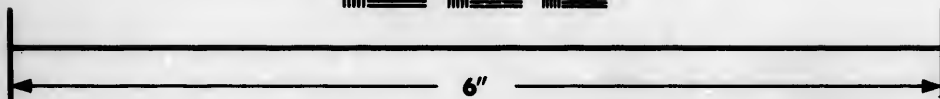
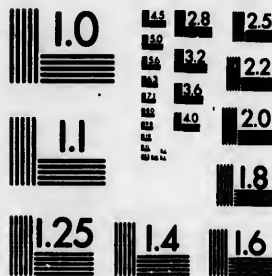


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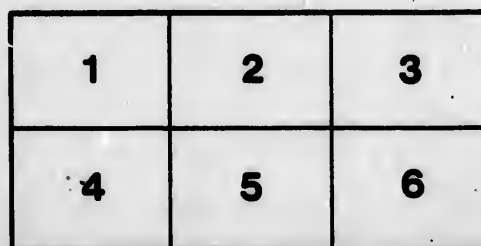
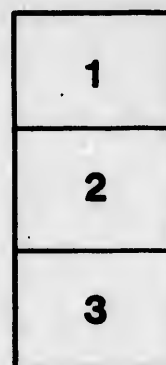
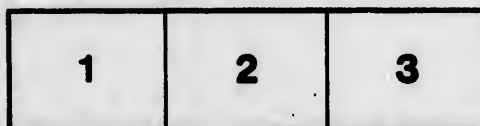
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TACT,
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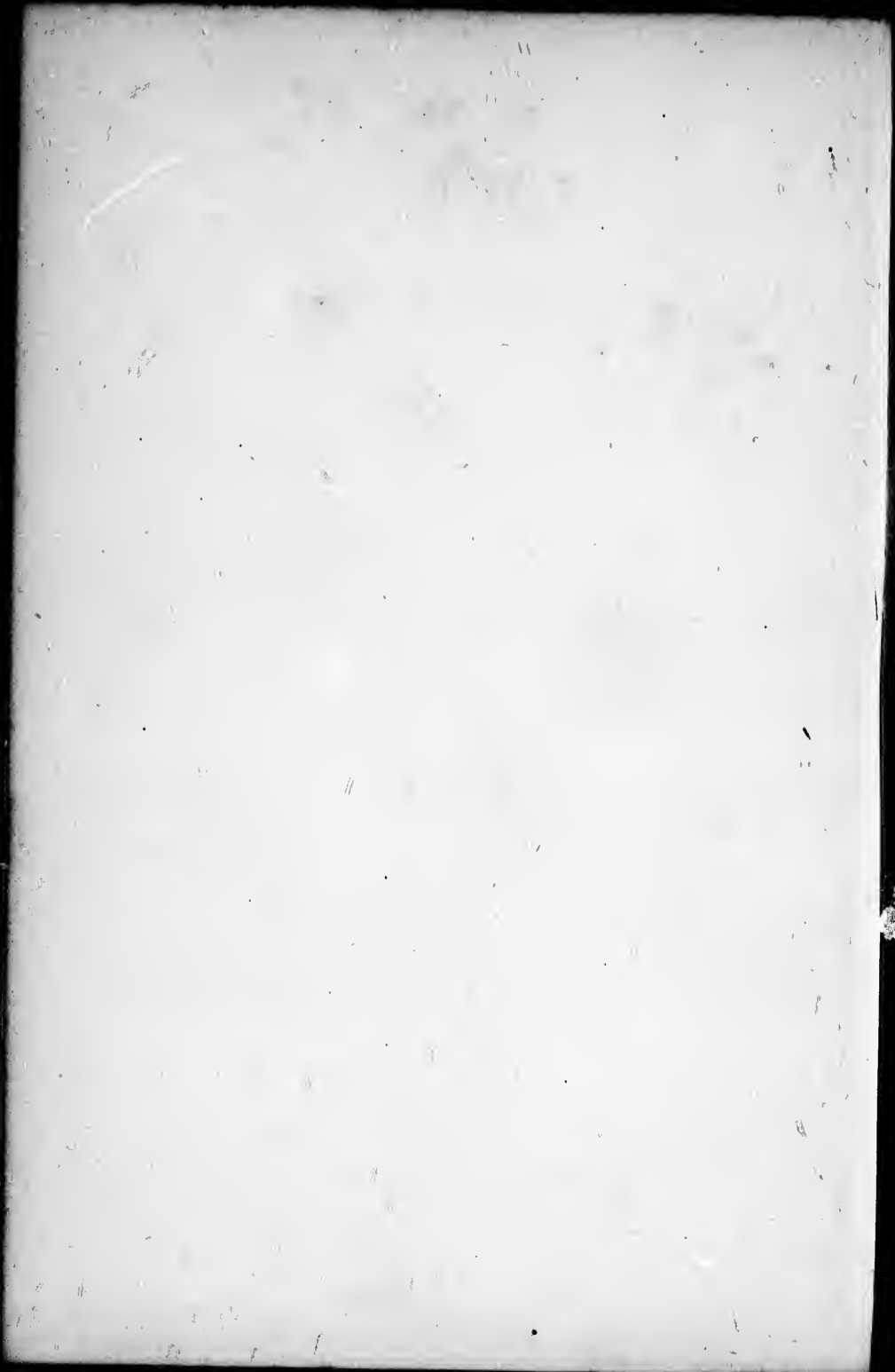
*Author of "From Log Cabin to White House," "The Pioneer Boy,"
"George Washington," etc.*

"The conditions of success are Tact, Push, and Principle."

SAMUEL BUDGETT.

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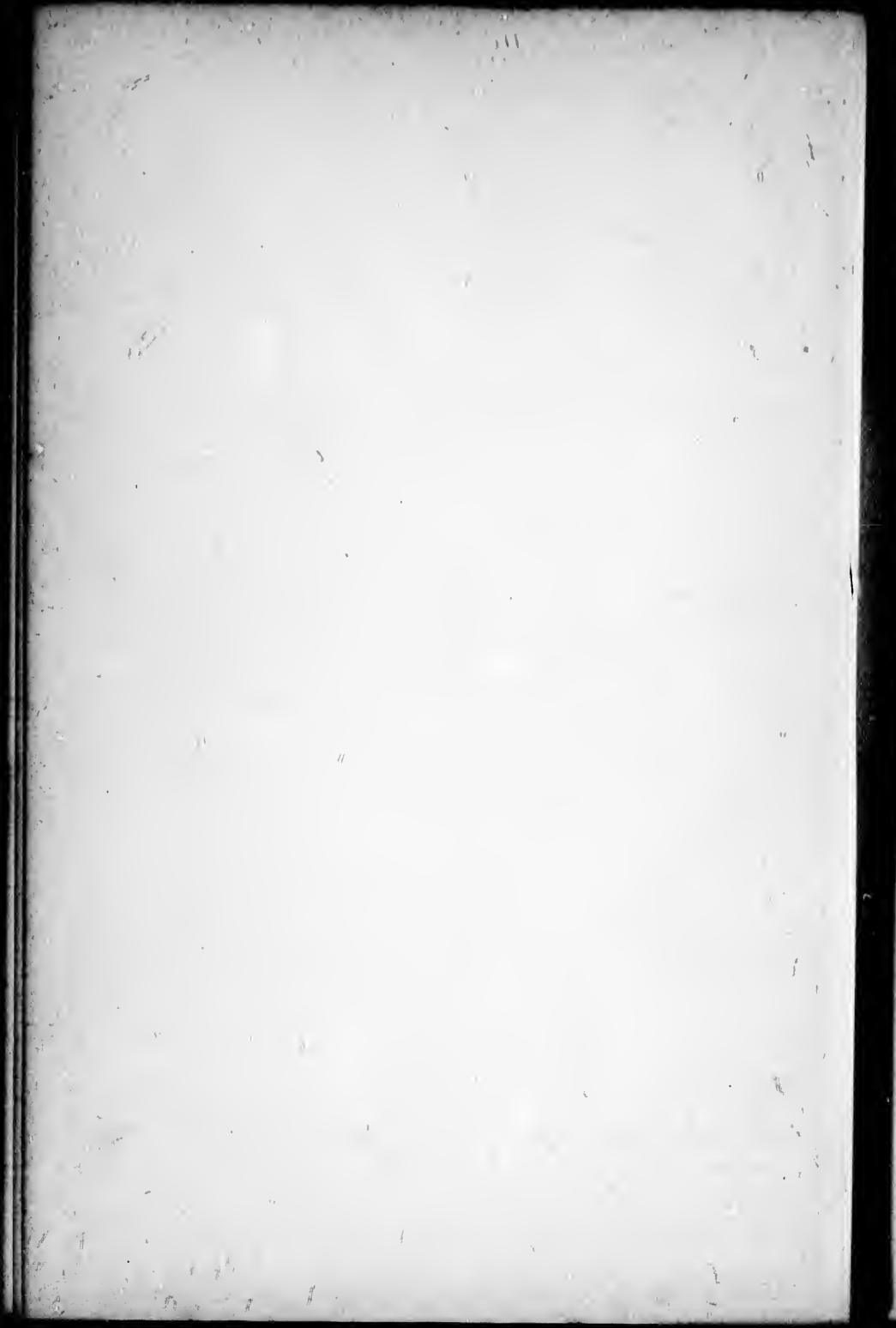
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INTRODUCTION.



INTRODUCTION.

For many years the author has been persuaded that by far the most practical way for young men to learn the elements of success is to study the lives of successful men in the various departments of human labour. Accordingly, in his former works, he has drawn largely from that source, both to establish his position and to illustrate his theme. Biographical studies, therefore, have been a necessity in this line of literary effort. Next to *seeing* the successful man, is reading the faithful record of his life. Indeed, to the young man the biographical sketch may make qualities clear and impressive, which passing observation might not unfold. Those biographies, especially, that were written with the definite purpose of developing the philosophy of the subject's success, are eminently instructive and profitable to this class.

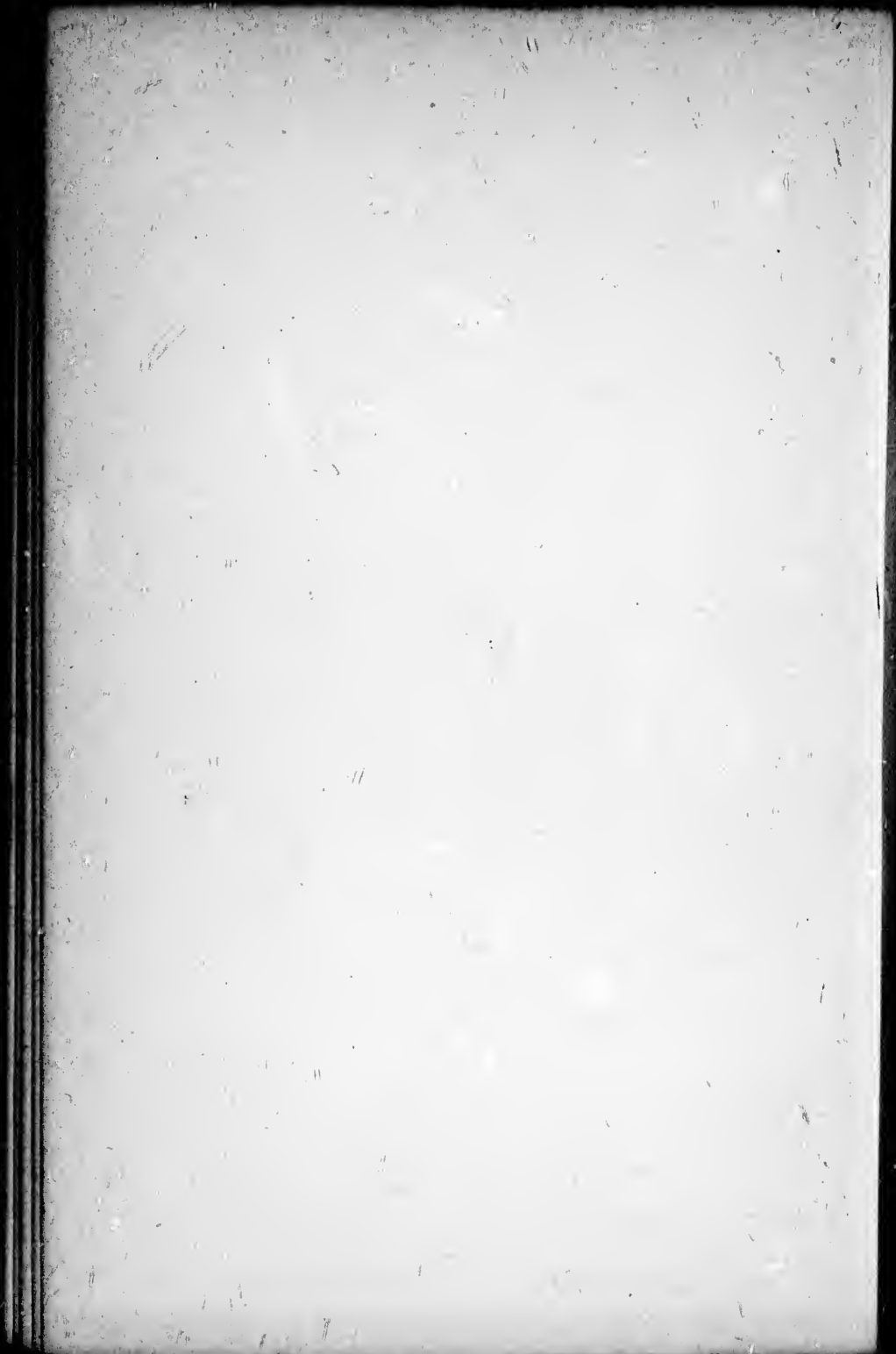
In this volume the results of the careful study of biography, for many years, are analyzed and appro-

riated, showing that the same elements of character will achieve success, under similar circumstances, in any honourable pursuit. Not that the same person may become successful in all occupations; for the human mind is not sufficiently versatile, nor life long enough, for such vast achievements. It is enough that success is won in a single occupation, or course of study; and he who accomplishes that deserves well of his fellow-men, and may justly respect himself.

While he has drawn without stint from the lives of eminent men, he has also drawn freely from the *opinions* of those whose careers have made their opinions of substantial value. Precept and example are thus brought to the front, both as a means of entertainment and instruction. From the lives and opinions of several hundred prominent men, lessons and thoughts are gathered and woven into this volume for young men, in order to make the positions taken impregnable, as well as "to point the way." Among the examples adduced are Washington, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Jefferson, Roger Sherman, Hamilton, Jay, Clay, Patrick Henry, Franklin, Bowditch, Eli Whitney, Benjamin West, Webster, Lincoln, Channing, Everett, Irving, Sumner, Wilson, Grant, Garfield, Prescott, Motley, Burritt, Amos Lawrence, Abbott Lawrence, Appleton,

Brooks, Chickering, Safford, Horace Mann, Samuel Budgett, Dr. Arnold, Buxton, Wilberforce, Pitt, Burke, Peel, Brougham, Gladstone, Canning, Wesley, Hugh Miller, Nelson, Wellington, Lafayette, George Stephenson, Spurgeon, Chalmers, Bright, Thiers, Cobden, Burke, Alexander, Cæsar, Columbus, Luther, Newton, Arkwright, Ferguson, Watt, Pascal, Dr. Johnson, Scott, and many others we need not name.

In addition to conveying important information, these excerpts from the lives and opinions of the successful will guide young men to other and ampler sources of knowledge relating to the issues and aims of life. Hence, if disposed to prosecute their inquiries further upon any one or more of the lines of thought pursued in this volume, they can find here a key to the rich treasures from which we have drawn to the extent of our plan and space.



I.

SUCCESS.

OUT of the thousands of young men in our country on whom the burden of a nation's life will rest, thirty years hence, and to whom we are to look for our future statesmen, judges, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, merchants, and mechanics, how many will achieve success? How many will make a failure of life? The destiny of the nation is in their hands. How can they become "men of mark" to bear its burdens? The following pages will seek to give some answer to these questions.

