

they might, while I set out on a short pilgrimage of my own, for the purpose of finding the greatest man in that town.

And I fell in with him, after beaming the bush for awhile; but being willing to have my readers to judge for themselves, I shall set the matter before them.

1. The *greatest motives* had the greatest power over him. Small motives make small men. And so up along. Men grow greater according as the greatest principles of action gain supremacy. And when one gets to a point where motives drawn from the greatest things in the universe gain supreme dominion, he is then on the top, and is a great man. The Squire and the Captain and the Judge had never reached this point. The greatest motives which governed them were drawn from quite a small circle comparatively. But the man I found went quite out of that circle. He "walked as seeking things invisible." His motives were drawn from Eternity, which is a great country. They had to do with eternal joy and eternal sorrow, which are very great things. And they make people great in the best sense who come under their power. And because the man I found was the most under their power of any man I could find, I called him the greatest man in town. If the Squire thinks I am mistaken, and will prove it, I will take it back.

2. I found him doing *the greatest work* there was going on in town. People were doing great things as they called them. One sort of honorable enterprize after another had been started and pushed forward successfully. Matters of trade and manufactures, &c. reached an high point of prosperity, and those eminent in carrying them on were somewhat eminent, for that reason, in their own esteem. They were near being, or were actually—the last, likely—the greatest men in town.

But my examination corrected that mistake. I found a man who was doing a far greater work than any of them. He was—a carpenter perhaps they might call him—engaged upon a building. It was a singular structure for the place, since there were not many in the place that resembled it very strongly, and not one just like it. He was doing his best to make it the most beautiful edifice in town. I saw him often consulting an Old Volume upon architecture—and he dug into that old book as for hidden treasure. He found there, as I also saw as I looked into the book, some very fine drawings and sketches and outlines, &c. of buildings. Abraham, I think, was the name of one of the architects, and Daniel another, and Paul another. The hints