

miserable moths, it is the generous, unselfish people whom the world honors. We never think of honoring selfish Emperor Nero or Caligula or King Henry the Eighth, though they did occupy such high places in the world and though they have made so much history, but it is some humble, unknown man whom we delight to honor. It is that pilot on Lake Erie, for instance, who stuck to the wheel of the burning steamer until the parched skin peeled off his arms, rather than turn away from his post of duty, or it is Florence Nightingale who went into the fever-stricken hospitals of the Crimea to make the soldiers' lot a little easier, or Ida Lewis who, in the dark and stormy night, rowed out upon the wild billows to save the shipwrecked sailors. These are the ones whom we love to think of and to honor. They were not great in intellect or wealth or position but they had unselfish hearts, they had not allowed the moths of self-indulgence to honeycomb their souls.

We need not go so far away from home to find an heroic example of unselfishness. A few days ago a Boston boy of nineteen was going across the Broadway bridge, when he saw a younger boy fall