

"I sent him down as you requested, in hopes you would give him something to do, to keep him busy."

"Ah, yes, I remember now; but he did not say anything to me about it."

"I told him you wanted his assistance in the store, I presume he waited till he got tired, and then went away. I wish he would come home. He is forming a habit of staying out later and later."

"He must be sent to school. I have no time to attend to him. There is no use in my undertaking it. Just get him ready as soon as you can, and I will send him at once to some good school, where he will be taken care of. Where is the paper?"

The newspaper from the city was handed him, and after having looked over certain portions which have no interest for general readers, he was ready for his supper. After supper he was to meet the committee, who had the welfare of their party in charge.

Mr. Hunter was too busy to give any attention to his son! How came he so busy? Was there a necessity laid upon him to extend his business so widely as to leave him no time to attend to the education of his son—no time to take care of his own soul?—Was it more important that he should be rich, than that his son should escape ruin?

How many fathers are there in this land of enterprise and energy, who must be classed with Mr. Hunter!

Mr. Hunter determined to give his son the best advantages for education which the country afforded. He was, doubtless, willing to be at any expense that should be necessary to secure that object. By that means he thought to atone for his own neglect!

There are duties that cannot be transferred to others. It is to the parent that God, by his Providence and word says, "take this child and train it for me."

No other person can do the work required of the parents. The best educators can only assist the parent.

Among the ruined of our land, how many are victims of parental neglect—of neglect occasioned by the pressure of business and worldly care?

You can't prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from building their nests there.

Energy of Character.

A bold, vigorous man, what a tone he gives to the company he may be in, to the society in which he lives, to the nation wherein he was born! Men seem inebriated with the atmosphere around him, so completely are they overcome by his presence. He strengthens and arouses; he sets men of no confidence on their feet, not purposely, but by his own example. They see him, one of themselves, the boy they went to school with, played with, expanded into a man, and drawing all after him in the vortex in which he moves. He is a perpetual reproach to the sluggard, a joy to the timid, those who want confidence, and who fancy they are by temperament or situation precluded from possessing or manifesting the daring, animating power. Energy of character is continually renovating society—elevating men to a level whence they see how easily it is, or seems, to become great and joyful, as strong and vigorous as he who by act or thought, lifted them up. It is animating to see men press on in the race of emulation, inspired by some noble fellow who figures in the past, or is present among them. The enthusiasm one man can create by bold and earnest action is astonishing.—One jovial, free-hearted, generous stranger, coming by accident or otherwise among us, will often upset or re-invigorate a clique of friends inured, completely trained in, to dulness and customary quiet. The enthusiasm of the moment overbears all our preconceived notions of order, our silent and respectful decorum; our fear of giving offence, that pitiful but common vice, which makes us careful, even to folly, in what we say, is by the current of this man's spirit rolling through us, and forcing up ours, swept away; and the night, the day, the time, whenever it is, is from thenceforth a bright spot in our history. It is from this, public meetings derive their intense interest, and public opinion its force. We are sure of meeting some earnest man who will cheer us, give us keener, fuller sensations, and thus one or two beings, connected with the millions by mystic chains of sympathy, communicate the fire of their own minds to every man, until its powerful energy awakens the dormant intellects of all.