

What horror of Egyptian night is that in which so many lives are spent? — an impenetrable blackness of sin and death, through which flit spectres born of hell, greed and lust and hate, — a night in which you hear the slow dropping of tears, the sighs of those who sorrow, the groans of those who suffer. He who, Dante-like, would rise to the height of love's Paradise, Dante-like must first descend into the Inferno of human guilt and pain, taking with him the yearning, sympathetic, helpful pity of one who, because he is human, has sinned and suffered, and who, because the divine in him has not been wholly quenched, has conquered and has been comforted. Life will, however, show him who learns from it, not alone his miseries nor even chiefly her miseries. She will show him the holy flames of family love and truth burning bright on myriads of hearths,—the sacrifices of a father's solicitude, and that fairest survival of our lost Eden, the tenderest, purest, sweetest of all earthly things, the mother love of the earth. Yes! he who looks will see in the flickering firelight of many homes little faces pressed close to mother's cheek, little forms clustering around mother's knee, chubby arms around the necks of brothers and sisters, little heads with curls commingling leaning over the same picture books. Do not tell me that time will canker and wither this domestic love. Alas! alas! for the homes that are wrecked, for the fair hopes that founder in wild and pitiless seas. But all are not lost. There are aged parents whose declining years are comforted and sustained by the care and loving respect of manly sons and of noble daughters. There are brothers and sisters whose fraternal love is as unselfish and uncalculating as in the days of childhood, but which is stronger and closer than it could be in earlier years.

He who takes his lessons in self-development in the world of business will doubtless find there meanness, avarice, cruelty, injustice and falsehood. But his experiences will differ from mine, if he does not also find higher indebtedness, generosity, kindness, honour that never betrays a trust, and truth that neither fear nor favour can tempt to the slightest prevarication. He who studies men in the political and social world, will find too many whose public spirit and patriotism are a hollow pretence,—who flatter the populace in order to fleece and betray them,—who in municipal affairs will strip a city of its last asset