

Again he says: *Let a man so school and discipline himself that when misfortune or disaster comes it shall find him with enough reserved force, with enough mental or nervous stamina to make the best of what remains, and not to be overcome by an unlooked-for and unexpected stroke of misfortune.*" This means a great deal. He who works up to the full measure of his mental and nervous strength—and those words are practically synonymous—may drop at any time from the breaking of the internal spring, and must fall before a sudden or powerful blast. The teacher, the editor, the minister, the physician, the merchant, have each and all illustrated this. No man should habitually do so much as to feel that he could not, if necessary, without injury, do a little more. It is sometimes the fact that excited men who are burning the candle of life at both ends fancy that they are working easily, and therefore healthfully, when they are rapidly advancing towards nervous bankruptcy, and even hurrying on to mania itself. Reserve force should be maintained, though the pressure be never so great.

"The habit of doing one thing at a time, and doing it well," is also laid down by Dr. Janeway as a vital maxim. We regard it as essential to easy mental action that a man should be "a whole man at every thing." To do several things at once habitually is incompatible with perfection of work or healthfulness of action.

It is our conviction that mental work properly performed tends to mental health, to physical soundness, and to longevity and that the thanks of brain workers are due to Dr. Janeway and all others who reveal sublime simplicity of the laws of mental health.—*Christian Advocate, N. Y.*

What is Work?

I may perhaps be allowed to put the opening question, What is Work? The common reply is, "Any pursuit by which a man earns or attempts to earn a livelihood and accumulate wealth." This definition is more to be regretted because it cherishes, or rather begets, the vulgar error that all persons who do not aim at the accumulation of wealth are "idlers." In point of fact such men may be doing far greater services to the world than the most diligent and successful votary of a trade or profession. Darwin having a competency, was therewith content. To him, and to others of kindred minds, the opportunity of devoting his whole life to the search after scientific truth was a boon immeasurably higher than any conceivable amount of wealth. Shall we call him an idler? Nor is science the only field which opens splendid prospects to men of independent means. Art, literature, philanthropy, have all their departments, unremunerative in all the commercial points of view, or at least not directly remunerative, and for all those cultivators are wanted. Therefore, reversing the advice given by routine moralists, I would say to young men of ability: "Do not take up any trade, business, or profession, but do some of the world's unpaid work. Leave money-making to those who have no other option, and be searchers for truth and beauty." Every one who follows this advice will contribute something to show the world that the race for wealth is not the only pursuit worthy of a rational being. I should define work as the conscious systematic application of mind or body to any definite purpose.

Amasa Stone's Fortune.

Gath writes to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* as follows: The great wealth of Amasa Stone, who committed suicide in Cleveland, Ohio, now falls into the hands, in part at least, of a young man who was bred on a farm in Illinois, of poor, plain parents. Possessing a sympathetic nature, good sense and talents, he fell into the way of Abraham Lincoln, who gave him a Secretary's place. He remained with Mr. Lincoln during his whole term of the Presidency, and was then sent to various positions in foreign countries, acquitting himself well at all of them. He was our Minister virtually in France, Spain, and, I think, Austria. Finally he concluded to give up these honors that he had worn so well, and plunged into the hard life of the press. For a time he edited a newspaper at Springfield, Ill. I frequently received notes from him in those days, commenting upon or encouraging publications of mine in the *Chicago Tribune*. At another time he returned from Europe and began to write on the *New York Tribune*, making his column or two every day, and

lecturing a little meanwhile. Here his eyes began to fail. In this discouraged condition he met the wife of A. B. Stone, brother of the late Amasa Stone. Mrs. Stone, though her husband was reputed to be worth a million or two, admired men of mind and career. She had a blooming niece, whom she introduced to him. The young lady was delighted with him, as women have been in every land. When they married he took his bride out to see his parents on the Illinois farm. Persons have described to me his anxiety as to how his wife, reared in the lap of millions, would appreciate the plain homestead where he had been nested. Without any hesitation she called them father and mother, and gave them a daughter's kiss. Had she looked back but a single generation she would have seen that her own father began life as poor Joseph, the carpenter. Col. Hay settled down opposite his father-in-law and became a favored son. Children were born to him. Even he, in the midst of youth, felt that money is not the whole of life; and at times he has had to lay down his little portion of the heavy load that Amasa Stone carried of inevitable, inexorable business. He was on one of these journeys to recruit his health when his father-in-law passed away.

Only a Tramp.

"Only a tramp, sir," the flagman said,
"Struck at the forks by the night express.
Body sent on to Jamestown. Dead?
Well, he won't steal no more rides, I guess."

"Only a tramp" flushed across the wire;
Killed in the night, as the papers say;
But the news kept flashing by house and spire
Till it fell on a hearthstone far away.

Children and wife there were to weep
And gnash their teeth for the absent one;
Cruel their agony, strong and deep,
Cruel the work the cold wheels had done!

Only a tramp, poor devil! "He
Could get no work," the widow raves,
"To keep these little ones." So think we
The place for such is in their graves!

Thus does humanity care for its slave,
As much as the spider for the fly.
Done with your work, then into your grave
You're only a tramp, poor devil, die!

Not to be Snubbed.

A story is told of a French artist, Vereschajin, and the Czar of all the Russias, which shows that the painter is not wanting in self-respect, even if a monarch does patronize him: Some time ago Vereschajin received from the Czar, Alexander III., an order for a picture. He at once set to work, and in due time forwarded to the Emperor one of the finest canvases, in which he had managed to paint nothing that could be construed as flattery. He called his picture "Our Prisoners." It showed the troop of Turkish prisoners of war, who were falling to the ground under the brutal blows of their escort, some robust Russian soldiers.

The Czar was little pleased. He had expected flattery and received—the truth. He nevertheless expressed the wish of making the acquaintance of the painter. The day for the audience was fixed, and Vereschajin left Paris for St. Petersburg. When they appeared in the place he was told that the Czar had now no time to see him, and that he must wait until he was called.

As soon as he had received this answer Vereschajin returned to Paris. On the following day a chamberlain of the Emperor called at the hotel where Vereschajin had been staying while in St. Petersburg, and asked for the artist.

He has left here," he was told. "What," exclaimed the horrified courtier, "he is gone, and the Czar waiting to-day to receive him! Did he leave no message?"

"Oh, yes," the proprietor of the hotel replied; "he left word if any one called for him, he had no time to wait."

A young lover in Iowa paid forty dollars for a locomotive to run him thirty-five miles to see his girl, and when he got there the family bull-dog ran him two miles and didn't charge him a cent. Corporations have no souls.