

perous than we. Jealousy is the fear that we shall be supplanted in the affections of our friends by some one else; and the rapier of malice is raised to strike the deadly blow, urged on by the envy or jealousy that is born of fear.

And what is the dissipation to which many a man flees, except a refuge from his fears? The drunkard drinks the infuriating cup, not because of any especial pleasure it gives him, but because, for the time being, it affords a refuge from his fears. He is trying to get away from himself, from his past record, from his present misery, from his hopeless future, from the dismal memories that dog his steps. He drinks, and for the time being forgets himself and all his fears. He asks no favors now of any king. For a brief hour he has found a refuge in oblivion of the past and of the present.

The confessions of every opium-eater would tell us the same story. He wishes to benumb his faculties, that he may deaden his fears. In the fool's paradise of hasheesh he tries to es-