What is success? It is not the mere gratification of personal ambition. To accumulate wealth, to win the highest office, to become famous for learning, eloquence, or statesmanship, may not be success. One or all of these objects may be gained, and still life be substantially a failure. Wealth acquired at the expense of principle, honours won by chicanery, learning and political distinction used for personal emolument instead of usefulness, do not constitute success. At best, it is only partial success. The highest success is achieved by making the most of one's powers and opportunities. A man with

five talents and small opportunities may improve them so as to be of more real service to mankind, than one who was born with ten talents, in the midst of great advantages. The former is more successful than the latter. In accomplishing the controlling purpose of life, he has made the most of himself. Out of the material furnished he has made higher manhood than his neighbour has with ten talents. Herein is superior wisdom; and high authority declares that, "It is better to get wisdom than gold; for wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it."

John Jacob Astor possessed a passion for money-making, born with him, no doubt. He belonged to a family of conceded business tact. At twenty years of age he came to the United States from Germany, and settled in New York city. Within sixteen years he was worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and this was but a mere fraction of his wealth when he died. That he possessed many elements of success in his character, such as industry, economy, perseverance, and observation, is quite evident. His great aim in life was to be rich; and these qualities enabled him to accomplish that purpose. With his millions, however, he was only partially successful. He was really only half a man. The noblest part of him was not brought to the front in the race for riches; and it could not be. In the end, he could own a palace of gold; but his character was earthen; and this is not success. Horace Mann put it thus: "If a man labours for accumulation all his life long, neglecting the common objects of charity, and repulsing the daily appeals to his benevolence, but with the settled, determinate purpose of so multiplying his

resources that, at death, he can provide for some magnificent scheme of philanthropy, for which smaller sums or daily contributions would be insufficient, then he becomes a self-constituted servant and almoner of the Lord, putting his master's talent out at usury, but rendering back both talent and usury, on the day of account; and who shall say that such a man is not a just and faithful steward, and worthy of his reward? But the day is sure to come which will test the spirit that has governed the life. On that day, it will be revealed, whether the man of vast wealth, like Stephen Girard, has welcomed toil, endured privation, borne contumely, while in his secret heart he was nursing the mighty purpose of opening a fountain of blessedness so copious and exhaustless that it would flow on undiminished to the end of time; or whether, like John Jacob Astor, he was hoarding wealth for the base love of wealth, hugging to his breast, in his dying-hour, the memory of his gold and not of his Redeemer; griping his riches till the scythe of death cut off his hands in the twinkling of an eye, from being one of the richest men who ever lived in this world, to being one of the poorest souls that ever went out of it."

In striking contrast with Astor, the late Amos Lawrence of Boston is an eminent example. Like Astor he was born on a farm, and began mercantile life in the city at about twenty years of age. Both commenced without capital or the assistance of friends. Both possessed energy, industry, economy, tact, and great perseverance. But there was this difference: money was not an idol with Lawrence as it was with Astor. He had something else to live for. "Character before wealth," was his motto. On his pocket-book was in-

scribed this text, "*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*" That tells the story. Instead of making everything subservient to money, he made money subservient to character. A fortune was incidental to the great purpose of his life. Once he sent a note to his partners for six hundred dollars, in small bills, for charitable objects. A few days afterwards he sent for more, quoting, in his note, the following from some quaint writer: "The good there is in riches lieth altogether in their use, like the woman's box of ointment; if it be not broken and the contents poured out for the refreshment of Jesus Christ, in his distressed members, they lose their worth. He is not rich who *lays up* much, but he who *lays out* much. I will therefore be the richer by charitably laying out, while the worldling will be poorer by his covetous hoarding up." Lawrence was eminently successful in business. He became a merchant-prince, contributed SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS to charitable objects during his life, and left a fortune to relatives at his death. Stated briefly, his rule in money-making was that of Wesley: "*Make all you can; save all you can; give all you can.*" Astor followed the advice of the first two clauses full as closely as Lawrence, but discarded that of the last clause altogether. Lawrence emphasized the last clause, thus rallying industry, energy, and the whole train of virtues around the highest and grandest aim of life, the outcome of which was, not only wealth, but true manhood—the highest success.

Elihu Burritt was an example of true success. His father was a shoemaker, and Elihu's boyhood was spent in that occupation, with only three or four months' schooling annually. When he was sixteen his father

died, and he was thrown upon his own resources. He resolved to be a blacksmith, and apprenticed himself to a son of Vulcan. From childhood he was a great reader, and, for lack of volumes, read the Bible and a few books that his father and neighbours owned, over and over again. The parish library, under the rules, would loan him but a single volume a month, and this only sharpened his mental appetite for more. Mark, that his aim was *knowledge* instead of money. To his trade and the acquisition of knowledge he brought as thorough devotion as Astor to money-making. His industry, enthusiasm, courage, and persistent effort, were fully equal to the same qualities in the famous millionaire. Under their transforming power he made both a good blacksmith and good scholar. For a time, after he attained to his majority, he worked at his trade in the summer (sometimes doing the work of two men for weeks) and studied in the winter. Between the forge and his books, under the direction of Christian principle, his physical, mental, and moral natures developed in harmonious proportion. He mastered fifty languages, became well versed in the natural sciences, distinguished himself in editorial and philanthropic labours, and unwittingly attracted to himself the attention of scholars in almost every part of the world. His progress in knowledge alone was not the highest success, although it was marvellous. At the same time, he trained his physical and moral powers, so that head and heart united to mould his character and life into a beautiful and symmetrical whole. At one time he visited England, and Mary Howitt said of him: "He is not merely remarkable for his knowledge of languages, — a knowledge which is perfectly stupendous, and which,

having been acquired under circumstances which at first sight would seem to present insuperable barriers to anything beyond the most ordinary acquirements, may naturally excite our surprise and admiration,—but he is remarkable in a high moral degree; and this it is, combined with his great learning, which entitles him to our love and reverence. . . . He has not read Homer and Virgil, and the Sagas of the North, and the Vedas of the East, to admire only, and to teach others to admire, the strong-handed warrior, cutting his way to glory through prostrate and bleeding thousands; he has read, only to learn more emphatically, that God made all men to be brethren, and that Christ gave, as the sum total of His doctrine, that they should love one another. This is the end of all his reading and learning; and better by far to have learned thus, with hard hands and a swarthy brow, over the labours of his forge and hammer, than to have studied in easy universities, to have worn lawn and ermine, yet to have garnered no expansive benevolence while he became a prodigy of learning.”

This is not a modern view, or a novel view, of success. It may be novel to the popular notion, but it is familiar to justice and right, and as old as either. Many years ago Osborne said, in the *Merchant's Magazine*: “Success in life consists in the proper and harmonious development of those faculties which God has given us. We have faculties more important to our welfare than that of making money,—faculties more conducive to our happiness and our health of body and soul. There are higher and better modes of activity than those which are exhibited in multiplying dollars. Men can leave to their children a better patrimony than money; they can leave

them the worth of a good example, good habits, a religious faith, a true estimate of the desirable things of this life; resources of mind and a heart that will shed sunshine upon adversity, and give a grace to prosperous fortune."

The young men of to-day enjoy far better opportunities than their predecessors of any former generation. Wider doors of thrift and usefulness, in the highest and noblest sense, are open before them. We know that this sentiment is denied, and that it is common to speak of the avenues to success as being closed now to the mass of young men. Croakers say that the time for young men to compete for the prize has passed,—that the coveted places of thrift and honour are over-crowded, and that now young men must content themselves with a back seat and small acquisitions. But the plea is false. There never was so much room for the best as there is to-day.

Though it may be more difficult to succeed in the pursuits of life than it was formerly, young men possess greater facilities now than ever. The wisdom, example, inventions, discoveries, thoughts, labours, and progress of the preceding ages, are theirs in an important sense. These furnish helps to which former generations were strangers. With these aids, the resolution that triumphed half a century ago, may overcome the greater difficulties of to-day. When Napoleon was told that the Alps were in the way of his army, he replied, "Then there shall be no Alps;" and he built the road across the Simplon. Nothing is impossible to such resolution.

Young men are apt to undervalue *education* in this problem of success. They make it synonymous with going to school and college, when it may have little to

do with either. Webster defines education to be "that series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper, and form the manners and habits of youth, and fit them for usefulness in their future stations." The original root from which the word 'education' is derived, means, *to conduct, fashion, forge*. The whole process of forming and developing true manhood and womanhood is education. A college graduate may be poorly educated, while a self-made young man may be well educated; that is, he may be better fitted for usefulness in his "future station." "Business makes men," it has been said. One way or the other it disciplines both head and heart. It may do something even to make men more familiar with science and art. Lawrence knew more of arithmetic and philosophy after he made a fortune than he did before. Stephenson had a better knowledge of mechanics and natural science than ever, after he made his first locomotive. The carpenter who builds a house understands the laws of mechanics better for that experience. The operative who weaves a piece of cloth is more familiar with its quality and value than the merchant who sells it. The intelligent farmer knows somewhat more than the number of bushels of corn or oats to the acre; he has learned something of agricultural chemistry in raising these crops. He has been thinking as well as ploughing, sowing, and harvesting. Work, honest and well directed, has made him more of a man, physically, mentally, and morally. There would be greater success in all occupations if the occupants made more "business" of them. But too many pursue them only for a livelihood, with no thought that they may contribute directly to true manhood and womanhood.

This view is confirmed by the fact that the useful occupations are mutually dependent, and each plays into the hands of the other. The mechanic aids the philosopher, and the philosopher aids the mechanic. The farmer renders essential service to the statesman, and the statesman helps the farmer. The miner in his El Dorado at the west assists the faithful teacher at the east, and the teacher in turn assists the miner. Thus human labours interlace each other, and are bound together in one bundle of weal or woe. It may be said of the useful arts and sciences, as of the members of the body, "whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." A single illustration will make this point still clearer. The astronomer is as far removed from the ordinary pursuits of life, apparently, as any scholar or scientist who can be named. To the superficial observer he appears to be wholly independent of the mechanic and uncultured labourer. But let us see: He must have a telescope. Without it he can make little progress in astronomical science. Little progress was made in it until the telescope was invented. But how will the astronomer get his telescope? He himself cannot make it. The glass-maker, brass-founder, carpenter, mathematical-instrument maker, and other artizans, must come to his assistance. The first named must have a building and furnace; and he must depend upon the carpenter, blacksmith, stone and brick mason, to furnish the necessary skill and labour. Nor can these artizans come to his aid until the woodman has cut the logs, and the teamster hauled them to the mill, where they are sawed into timber and boards. Even then the building cannot be framed and

put together unless the miner digs the iron ore from the bowels of the earth, and, having subjected it to the smelting process, transfers it into the hands of the tool-manufacturer and nail-maker, who convert it into hammer, saw, adze, and nails for immediate use. But the tool and nail makers did not construct the wagon on which the iron was brought to them: the wheelwright did that. Or the iron may have been brought by *rail*, the history of which takes us back to the crude material in the mine; the smelting establishment and foundry that transformed it into rails; the hard work of Irish, Germans, French, and other nationalities, who prepared the bed of the road; the remarkable genius of inventors back to Stephenson, father of the locomotive engine; together with the labours of the car-builder, machinist, painter, engineer, road-master, and brakeman, to the least important employé; the handiwork of all so interwoven that it is difficult to tell where that of one ends and another begins. Then the mason who builds the glass-maker's furnace, does not manufacture the bricks nor burn the lime he uses, nor even draw the sand that he moulds into mortar; nor does the brick-maker cut his own wood, or prepare his coal, or haul either; nor did he manufacture a single tool that he uses. His pump was made by another, who knew little or nothing concerning the principle of atmospheric pressure that led to pump-making; *that* was discovered by Torricelli many years ago, in the city of Florence. When all these industrious and skilful hands have united their labours, the glass-maker has building and furnace completed; and then, when other hands have furnished the manufactory, and a complete outfit of glass-blowers and other necessary assistants start the business, the

astronomer has secured the glass only for his telescope. That is all. Scores and hundreds of the best thinkers and hardest toilers, for eight centuries, have had an agency in furnishing him with that glass. But his telescope is far from being made yet; nor have we space to follow the multitudinous ramifications of brain-work and manual labour which antedate the skill of the brass-founder and mathematical-instrument maker before the telescope is mounted to sweep the heavens. So here is a scholar and thinker who lives, apparently, as independent of his fellow-creatures as though his abode was in the "empyreal sphere," confessing himself to be a co-worker with the humblest labourer and mechanic, and totally unable to prosecute his researches unless the latter rally to his aid. It is not possible to conceive of a more intimate connection between science, the mechanic arts, and the commonest and hardest manual labour.

We may add, briefly, that the farmer, mechanic, miner, mariner, and other toilers, are equally dependent upon the astronomer. The almanack, that occupies such an important place in the family, on the farm, in the workshop and manufactory, and wherever the measurement of time, knowledge of the heavenly bodies, and state of the weather, together with the many practical uses to which it is adapted, are serviceable to man, would not have an existence but for the persistent studies of the greatest astronomers and philosophers who ever lived. Its tables, so simple to us now, are the result of the profoundest researches of a long line of philosophers whose fame is world-wide. The shipmaster would be well-nigh helpless upon the sea without his compass and *Practical Navigator*, the latter

of which contains tables which the highest attainments in astronomical science alone have furnished. The sailor who works a lunar observation, in order to learn the longitude of his vessel, employs tables that are really compilations of the most remarkable discoveries and calculations of Galileo, Newton, La Place, Franklin, and Bowditch. Even the watchman who goes his nightly round through the mammoth factory, the servant who depends upon the alarm-clock to wake her at four in the morning, and the traveller surprised by darkness on the western prairie, all have reason to express their profound gratitude to the astronomer and his coadjutors.

This illustration shows how labour becomes education, capable of producing the noblest manhood; that it is not confined to the school-room and college, but is derived as well from the common things of life. The reason is obvious; for, in all the complex intercommunication of employments that we have seen, it is mind that rules, and not muscle. Whether in the investigations of the philosopher, the labours of the mechanic, or the severer toils of the miner who delves in the earth, it is *mind* that controls and directs. Muscle obeys its behests. The latter is servant to the former. Hence, *mind* is the real object of education. Mind is *the man*. Improve that,—make it stronger, nobler, greater,—and man himself is improved. He can make no essential advancement except as his mind advances; and the means for the latter are at hand, viz., *thinking*, whether the occupation be tilling the soil, or making observations among the stars. It is the birthright of all men—to *think*. No opposition or law can hinder, if they persist in the act. So that their education may be going forward all the while, even with no book but

nature or the warehouse, and no teachers but experience and observation. How true that "the mechanic, and not the magician, is the master of life!"

The absolute necessity of *intelligence* to success was well put by the late Judge James Hall to the young merchants of Cincinnati; and although his remarks related to mercantile life only, their application can readily be made to other occupations. "The merchant," he said, "should cultivate his mind, and acquire knowledge as an element of power. Dealing in the products of various climes, and of all the arts, and engaged in an intercourse, personally or by correspondents, which extends to all the marts of traffic throughout the world, he should be well acquainted with the geography of the globe, and with the productions, resources, habits, financial systems, and commercial usages of all nations. He should know thoroughly the composition and history, the mode of production, cost, and all other incidents connected with every article in which he deals; and should be versed especially in the moneys and measures, the exchanges, the commercial laws and regulations of the various places to which his business relations extend. This much we insist upon as actually necessary to the respectability of the mercantile character, and to enable the merchant to wield his capital to advantage. But the intelligent merchant should aspire to something more than this. His position in society demands that he should place himself upon an equality with the most cultivated of his fellow-citizens. As a class, the merchants are the most wealthy men of our country. In social intercourse they mingle with the most refined, with those who are highest in intellectual standing

and official position. There is no place in society, no post in government, from which the merchant is excluded. On the contrary, his command of money, and the facilities afforded by his relations of business, place him in a prominent position, and render him the fit and active director and agent in the whole circle of public charities, and in the numberless endowments for literary and liberal purposes. Having thus opened to him a wide sphere of usefulness, he should enter upon it with a consciousness of its dignity and importance, and qualify himself for the discharge of its various duties, by an assiduous and liberal cultivation of his mind and morals."

