



IT MAKES THE SPARKS FLY.

### BUSINESS ENERGY.

"Blest work, if ever thou wert a curse of God, what must His blessings be!"—*J. B. Solkirk.*

"Our greatest glory is not in never falling; but in rising every time we fall."—*Confucius.*

We love our npright, energetic business men. Pull them this way and then that way and the other, they only bend, but never break. Trip them down, and in a trice they are on their feet. Bury them in the mud, and in an hour they will be out and bright. They are not ever yawning away existence, or walking about the world as if they had come into it with only half their soul; you cannot keep them down; you cannot destroy them. But for these the world would soon degenerate. They are the salt of the earth. Who but they start any noble project? They build our cities and rear our manufactories. They whiten the ocean with their sails, and blacken the heavens with the smoke of their steam-vessels and furnace-fires. They draw treasures from the mines. They plow the earth. Blessings on them.