

Oh, to be great! Is not this the wish, could not thus be translated the heart-pant of every one? Do the dew-drops all sparkle in the morning sun, and what soul does not glow at the thought of, with the desire for, greatness—greatness for self, aye, and for all near and dear? Does a mother hear me, a mother! and is she not thinking of her darling boy? But he is a gifted boy, and very likely he will become a great man; very likely his mother's fond desires and his own earnest aspirations shall be all fully, more than fully, realized. But we are not all gifted, yet do we not all wish to be great? Common to both sexes and all ages, the vital air of the soul, this desire is universal. And can the gifted only be great, truly great?

Oh, to have such a thirst for greatness as each soul has, hungering as the grave hungers, and yet to know it unattainable as the stars in heaven! This were indeed misery, but a misery I am not here to preach. Could I bring you no better tidings than most men bring you, could I only tell you that there have been great men in the world—that once in several centuries, like any comet, the great man appears—offer your appetite only this glass of bitters and slice of pine-apple, I would leave you to perish of your hunger and your thirst, I would not stimulate to tantalize and mock you, raise you to heaven to dash you to earth;—could I tell you no more than this, I would hide the sad secret away in the profoundest abyss of the loneliest, blackest, and mournfulest of silences. But for your appetite for greatness I have a liberal table to spread, ample refreshment to provide; and I do not want you to remember the waiter. I have a joyful note to sound, and may the joyfulness of the note induce you to overlook the deficiency of the instrument: I have glad tidings to proclaim, and in the gladness of the tidings may you forget the manner of the proclamation.—God created no man mean, God created no man little, God elevated true greatness beyond the attainment of no human being! What, and may I, too, be great? Is this the unuttered thought of some timid retiring humble soul, some very violet of humanity who breathes rather than speaks? Boy or girl, youth or maiden, man or woman, I have but one answer for all, to each I say, "Thou mayest."

What is this greatness then, you ask me—the much desired blossom of life, which I have so long considered hidden

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