

simple folk in country villages, radiating kindness in dark and obscure corners, making a little bit of heaven to the narrow circle around them, and adding positively to the sum total of the world's goodness. Intellect is knowing the world. Is not character knowing heaven? All honor to the world's salt and true leaven, its unnamed saints! I could say with Lowell: "One feast of holy days I, though no Churchman, love to keep—All Saints'—the bravely dumb, that did the deed and scorned to blot it with a name."

A child is educated through his emotional nature, and men are but children of a larger growth. Of all educators, Love is the most potent; it is the strongest lever in the world. Is there one of the world's great deeds which cannot be traced to the master passion in the life of the doer? To be worthy of the one we love we strive for better and nobler things.

While this is so, it is also true that, although the incentive comes from without, the effort must come from within. No one can educate us; we must educate ourselves, and we do it by setting up high ideals, "The thing we long for, that we are for one transcendent moment." The ideal we set up is that by which God judges us, and it is also that by which we influence others. We can do more good by simply being good than in any other way. Character teaches above our wills. As a man thinks in his heart, so is he. And, after all, words and actions are but clumsy half-expressions of thought. Our thought, although impalpable, is our real self; it forms an aura, a personal atmosphere which surrounds us; and is it not the influence of this which, in a new person, attracts or repels? A subtle, spiritual "thought-odor"

delicately-fashioned souls perceive.

If the thought is the man, the limitations of environment disappear. He who thinks great thoughts is great, and neither persecution nor poverty, obscurity nor obloquy can make him little. We can't imprison a great man; we can shut his body up and put restraint upon his action, but his thought, his real self, is free as air. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." Bunyan laughed at the bodily shackles while he lived in a purer world of his own, weaving for us his quaintly sweet and rugged message.

Useless for us to say, then, that we are hampered by circumstances, held down from development by the binding force of the present actual. Unexplored regions of character await discovery within us, and no hindering *ne plus ultra* limits the man who would be the Columbus to his own soul.

In the trivial round and common task we find our highest opportunity, even in the everydayness of this work-day world. The region for true development is the temperate zone of experience; we need not climb into the higher latitudes, the cold and thin polar atmospheres of mere abstract science and metaphysics; fatal is it to drift into the tropics, the sensuous gulf stream of enjoyment and desire.

Our commonplace surroundings give us Mark Tapley's coveted opportunity of "coming out strong," and this opportunity is ours now, to-day. Are we not too apt to ignore the character-making possibilities of the present, looking upon life as being made up largely of preparation, retrospection and routine? Is it not true, rather, that we make character always? We can't say any development came to us on a special day of the calendar. "The