

A SHORT ADDRESS.

Fame, then, must not be content to do as well as others. Negative virtues count as aught in such a contest and no one who has not the positive qualities of energy and perseverance can hope for success in this endeavor.

4. FRIENDS.

Sentimentalists talk of friendship as self-created connoisseurs in art point out the beauties of an Italian landscape, or a boarding-school miss would apostrophize "a love of a bonnet." So widely prevalent is the disgust which these sickly views of the noblest of human sentiments have produced, that we are fast becoming infidels on this point; and no opinion is more common or more freely expressed than that "friendship is but a name." We are not willing to accept this conclusion, for many reasons. First, history proves its fallacy; and next, to yield this point, would be to strike from the world every living virtue; for if pure, unselfish friendship does not exist, then truth has no abiding-place, and love, the sum of all the virtues, would be without foundation. It is the privilege of every young man to contribute to a healthier sentiment in this regard, first by deserving friends, and next by enjoying them. By *friends* we mean not those summer birds who twitter about the opening petals of our joy, and sing in the branches of our prosperity, while the warm sun gives life, and the soft breezes stir the tender foliage. Flatterers are not friends, how musical soever may be the sweet cadences of their adulation. Those, and those only, are our friends in the mirror of whose hearts the angles of incidence and reflection are rendered equal from a surface unruined by pride or any selfish quality—who can tell us of our faults as they would point out a malady which threatened to undermine our health—not for the gratification it may give them, or the mortification us, but that efficient means may be taken for its eradication. As a father affords the strongest proof of love for his child by inflicting pain that good may follow, so the surest test of friendship is a fealty to our good which will not shrink from any duty towards us, however unpleasant, or liable to be misconstrued. Again, society is not so depraved as we are apt to think, and men will learn to put a true estimate on character, entirely independent of extraneous considerations. Beauty and symmetry have charms, even to those who are themselves most uncomely; and if one desires the acquisition of such friends as will not desert when most their friendship is needed, the surest method of obtaining them is not to seek by flattery and fawning, or at the expense of one particle of self-respect, but to *deserve* by a life and character which must force them into the ranks. One friend thus secured is worth a thousand flatterers who live in the sunshine and die in the storm.

We have thus briefly reviewed some of the important desires which actuate young men in adopting rules of conduct which are to regulate their lives. Let us, a little more explicitly, consider the points which bear upon

THE CHOICE OF VOCATION.

Very few young men before fairly starting in life have any decided predilection for a special calling. It is true that the organ of hope, which so preponderates in the earlier stages of life, draws extravagant pictures of what we shall be "when we are men;" but even this ambition changes with the shifting panorama which produced it; and we run in imagination, through the entire category of professions and positions, impelled alone by the distant halo, which in our youthful wonder, surrounds the objects of our envious regard.

It is, perhaps, as well that this is so; for no decision abstractly made, and without experience to give it force, would bind our ripper judgment, if not in accordance with it. Besides, it is absolutely impossible thus to dispose of our future selves. For instance, it is one of the peculiar and fascinating doctrines of our republic, that the highest positions of honor and emolument are open to its children. It is common when referring to the humblest scion of the humblest stock—"the unwashed democracy"—to remark, "Here may be a future president," or, "Disguised in that torn and faded apparel is an embryo governor;" and history is not wanting in examples to prove that, in this country at least, the end of human success can never be estimated from its basis, every ambitious young man should say: "There is nothing in my birth, position, or constitution which can stand in the way of my elevation to the presidential chair; it is worthy of my best efforts, and I will not rest until that purpose is accomplished." The very supposition proclaims its own folly. It is true that all aspirations of this kind may be legitimate; but, considering how few presidents are chosen in each generation, the chances for such preferment are even less than that of obtaining the chief prize in a lottery scheme by the purchase of a single ticket. A great man—one who was himself nearer to the realization of this fond dream than any other who failed—has left on record a sentiment which does him more honor than would the office he coveted. It is appropriate here: "I would rather be *right* than president." If this be the ruling ambition in life, the accident of *place*—for it is, at best, but an accident—will be valued only as it can be made best to subserve the higher purposes of existence. "I was once called upon," said a popular divine, "by a conscientious member of my church who confided to me the secret wish of his heart to become a preacher of the Gos-