessing an undaunted, independent spirit. Where do we find men of equal endowments of a Demosthenes or a Cicero; and where one that overcame so many difficulties as the former? His health was naturally feeble, his gestures ungraceful, and his voice harsh and tuneless. Yet, by his industry, combined with perseverance, he overcame the most of the disadvantages, and became one of the most influential men of Ancient Greece. So great was his success as an orator, that by his Philippics he made the heart of the great Macedonian king to quail, and all Greece to tremble. His dauntless bravery, the stainless purity of his public and private life, his splendid and distinguished endowments, his services as a statesman and administrator, entitled him to a place among the highest and noblest men of antiquity. Yet, if he had remained where he was, and had never put forth his persevering efforts for improvement, how much would his country have been benefited by his genius, and how much would the world have heard of his fame? And the same holds true of others. If it had not been for industrious habits and perseverance, what would the world have heard of Napoleon, the humble Corsican youth? Of Stephenson, the great railway projector? Of John Jacob Astor, the princely merchant of New York, who was at one time a poor, humble boy at Waldorf? Of Rufus Choate, the renowned lawyer?