

haste. It is the indiscretion of the parent, oftentimes, that breaks down the truthfulness that is beginning to be established in the little child. We are to bear each other's burdens; and little children have burdens that ought to be sought for and borne by those who have outgrown their childhood—though I am sorry for those who have outgrown their sympathy with childhood. They have outgrown themselves, and the best part of themselves.

The same law holds between school companions. They have no right to subject each other to ridicule and unnecessary shame or pain by indifference, by exposure, or by penalties affixed to that side where they are weakest.

It is especially wicked to take the strong point in ourselves, and with it cut against the weak point in our companions. Here is a man who is knit together on purpose to succeed. He is organized like a machine for weaving, which will certainly carry the thread and produce the fabric of success. He has in his make-up something of the sterling qualities which have been handed down from his grandfather, from his father, from his ancestors on his father's and mother's sides, for generations back. He is like a bag in a mill which hangs below, and receives all that is put into the hopper and ground above. The tendencies and trainings of unknown generations behind come down into him. He finds himself intelligent and active. It is easy for him to do things; and he is tired to death of that shiftless brother of his, of whom he says, "If I have helped him once, I have helped him twenty times. If I stand him up he is like an empty bag, and down he goes; and if I fill him up, he is as limpy as before, and down he goes again." Now, the truth is, you inherited the excellences which make you so much superior to him. They were never bestowed on him either by inheritance or training. He was made as he is. He could no more do as you do unaided, than a mowing-machine could cut grass without being drawn. And you who do well by an imperious necessity, unjustly stand over against him who never does well, to criticise, and annoy, and blame him, and finally to cast him off and get rid of him, saying, "I cannot stand it any longer."

Every man who is strong ought to have buttoned to him one or two of these shiftless men, that he, having organized power, may take care of them, they having it not.

Men say, "Oh, that we could have a society from which was purged all those hindrances which we meet on every hand!" Ah yes; you would like a society that should be like a chariot, and that should bear you through life without any drawback to your ease and happiness. But this world

is too poor for that. It is a world in which it is our duty to help each other. We are mixed up, the strong and the weak, the wise and the foolish, the good and the bad; and we must exchange kindness, and take hold of hands, and march together in the right way.

Here is a person who is by nature orderly. Every drawer is fore-ordained for some special use. This is for the collars; this is for the linen; this is for the jewellery; this is for the shoes. Every closet is as much appointed to its function, as trees are to the bearing of leaves.

To such an orderly creature comes, sometimes, by birth, a child who has not a particle of order. And the mother is all amazement. (The standing wonder of every family, is, "Where did this child get these traits?" And the standing reply of the father is, "Not from me, my dear;" and of the mother, "Not from me!") In some mysterious way, far back, doubtless, there was a drop of blood which came in carrying the element of disorder with it; and it breaks out in this member of the family.

The development of traits in others which are the exact opposite of ours, is made the excuse for unreasonable blaming and punishing; whereas we are commanded to bear the burdens of others—in the sense of helping those burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ.

A man who is naturally dry, is immensely shocked at folks who are naturally juicy. A man whose tongue can seldom be waked up, and then only in monosyllables, gravely criticises the man whose tongue rattles perpetually, and who talks, not by the impetus of thought, but simply by the general impulse to say something. A genius to talk is as much born in a man without regard to whether he has anything to say or not, as a genius not to talk. A man who has energy cannot bear folks who have none. A man who is courageous and hopeful, and sees only success ahead—how he derides a man who is timid and desponding! "That fellow," you say, "had a chance to start with me; but he stood and shivered, and did nothing, and now he is a miserable wretch; while I went on and have been successful." You went on simply by reason of your peculiar organization. You are constitutionally courageous; and your business was to have imparted something of your courage to him—you ought to have borne his burden. You are naturally soft and gentle, and that man is naturally blunt and harsh; so you avoid him as you would a cliff. But that is not right. You ought to throw your graces over him, and cover him, as a vine runs over the cliff and makes it most glorious by the leaves which it puts out.