

their souls the deepest gratitude to some benefactor, none who have not caught inspiration from the depths of some other nature which filled them with new life and gave them new power to struggle onward and upward. But greater joy than these experiences can impart may be ours, "for it is more blessed to give than to receive." Have you never felt, when you read the words of another which gave you fresh strength and resolution, a pang of envy for their influence and power followed by an intense longing to do something also for the benefit of others—a longing which craved even the meanest opportunity to prove its sincerity; but how often these feelings pass away and we sink into a cold lethargy from which nothing seems to rouse us; or our love for humanity becomes an abstraction and we, surrounded by countless opportunities of showing its power, ignore them all in the pursuit of some ideal. He who would do great deeds must never despise the little things. Progress, be it social, moral, or spiritual, must ever be made step by step, even as the lofty ladder is climbed by those who, planting their feet on the lowest round, ascend rung by rung. None of us can leap to manhood or womanhood at one stride, nor can we truly love humanity in the abstract if we despise it in the concrete. How do you regard that statesman who talks eloquently of the elevation of the masses, and yet hesitates to grasp with his gloved fingers the horny hand of the labourer; that orator who proclaims in stentorian tones, "All men are born free and equal," and yet shrinks from contact with any but an exclusive few; those men and women who boast themselves liberal enough to confess that all men are brothers, and yet talk contemptuously of the *common people* and the *vulgar crowd*? Do you think that these love humanity? Not in

the true and fullest sense, that true love would not despise any, even the meanest. It would find in the most degraded of the human family some redeeming feature; its pity would fathom depths in that soul that sin had ever barred more effectually from the sunlight; and it would prove to the world, as it has done in the past, the unbounded love and sympathy to elevate and ennoble the human race. This love of humanity calls on us with an unmistakable voice to strive to make ourselves purer and nobler. It will renew and perfect and beautify our characters once its influence permeates our souls, but it calls to its shrine single-hearted men and women who would scorn to sacrifice their brother's welfare to their own selfish ends and sinful passions. Could the miser, the drunkard, the vicious, the bank defrauder, the swindler, the slanderer, the robber, and the murderer stand there, their presence itself would condemn them and stamp their pretensions as the vilest hypocrisy. Would you help your brother by your influence, then that influence must be powerful for good. Would you stamp your creed with your insincerity, and so present it to the world with this foul blot, then you care not in your heart how your character influences others; you care not what an example you set for your fellow-man, you deny by your life that love for your brother that you proclaim with your lips. If we would be true to our fellows we must, above all, be true to ourselves—the second requires and demands the first, and first proclaims and perfects the second. Of what value is that love that seeks for its own pleasure only? How it pales viewed beside that sublime love which is so pure that it is happy in the happiness of others alone. Selfishness is one of the strongest enemies that besiege the human soul. When we arrive at the years of discretion we find it has full