

without lifting an eyebrow nor cracking a smile upon an imperturbable face.

"Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts and stares an' a' that?  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof, for a' that."

Burns himself was a good sample of true culture, for it was said of him that he was equally at home among the lowly and among the nobility. It was his innate grace of soul, his fine sensibility, and thoughtfulness for others, that stood him in stead of the art of courts. One of the first gentlemen, as well as one of the greatest orators America has ever produced, was Frederick Douglas, born slave, cursed with a black skin, learning to read by spelling out the names printed on the shipping. It is the spirit within us, not the things around us, we must increase and improve. It is the life, not the abundance of things.

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Health consists not in things. People who take the most medicine are the sickliest. Health depends not upon the perfection of our precautions against disease, as the doctors do vainly teach, but upon that inward tide of vitality by which we defy disease. The robust men do not frequent the gymnasiums. The people who patronize the "health foods" and make a sad of scientific diet are as a rule dyspeptic and sallow. Health is within; and if so be it is at all without, then it is in God's sweet air and green grass and running water and fresh-smelling earth.

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The same thing is true in the matters of the spirit and its life. The history of the church discloses more piety in log cabins and mountain fastnesses than in imposing cathedrals. The Waldenses and the Albigenses I find to have had more of Jesus' spirit than those who were haling them to prison and death. I fancy there was more real God-serving among Charles Fox and his Quaker friends than among the frequenters of the cathedrals of Canterbury and York. There is more sound Christianity among the Salvation Army lads than among those who hold their noses when they pass by. Do not think you would be a better Christian with better advantages, nor more liberal with larger wealth.

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Mahomet wrote the Koran on the shoulder blades of sheep. Shamgar had no artillery nor horsemen, but delivered Israel with an ox-goad. Samson slew the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. David did the giant to death with a pebble. Moses cleft the sea with a rod. The trouble with us now is that we are apt to magnify our institutions at the expense of the ever-greater personality. Colleges and training are good if you can digest them, and if they do not eat you. But many of our courses of study are too strong for the mediocre person who is taking them; they are taking him. I do not wish to teach anyone to despise training; so to understand me is to feloniously steal my meaning; but

to encourage the man who is so placed he cannot secure it. Our shoreless sea of literature swamps more geniuses than it floats. Shakespeare's brain fattened on the sparse buffalo grass of Boccaccio and Plutarch, while the stall-fed calves of this day are not worthy to stand under the shadow of his barn.



## A Professional Life Saver.

I HAD a Newfoundland dog once," said a New York gentleman to a reporter, "that one day bravely rescued a child from the water at a seaside resort where I was stopping. The act was rewarded by much caressing and petting of the dog, and by his being fed generously with candy, of which he was extremely fond. This ceased after a day or two, and then one day the news came to me that a little girl had fallen from the end of the pier and that Ponto had rescued her. Again the dog became for a time a great hero, and the best of bonbons were his. This in turn became a thing of the past, and then, the very next week, the dog rescued another child that had fallen from the pier. Petting and candy followed this third noble act, and when they again ceased only a couple of days passed before Ponto had brought safely ashore another child that had tumbled into the water from the pier. Now, it began to strike me as something odd that the dog should happen to be so opportunely present on these critical occasions, and when he ceased being the petted hero after this fourth life-saving effort I kept a sly eye on him. The pier was a favorite play spot for the children, although so many of them had fallen into the water, and one day I saw Ponto strolling down there to join them. I followed without his knowing it. He mingled with the children, and before long I saw him deliberately, in apparent play, edge a little boy toward the side of the pier and actually push him off into the water. Then he jumped in after the boy and easily carried him a short distance to the shore. The scoundrel was actually making a practice of tumbling children from the pier and magnanimously saving them, just to receive the homage and praise and sweetmeats of the grateful and admiring guests."



THE first duty of every man who has money is to ask himself, What would Christ have me do with it? The second duty is to go and do it, after hearing the answer.—*Sheldon*.

THERE are few prophets in the world, few sublimely beautiful women, few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to rarities; I want a great deal of this feeling for my every-day fellow men; especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy. . . . It is more needful that my heart should swell with love and admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, than at the deeds of heroes whom I shall never know except by hearsay.—*George Eliot*.