

sult of human labour. The sculptures of ancient Greece are to this day, and will be through all ages, the delight of the world and models for the artist. The pictures of Italy of the renaissance grow more precious day by day, as their transcendent beauty is more fully and widely recognized. But it is not merely with works of high art that the sentiment is associated. The tools which we use every day in the ordinary occupations of life, the objects which lie around us in our homes, are sources of constant annoyance or satisfaction to us. The makers and framers, known or unknown, are earning our gratitude or our censure, it may be long after their work on earth is finished. And if the work itself affords so much pleasure to others, no less does the doing of it delight and gratify the beholder. Who does not know the different emotions awakened by the sight of the bungler or the skilled workman at his task? And this difference enters into every department of human employment. Men stand aside when they are in the presence of a master mind: they instinctively surrender their tools into a master-hand. Who would venture to bend the bow of Achilles in presence of its owner? Who would have dared to sweep the strings without trembling if Paganini had been looking on? It is told of a certain body of commissioners in England who have discharged most important functions in that country, that they never thought of beginning their work, they only sat nibbling their pens, until a certain member of their body arrived. They felt that they were as likely to go wrong as to go right in his absence, that anything which they did before he arrived might have to be revised or undone when he came.

This part is strikingly illustrated by a story which is told of the two great commanders in the French war of the

*Fronde*. Turenne, the greatest soldier of his time, was at the head of the royal army; Condé, second to Turenne alone, had for some time been absent from the rebel army, which at that time he commanded. After a brief suspension of hostilities the rebels changed their position and made an attack upon the king's forces. When Turenne remarked the manner of the enemy's advance he exclaimed, "Ah, Condé is there!" There was no mistaking the master's hand in the movement of the troops. Least of all could it be hidden from one who was himself a master of that art.

3. Duly considered, the doing of one's work well—as well as it is in our power to do it—will probably be regarded by most men as at once a duty and a glory. But it is too often forgotten that such excellence is hardly ever attained without an amount of arduous, careful, earnest work which most men are unwilling to go through, in order to reach such a result. By this it is not intended to be asserted that good work cannot be done with ease. The best work is often accomplished with the greatest apparent ease. But it is so done because the doer of it has spared no pains in learning his art. There are few subjects on which so many or so great mistakes are made as this of the attainment of excellence. Many persons seem to imagine, on the one hand, that skill is merely the result of genius, which has no need of any particular labour or effort to bring it to perfection; and on the other hand, that no amount of labour is of any great use unless the worker is endowed with genius. We do not mean, for a moment, to assert that all men start in life with the same capacities. There are certainly the greatest natural differences between one man and another. Such differences are too conspicuous to need pointing out. But we must still assert, without for-