There are degrees of success. There is the highest round of the ladder, and there is the round next to it. He who cannot reach the former, may reach the latter. Says William Arthur: "Though all cannot gain eminence, every honest, frugal, and hard-working man can make his way." A young man may become a successful merchant, though he may not be a Lawrence or Peabody. He may gain eminence in the legal profession, and yet not make a Webster. He may distinguish himself as a philosopher without being a Franklin. He may prove that he is a superior mechanic and yet not be able to make a piano. Arkwright made the spinning-jenny, but he could not make a watch. So a man may fail in one pursuit and succeed in another. Tact may adapt him to one occupation more than to another. It is worth while for laudable ambition to ponder these facts; remembering the French proverb, "*Tel brille au second rang, qui s'éclipse au premier*"—"A man may shine in the second rank, who would be eclipsed in the first."

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that there is success in every useful occupation for him who will pay its price. God does not chaffer with men on these momentous affairs. He has but one price for honourable distinction; we can take it or leave it. The irresolute, limp young man who expects to find success "marked down" some day, as merchants bandy their goods, is doomed to bitter disappointment. It is a fair price that God has set upon it, and he is not half a man who attempts to get it for less. Carlyle said: "He who has battled, were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the provision-wagons, or even rest unwatchfully 'abiding by the stuff.'" The expectation of difficulties and obstacles characterizes true manhood. Willingness to begin in a small way, advance slowly, and bend all the energies to the controlling purpose of life, also, belong to winners in this race. The young man who begins where his rich father left off, usually ends where his father began.

Samuel Budgett presented the subject in a nutshell when he said: "THE CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS ARE TACT, PUSH, AND PRINCIPLE."

We will not deny that there are *born* merchants, mechanics, philosophers, inventors, and scholars, whose success appears to be their birthright; but such examples are not half so numerous as many persons imagine. So, too, the elements of success which we shall discuss in this volume, may be inherited by a few, but such cases are too rare to interpose serious objections to the general view, that they are legitimate subjects of culture. That Astor was a born merchant

we may readily concede. That Burrith was born with uncommon aptitude to acquire knowledge, particularly a knowledge of languages, is patent. That Shakespeare was a born poet, is agreed; and the same was true of Burns, Milton, and others. That Alexander, Napoleon, and Washington were born generals, we are not disposed to question. Truer still it may have been of Carnot, who was taken to the theatre in his childhood, where a siege was indifferently represented. The little fellow saw the attacking party was exposed to the sweep of a battery, and he astonished the audience by crying out to the commanding officer to change his position or his men would be shot. In manhood, he was the chairman of the Committee of Public Safety during the French Revolution, directed the operations of fourteen armies, and triumphantly turned back the invaders who rushed down from the Alps and Pyrenees. That Nelson was born with courage above most of his fellows, is proven by the facts of his childhood and age. When a little boy he strayed away and was lost. Diligent search was made for him, and he was found, at length, sitting by a stream of water which he was unable to cross. "I wonder, child," said his grandmother, "that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear!" exclaimed the fearless boy, "I never saw fear—what is it?" Just the lad to grow into the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar. That Walter Scott inherited an imagination of remarkable power, and a true poetical genius, his whole life attests. At the age of eighteen months he was sent to reside with his grandfather at Sandy-Knowle, in the neighbourhood of some fine crags. To these crags he was sometimes sent in charge of the shepherd, who would often lay him beside the sheep.

Being forgotten one day upon the Knolls when a thunder-storm came on, his aunt ran to bring him in, and found him lying on his back, the tempest beating in his face, while the little chap was laughing, and shouting at the top of his voice with every peal of thunder and flash of lightning, "Bonnie! bonnie!" That style of genius pervaded his productions in after-life. The same was true of Schiller, who was found by his father perched in the top of a tree during a severe tempest, watching "the artillery of heaven" with strange delight. On being asked what he was there for, he answered that he wanted "*to see where the thunder came from.*" We need not multiply examples, however. It is sufficient for our purpose to concede the occasional influence of natural endowment in a successful career, leaving the proof that this is only exceptional, as well as the evidence of the transforming power of culture, to the elaboration of our theme in subsequent chapters.

II.

TACT—WHAT IS IT?

TACT is the ability to use natural powers, acquisitions, and opportunities to the best advantage. Under its facile sway a single talent accomplishes more than five or even ten talents without it. It manipulates moderate abilities so as to outstrip real mental greatness, proving that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Emerson puts it thus—

"Tact clinches the bargain,
Sails out of the bay,
Gets the vote in the senate,
Spite of Webster or Clay."

Any man of fifty years can find striking illustrations of this fact by recalling the associates of his youth and noting the career of each one. Perhaps the least promising of the youthful group is now the most successful man of all, while the boy of acknowledged talents has made a complete failure of life. The dull youth has become the energetic, prosperous citizen. The bright, precocious urchin has flattened out, and exhibits but a pitiable manhood. The mediocrity of youth ranks higher than its talents to-day. The tortoise has won the race. These are facts that the history of each generation abundantly furnishes. The story of the three graduates on the sheep-farm of Australia has its

counterpart in every land. One was a graduate of Oxford, another of Cambridge, and the third of a German university,—all servants to a coarse, ignorant, but prosperous sheep-raiser, whose remarkable tact won a fortune in spite of a poverty-stricken and barren boyhood.

Illustrations of what tact is, from different departments of human labour, will put the subject in clearer light. James Ferguson was the son of a small farmer, in Banffshire, England. His father was an honest labourer, but too poor to keep his boys at school; so he taught them chiefly himself at home. James was bright and apt to learn, ready to lend a helping hand in tilling the soil, tending sheep, or other work to assist his father. When he was seven years old, the roof of the family cottage partially fell in. In order to restore it, his father applied a prop and lever to an upright spar, and lifted it easily into position. James looked on with astonishment to see that his father, single-handed and alone, could raise the ponderous roof as if it were a very little thing. He said nothing, but proceeded to experiment. He made several levers, and lifted heavy bodies, until he was fully satisfied that the lever must be placed at the farthest possible distance from the fulcrum. He found, also, the "effect of any weight made to bear upon the lever is exactly in proportion to the distance of the point on which it rests from the fulcrum." And so he went on, until he demonstrated the place and power of the wheel and axle, of which he had never heard, accomplishing his work with no other tools than a pocket-knife and small turning lathe. Subsequently he examined a traveller's watch, making discriminating inquiries concerning its action, until he comprehended

its mechanism, and proceeded to make a wooden watch that he put into a case about the size of a tea-cup. At this time he could turn his hand to almost anything. He made models of spinning-wheels, carts, houses, grist-mills, and whatever he happened to notice. He went to live with a neighbouring farmer, where his attention was turned to the heavenly bodies. His employer found him late in the evening, lying upon his back, wrapped in his blanket, studying the apparent distances of the stars from each other by means of a thread with beads strung on it. He held the string of beads at arm's length between his eye and the stars, sliding the beads so as to hide certain stars, and then laid the string on paper to mark the distances. A teacher gave him Gordon's Geographical Grammar. A brief study of it enabled him to construct a globe, though he had never seen one. He turned the ball, covered it with paper, and on it drew a map of the world with his pen. He constructed a clock, also, that proved to be a good timekeeper. He followed farming, played the rôle of a shepherd, run a grist-mill, repaired clocks, drew patterns for ladies' dresses, and studied science and art, with equal facility.

Benjamin Franklin, of Boston, Massachusetts, was the son of a tallow-chandler, and at ten years of age was initiated into the occupation of his father. He cut wicks, filled moulds, and did chores with promptness and efficiency. Subsequently he was apprenticed to his brother, a printer, and proved himself equally efficient as a compositor. Early he tried his hand at composition, both poetry and prose, and succeeded admirably. He was yet in his teens, when, for a season, he edited the *New England Courant*, the second newspaper ever

published in America. He set up the printing business in Philadelphia, and carried it on successfully. He entered public life while yet a young man, commanded universal confidence and respect for his ability and thoroughness in every position, and represented his country in some of the highest offices at home, and in the most renowned courts abroad. At the same time his scientific studies and investigations placed him with the greatest philosophers of his time.

Sir Humphry Davy, the inventor of the safety-lamp, is an illustration of similar qualities in another direction. At sixteen years of age he was introduced into an apothecary shop, where the laboratory especially attracted his attention. The result was, that he converted his employer's attic into a laboratory of his own, where, after each day's work was done, he performed experiments that were worthy of an older head. He constructed his own apparatus, and took his own way to establish scientific facts. His master's gallipots and phials, together with cast-off pans and kettles, found about the establishment, served him a good purpose. With singular ingenuity he converted them into chemical utensils well adapted to his designs. The surgeon of a French vessel that was wrecked presented him with a case of surgical instruments for some favour, and these he transformed into philosophical apparatus. Out of one he constructed a tolerable air-pump, and all of them were so used as to render him valuable aid. His biographer says: "Had he, in the commencement of his career, been furnished with all those appliances which he enjoyed at a later period, it is more than probable that he might never have acquired that wonderful tact of manipulation, that ability of suggesting

expedients and of contriving apparatus so as to meet and surmount the difficulties which must constantly arise during the progress of the philosopher through the unbeaten tracks and unexplored regions of science."

Abraham Lincoln was born in a log-cabin in the western wilderness, and died in the "Executive Mansion," at Washington. This uplifting power of the soul, of which we are speaking, took him from the comfortless cabin to the "White House." Without school, teachers, books, or opportunities, he rose by his own exertions, and carved his name upon the highest tablet of fame. It was because he possessed this marvellous power to use his abilities, acquisitions, and opportunities to the best advantage. He turned everything to the best account. He made the most possible of himself and surroundings. As a pioneer boy of the forest he felled trees, cleared land, raised crops, made carts, fashioned tools, drove team, and did the manifold things belonging to such a life with consummate skill. Later he went down the river on trading trips to New Orleans; established a new home in another state by erecting a log house, fencing and stocking his farm; engaged in mercantile business; mastered arithmetic, grammar, and other studies, by the improvement of leisure moments; learned and practised surveying; taught school, studied law, and represented an honourable constituency in the legislature; organized and commanded a company in the "Black Hawk War;" distinguished himself in the legal profession as well as in political affairs; went to Congress, became a champion of liberty against Douglas, and was made President of the United States within thirty years from the time he quitted pioneer-work for a wider field. He

was Davy's error in resorting to expedients and manipulating events to his advantage.

These several illustrations, drawn from different departments of human effort, show better than words what TACT is. Under its controlling power, the farm, the shop, the mill, the store, the leisure hour, the lyceum, the legislature, all become educational as really as the academy and college, and even of greater force in qualifying the parties for the practical duties of life. It does not appear to make much difference whether the youth of tact starts upon a farm or in a workshop, in a village or wilderness, this remarkable faculty, conjoined with a high aim, leads him to success. This is the lesson taught by such lives as those rehearsed, and hundreds of others equally instructive. The biographer of George Stephenson, the renowned engineer, says: "There were many highly educated engineers living in his day, who knew vastly more than he did, trained as they had been in all the science and learning of the schools, *but there were none so apt in applying what they knew to practical purposes as he.*" There was the secret of his success, the same as in the examples cited. "Talent is power; tact is skill. Talent knows *what* to do; tact knows *how* to do it." Men conceived the idea of a steamboat before Fulton did, but he alone possessed the tact to reduce his conception to practice. Without this quality the steamboat might still have existed only in the brain of some profound thinker.

The reader will learn from the examples given, that a man may possess tact to aid him in a single direction. An all-absorbing passion may possess his soul,—love of knowledge, desire for position, superiority of attainment, philanthropic achievements, wealth, honour, or power,—

and to that particular purpose tact may subordinate everything. Thus a passion for mechanical and scientific investigations characterized Ferguson and Davy, and to that one purpose every opportunity and effort ministered. Astor was a born trader, and money-making was the study of his life. He manipulated events so dexterously that "he found a dollar under every stone he turned." Abraham Lincoln had a passion for knowledge, and he found it even in the floorless cabin and on the farm. His tact converted all things into knowledge for a providential career, as that of Astor transmuted everything into gold.

It is not strange, therefore, that *tact* is often mistaken for *genius*. Its brilliant triumphs over difficulties, and its apparently superhuman achievements liken it thereto. We are not denying the existence of GENIUS, which means to most men "great mental powers," although we believe that it has often located where tact only exists. The fact that so-called genius sometimes fails where moderate endowments succeed, proves that the former is not always found where it is supposed to be. We believe that the highest genius knows not only "*what* to do, but also *how* to do it," thus possessing tact as a factor of its wonderful self.

On the other hand, some wise men who know *what* to do, never learn *how* to do it. Adam Smith wrote some of the best things upon finance ever given to the world, yet he could not manage the finance of his own family. It was said that one of Napoleon's generals understood military science better than he did, but *how* to use it on the field of battle baffled his powers. He might almost as well have been ignorant of the science—a fact that shows how important tact is. To possess

knowledge, wealth, or power, without knowing *how* to use it, is next to possessing neither of them.

What men call "*shrewdness*" and "*common sense*" usually signify no more than tact. Dr. Emmons said, "common sense is the most uncommon kind of sense;" and a better definition of tact, from one standpoint, could not be given. Tact enables us to do the right thing at the right time, and in the right place; it adapts us to circumstances, and makes us equal to the occasion; and the most genuine "*shrewdness*," or soundest "*common sense*," can do no more for us than that. He who lacks either "may say even his prayers out of time," and may aspire to take the second step before he has taken the first. Such foolish acts are common where there is a want of "*common sense*" or tact. For this reason, Dean Swift nearly starved in an obscure country parish, while Stafford, his blockhead classmate, by his tact, revelled in wealth and popularity. Beethoven, the great musical composer, exposed himself to ridicule when he sent three hundred florins to the store to pay for a pair of shirts and six handkerchiefs. He lacked "*common sense*" in common affairs, which is not true of a man of tact. When a merchant acts like a statesman, it is proof that he possesses great tact; but when a statesman acts like an inferior merchant, it is proof that he has none. Wellington "never lost a battle because he was a good business man," one of his biographers said; that is, he knew *how* to use his knowledge of military tactics. He had "*common sense*." It was equally genuine tact, in a smaller way, and in every-day affairs, that led Gerritt Smith to settle a difficulty between two of his labourers about milking a cow, by taking the pail and milking her himself. It

closed hostilities on his farm as effectually as Wellington's skilful tactics closed the conflict between the English and French at Waterloo.

In some respects this is a national trait, one nationality possessing it in a higher degree than another. When the Hindoo saw the steam-engine in England, he remarked, "The English are very cunning; we Hindoo catch horse, ox, elephant, water, wind, and make him all work, but they catch fire and make him work too." The Hindoo saw the point. From time immemorial the Chinese were acquainted with the art of printing and the mariner's compass, yet without deriving any of those advantages therefrom which have changed the aspect of the modern world. They lacked the practical wisdom necessary to apply them to advance civilization. Perhaps the "Yankee nation" excels all others in this trait. Their tact is proverbial. Cast upon their own resources, compelled to work their own way upward, inured to difficulties and hardship, their necessity becoming the parent of invention, this element of success is made conspicuous. This trait is doing its part to enable America to outstep the Old World in art and manufactures. A London journal recently said:—"American clocks and watches are sold for less than those of English and Swiss manufacture in England and in Switzerland. And yet the skilled labour in this business is not cheaper in America than with us. Therefore, by sheer superiority of intelligence and of perfection of machinery, we have been cut out by the Americans of a trade in which we formerly held our own. The same may be said of a dozen other trades, in which we have stood still while the Americans have progressed."

It is plain from the foregoing, that tact is not a single faculty, but a combination of faculties. Its existence implies the possession of other powers, as well as discriminating knowledge of the conditions under which they perform their parts in the drama of life. Our purpose requires the consideration of these in this connection. And first of all is the undeniable fact, that "man is the artificer of his own fortune." Tact achieves only where this truth is realised.

III.

SELF-MADE.

