

stowed away with other unmeasured heaps of intellectual wealth.

Who has not heard men who are dumb when they should be swift to speak, excuse themselves on the ground of inability to utter their thoughts. They say they have good ideas, but are not fluent because of inexperience, and therefore cannot give others the benefit of their intelligence upon the subject under consideration. In the same way we have heard individuals boast of what they might have been, if only they had been "to college." A preacher who thunders forth illiterate sameness from Sabbath to Sabbath, proud of his stentorian voice, which makes the very rafters creak, sighs because he obtained no education when young. He mourns as he reflects on what might have been, what positions of honor and influence he might have occupied, what a mighty name might have been his, if he only had had a chance. And to him, indeed,

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

Or a father moans because he cannot send his son to college,—his promising boy, the pride of the family, the wit, the genius, the embryo Tennyson. The boy has discovered an aptitude for poetry, and is already able to make "I have got" rhyme with "down I sot." And so his fond father, doting mother, his uncles and aunts, and several other admiring relations say, "Oh, if he had an education! What a poet he would make!" Meanwhile the district school-teacher grows weary trying to beat into the said poetical brain knowledge sufficient to enable it to comprehend an easy example in simple interest. As a rule illiterate people undervalue educational advantages, but they pay schools and colleges too high a compliment when they suppose that such institutions can fill an empty skull with brains, convert a dolt into a genius, or make ideas stick to a mind which is repellent, or at least too feeble to hold a whole thought upon the simplest subject. If a man has intellect, the disci-

pline of the schools will sharpen that intellect, augment the power of his faculties, and will give him, measurably at least, the tact with which he may make his talent serviceable. But no power can transform a noodle into a wise man. The jingler of miserable rhymes can never become a poet. The shouter of vapid nothings can never become a great orator. The mouse-in-a-pint-measure man can never become a giant whose steps shall outrival those of Hiawatha in his "moccasins of magic."

If men would say, "I have ~~not~~ ideas," instead of complaining that they lack words, they would commonly tell the truth; for if a man has clear ideas he can express them intelligibly unless he is dumb. If some individuals would say, "I can never be a man, but as a mouse I will become as wise as possible," they would be talking sense. Too often men try to appear what they are not, or to climb higher than their Creator ever intended they should climb. There are eagles whose pinions flutter in ether, and whose eyes flinch not in the glare of the sun; but many a bird never gets higher than the tree-tops. Each, in its place, is noble; out of its place, ridiculous. If a man was intended for a sparrow, at his peril does he ape the eagle.

There are men who would make excellent farmers, carpenters, or blacksmiths, but who are execrable failures in a profession, though perchance they can point to a college diploma. They deem toil of the hand degrading. They, forsooth, want lily-hands, and a *profession*. And so they go through life as seventh-rate preachers, doctors, lawyers and teachers. They occupy places which, if these nonentities were out of the way, would be filled by efficient men. Thus they are encumbrances, mere lumber, public nuisances. They have no ideas save a threadbare few which they have stolen. They have few words though, in many cases, these few do service continually, much to the annoyance of persons of mental acumen who are forced to hear them. What shall be done with