

mand a horse and dray, can be generalissimo of them, and may carve out a fortune with them. And I did not fall on that illustration by accident, young gentlemen. Do you know the fact? If you do not, let me tell it to you: that more fortunes have been won and fewer failures in the dray business than in wholesale merchandising. [Applause.]

Now, young gentlemen, let me for a moment address you touching your success in life; and I hope the very brevity of my remarks will increase the chance of their making a lodgment in your minds. Let me beg you, in the outset of your career, to dismiss from your minds all idea of succeeding by luck. There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one that by-and-by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. No, young gentlemen; things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up. Inertia is one of the indispensable laws of matter, and things lie flat where they are until by some intelligent spirit (for nothing but spirit makes motion in this world) they are endowed with activity and life. Do not dream that some good luck is going to happen to you and give you fortune. Luck is an *ignis fatuus*—you may follow it to ruin, but not to success. The great Napoleon, who believed in his destiny, followed it until he saw his star go down in blackest night, when the Old Guard perished around him, and Waterloo was lost. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs, young gentlemen. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself. [Applause.]

Again: in order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fulness of knowledge—not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency. In this respect, follow the rule of the machinists. If they want a machine to do the work of six horses, they give it a nine-horse power, so that they may have a reserve of three. To carry on the business of life you must have surplus power. Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let every one know that you have a reserve in yourself: that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it. How full our country is of bright examples, not only of those who occupy some proud eminence in public life, but in every place you may find men going on with steady nerve, attracting the attention of our fellow-citizens, and carving out for themselves names and fortunes from small and humble beginnings and in the face of formidable obstacles. Let me cite an example of a man

I recently saw in the little village of Norwich, N. Y. If you wish to know his name, go into any hardware store and ask for the best hammer in the world; and if the salesman be an intelligent man, he will bring you a hammer bearing the name of D. Maydole. Young gentlemen, take that hammer in your hand, drive nails with it, and draw inspiration from it!

Thirty years ago a boy was struggling through the snows of Chenango Valley, trying to hire himself to a blacksmith. He succeeded, and learned his trade; but he did more. He took it into his head that he could make a better hammer than any other man had made. He devoted himself to the task for more than a quarter of a century. He studied the chemistry of metals, the strength of materials, and philosophy of form. He studied failures. Each broken hammer taught him a lesson. There was no part of the process he did not master. He taxed his wit to invent machines to perfect and cheapen his process. No improvement in working steel or iron escaped his notice. What may not twenty-five years of effort accomplish when concentrated on a single object? He earned success; and now, when his name is stamped on a steel hammer, it is his note, his bond, his integrity embodied in steel. The spirit of the man is in each hammer, and the work, like the workman, is unrivalled. Mr. Maydole is now acknowledged to have made the best hammer in the world. Even the sons of Thor, across the sea, admit it.

While I was there, looking through his shop, with all its admirable arrangement of tools and machinery, there came to him a large order from China. The merchants of the Celestial Kingdom had sent down to the little town, where the persistent blacksmith now lives in affluence, to get the best that Anglo-Saxon skill had accomplished in the hammer business. It is no small achievement to do one thing better than any other man in the world has done it.

Let me call your attention to something nearer your own work in this college. About forty years ago, a young lad who had come from the Catskill Mountains, where he had learned the rudiments of penmanship by scribbling on the sole leather of a good old Quaker shoemaker (for he was too poor to buy paper) till he could write better than his neighbors, commenced to teach in that part of Ohio which has been called "benighted Ashtabula"—I suggest "beknighted" as the proper spelling of the word.) He set up a little writing school in a rude log cabin, and threw into the work the fervor of a poetic soul and a strength of heart and spirit that few men possess. He caught his ideals of beauty from the waves of the lake and the curves they made upon the white sand beach, and from the tracery of the spider's web. Studying the lines of beauty as drawn by the hand of Nature, he wrought out that system of penmanship which is now the pride of our country and the model of our schools. It is the system you have been learning in this college, and which is so worthily represent-