"**S**ELF-MADE, or never made," is an old maxim ; meaning, that by his own personal exertions the young man succeeds, whether his advantages be great or small. The best college cannot make a man of learning out of the idle student, while the poorest college will help the studious, persevering youth to fame. The largest and most renowned mercantile house will do no better for the inefficient clerk than the smallest and most obscure one. Indeed, the active, quick-witted, and aspiring clerk will gain more advantage from the small, unknown warehouse, than the shiftless and negligent clerk will from the large, famous one. It is because a young man must make himself what he desires to become, whether mechanic, merchant, scholar, orator, lawyer, physician, clergyman, or statesman. No institution can do it for him. No man can do it for him. The best opportunities are nothing to laziness. Ordinary opportunities are everything to application and tact.

Dr. Arnold, the great English teacher, used to say, "Never do for a pupil what he can do for himself." He claimed that the best teacher in the world could not make a scholar out of a lazy boy, but that the boy could do it for himself. For this reason he "worked not *for*, but *with* his class, and strove in all his methods of instruction, not to teach directly, but simply to guide

in efforts for self-education. He considered the office of the teacher to be like that of the guide-board by the wayside, to direct to the path, which was to be trodden with diligent footsteps. . . . He often said it was not knowledge, but the means of gaining knowledge, he had to teach; that he desired not so much to impart information, as to prepare the minds of his pupils to use to advantage subsequent acquisitions; to learn how to study, and how to start aright in the life-loving work of *self-culture*." Dr. Arnold did not attach much importance to the popular notion of geniuses; but he believed and taught what Kitto affirmed thus: "I thought, then, and think to this day, that all the fine stories about natural ability, etc., etc., are mere rigmarole, and that every man may, according to his *opportunities and industry*, render himself almost anything he wishes to become."

It is absolutely necessary for the young man to understand this. Unless he realises that he must be self-made, tact will fail to make the most of advantages. His mind, too, must be divested of several "popular delusions," if he indulges them, as many at his age do, or all the tact in the world, inherited or acquired, will be of little service.

It is popular with youths to call success LUCK. A "lucky hit," a "lucky fellow," a "streak of luck," are common expressions with many. They mean, evidently, that the successful person *happened* to become rich, learned, or great without forethought, plan, or purpose; that there was no real cause of his success; that it was not the result of his own well-directed and persevering efforts. A strong delusion this! There is no such experience as *luck* among men. There cannot

be in a world of law and order. If there were no God and no Divine government, and chance and chaos ruled the hour, there might be a place for luck somewhere in the universe. As it is, there is no nook or corner for it. Generally, the young apply the word luck only to the acquisition of wealth. But why should not luck make a man wise or learned as really as rich? Why should not a man *happen* to be a renowned philosopher, a great statesman, or a famous general? Is it more difficult or strange for luck to make a Newton, a Webster, or a Wellington, than to make an Astor? Such questions expose the folly of those who believe in "lucky men" or "lucky days." When the time comes that idleness reaps rich harvests, and industry begs bread; that economy goes to the poor-house, and prodigality to the palace; that temperance invites want and woe, and drunkenness revels in thrift; that virtue is condemned and imprisoned, and vice extolled and crowned; then, and not till then, can a sensible man countenance the popular delusion—LUCK. What did luck have to do with the career of Girard, or Franklin, or Clay, or Fulton, or Roger Sherman, or Lincoln, and the host of other men who have wrought, triumphed, and died? Nothing; absolutely nothing. Away, then, with folly so barefaced and repugnant, and bend every nerve for the prize!

Another popular error with young men is, that *mercantile success is easy*. Few appreciate the hard labour, perplexities, and trials of even those merchants who succeed. Few understand that a very large majority of merchants fail in business. General Dearborn, who was collector of the port of Boston more than twenty years, said, in an agricultural address: "After an ex-

tensive acquaintance with business men, and having long been an attentive observer of the course of events in the mercantile community, I am satisfied that among one hundred merchants and traders in Boston, not more than three ever acquired an independence. It was with great distrust that I came to this conclusion; but after consulting with an experienced merchant, he fully admitted its truth."

A gentleman who listened to General Dearborn's address, doubted his statement, and, in consequence, instituted an inquiry. After thorough investigation, he made the following public statement:—

"The statement made by General Dearborn appeared to me so startling, so appalling, that I was induced to examine it with much care, and, I regret to say, I found it true. I then called upon a friend, a great antiquarian, a gentleman always referred to in all matters relating to the city of Boston, and he told me that in the year 1800 he took a memorandum of every person on Long Wharf; and in 1840, as long a time as men usually continue in trade, only *five* remained. *All* the others had failed, or died in destitute circumstances. I then went to the director of Union Bank. He said the bank commenced business in 1798, when there was only one other bank in Boston; that a few years ago they had occasion to look back to the first of its history, and they found that of one thousand persons with whom they opened accounts, only *six* remained. In the forty years nine hundred and ninety-four had failed or died without property. 'Bankruptcy,' said he, 'is like death, and almost as certain: they fall single and alone and are thus forgotten; but there is no escape from it, and he is a fortunate man who fails young.'"

Such facts warn the reader against the foolish sentiment that mercantile success is easily won. "The battle of life," in by far the greater number of cases, must necessarily be fought up hill; and to win it without a struggle were perhaps to win it without honour. If there were no difficulties, there would be no success; if there were nothing to struggle for, there would be nothing to be achieved. Difficulties may intimidate the weak, but they act only as a wholesome stimulus to men of pluck and resolution.

Another delusive dream of some young men is—*dependence upon others for influence or capital to help them into business.* They scarcely believe that it is possible for them to command the business position to which they aspire, unless a rich father or uncle will furnish the necessary capital. Possibly the reputation and personal influence of the same parties might answer to lift them into the coveted niche. One or the other or both they deem indispensable, and so wait for "dead men's shoes," or live men's timely succour, to launch their barques for the voyage of life. They despair of success without some assistance of this kind to give them a start; and it often proves a start in the wrong direction.

We do not affirm that capital or influence, furnished in the way described, is never proper or beneficial. But they seldom or never help young men whose tact, industry, economy, and force of character would not succeed without them. To the class of enterprising and efficient young men, both capital and personal influence may prove a God-send, introducing them into a larger sphere of business and insuring earlier success. But they are worse than useless to the aimless and easy-going class, who have too little enterprise to

accept the maxim we have quoted, namely, that "Man is the artificer of his own fortune." They who are competent to achieve fortunes by their own unassisted exertions, will find the capital and influence of others highly beneficial; but on the opposite class they are worse than wasted. They who cannot make themselves, can never be made by any amount of gold or ancestral honours. Buxton once wrote to his son: "You are now at that period of life in which you must make a turn to the right or the left. You must now give proofs of principle, determination, and strength of mind; or you must sink into idleness, and acquire the habits and character of a desultory, ineffective young man; and if once you fall to that point, you will find it no easy matter to rise again. I am sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases. In my own case it was so."

Others delude themselves with the idea that *pleasure is an indispensable factor of success*. Many young men covet money as the means to the end—pleasure. The rich, honoured, and great are happy, they think; *their* pleasure is largest and best. Like all radical errors, this one is well-nigh fatal. Pleasure, at best, is but accidental or incidental. It is no part of the real purpose of life that commands and elevates a human soul. He who has amassed a million dollars for the sake of the pleasure it will purchase, has made a complete failure. He began with a small soul, and ended with a smaller. He started with a contemptible purpose, and he has gotten what he bargained for—inferior manhood. Obedience to the behests of *DUTY* and the ruling desire *to be useful*, and not a thirst for pleasure, are among the cardinal elements of success. It is a trumpet-call that

DUTY sounds, at which all the nobler attributes of humanity spring into life.

The delusions named, and all others akin to them, hinder self-culture. They discourage tact, and render its development impossible. They must be completely eradicated to give the natural powers fair play. They are nothing but rubbish, that must be cleared away before the young man can make himself.

Perhaps the reader cannot command academic and collegiate advantages, or even the full benefit of the common school. What of that? Many of the most useful and distinguished men of the past won their positions without these aids. That labour did more than learning to make Stephenson the practical man that he was cannot be denied. That the same was true of Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin, although he enjoyed school advantages, is equally true. He was early inured to labour on the farm, snatching therefrom every moment possible to indulge his inventive genius. He was yet a youth when he began the manufacture of nails, a business that he pursued with untiring industry. He enjoyed no higher literary advantages during this period than the very short and poor common schools which that day afforded. He was twenty-three years old when he decided to fit for college, and was nearly thirty when he was graduated at Yale. Then he went South, where his collegiate education does not appear to have been of any special advantage to him, except to introduce him into more intelligent and influential company: Its culture and refinement added attractions to his personal appearance and society. But he continued in the same line of inventive and mechanical labour after his career in college that he did before;

and the cotton-gin was the fruit of his application. His tact, labour, and industry did more than college to educate him for the place in which he became renowned.

The lives of Arkwright and Whitney, which represent the lives of a large class of self-made men, prove what we have said, that *pleasure* is not a factor to be considered in the problem of life. We can discover no provision which they made for *fun*. Such a thought does not seem to have entered their heads. As if they never heard of such a thing, their plans were laid, and their persistent and abundant labours performed in the interests of usefulness and duty. They calculated upon no future time when they could live without work, be idle, command a fine turnout, sport diamonds, and cut a dash at famous watering-places. Neither did one of the "popular delusions" named find favour with them. "Luck" and "legacies," "money-worship" and "easy" living never troubled their brains.

Arkwright and Whitney are examples of the great benefit many self-made men have been to the world. To these two men the nations are indebted for the present facility of raising and manufacturing cotton. Southern lands were especially adapted to the production of the "short staple" cotton, but the difficulty of separating the cotton fibre from the seed wrapped up in it, made the cultivation of it expensive and unprofitable. The cotton-gin remedied this evil, and thus opened the Southern States to such large and rapid production of cotton as to insure wealth, and, at the same time, provide cotton goods cheap enough for the masses. Arkwright invented the spinning-machine, whereby the cotton could be manufactured into cloth

with astonishing rapidity. The two inventions together have proved of inestimable value to the world, scarcely second to any invention, discovery, or workmanship, that has pushed the race forward in the progress of civilization.

Self-made men govern the world now as they ever have governed it. That is, a majority of the leaders of humanity, in art, science, legislation, and government, are not the graduates of colleges. They are men who have worked their way up from obscurity and poverty, through difficulties and hardships, by their own persistent efforts. The qualities that enabled them to overcome obstacles made them leaders of public opinion and public measures. This class are eminently practical men, and practical men easily become leaders. The mention of a few names that adorn history will establish the truthfulness of this remark. Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-jenny and founder of the cotton manufacture in Great Britain, was a barber till he was nearly thirty years of age. Shakespeare, the son of a butcher, was a wool-comber, and held horses for gentlemen at the theatre for a pittance. William Carey, the renowned missionary, and Roger Sherman, the American statesman, were shoe-makers. Sir Isaac Newton was the son of a poor farmer at Woolsthorpe, and, with Sir John Herschel, was "master of the mint" in early manhood. Nelson, the victor over the French fleet at Trafalgar, was the son of a poor clergyman whose circumstances forced him to make a sailor-boy of the lad. John Foster, and Dr. Livingstone the missionary traveller, were weavers, and earned their bread by hard toil. Milton was the son of a London scrivener. Washington was a farmer ; and General

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Jackson's early life was spent on a farm under trying embarrassments. The same was true of Robert Fulton, Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln, and many other American leaders. Franklin was a printer, though his boyhood was spent in the still humbler pursuit of a tallow-chandler. And many of the most influential men of to-day, engaged in shaping the destinies of the nation,—merchants, inventors, scientists, clergymen, teachers, lawyers, physicians, and statesmen,—have made themselves what they are by the best improvement of their time and abilities. The success of this class illustrates the remark of a distinguished writer: "It is not that which is done for a young man that is most valuable to him and others, but that which he is led to do for himself." Their youth and early manhood, also, answered to the view of Lord John Russell, who said: "Instead of assisting a young man with money, we should say to him, 'You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you starve or not.'"

One reason why self-made men are so successful is, that *they are not afraid of work*. Dirt and drudgery do not frighten them. Necessary work must be done, however humble it may be. Louis Philippe said, that he was the only sovereign in Europe qualified for his position, for the reason that "he could black his own boots." So the only man who is able to make himself a name, is he who can do any necessary work. He puts in no plea for "a ten-hour law;" for he often may be obliged to work eighteen or twenty hours in a day. He has an object to accomplish, and he knows no relief until it is done, though it take him as long as it might General Grant to fight his way to Richmond—"all summer." His heart is set upon *accomplishing*, not upon

the easiest way of "getting on," nor upon the smallest amount of work that can be done, and live. His whole soul is absorbed in *doing*. It has been said, "A Spaniard will blush to work, but not to beg." The self-made man will blush to beg, but not to work. To beg is humiliating; to work is honourable and uplifting. There is growth, physical, mental, and moral, in work. We have spoken of Sir Walter Scott; he emphasized Work in his counsels to his son. At one time he wrote to him: "I cannot too much impress upon your mind that labour is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life: there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant earns by the sweat of his brow, to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his ennui." Being afraid of work has consigned many well-born young men to uselessness and obscurity.

The tragic termination of a splendid career has directed the attention of the world to the noble life of one who is an eminent illustration of our theme. We refer to Hon. James A. Garfield. Born in the woods of Ohio fifty years ago, when a removal to Cuyahoga County was going into the wilderness, it was not a bright prospect that greeted his birth. That poor prospect, too, was darkened by the death of his father when the child was only eighteen months old. With a family of four children, without a single dollar laid by for such an emergency, the heroic mother kept the "clearing" and the children intact. Very early James exhibited proof of decided talents, and strong love of learning. Without school advantages, he resolved to cultivate his mind. He chopped wood, tilled the soil, drove team, anything to earn money for his mother's support and

his own culture. He improved every spare moment to educate himself, was industrious, economical, persevering, aspiring, and efficient. At sixteen, he accepted the humble position of driver on a canal-boat, engaging in the menial employment with the same enthusiasm that fifteen years later, he fought the battle of the Rebellion on Southern soil. His employer on the canal said of him: "As brave a youth as ever lived; for he always dared to do right." As soon as he earned money enough to pay the expense of a quarter's schooling, he left hard labour for study, though possessing but a single suit of clothes and two shirts. By close application, economy of time, and often trenching upon night hours, he qualified himself to teach. Thirsting for more knowledge and higher culture, he presented himself before the board of the "Western Reserve Eclectic Institute," to learn if there was not some way whereby he could become a member of the institution, and pay his own way by labour. His application was successful, and he became bell-ringer and sweeper. Nothing was too humble for him to do as a means to the noble end in view. Very soon he was teacher in the "Institute," exchanging the office of bell-ringer for this higher and more lucrative position. He fitted himself thoroughly for college, and entered Williams College two years in advance, and, at the close of his course, was graduated with high honours. He became tutor in Hiram College, where he had won a name as a pupil. He was soon promoted to principal, and won a still greater name in that honourable position. He became an eloquent public speaker by persistent trial. He espoused the cause of liberty, and as an orator soon grew famous. From that time, his upward and onward career was

rapid and grand. At twenty-nine years of age he was a State senator; at thirty, he was appointed Colonel of the Ohio 42nd Regiment; at thirty-one, he became a brigadier-general, routed the Rebels under Humphrey Marshall, reinforced General Buell in his fight at Pittsburgh Landing, and distinguished himself for bravery and military skill in sieges and battles to such a degree that he was promoted to the rank of major-general at thirty-two. His brilliant record in war, as well as his previous noble record in peace, turned the attention of his Congressional District to him as the best man to succeed the world-famed Joshua R. Giddings; and at thirty-three years of age he became a member of Congress, the youngest member of the National House of Representatives. For eighteen consecutive years he represented his district with such acknowledged ability and statesmanship, that at forty-eight he was triumphantly elected United States Senator; and before the time arrived for him to take his seat in that body, he was nominated for the Presidency of the United States, the highest office in the land. Only twenty-seven years from the time he begged for the chance to "ring the bell and sweep the halls" of Hiram College before the loyal people of the country conferred upon him this exalted honour! And he did it himself. His own tact, industry, perseverance, indomitable courage, and moral principle, achieved this marvellous success—one of the noblest and grandest examples for American youth on record!

"The heights, by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

IV.

THOROUGHNESS.

