

showers her fruits into the lap of the industrious husbandman. Nature can be merciful even to the drone, and with the hope of inciting to activity she will give her sour fruit and her stunted grain to any who will pluck them. But when you toil with her and for her, then her sourness is changed to sweetness, and her reserve into bounty. So labor is life's law, and you ignore its behests at your own peril. The best things always cost the most effort. Nowadays, with our luxurious tastes, we are substituting elevators for ladders. It is easier and quicker. But without the toil—the toil, mark you—of Faraday and Edison and others of their kind, you would never have had the elevator. And as they have toiled to help you they expect you to toil to help others.

Nor is this toil for a little while only: it is a continuous climb. Every time you see a higher level and desire to join the happy throng that sojourn there, you must get your ladder and mount it step by step, perhaps painfully and slowly. Said Mike to Pat, "Pat, what is the greatest conundrum in the world?" "Dunno," said Pat. "Life is," replied Mike, "because we all have to give it up." "I'll not give it up," said Pat. "But you must," said Mike. "I'll not give it up," said Pat, "I'll die first." We commend Pat's loyalty to the spirit of perseverance without casting any special reflection upon his insight. It is men who will stick to their tasks, even when their tasks cease to be pleasant, popular or easy, whom the world waits for, and whom the world acclaims as its greatest benefactors—after they are dead. Ladders were made to climb, and climbing means effort. No work is harder;