

I know life better—when thou art older grown
 I'll tell thee; it is needful to be known—
 Of the pursuit of wealth—art—power—the cost—
 That 't is folly—nothingness—that shame
 For glory is oft thrown us in the game
 Of Fortune's chances where the soul is lost.

The soul will change, although of everything
 The cause and end be clear, yet wildering
 We go through life (of vice and error full).
 We wander as we go—we feel the load
 Of doubt, and to the briars upon the road
 Man leaves his virtue as a sheep its wool.

Then go pray for me!—and as the prayer
 Gushes in words, be this the form they bear:
 "Lord! Lord our Father! God, my prayer attend
 Pardon!—Thou art good—Pardon, Thou art great!"
 —Let words go freely forth, fear not their fate,
 Where thy soul sends them, thitherward they tend.

Pray for thy father! that his dreams be bright,
 With visitings of angels forms of light,
 And his soul burn as incense flaming wide—
 Let thy pure breath all his dark sins efface,
 So that his heart be like that holy place,
 An altar's pavement, each one purified.

Notoriety not Fame.

The sound of the trumpet of Fame is very sweet and pleasing to our ears. The young aspirant, who fancies that he hears it calling to him, rushes "on the field of glory" to trials and hazardous conflicts, perhaps to death. We all naturally love earthly distinction, and would love to have our names remembered upon the earth when we shall have passed away. But in only a few does this desire become the master passion. In most men, avarice, the love of ease or of power, or devotion to the truth and the good of others, partially or wholly check these aspirations. Often this desire, becoming the ruling principle, leads to most foolish and wicked actions. One man, whose name history still keeps—as flies and bits of wood are preserved in amber—is said to have fired the great Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, in order that his name might be handed down to posterity. He has had the desire of his heart. Let him keep the coveted notoriety; it only trumpets the more widely his folly. Though not all are willing to seek a notoriety by such means, yet none of us are pleased with the thoughts of utter oblivion. And we always take a deep interest in the history of those who, by their own exertions, have gained for themselves a worthy immortality. But a few attain this. The ravages of time are terrible. The great majority of men live and die unknown. They have eaten, and drunken, and slept, loved, and died, but whether well or ill no man knoweth. The example of their virtues, or the warning of their follies, can never instruct or benefit the world. Such is the "common lot." The history of the mighty armies of the world is a most instructive comment upon this truth. Once, as history tell us, a Persian King invaded Greece, with all the pomp and pride of royalty. More than two millions of men, with their wives and children, attended his progress. The names of the King and of a few of his generals may yet be read in the histories of that great invasion. But that great mass of human beings, in whose breasts fiercely surged pride, exultation, and finally despair, their names, their hopes, their fears, are all covered by oblivion. Thus it has ever been. What the great mass of men have done and thought has never gained the ear of the world amid its turmoil and confusion. In life, a few friends and neighbors know them; at death, a few years suffice to blot their names from all save the head of the tombstone.

He, then, has been favored above the common lot to whom the world awards a lasting remembrance. His life and his principles must have been, in some respects, different from, and superior to those of the great mass of men, else none will care to keep him long in memory. Hence, the lives of such men are worthy of study, that others, catching their spirit, may emulate their high resolves and noble aspirations. For though their greatness belongs to themselves alone, yet the fountains whence they drank are open to all.

Earth's roll of fame is filled with a long array of noble names; often, too, of those little known in their own generations. How often in the history of such as these do we find the ardent devotee of science or art bending himself to his tasks all night, even till the day dawned, bringing to light new truths in the realm of science, or

new beauties in that of art, until at length the o'ertasked body failed, and he found an early grave—life was taken, but immortality granted. In this catalogue are found the names of authors who, like Milton, and Bunyan, and Dante, in poverty and disgrace, have given utterance to noble thoughts in words that are immortal. Here are martyrs who have gone to the scaffold or the stake clothed by enemies in the garb of shame; but for whose glorious principles and sublime resignation posterity, reversing their former fate, has awarded to them praises and the unfading crown of victory. We find here the names of men eminent in every calling in life; for genius and true fame can claim their favorites from the humblest as well as from the highest vocation. These names the world loves to revere. Generations, past, present, and to come, study their history and do homage to their memory.

Still other names than these have come down to us, having escaped the ravages of time, not crowned with glory, but stamped with an undying infamy. In the histories of some of these we read the records of wasted lives, of souls that singing might have soared like angels, but their own folly has shorn them of their strength and debased them to a level with the brute. On such as these we learn to look "more in sorrow than in anger."

"We would not rail on him. We chiefly mourn
 That he did foully wrong his own dear soul."

There are others who in their high and daring crimes, done against God and our humanity, have rendered detestable, and inscribed their names eternally upon the black roll of infamy. Among these we find the names of base traitors like Judas and Arnold; of fierce murderers like Cain and Herod; and of beastly tyrants like Nero and Caligula. The records of lives like these we read as warnings, noticing the gradual departures from the way of truth and virtue, and how finally a perverse will has become an evil destiny, bringing with it, often, terrible foreshadowings of retribution.

But with far different feelings do we read the history of those who have gained themselves a worthy fame. We shall follow every step in their pathway with deep interest and reverend love, so long as we value the influence of noble example, and so long as "by patient continuance in well doing" we would seek in the way of virtue for "glory, and honor, and immortality." It is not all a thing of chance or lot, that while one passes away and is forgotten, another secures a place in the world's memory. Nor even in mental endowment, nor in acquired knowledge, as we apprehend, does the great difference chiefly lie, but more in the spirit and temper of mind. "The spirit in which we act is the highest matter," and those whom we love to remember have gained their renown by linking their names with immortal principles or worthy human interests. The spirit of lofty endeavor has been theirs, and a consciousness of that power within, which vaunts not itself in foolish pride, but goes right on to the accomplishment of its great designs. But power like this may be the instrument of evil as well as of good. That it may be made a blessing and not a curse to the world, it must receive at the outset guidance in the right direction. A step here made in the wrong direction may utterly pervert, weaken, and finally destroy a strength almost divine. It is here that a parent's influence is most plainly visible. Examples of this truth are to be found throughout the whole of the world's history. Nearly every man who has greatly blessed or cursed the world has owed his early moral, often intellectual bias, to a father's, or, oftener, to a mother's hand. Many of the noble names that genius and true fame will ever call their own are of those who have been born in the humbler walks of life, and amid the hardships incident to poverty. Under these circumstances their power has first displayed itself. By the might of a strong will and a noble purpose they have worked their way up, step by step, rising superior to all hindrances, and set their names in the long array of the noble and the good who have been the benefactors of our race. In almost every age we have examples of the power of these self-made men. Their power lies in a strong will, a fixed purpose, and a mind thoroughly alive to the solemn reality of life and the stern duties which it imposes. They ever think, and write, and act with a definite and real purpose. One of the noblest examples of this will recur to the mind on mentioning the name of Hugh Miller. By industry and perseverance, led on by the consciousness of that inner power, the poor boy of Cromarty gained for himself his place in the front ranks among the men of science in his time.

To the men possessed of his true inner power, the most precious gift is a spirit to which truth and moral beauty are of more value than all riches or all renown. In this spirit lies their strength. The consciousness of it strengthens them for all times of trial. By it they become the masters, not the slaves of circumstances, and the most untoward events are made subservient to their will.