DR. JOHNSON said: "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." The observance of this rule, to a gratifying extent, has contributed to the progress of mankind in art and science. It has preserved the integrity of the human race sufficiently to make real and rapid advancement. True, *half-doing* is miserably common. Many men content themselves with *passable* work. Those, only, who possess the qualities which we emphasize in this volume, among which tact leads, are known for their thoroughness. As tact is practical wisdom, it appreciates at once the necessity of thoroughness as a condition of success. Sir Fowell Buxton wrote to his son: "You are now a man, and I am persuaded that you must hold an inferior station in life, unless you resolve, that whatever you do, you will do *well*. Make up your mind that it is better to accomplish perfectly a very small amount of work, than to half do ten times as much. What you do know, know *thoroughly*." I once asked Sir Edward Sudgen the secret of his success, and he replied: "I resolved when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but at the end of twelve

months, my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from their recollections." This wise counsel, reduced to practice, would make the best farmers, mechanics, merchants, artists, scholars, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and statesmen possible.

Samuel Budgett ascribed a good share of his success in the mercantile business to this law of thoroughness. He was wont to say: "In whatever calling a man is found, he ought to strive to be the best in his calling; if only a shoeblick, he should try to be the best shoeblick in the neighbourhood." He endeavoured to make this a rigid rule of his warehouse. When boys were introduced into his business, they were set to straightening old nails picked up about the establishment. Their promotion depended upon doing this work well. If they were thorough in straightening old nails for a given time, they were promoted to serve under the master bag-mender. If they were equally thorough in mending bags, then they were made messengers. And thus on and up to the highest position in the business, thoroughness was a fixed condition. Mr. Budgett claimed that the boy who would not straighten nails well, would not do anything well; if he would not be true in small matters, he would not be true under greater responsibilities. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." A Mahratta prince discovered one of his servants fast asleep on the floor of one of his apartments, with his master's slippers clasped so tightly in his hands that he was unable to disengage them. Concluding at once that a servant who was so faithful in little things, could

be trusted in more important matters, he appointed him upon his body-guard. A few years thereafter, that servant was one of the most renowned commanders in India. The biographer of Budgett, speaking of what is meant by the best, says: "If a merchant, it is doubtless your duty to be the best merchant possible. But is he the best merchant, who, having superior tact, relentlessly uses that superior tact, in every transaction, to thwart and outdo others, regardless whether or not he shall appear to them inconsiderate and unkind? He may be the ablest merchant, but that is all. The best shoeblack does not mean the shoeblack who manages to worry people out of the greatest amount of money, but the shoeblack who does his work in the best possible way, and then only seeks a just and reasonable reward. The best cabman is not the man who drives in the best style and then teases you till you overpay him, but the man who drives in the very best style, and is content with his just wages. So the best merchant is not the man who best understands his business, and contrives to bargain others out of their reasonable profits, but he who best understands his business, and never takes advantage of any man's ignorance, of any man's necessity; who never forgets that the interests of others are as sacred as his own."

The effort of thoroughness taxes all the powers and brings them into complete and harmonious action. The result is, not only symmetry of mental development, but also scenes of beauty. The best-conducted farm is a picture to admire. Wall and fence upright and true; cart, wagon, and all agricultural implements in their place; order, neatness, comfort, and thrift, everywhere

seen; the broad acres of grass and grain waving their trophies in the sunlight. The best housekeeper introduces us to apartments that are so tidy and well arranged as to elicit a smile of satisfaction. The home may be humble, wholly destitute of the adornments of wealth; but cleanliness, order, care, and taste convert it into a sort of sanctuary, that attracts the hard-working husband irresistibly at the close of day. It is a charming scene of thoroughness in every-day affairs—making the little God has bestowed do the best possible for head and heart. The best door-yard, with its green velvet carpet covering the whole area, or, perhaps, its beds of flowers tempting the eye by their wealth of colours, and its nice, winding walks luring the steps, is not only the evidence of taste and a love of the beautiful, but also an ornament to the village and a credit to the town.

The most thorough tradesman has "a place for everything, and everything in its place;" each clerk prompt to respond to calls, and as polite as prompt; with prices and profits fair; honesty and right dealing gracing his counters, as nice goods grace his shelves; sharing public confidence because he possesses genuine private character. The best mechanic is he who puts the best workmanship into the products of his skill, and at the same time puts his conscience into every bargain that sends his manufactures abroad; as it was said of the late Timothy Gilbert, manufacturer of pianos, his goods were a model of honest labour, and the character that he made while manufacturing the best instruments he could, was as harmonious and beautiful as the music that he furnished the lovers of art. Such are illustrations of the charming scenes which thoroughness spreads

before us—particularly attractive because they are in keeping with the handiwork of God, who makes everything perfect in its time and place. The flower that “wastes its sweetness on the desert air” is just as lovely and fragrant, and its conformation as perfect, as that which blooms in window or garden. The moss which Mungo Park picked up in the wilds of Africa, five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement, was such proof of divine skill and care as to inspire his soul with fresh hope, that bade him rise and live. Thoroughness is a principle of the Divine government that fills the universe with joy and beauty, so that even the stars move,

“Forever singing as they shine :
The hand that made us is divine.”

Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of the most distinguished painters of his day; and, in answer to the inquiry, how he attained to such excellence, he replied, “By observing one simple rule, viz., *to make each painting the best.*” He disclaimed the idea that he was born to such excellence in the art, and strenuously maintained that nothing less than that persistent industry and perseverance, for which he was known, consecrated to making each painting *the best*, ever won renown for him. If we examine the lives of worthies that are introduced into these pages, we shall find this element of success more or less conspicuous. Roger Sherman was the best shoemaker in town long before he was classed with the best statesmen in the land. Hugh Miller was second to no stone-mason in his early manhood, as he was second to no practical geologist thirty years there-

after. Franklin was distinguished for thoroughness in the printing art at twenty, as he was in natural science and political economy at fifty. Gideon Lee was the best tanner, Amos Lawrence the best apprentice, and Samuel Appleton the best farmer, before they ranked with the best merchants. There is this lofty aim at excellence traceable in the lives of successful men in all departments of toil. "Young man, there is always room at the top," was the laconic reply of Daniel Webster to the young law student, who was complaining that the legal profession was overcrowded. "AT THE TOP!" Such an aim compels the service of every attribute of mind and heart; and it is this home-stretch for the "top" that makes the most of a young man, whether he reaches it or not. The late Samuel Ward, who was one of the best of bankers, and possibly *the* best, was wonderfully helped by his determination to stand at the "top." He engaged in the business at fourteen years of age, and such was his tact and perseverance that he soon attracted attention. A person inquired of him as to his purpose, and he answered, "I mean to be the best banker in the United States." If he did not become that, he certainly went up so high that he was not crowded and jostled by competitors. Crowding is done lower down. On the plane of mediocrity, and lower still, is where elbow-room is needed, because the contestants, if such they may be called, congregate in large numbers.

We must not be insensible to the fact that *slighted* work abounds; that multitudes do not excel in their pursuits, nor even indulge a wholesome ambition to excel. We want a superior carpenter, painter, or cabinet-maker to do a job: is he the first man of the

craft we meet? Can we trust most of the parties who serve in these vocations to do the work *well*? By no means. We are forced to inquire for the competent man, and then wait his convenience. We wonder at the paucity of the number who have attained to excellence in their callings; the number falls below our estimate, and explains why so many artisans continue poor and menial, content to plod and serve for a scanty subsistence. They are not the best workmen; and it is the latter class whose labours are in constant demand, at the highest price. "Work seeks the best hands, as naturally as water runs down hill; and it never seeks the hands of a trifler, or of one whose only recommendation for work is that he needs it."

The importance of accuracy is conceded only by those who aspire to excellence. "Only two cents!" exclaimed a clerk to his employer, who rebuked him for a mistake in a customer's account. He thought that a mistake of two cents was hardly worth mentioning. Had it been two dollars, that would have been quite another affair. He had no higher appreciation of accuracy than that. To approximate to it, in his estimation, was enough for all practical purposes. But even he would think otherwise, and become enamoured of accuracy, by a little reflection. Let him consider the satisfaction of having his computations *just right*—the honourable distinction of being known in the warehouse as an accurate accountant who detests mistakes, even the smallest, and he can hardly fail of falling in love with accuracy.

Our attention has recently been called to certain inaccuracies of *speech* among well-educated and even literary men, showing the great need of giving more

attention to thoroughness. "He learned him good manners," remarked a gentleman concerning a successful teacher in our hearing. He meant that the teacher *taught* him good manners. This is a very common error, as well as that other remark which even a minister dropped but yesterday: "I done this," for "I *did* this." Not long since, on a visit of two hours to a school, we heard the very successful teacher use two ungrammatical expressions in his speech. They were these: "Now, scholars (he spoke to a class called to the recitation seat), be on the alert; either of you are at liberty to ask questions." He should have said, "any of you are at liberty," etc. The other inaccuracy was, "John, turn to page thirty-one, first paragraph, and render the two first words." And John did render two words, but only one of them was *first*. The teacher did not mean "two first words;" he meant the *first two* words. An interesting debater, a young man of real intelligence and much culture, said, "I differ with my colleague;" he meant, "I differ *from* my colleague." The same young man said, in the same speech, "Neither one or the other." He should have said, "Neither one *nor* the other."

Young men may consider these minor matters; but, if they are, they illustrate, nevertheless, our subject. It is not in good taste to mar the beauty of speech by needless inaccuracies. When one can be correct as well as not, or, at least, by care and study, it is the part of wisdom to be correct. It is the *habit* of thoroughness, however, for which we plead, and against such a habit, these and kindred inaccuracies array themselves.

No young man who feels above his business can distinguish himself for thoroughness. If he leave the

farm or shop for the office because he considers such manual labour ignoble, he is already on the way to failure. It is impossible for him to attain excellence with such an error in his heart. Doubtless many youths have exchanged agricultural and mechanical labour for the learned professions for the sake of the greater respectability that invests them, in their estimation; and this is reason enough for their moderate success. Love of respectability, and not love of the pursuit, decided their choice.

Amos Lawrence requested a clerk to carry a customer's package to her residence. The clerk declined because it would compromise his dignity; whereupon Mr. Lawrence took the bundle and carried it himself. The young man did not have another opportunity to decline. A dashing young merchant in Philadelphia purchased his dinner at the market one day, and gave a shilling to a seedy-looking old man standing by, to carry it to his house. He was somewhat chagrined, however, to find, subsequently, that it was the celebrated millionaire, Girard, who played the rôle of a servant. Girard meant to show the young sprout what a fool he was, though we doubt if he was ever cured of his folly. We have seen that Daniel Safford carried home the iron on his back that he purchased when he commenced the blacksmith business in Boston. Franklin wheeled his paper from the warehouse to his printing-office, when he established himself in business in Philadelphia. A New York millionaire earned his first dollar as hod-carrier in the city of Troy. One of the richest manufacturers of New England says, that the proudest moment of his life was, when he could run a carding-machine to please his employer. One of the most

honoured and popular Baptist ministers in our country sawed wood for his fellow-students to pay his way through college. The famous George Whitfield was serving as sizar in Oxford University, when he was introduced to that career which made him famous on both continents. None of these persons wasted a thought upon the menial service they were obliged to render at first. They were too intent upon reaching the "top."

"Honour and fame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies."

The lives of successful men abound with incidents which show that they never felt above their business. When Napoleon became a member of the military academy at Paris, he found that each student had a servant to groom his horse, and wait upon him generally. He addressed a remonstrance to the governor against this practice, maintaining that "a student of military affairs should learn to groom his own horse, clean his own armour, and accustom himself to the performance of such duties as would be required of him for service in the field." Subsequently he established a military school at Fontainebleau, where this system was introduced, and proved the practical wisdom of its author. He who is too proud to wait upon himself is doomed to disappointment. Success will never wait on him.

Peter the Great laid aside the robes of royalty to study the arts of civilized life, that he might benefit his own people. He wished to know something of ship-building, and actually entered the great East India dockyard at Amsterdam, disguised as a labourer. "He took his place among the workmen, and became

in all respects one of them, even wearing the same dress, eating the same sort of food, and inhabiting equally humble lodgings." For several months he laboured in this capacity.

Washington's life is crowded with the most interesting incidents of this kind. While the American army occupied winter-quarters at Morristown, N. J., and were straitened for provisions, Washington directed a hungry soldier to go to his table to refresh himself, but the soldier declined because he was on guard. Immediately Washington took his gun and acted as sentinel while the soldier regaled himself at his commander's table. At another time, when several divisions of the army were engaged in constructing works of defence from Wallabout Bay to Red Hook, one of the parties, under the supervision of a subaltern officer, had a large timber to raise. While engaged in raising it, the officer doing nothing but shout, "*now, boys, right up; h-e-a-v-e!*" etc., a man rode up on horseback. "Why do you not lend a helping hand?" inquired the gentleman on the horse of the officer. The latter indignantly replied, "I lend a helping hand! Why, sir, I'll have you know that I am a *corporal!*" The gentleman sprang from his horse, laid hold of the timber with the men, and very soon it was in the required place. Then turning to the corporal, he said, "Mr. Corporal, my name is George Washington. I have come over from New York to inspect the works here; so soon as you have done this piece of work, you will meet me at your commander's, General Sullivan's quarters." This self-important soldier never rose higher than corporal. Even Washington could not make a colonel or general out of such smallness.

In this connection, we may say of Washington's thoroughness, that at thirteen years of age he commenced to discipline himself in business by copying bills of exchange, receipts, notes, bills of sale, and other papers. He did it with such neatness and beauty, that his papers were regarded as models; and when he left school, at sixteen years of age, several merchants applied for his services. Mr. Sparks says of his thoroughness in his private affairs, referring especially to the period from 1759 to 1764, when he shipped the products of his large estate to London, receiving, in return, such goods as he desired: "So particular was he in these concerns, that he recorded with his own hand, in books prepared for the purpose, all the long lists of orders, and copies of the multifarious receipts from the different merchants and tradesmen who had supplied the goods. In this way, he kept a perfect oversight of the business; ascertained the prices; could detect any imposition, mismanagement, or carelessness, and tell when any advantage was taken of him; of which, if he discovered any, he did not fail to remind his correspondents." Of this quality in his public business, Mr. Sparks says: "During the presidency, it was likewise his custom to subject the treasury reports and accompanying documents to the process of careful condensation, with a vast expenditure of labour and patience; but it enabled him to grasp, and retain in their order, a series of isolated facts, and the result of a complicated mass of figures, which would never have been mastered so effectually by any other mode of approaching them."

The late Isaac T. Hopper, of Philadelphia, visited Great Britain at one time. In Dublin he dined with a

wealthy family, and while there he received a written invitation to dine with another family on the following day. He read the note aloud, when his host remarked, "Those people are very respectable, but not of the first circles. They belong to our church, but not exactly to our set. Their father was a mechanic." Hopper replied, "Well, I am a mechanic myself. Perhaps if thou hadst known that fact, thou wouldst not have invited *me*." "Is it possible," responded his host, "that a man of your intelligence and appearance was ever a mechanic?" Hopper answered, "I followed the business of a tailor for many years. Look at my hands. Dost thou not see marks of the shears? Some of the mayors of Philadelphia have been tailors. When I lived there I often walked the streets with the Chief Justice. It never occurred to me that it was any honour, and I don't think it did to him." It is singular that the spirit of caste should be so prevalent in the mother country; and yet the opposite spirit receive such public recognition. For it is told of an English statesman, to his credit and honour, that a member of the House of Commons assailed him in that body, and twitted him about his humble origin. "I remember when you blacked my father's boots," the member sneeringly exclaimed. The statesman thrilled the assembly with this grand rejoinder, "Well, sir, *did I not black them well?*" He was perfectly satisfied with the honour of doing his work well.

