

—according to the dictionary—and there is always room at the top.

Second. There is that which I am prone to call the individual interpretation of success. Every man has his own aim and ambition. It can be compressed and expressed in one word. That word shall be weighed and freighted with the motive and meaning of a whole life. One type of man congests the master thought of his soul in one word—Cash! A nobler type of mind writes down in syllables of eternal value—Character! One man exclaims: “Possessions, boundless and ever increasing, for me!” Whilst another, in a more practical and matter of fact way, mutters with a grim determination: “Political preferment, if I can only secure it.” My neighbor, to the south, would walk amid the mountain ranges of all knowledge, science and literature. My neighbor to the north would rise above and beyond all the beacon lights of human history—up—up—UP—into the clear, serene, unclouded atmosphere of communion with God. And so his favorite song is “Nearer My God to Thee.”

Every man is possessed of his own ambition. I have mine. You have yours. There is one rose in the garden, if I may pluck that rose, you can have every other flower; Aye, you can have the garden. There is one jewel in the casket, if I may gain that jewel you can have all the other jewels—you can have the casket. There is one thing on which yonder fair maiden has set her heart and one thing on which yonder noble youth has fixed his mind and for both the attainment of object, desire, design or purpose is the acme of the soul's dream, and the individual in-