

ideal character. Men of conscience are distinguishable among the motley crowd by three principal signs: scrupulous in the accomplishment of duty, severe in their sincerity, rigidly honest and loyal in the management of affairs intrusted to them. Listen to the words of a man of conscience: "Let men approve me; it is desirable, but one thing alone suffices: the inner voice of my conscience that says: well done!" "This is clearly my duty; do it I must, promptly, joyfully, with all the anxious care of which I am capable." "No one will observe me, perhaps; no one will give credit for it; it matters not, I will do it!" "No one will either know the value of my actions, or appreciate my disinterested earnestness: it matters not, I will do it!"

Now, can one speak a language more noble? Surely those words are dictated by an upright conscience, which converts them into action. How different the voice of the unconscientious man! The love of duty for duty's sake is no longer his guide; it is fear that urges him onward. The Police Magistrate in this life, the perspective of hell in the next, are the forces that prop him up. Behold such man always on the alert to see if anyone watches him. As long as he feels the crushing weight of his master's glance he is doing, but as soon as he finds himself alone with his conscience he crosses his arms akimbo and lets duty care for itself. To sacrifice one's whims and fancies to a task; even one's endearing family ties to duty, is the first index to an ideal character. Conscientious sincerity is a second. With regard to loyalty, conscience should be suprasensitive.

Among the attitudes that an ideal character reproves, in the name of sincerity and loyalty, as being degrading to character, is human respect. Human respect, that weakness of the soul, which, through fear of men, throws in the dark ideas just and far-reaching; sentiments noble and true, which makes one blush at the sight of virtue and paralyses the efforts of praiseworthy habits.

Dissembling is another—that cowardice of a disorderly soul that, like a house-breaker, avails himself of darkness to ply his nefarious trade, and throws into the gloom of silence avowals that should be brought to light.

Hypocrisy is still another—that mask of virtue worn on propitious occasions by diabolically pious persons, not only to hide their vices, but to gain favors, to attain a covert position in life. Such (too many, alas!) are hyenas wearing the garb of innocent lambs