Being *ashamed of one's humble origin* stands in the way of success as really as getting above one's business. John Kitto, the renowned biblical scholar, wrote in his journal, "I must remember my humble origin, and never forget that some unexpected circumstance

may again consign me to that poverty and wretchedness from which I have emerged." He was a member of the poor-house at thirteen years of age, deaf as an adder. He made list shoes there, and was so thorough in his business that a shoemaker selected him, out of from twenty to thirty paupers, for his own shop. Subsequently, friends desired that he should learn dentistry of a popular dentist who took great interest in him. In one year he attained to such excellence that he was advised to set up for himself. Just as he was moving in that direction, however, Providence seemed to direct him to the art of printing. In this he was equally thorough, and in a short time was qualified to take charge of a printing-office for the Foreign Missionary Society in a distant land. It was this cardinal quality that finally made him such a critical scholar, and placed him with the best biblical students of his day. He thought that the recollection of his poverty and obscurity in early life was indispensable to the highest success. A noble contrast with the haughty spirit of Scaliger, the conceited critic, who was so mortified that he was the son of a miniature-painter, that he wrote his autobiography, in which he attempted to prove that he was "the last surviving descendant of a princely house of Verona!" If his false pride did not limit his progress in criticism, it did essentially diminish his influence and the respect of his fellow-men.

Humility is not only the gateway to heaven, but also the gateway to the highest worldly success. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." This may have special reference as to spiritual things, but it is not without pertinent application to our secular relations. Feeling above one's business or

humble connections, is an obstacle lying directly in the way to excellence. It is not that high-minded, magnanimous spirit which pursues a royal way to the "top."

We close this chapter with the following extract from "Self-Help," respecting the value of a little knowledge *thoroughly* appropriated, over much superficially acquired: "The value of knowledge to any man certainly consists not in its quantity, but mainly in the good uses to which he may apply it. Hence a little knowledge *of an exact and perfect character*, is always found more valuable for practical purposes than any extent of superficial learning. The phrase in common use, as to 'the *spread* of knowledge,' at this day, is no doubt correct, but it is spread so widely, and in such thin layers, that it only serves to reveal the mass of ignorance lying beneath. Never perhaps were books more extensively read, or less studied; and the number is rapidly increasing of those who know a little of everything and nothing well. Such readers have not inaptly been likened to a certain sort of pocket-knife which some people carry about with them, which, in addition to a common knife, contains a file, a chisel, a saw, a gimlet, a screwdriver, and a pair of scissors, but all so diminutive that the moment they are needed for use they are found useless."

V.

SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE.

AN old proverb says, "The master of one trade will support a wife and seven children, and the master of seven will not support himself." The reason is obvious. One concentrates his powers upon a single object; the other scatters and wastes his energies. A fort is breached by bringing all the guns to bear upon a single point, and pelting away with terrible earnestness. A writer in the *Merchant's Magazine* says: "The man who would succeed in life, is like a marksman firing at a target: if his shots miss the mark, they are a waste of powder; to be of any service at all, they must tell in the bull's-eye or near. So in the great game of life, what a man does must be made to count, or it had almost as well been left undone. The idle warrior, cut from a shingle, who fights the air on the top of a weathercock, instead of being made to turn some machine commensurate with his strength, is not more worthless than the man who dissipates his labour on several objects, when he ought to concentrate it on some great end." The Latin proverb, "*Duos qui sequitur lepores, neutrum capit,*" is founded in truth,—“He who follows two hares is sure to catch neither.”

William Pitt, son of the famous Earl of Chatham, who played a conspicuous part in the affairs of the eighteenth century, was educated for the forum. From his eighth

year he was made to realize that he must accomplish a public career worthy of his illustrious father. To this one object he devoted his powers, even in boyhood, and exhibited the most remarkable abilities for one of his years. Whatever studies he pursued in school or college, whatever labour he performed, and whatever pastime he enjoyed, all appeared to be conceived and used to fit him for the intended sphere. With such singleness of aim did he pursue the one object impressed upon his soul by his imperious father, that he became a member of Parliament before he was twenty-two years old, Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three, and Prime Minister of the Realm at twenty-five. Less directness of purpose could not have won such renown nor acquired such influence, against the rivalry and gigantic intellects of the great statesmen of that day. Nor did his devotion to one purpose abate when he came into power. With growing consecration, if possible, he bent his mental and moral forces thereto, ruled England by his mighty will for a quarter of a century, and died before he was fifty years of age, worthy of the highest honours a grateful nation could bestow upon his memory.

James Watt is an example of singleness of purpose in another direction. In boyhood, his mechanical ingenuity and love of mathematical studies were conspicuous. A neighbour, who called, saw him drawing lines upon the hearthstone with chalk. "Better send him to school than to allow him to idle away his time so," remarked the neighbour. "Better take notice of what he is doing before you advise further," replied the lad's father. Upon examination, the neighbour found that the boy was solving a geometrical problem. His

father wisely decided that he should devote his time and studies to mechanics, for which he possessed remarkable tact. Before he was twenty years old the University of Glasgow appointed him mathematical-instrument maker for the institution. In this new field, his marvellous mechanical ability appeared in several very useful inventions. His attention was early called to the "production and condensation of steam" as illustrated by his mother's teakettle. For hours the little fellow would experiment upon the steam that issued from the kettle, and thence his first thoughts of the nature and power of that agent appear to have been derived. With unfaltering devotion to what many people would now call "his hobby," he triumphed over the greatest obstacles, and demonstrated the value of steam as a mechanical agent. Although his inexhaustible ingenuity appeared in other inventions, his enduring monument is his steam-engine, which "has already gone far to revolutionize the whole domain of human industry, and almost every year is adding to its power and its conquests." By the concentration of his genius upon this one thing, and by that alone, he was enabled to accomplish his purpose, and "to rise," as his monument in Westminster Abbey has it, "to an eminent place among the illustrious followers of science, and the real benefactors of the world."

Another example still of the quality under discussion is found in the late Daniel Safford, of Boston. From eight to sixteen years of age he laboured on the farm in the country for his poor but excellent father, with but a few weeks schooling in a year. At sixteen he decided to learn the blacksmith's trade, and he left home for that object. He engaged in the smutty business with

as much interest and determination as he would have done had it been the cleanest and most popular trade known. It was to his uncle in Salem, Mass., that he was apprenticed until he attained his majority, when he would receive his "freedom suit of clothes," in addition to board and clothing during the five years. When he was nineteen, however, his uncle offered to give him his time, if Daniel would release him from providing the "freedom suit." The bargain was struck, and Daniel tied up his scanty wardrobe in a bundle and started on foot for Boston—not to find a place in a store, nor to engage in any occupation that might "turn up," but to be a blacksmith. He knew but one man in Boston, and he was a blacksmith,—Mr. William Adams. He knew him in his native town, Hamilton, Mass. Early on Sunday morning he left the hotel to find his old friend, and, providentially, he met him on Washington-street, near the "Lamb Tavern," and he went with him on that day to Park-street Church, where he continued to go for many years, becoming the leading and most honoured man of the church and parish; thus proving that his singleness of purpose pertained to his religion as well as to his business. On Monday morning he entered into partnership with Mr. Adams, whose stock in trade (tools and iron) amounted to two hundred and forty dollars. Daniel had earned sixty dollars while serving his uncle by doing extra work at night, and twenty dollars of this he put into the firm, giving his note for two hundred and twenty dollars. At first, he bought his iron by the bar, and conveyed it to his shop on his back. About four years afterwards he was married, and furnished his humble tenement with second-hand furniture, which he carried on his back at night

to his apartments, as he did the iron. Thus he devoted himself to the one purpose of his life, never hoping nor wanting to be other than a blacksmith. In ten years he was worth twenty-five thousand dollars. His workshop became famous for its enterprise, thrift, and excellent workmanship, drawing patronage from every part of the city. His business increased so rapidly that fifty men were finally employed in his establishment. He did not become a very rich man, because, at forty years of age, when worth forty-five thousand dollars, he resolved to give all his future earnings, and all the income of his property, after defraying the expenses of his family, to such charitable objects as might commend themselves to his judgment. He died at sixty-four years of age, leaving the forty-five thousand dollars to his family, and having given away nearly one hundred thousand dollars. His career proves that it makes but little difference whether a man resolves to be a statesman, inventor, merchant, or blacksmith,—singleness of purpose, together with those other qualities, in conjunction with which it is always found, will insure success. It should have been added that Daniel Safford made a character, and won an influence for himself worth a million times more than his wealth.

The illustrations of the quality in question are numerous. The one controlling thought of Luther was moral reform; that of Newton, philosophy; that of Herschel, astronomy; that of Davy, chemistry; that of Pascal, mathematics; that of Wilberforce, emancipation; that of Mozart, music; that of Canova, sculpture; that of Washington, statesmanship; that of the Revolutionary fathers, liberty; and that of Whitfield, salvation. One purpose made them great, and the world better. Even

Paul found it necessary in his Christian work, and he said, "This one thing I do." And he who was christened "the wise man" counselled his "children" thus: "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left."

"Too many irons in the fire," explains the failure of a multitude. By attending to so many they attended to none well. We know that Dr. Adam Clarke denied that a man could have "too many irons in the fire," and said that the adage "conveys an abominable lie." His advice was, "Keep them all agoing, poker, tongs, and all." But just there is the trouble. Not one in a thousand can "keep them all agoing;" they have too little tact and energy to do that. They fail because they attempt to do what is impossible for them. Napoleon exclaimed to one of his officers, who said of a certain project "It is impossible."—"Impossible! Impossible is the adjective of fools!" But Europe never had but one Napoleon, and America never had one. And even he had "too many irons in the fire" at last—at Waterloo.

Some of the most gifted men who ever lived failed by trying to heat too many irons. Coleridge was a giant in intellect, but a child in execution. Head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries in natural endowments, he made the greatest failure of any of them; and lack of concentration of thought and purpose was the real cause. He undertook many things, but completed few. He could *begin* well, but never ended as he began. He was great for resolution, but small, very small for execution. For the want of an

all-absorbing purpose to awaken his mighty energies and task them by hard toil, his life was a fizzle. If great men like Coleridge make an utter failure for the want of aim or purpose, is it strange that ordinary men, without it, fail, or become botchers and blunderers?

The earlier it is definitely settled what a youth will become, the better it is for him. Those who have determined in boyhood what to make of themselves appear to have been eminently successful. The celebrated Dr. Farr traced the purpose of his life back to boyhood. When a mere boy, his reply to the question, "What are you going to make?" always was, "A preacher." That his answer was the fruit of determination is evident from the fact that he turned his reading, studies, and even his sports in that direction. He delivered sermons to his companions; sometimes a *funeral* sermon over a dead bird. His thoughts were never absorbed in anything but the work of the ministry. His father desired that he should follow the medical profession; but the strong inclination of his son to be a "preacher" caused him to yield his own wishes, though greatly disappointed. From that moment his time, energies, industry, and perseverance were consecrated to that end, and he became the greatest of pulpit orators.

The same was true of Columbus. In his youth he showed a passion for geographical studies, and conceived the idea of vast territories west of the Atlantic. The thought of it was a constant companion with him. How should he ever know? Some day he meant to find out. He became a sailor, and finally resolved to realize his conception. But how? He had neither reputation nor money. A stupendous enterprise with naught but singleness of aim to back it! But "where

there's a will there's a way." His soul was ablaze with his one desire. He appealed to the government of Portugal for aid, and was denied. He besought the citizens of his native city to become his patrons, but in vain. He repaired to Venice, and appealed, but received no favour. Still undaunted, he proceeded to Spain, where he importuned the government year after year, until the needed patronage was granted, "because of his importunity." Had he not nursed the thought of his youth into a master-purpose, one and indivisible, the obstacles in his way would have proved insurmountable, and the name of Columbus remained unknown.

Lord Nelson decided upon his profession, and entered the navy at twelve years of age. The Duke of Marlborough was only fifteen when he determined to follow the military profession. William Wirt, the great American writer, resolved upon that calling when he was but thirteen years of age. The most popular chemist that Harvard University ever had, adopted that profession in boyhood, and a laboratory was fitted up for him, at twelve years of age, in his father's house. At twenty-five he ranked with the first chemists in the country. Thus singleness of purpose not only directs the powers to the goal of success, but also shortens the distance to it.

There can be no doubt that Sir Robert Peel made a greater man because his father educated him for the House of Commons. One of the earliest impressions made upon his mind was, that he was destined for that particular sphere of public life. In boyhood, he was encouraged to make speeches, converting the table into a rostrum. He organized a mock parliament among his schoolfellows, where he disciplined himself for that

higher sphere in which he became so renowned. This one object was the soul of his action. Nothing was allowed to interfere with its accomplishment. Because it was the single aim of his life, he made every experience and act—reading, study, labour, and recreation—contribute to its realization.

We have said that it makes little difference what a young man resolves to be—merchant, preacher, or blacksmith—since all useful occupations are equally honourable, he can distinguish himself if he will. English history boasts of a renowned “chimney-sweeper,” David Porter. He was kidnapped when he was a little boy, and compelled to labour in that business. He excelled in his work, and at eighteen years of age set up business on his own account. In time he became, as Bernard says, “a very intelligent and valuable man, a master chimney-sweeper in Welbeck-street.” The secret was, that he cleaned chimneys with his brains as Opie mixed paints. He improved his leisure time to store his mind with knowledge, often encroaching upon the night to satisfy his desire in this regard. He understood that intelligence would add value and dignity to his work. Intelligence always exalts useful employments, however menial they may be. An intelligent farmer, blacksmith, carpenter, merchant, or chimney-sweeper, has more influence and character, other things being equal, than ignorant toilers in the same pursuits. David Porter was respected and honoured. He accumulated property, and at the same time interested himself in the elevation of chimney-sweepers, who were an ignorant, degraded class of men and boys. He wrote a treatise upon the subject, which aroused the benevolent to accomplish a revolution of public senti-

ment in their behalf. He acquired a fortune and became famous by sticking to one occupation, which he dignified by causing every endowment and acquisition to increase its value. Near the close of his life, he was asked how it was that he had risen to distinction in a business that was usually avoided and despised. He answered, "By never having an idle hour or an idle guinea."

Mark how this singleness of purpose blesses in given lines. All young men of intelligence read more or less; but few read with any definite line of reading marked out. They read at random, history, biography, travels, fiction, the valuable and trashy, good, bad, and indifferent, just as it happens. Such reading may not be absolutely worthless, but, in comparison with systematic and well-directed reading, it is a waste of time. Let the young man decide upon a course of reading on a particular subject, as history, for example, and pursue it for months or years, and he cannot fail to distinguish himself in that department of knowledge. Having followed that to his satisfaction, let him take up another subject, as biography, which is one phase of history, and pursue that in the same critical way, until the leading men and women of Christendom are known, and his mind will be a fit companion for himself, to say nothing of its companionship for others. Much of the reading of our day spoils young men for company to self. It fills their minds with unreal and impracticable notions, where it does not leave them with desolate emptiness. The only part of their being that lifts them above the brutes is starved and dwarfed by books that ought to be burned instead of being read. In the way indicated, a well-defined purpose will exert an uplifting power upon early manhood and womanhood.

The same is true of companionship. Many young men associate with "Tom, Dick, and Harry," without forethought or purpose. Even some who mean to live pure and upright lives, have no fixed rules about the company they keep. Let such apply the subject of this chapter to associates—determine to select those, and those only, whose company will contribute to intelligence, true manliness, and spotless character, and the inestimable value of a fixed purpose will be realized.

So of the choice of a profession. With many young men it is an unsettled question what occupation to follow. Several may have claims upon them. Because it is difficult to decide, they leave the matter to chance, and become "the sport of circumstances." Let them understand at the outset the absolute necessity of a life-purpose, and act accordingly, and that decision and settlement of a vital question will rally their mental and moral powers as a trumpet-call from the skies.

Young men often choose an occupation for the present only. The most lucrative employment for the time being they select, without the least regard to a permanent business, or ampler remuneration at a future day. The result is, at thirty, they receive no more pay than they did at eighteen, and are drifting from one employment to another, as opportunity offers, to eke out a livelihood. There is an army of this class of men in our and, an aimless, pitiable class. Many of them have let slip the golden opportunity to establish a life-purpose, and have doomed themselves to the treadmill of common drudgery during their natural lives. A definite aim, early settled, and resolutely maintained, would have spared them this discomfort and reproach.

