

There are two kinds of work, and always have been. For we all have ideas, even vaguely we may dream of them, however feebly we may dream. Our subconscious life, which is not terminated by ideals; is a distinct guiding us in the way that the light of reason renders desirable to us. The ideal in life, the ideal and the ideal of virtue. Now, the ideal of the only of the multitude of but of the multitude of. To have an easy life, to time, to have a delight to have all the things to fascinate our senses, that of pleasure. This is the of those who are forever attraction, who are lonely alone, who are willing anything, who are willing games, who are willing thing to get away from to get away from the Jokes, singing, wonderations, and travel in place this is their ideal of pleasure. Those who are content of ideal necessarily, are in must forever remain in is no source of strength, of elevation, no source of thoughts and deeds in the loving disposition. On the contrary, pleasure satisfies destroys that discontent, turning which is the in the ceaseless effort for the moment. I am not talking of pleasures, but of what harmless pleasures. After lived this easy life, self endurance, industry and thoroughness seem to us horrible. Work is drudgery, slavery. We work like slaves; we do the tasks; thinking only that it will us the means of relaxation of repose. We look upon as an opportunity to ourselves, never to improve, which is the only meaning of the word leisure. After the work whereby we in the moments of rest work which makes us a work which gives us higher things in life, that is the meaning of the word.

Now, the ideal of the ideal of worth, of the value not for the fields, but for the power to think highly and to do as value chiefly measured able us to live more and grow more and more and, and thus to grow and, this is the ideal