

The surest way to avoid such puerile folly is to honor all men. Cultivate the habit of recognizing real worth wherever you see it. Honor men, not their titles, or their wealth, or their clothes. Honor their manhood and womanhood. Be clear-visioned enough to discern noble manhood and superior womanhood, even when they come untitled and unheralded. We need the soul of the poet and the eye of the artist to see real worth in humble, homely forms. How rich our life would be if we had the art—the divine art—of seeing and sympathizing with the pathos and poetry of common life all around us.

“ Among the untaught poor
Great deeds and feelings find a home
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.”

The difference between man and man is not so great as we oft imagine. Seen from the summit of a Ferris wheel, the houses of a great city are about the same height, and the farms of the country about the same size. From God's exalted point of vision the men and women of this world are on about the same level. Judged by the standard of absolute holiness, we all fall so far short that this difference is not worth recording. One debtor in the parable owed five hundred pence; the other owed fifty. Both were equally bankrupt; both equally dependent on mercy. We are not murderers, but we are envious. In God's sight envy may be as black a vice as murder. He who envies another would murder him—if he dared. We are not drunkards, but we are proud. In God's sight pride may be as ugly a vice as drunkenness, and as hard to cure. A cold, proud woman is farther from heaven than a harlot. There is more hope for Magdalen in the brothel than for Jezebel in the palace. It was to people who prided themselves on their respectability and religion that Jesus spoke when He said: “The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.”