Singleness of purpose implies self-reliance, without

which a young man is not thoroughly furnished for a successful career. To rely upon others more than he does upon himself disqualifies him to plan and execute with confidence and energy. The more self-reliant he is the more single and decisive will be his purpose. Self-reliance is not self-conceit, but that manly confidence in one's ability to make his way in the world, that commands admiration. When Samuel J. Mills said to a fellow-student, "You and I are little men, but before we die our influence must be felt on the other side of the globe," there was no conceit in his heart. His language was that of a self-reliant soul, consecrated to an all-absorbing purpose, as confident of victory as he was conscious of obeying the behests of duty. He accomplished his purpose easily and triumphantly, explored every nook and corner of moral destitution in the West, carried the gospel to India, and died in toiling for the redemption of Africa. He had faith in himself, just what every young man, who would succeed, must have. This puts every faculty upon the *qui vive*, and enables their possessor to concentrate them upon his life-purpose. Realizing that it depends upon his own personal efforts whether he makes anything of himself or not, he applies all his forces to the task. A rich father to assist him with money and influence might extract this necessary snap out of his soul. He might place more reliance upon the pecuniary aid than upon his own abilities to achieve success; and this would destroy self-reliance, and make singleness of purpose impossible. Fathers toil hard to help their children, and leave them a fortune; it would contribute much more largely to self-reliance and a single purpose, if the latter were required by law or custom to support their aged

parents. No amount of money or honours can supply the want of a self-reliant spirit.

In this connection, too, we see the place and value of application. Sir Isaac Newton said that his success was due, not so much to genius, as to "*continued application.*" In his mathematical and philosophical investigations, his application was often so intense that he forgot his meals; and he even failed to notice whether it was night or day. Archimedes, the distinguished mathematician of Syracuse, pursued his studies with such devotion as to lose all recognition of external things. When his native city was invaded by a foreign foe, and the inhabitants were driven before them at the point of their bayonets, he was engaged in solving an important geometrical problem. The soldiers broke into his study and commanded him to surrender, when he calmly and politely requested them *to wait until he had completed the problem.* The celebrated William Mason became so absorbed in the preparation of his "*Spiritual Treasury,*" that he would confer with callers without really being aware of the fact. A gentleman called upon him one day on business, when Mason promised to return his call in order to consummate the transaction at a given time. For that purpose he wrote down the gentleman's address (or intended to write it), and, on recurring to it, when the appointed day arrived, he found written, "*Acts the second, verse the eighth,*"—the passage he was studying when the gentleman called. Abraham Lincoln possessed such power of concentration that he could repeat a sermon quite correctly to which he had listened in his boyhood. This faculty continued with him through life. When he commenced the study of law, he walked from New Salem, Ill., to Springfield—twenty-two miles—and

returned on the same day, bringing with him "Blackstone's Commentaries," in four large quarto volumes. A companion expressed his surprise that "Abe" could carry such a burden twenty-two miles, whereupon Lincoln informed him that he not only bore the burden, but that he read nearly a hundred pages on his way home. A trial proved that he could repeat most of the pages read.

The life of the late Horace Mann furnishes a noble illustration of singleness of purpose. He was born in Franklin, Mass., where his poor parents could afford him but scanty opportunities. He went to school but eight or ten weeks annually until he was fifteen years old. He was obliged to earn his school-books by braiding straw. Indeed, when not engaged upon the farm, he aided in the support of the family by braiding straw. His father died when he was thirteen years of age, dooming him to still harder experience. All this while he was hankering for knowledge, and was expecting, at a future day, in some way, he knew not how, to go through college. It was the dream of his boyhood. His tremendous energy and power of application converted the dream into a reality. At nineteen years of age, a teacher named Barrett came to town, under whose tuition Horace fitted for college in six months. Scraping together what little money he could, he entered Brown University Providence, R. I., one year in advance. Pursuing his studies with the same singleness of aim, he soon stood first in his class, and was valedictorian at his graduation. An extract from a letter to his sister during his first year in college, sets forth his poverty thus: "If the children of Israel were pressed for 'gear' half as hard as I have been, I do not wonder they were willing to

worship the golden calf. It is a long, long time since my last ninepence bade good-bye to its brethren; and I suspect that the last two parted on no very friendly terms, for they have never since met together. Poor wretches! Never did two souls stand in greater need of support and consolation!" At another time he wrote to a friend: "The poverty of my parents subjected me to continued privations. I believe in the rugged nursing of toil; but she nursed me too much. I do not remember the time when I began to work. Even my play-days—not play-days, for I never had any—but my play-hours were earned by extra exertion, finishing tasks early to gain a little leisure for boyish sports. Industry or diligence became my second nature, and I think it would puzzle any psychologist to tell where it joined on to the first. Owing to these ingrained habits, work has always been to me what water is to a fish. I have wondered a thousand times to hear people say, 'I don't like this business;' or, 'I wish I could exchange for that;' for with me, whenever I have anything to do, I do not remember ever to have demurred, but have always set about it like a fatalist; and it was as sure to be done at the sun was to set."

We trace here the royal course of a spirit that is pushing through every obstacle to a definite goal. From college into the legal profession; then espousing the cause of education, and, in spite of indifference and opposition that would have appalled most men, establishing the "Common School System" of Massachusetts, and thereby improving and elevating the cause of education throughout the land and the world; succeeding John Quincy Adams in Congress, where he served his State six years, and where, in the language of Henry

Wilson, "he made one of the most brilliant speeches for liberty that ever fell from human lips, in our own or any other country." On the same day of 1852 that he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, he was elected President of Antioch College. He declined the gubernatorial honours, and accepted the literary position, more congenial to his heart, and for which he was so richly qualified. In such a life we have a forcible illustration of the triumph of a well-defined and single purpose.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."—*Longfellow.*

VI.

OBSERVATION.

THERE is a little Arabian tale of the dervise, running thus: "A dervise was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. 'You have lost a camel,' said he to the merchants. 'Indeed we have,' they replied. 'Was he not blind in the right eye, and lame in the left leg?' inquired the dervise. 'He was,' replied the merchants. 'Had he not lost a front tooth?' asked the dervise. 'He had,' answered the merchants. 'And was he not loaded with honey on one side and wheat on the other?' continued the dervise. 'Most certainly he was,' they replied; 'and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him.' The dervise answered: 'My friends, I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him but from you.' 'A pretty story, truly,' answered the merchants; 'but where are the jewels that formed a part of his burden?' 'I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels,' repeated the dervise. On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the *cadi*, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him, either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervise, with great calmness, thus

addressed the court : 'I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other.'

This tale illustrates what we mean by OBSERVATION; and we ought not to wonder that the dervise was arrested for being a *sorcerer*; for it is all of a piece with that blind infatuation of to-day that often ascribes success to "luck," and failure to unavoidable "misfortune." Successful men are like the dervise, sharp observers of men and things. We heard this remark about one the other day, "He keeps his eyes peeled;" by which we understood that he was sharp enough to tell whether a camel, which he never saw, was lame and blind. Investigation of the lives of the so-called "favourites of fortune" will disclose the fact, that, without an exception, they were distinguished for observation far above the men who were unsuccessful. This quality sets like a jewel upon the head of the farmer who becomes a geologist, the blacksmith who masters fifty languages,

the shoemaker who becomes a statesman, the printer who makes a philosopher, the clerk who grows into the merchant-prince, the mill-operative who makes a United States senator, and the pioneer boy of the wilderness who becomes President of the United States.

It will be seen that the observation of which we speak involves mental as well as physical vision. The mind sees as well as the eye. Where the eye only observes, the result is no more beneficial to man than it is to the brute. A fool can behold an object, but that is all. The act does not make him wiser or better; he is a fool still. The divine proverb, "The wise man's eyes are in his head," means much more than the location of the eyes. It means that a wise man employs, not his vision alone, but all his powers, so as to make the most of life. The foolish man conducts as if his eyes were in his feet or elbows, and all his faculties alike misplaced; and so he continues foolish among scenes that ought to lift his soul into a nobler manhood. Intelligent observation marks the nature, tendency, and relation of things.

We have referred to Newton. He saw an apple fall in the garden, as multitudes had seen apples fall; he himself had seen apples fall when his observation was less alert; but on that eventful day he saw more than the falling apple; his mind beheld "gravitation," with its ceaseless influence over the world of matter. That was observation. We have spoken of Franklin. He witnessed some electrical experiments in Boston by a public lecturer; and while they were simply a source of amusement to the audience, they were much more to him. Through those few unsatisfactory experiments he beheld the profoundest wonders of Natural Philosophy.

and confirmed his inferences by drawing lightning from the skies. This, too, was observation.

A young man was travelling in Maine, where he met with bricks of a peculiar colour. He traced them to the clay-bed that furnished the material, purchased the farm for fifteen hundred dollars, and, on his return to Boston, sold half of it for four thousand dollars. A Massachusetts soldier was doing duty in the South, near the close of the late civil war, when his attention was attracted to the manner the rice-birds hulled rice. Shooting one of them, he examined the structure of its bill, and here he found his model for an ingenious rice-hulling machine which he invented. These, and similar examples, that might be indefinitely multiplied, are illustrations of that observation which usually distinguishes successful people.

There is need of this faculty everywhere. It is indispensable in every occupation. Without it, a man contends against great odds. If it be not born with him, or if it be small and feeble, it should be cultivated as other weak powers are cultivated. The habit of sharp, discriminating observation may be established by perseverance as other good habits become permanent.

Note the existence or absence of this quality in everyday life. One person journeys to a distant place without noticing scarcely anything except the horse which draws him; while another observes the trees, landscape, farms, dwellings, herds, flocks, crops,—in short, everything. One purchaser scarcely examines the cloth he buys, except in the most careless way; another discovers the least defect in colour or texture, weight or width. Two men examine an engine; one of them institutes

only a general survey, while the other studies every valve, piston, and rod. One reader skims over a book, catching only here and there a point to make his own, and scarcely that; while another feasts upon its thoughts, criticises the style, sentiment, and plan, feeling when the book is read, like another intelligent reader, who said, on completing a favourite volume, "My mind feels as if it had eaten something." One pupil commits and recites a lesson with no more effort to understand the "whys and wherefores" of it, than Babbage's calculating machine makes to comprehend the figures it adds; while another notes critically every question and answer, puts inquiry after inquiry, and finally masters every reason. One farmer tills the soil year after year without knowing why he tills it as he does, except that his father did so before him; while another learns the nature of soils and their adaptation to particular crops, the advantage of rotation of crops, and a hundred other things that belong to the science of agriculture. A distinguished instructor, E. B. Huntington, says: "To the eye of the *unobservant*, the material world is but a rude rubbish heap. Earth and stones and cold water are to him materials for mud and ledges and drizzle. Trees make logs and lumber, and leave troublesome stumps. The fields are clothed with browse enough and good fodder, too, for a time of need. The animal kingdom teems with heads and legs, with skin and bones; and man himself is only an animal, bi-pebaled and bi-bracial, in which, mainly, he surpasses his quadruped neighbour. To such a one, the resonant world croaks, and roars, and squeals.—music of saw-setting and the hoot of the owl, rivalling, if not excelling, the richest swell of the organ's merry-toned diapason,

and the sweetest warblings of God's own tuneful birds." A few individuals mark the tendency of certain acts, and follow or shun them according as they lead to honour or ruin; while the thoughtless multitude act, and repeat their acts, without knowing or caring whither they tend. Occasionally a merchant reads his customers as he does books, comprehending their characters at once, and even correctly interpreting their motives; while others understand about as little of human nature as they do of the Hebrew language. It is said that Patrick Henry studied the effect which the same argument, fact, and anecdote had upon different jurymen, until he knew just what chords of the heart to touch in order to draw the jury within his power. His counsel to all aspirants for the legal profession was, "Study men, not books." It was another way of teaching the value of OBSERVATION. Most of the military leaders have been content with the general command of armies; but the Napoleons and Wellingtons attended, not only to the marching of troops, but also to their equipments, clothing, cleanliness, and comfort. This careful regard to details was one proof of their great generalship, as well as of the possession of the quality under discussion. "Books," however, should be studied as well as "men," and especially the lives of great and good men.

The reader of biography, whose observation is sharp, will make its lessons tell upon the problem of success or failure; and if his observation be not sharp, biography, carefully read, will sharpen it. Says Dr. Peck, "Human character is to be learned by reading and observation. History—and especially biography—is replete with instruction upon this great subject. The lives of great and good men,—philosophers, statesmen

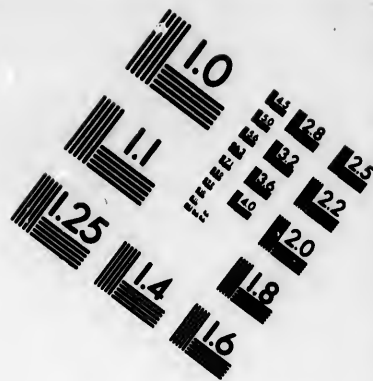
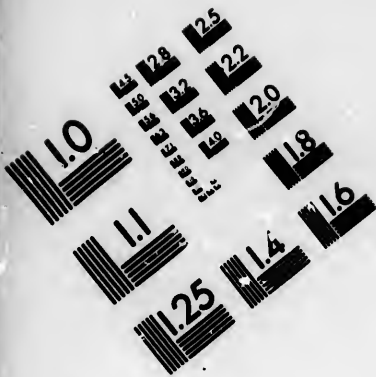
divines,—the biographies of pious men and women, will not fail to shed much light upon human character in general. . . . The idea that human character is more truthfully developed in works of fiction than in veritable history, is an absurdity too monstrous to be entertained for a moment. You might as well be led to believe that the most bungling artist far exceeds the original; that you could learn more of the real appearance and topography of New York, Paris, or London, from some picture, or mere fancy sketch, than by personal inspection."

Not the least of the benefits of biographical reading is the proof it affords of the important place that observation holds in the achievement of success. For example, the life of Abbott Lawrence shows every young man who reads it with care, that this faculty served him the highest purpose through his whole life. The reader can but feel, that, without it, he could not have lived the life that he did. A farmer's boy, poor but intelligent, he left his country home for the city, "bringing his bundle under his arm, with less than three dollars in his pocket, and that was his fortune." Everything about him was new, but his keen observation enabled him to take in the situation, and to make himself familiar with business and men, in an incredible short period. He had little time to read, yet he learned more every day from men and things than three-fourths of students do from books. He was constantly increasing his practical wisdom from the labours and duties of each day. Political economy, moral science, and a vast amount of general information, he acquired from men and the school of trade, more thorough and practical than would have been possible from books. So he

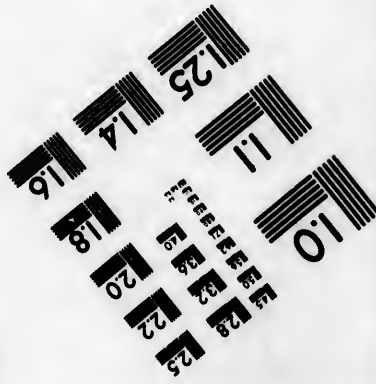
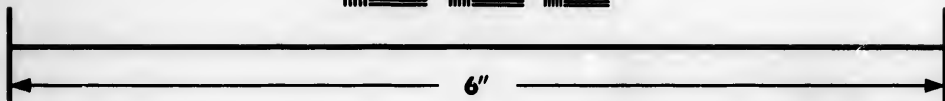
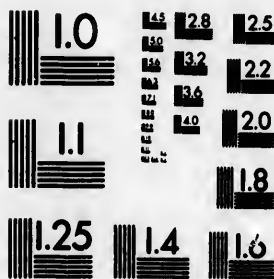
rose from one position to another, filling each one with signal ability, and apparently growing in knowledge and culture as rapidly as members of seminary or college. He became a great merchant, an honoured philanthropist, a wise and efficient legislator, a great orator, a member of Congress, the companion of Webster, Adams, and other leading statesmen, minister to England, and, at the time of his death, in the language of Winthrop, "Take him in all his relations, commercial, political, and social, he was the most important person in the community."

