

## CHAPTER XVI.

### *THE FIVE LEVELS.*

"If ever a person in this world reaches the highest level of life, I believe you have reached it now," said Miss Todd sorrowfully one July afternoon, as she was sitting by the lounge on which her friend was lying.

"Do not flatter me. There is a good deal of the old Adam in me yet. But what do you mean by the highest level of life?" asked Mrs. Pierce.

"I read an article the other day which interested me very much. The German professor, Fichte, spoke of five levels of life, and the writer of this article described them. Would you care to hear about them?"

"Certainly, nothing would please me better."

"I wish I could tell you the writer's own words, but I'll do the best I can. The lowest level is the Drifting Life—a life which I fear is very common. Those who, having no minds of their own, allow themselves to be influenced by others to do very foolish things—things even hurtful to their best interests; who cry out, 'What will the world say?' when asked to do something for the benefit of their fellow-men; who at the command of fashion do not hesitate to perform acts of the greatest cruelty, are living on the lowest plane or level of life. Life on