There is no limit to biographical studies; and hence no restrictions upon the practical knowledge of the close observer. If he learns only *how* men become successful, that alone is more valuable to him than money. The Russians have a proverb: "He goes through the forest and sees no firewood;" and so multitudes go through the world without learning, or even trying to learn, *how* some men succeed, and *why* others fail. It is impossible for them to learn this valuable lesson without this quality. Lord Bacon said: "Studies teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation." So we say of success and failure, they teach not their own use; that is "won by observation;" and it is a wide and difficult field of inquiry. Yet, with the interest and care with which vain young men study the style and quality of dress, together with the rôle that diamonds, cane, and kids play in the career of city fashionables, they can master this complex study. With the discrimination that vain young ladies use in following the fashions of wealthy circles, the whys and wherefores of success may be well understood. The difficulty that invests the subject will vanish before





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reasonable resolution and application. And when the young man has acquired tolerable knowledge of reasons of success and failure, he has found a key to his own advancement.

When the young man goes out into the world, he will find constant use for this quality, whatever his occupation may be. Indeed, it may find ample scope long before that time, even in boyhood. Samuël Budgett had laid by thirty pounds when he was apprenticed to his brother at sixteen, accumulated by labouring, trading in a small way, for which his keen observation happily qualified him, and saving; all of which he presented to his poor but worthy parents on leaving home. Mr. Budgett claimed, in manhood, that some of the best rules of his business-life were taught him by observation in boyhood. Here are two of them. A grocer called one day to solicit trade. He read over the list of his goods with their prices, when Mrs. Budgett remarked to her husband: "I see no advantage in buying of him; the prices are the same that we have been paying." Samuël saw at once where the grocer failed, and, thirty years afterwards, he said: "The practical lesson I learned from that scene has been worth to me thousands of pounds in business. Show people that what you propose is to their own interest, and you will generally accomplish your purpose." Again, he bought a donkey for two-and-sixpence, and sold it to a woman for five shillings. It was a cash trade, and he was to receive his money when the donkey was delivered on a certain day. But the woman had not the money when he delivered the donkey; so he took a pair of new stays for security for one week. Before the week expired the donkey died, and Samuel would not have received a cent

for his donkey if he had not held the stays for security. This experience taught him to transact business on a cash basis—a principle that he observed to the end of life.

Newton's sharp discernment made him a philosopher in boyhood, and he invented the kite and windmill in consequence. Watt observed enough about his father's carpenter's shop to make him an optician, mathematician, and inventor; and, in the fields, he acquired the rudiments of botany and natural philosophy. But it is when the young man steps out into the world to shift for himself that this quality becomes of special use. Then, its moral will be as necessary as its secular use. To observe the moral tendency of acts; to read and value character properly; to comprehend the power of virtue to help, and the power of vice to hinder enterprise; to appreciate principles; to become familiar with the ramifications of business; to know men; to discern the signs of the times; to be equal to emergencies; to husband resources; to do the right thing in the right time and place: these are among the demands that confront the young man at the threshold of manhood. "Who is sufficient for these things?" No one, surely, who does not possess the observation of which we speak.

The young man may have an irresponsible employer; he needs to understand him. He may come under the influence of a false professor of religion; he ought to be able to read the counterfeit. Wily customers may seek to entrap him; he must study the men with whom he deals. He may be tempted to live beyond his means, and "dash out" as hundreds do; it is imperative that he foresee the result of such a course. The temptation

to conceal his father's poverty or boast of his wealth, as the case may be, may come; he must comprehend the significance and tendency of such a weakness in his character. He may dwell where social customs, as wine-drinking, games of chance, and theatre-going, are popular; he should be sharp enough to decide whether the young men who practise them are more honourable and prosperous than those who discard them. He may encounter the misrepresentations, deceptions, cheats, speculations, over-reaching, duplicity, and other forms of dishonesty, that curse the business world; his eye must be single to distinguish, not only what is right and what is wrong, but, also, to discern the ugly wound that such methods of traffic will inflict upon his own moral nature. Some one has naïvely suggested that a picture of Ananias and Sapphira struck dead for lying should be displayed in every mart of trade; but a cultivated observation will subserve the same purpose.

Such business men as Budgett, Peabody, Goodhue, Ward, Appleton, Brooks, Hopper, and Stewart, had little opportunity for reading or study. But, in lieu of that, their sharp observation, always on the alert, advanced them constantly in intelligence and knowledge. They studied men and events as others study books. Humanity was a volume of deep meaning to them, and daily they turned over its leaves and read its pages with absorbing interest. Their observation enabled them to reduce their business not only to a system, but also to a science; so that, while they were traffickers, they acted like philosophers. Once O. S. Fowler, the phrenologist, was introduced, blindfolded, into a room where Hopper was. On passing his hands over his strongly-developed head, he said, respecting the quality of which we are

speaking: "He is one of the closest observers of men and things anywhere to be found. He sees, as it were, by intuition everything that passes around him, and understands just when and where to take men and things; just how and where to say things with effect; and in all he says he speaks directly to the point." In consequence Mr. Hopper appeared like a thoroughly educated man.

We have spoken of the use of observation in reading character, so necessary in all pursuits. A well-known merchant in New York city selected the only one of twenty young men applying for a clerkship who came *without* a recommendation. "Why did you take the only one who was without recommendation?" inquired his partner. "I did not," replied the merchant; "I took the one who had the best recommendation. True, it was not written; and my experience proves that written testimonials are of little value. But I saw from the appearance of the young man, and his intelligent and prompt answers to my questions, that he was honest, industrious, and persevering, possessing tact, a good head, and a good heart." Another well-known merchant of the same city refused a young man because he saw a cigar peering out of his vest-pocket. To another applicant he offered both a cigar and wine in turn, and to the proffering of each the young man answered, "Excuse me, sir, I never indulge in that way." The test proved the latter to be just such a clerk as the merchant was looking for. To many persons the course of the merchant may seem trifling, but his ready observation taught him what class of young men were more likely to be true. A stranger to Girard—starting the grocery business on his own account—purchased of

the great trader a bag of coffee, and wheeled it home on a barrow. Girard saw elements of character in that act which induced him to call upon the young man with an offer to trust him for all the goods he wanted. The sequel proved that his observation did not mislead him, for the young grocer rapidly grew in business, and became one of the city's most honoured merchants. In the city of Paris, a boy called upon a banker for a position of some sort. The banker thought well of his appearance, but just then he was not in want of a boy, and so the latter was turned away. As he retired, the eye of the merchant followed him. When the lad reached the side-walk he stooped down and picked up a pin, carefully fastening it to the collar of his coat. That little deed was a revelation to the banker; his observation converted the pin into a "key to character." He called the boy back, gave him a place in the bank, and the latter became that most distinguished of Parisian bankers—LAFITTE.

Some of our best scientists have maintained that education should be conducted with particular reference to cultivating observation. Dr. Hooker said: "It should be the main business of the school to train the child as an *observer*. He should not be taken out of the world of beautiful and interesting things, and shut up to the letters and words of the schoolroom. Things and not mere signs should constitute the substantial part of his instruction. We should aim to impart to him the spirit of this precept of Hugh Miller: 'Learn to make a right use of your eyes; the commonest things are worth looking at; even stones and weeds, and the most familiar animals.' Then he is prepared in early manhood 'to study men and things' in a way to make suc-

cess easy and sure." Budgett heard a man say that he wanted more money. "If I did," he replied, "then I would get it." The view of Dr. Hooker, cited, is substantially that of Isaac Taylor, in his admirable work on "Home Education." He would have special care and attention devoted to the development of observation.

We close this chapter with the following paragraph by Dr. Alcott:—

"'Keep your eyes open,' is judicious advice. How many who have the eyes of their body open, keep the eyes of the soul perpetually shut up. 'Seeing, they see not.' Such persons, on arriving at the age of three or four score, *may* lay claim to superior wisdom on account of superior age, but their claims ought not to be admitted. A person who has the eyes both of his mind and body open, will derive more wisdom from one year's experience, than those who neglect to observe for themselves, from ten. Thus at thirty, with ten years acquaintance with men, manners, and things, a person *may* be wiser than another at three times thirty, with seven times ten years of what he calls experience. Sound practical wisdom cannot, it is true, be rapidly acquired anywhere but in the school of experience, but the world abounds with men who are old enough to be wise, and yet are very ignorant. Let it be your fixed resolution not to belong to this class."

VII.

DECISION AND ENERGY.

WEBSTER defines **DECISION**, "determination ; unwavering firmness." **ENERGY** he makes "internal or inherent power ; power exerted, force, vigour." **EARNESTNESS** is "ardour or zeal in the pursuit of anything." And **COURAGE** is "that quality of mind which enables men to encounter dangers and difficulties with firmness, boldness, resolution." All of these qualities are related to each other ; at one point, each means what the others mean. It is difficult to separate the operation of one from the operations of the others. In the race of life, they run into each other. It is difficult to tell where one ends and the other begins. Nor is it necessary to institute that nice discrimination which will define the exact place and relation of each. Our purpose is to treat of that quality, or combination of qualities, which create, in the language of E. P. Whipple, "a sublime self-confidence, springing, not from self-conceit, but from an intense identification of the man with his object, which lifts him altogether above the fear of danger and death, and communicates an almost super-human audacity to his will." It was this indomitable spirit which made Cæsar victorious in the civil wars over the unstable counsels of Pompey and the senate, and thrilled the affrighted pilot in the storm with the rallying cry : "Fear not, thou bearest Cæsar and his fortunes." Decision, energy, courage, and earnestness

were fused together in his invincible purpose, to make him mock at calamity, and laugh "when fear cometh." It was this element of power that pitted Luther against the kings and potentates of Europe, and created a reform that toppled over thrones and customs, causing him to say to anxious friends who advised him not to appear before the Diet of Worms, "I am lawfully called to appear at Worms, and thither I will go in the name of the most high God, though as many devils as there are tiles on the house-tops were there combined against me." Of the same stuff was the elder Pitt made, who replied to the remark of a member of Parliament, that a certain measure was "*impossible*." "Impossible! I trample upon impossibilities!" When his soul was once roused, there seemed to be no limit to its achievements, and ordinary obstacles became ashes in its fiery path.

This discourse about "impossibilities" is not mere rhetoric. To those who mistake difficulties for impossibilities, such language as that of Pitt may seem extravagant and foolish; but to those who possess stalwart decision, and who know what men of real stamina have accomplished, such language becomes the loudest call to duty. Kitto wrote in his journal, on the threshold of manhood: "I am not myself a believer in *impossibilities*. I think that all the fine stories about natural ability, etc., etc., are mere rigmarole, and that every man may, according to his opportunities and industry, render himself almost anything he wishes to become." His own subsequent life proved that he was right. There could scarcely be greater difference between two persons than there was between the poor deaf boy Kitto, making listshoes in the almshouse, and the accomplished and world-

famed author of the "Pictorial Bible," and "Daily Bible Illustrations." If impossibilities ever exist, popularly speaking, they ought to have been found somewhere between the deaf pauper and the master of Oriental learning. But Kitto did not find them there. In the presence of his decision and imperial energy they melted away. On one occasion, when he was entreating his father to take him from the poorhouse, and allow him to struggle for an education, single-handed and alone, his unconquerable spirit asserted itself in the following utterance: "There is no fear of my starving in the midst of plenty. I know how to prevent hunger. The Hottentots subsist a long time on nothing but a little gum; they also, when hungry, tie a tight ligature around their bodies. Cannot I do so too? Or, if you can get no pay, take me out without, and then I will sell my books and pawn my neckerchiefs, by which I shall be able to raise about twelve shillings; and with that I will make the tour of England. The hedges furnish blackberries, nuts, sloes, etc., and the fields turnips; a hayrick or barn will be an excellent bed." In a very important sense, there are no impossibilities to such a resolute soul. "*Qui credit posse potest*,—He who *thinks* he can, *can*." It is said of Dr. Paley, that when he was a student in college, wasting his time in idleness and pleasure, one of his intimate associates entered his room one day, and said to him rather rudely: "Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are to waste your time and means in this way, when it is within your power, by application, to make yourself eminent." The reproof proved like the boy's kick in Newton's stomach—it aroused him to a new life. For the first time he felt that he *could*, and he *did*.

It may be added that right and wrong are so mixed in the great enterprises that at the present time demand attention, as to require not only discrimination to discern one from the other, but also *decision* to repudiate the wrong and espouse the right. Young men never needed this virtue more than they do now as a safeguard against the multifarious approaches of evil. If Satan does not offer them the whole world to bow down and worship him, he does offer them a great deal. The world of honour, wealth, and pleasure he offers them without reservation. Unless they possess decision of the most prompt and resolute character they will bow down to Baal.

And again, that while it is true that the times demand this element of character, it is true, also, that young men possess it in larger measure than those who have passed the meridian of life. "Old men for council, young men for war," has passed into a proverb. "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are *strong*." Their physical vigour, ambition, and spirit of enterprise make them strong. Their power is in *action*. Alexander was but twenty years of age when he ascended the throne, and his reign of twelve years created an epoch in human history. He conquered the world, and died, before he was thirty-three years' old. Julius Cæsar conquered three hundred nations, captured eight hundred cities, defeated three million men, became the chief statesman of the empire, ranked next to Cicero as an orator, and next to Tacitus as a writer, while yet he was a young man. Washington was appointed Adjutant-General of one of the four districts into which the colony was divided, when he was but nineteen years of age. At twenty-one, the government sent him

as an ambassador to treat with the French at Fort Duquesne; and from that time until his marriage, at twenty-seven, he held some of the most important trusts that his country could commit to his care. He was in the prime of early manhood when he retired from public life and settled at Mount Vernon. Calvin was but twenty-six years of age when he wrote his famous "Institutes." At twenty-nine, Martin Luther was at the zenith of his power, in his contest with the papal church. Pitt, as we have seen, went from college into the House of Commons, was Prime Minister at twenty-three, and was the most influential statesman in Great Britain before he was thirty. Nelson was a lieutenant in the British navy before he was twenty, and passed to the command of a naval fleet in his early manhood. He was but forty-seven when he was mortally wounded in the battle of Trafalgar, where he hoisted the memorable signal, "England expects every man to do his duty."

These examples may be exceptional, but they are none the less pertinent to show that a nation's strength and hope is in its young men. They are just the class to pull down the bridges that they cross, to make still greater courage inevitable. Allied to practical wisdom, this indomitable spirit is Bucephalus with Alexander in the saddle—fiery but manageable, impetuous, yet obedient to the rein and voice of the rider.

Some people affect to laugh over the decision of young men who resolve to become distinguished bankers, merchants, statesmen, or scholars. To them such a resolve as Calhoun made in Yale College seems egotistical and preposterous. When a college-mate badgered him about his close application to his studies, he replied:

"Why, sir, I am forced to make the most of my time, that I may acquit myself creditably when I get into Congress." His associate laughed, as if it were an affair of jesting. "Do you doubt it?" exclaimed Calhoun. "I assure you, if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the national capital as a representative within the next three years, I would leave college this very day." It were easy, then, for a critic to discover in this frank avowal of a purpose a degree of offensive self-confidence; but no critic, looking back from the standpoint of our day, and knowing the remarkable fulfilment of that resolution, can see aught in it but decision and invincible courage before which mountains of difficulty are levelled.

That dauntless force of character, which sometimes expresses itself in language which is called egotistical and visionary, will accomplish more with two talents than its opposite will with ten. Daring energy will drive a single talent further and higher, than indecision will drive ten. And the old maxim is, "Drive thy business; let not thy business drive thee."

Of all the successful men whose names have been introduced into these pages, no one of them insisted more strenuously upon the force of character under discussion than Buxton. He maintained that there is far more difference between men in energy of soul, than there is in natural abilities; that, in his own case, it was not so much great talents as great decision and energy that brought him wealth and position. Rev. Thomas Binney said of him: "A somewhat rude, thoughtless, idle lad, of desultory habits, without any stirring within him of the aspiration of genius or of high intellectual and literary tastes; who had nothing

remarkable about him as a schoolboy; who read, as a youth, only for amusement, and lived apparently only for his horses, his guns, and dogs; who at nineteen or twenty lost property he had expected to inherit, and at twenty-two was a husband and a father, but without employment and wanting money; *this lad* grows up, in after life, after passing through that pecuniary pinch in his early manhood, not only into a man of wealth and influence, but into an author, a legislator, and a saint; into a person distinguished by intellectual vigour, whose writings displayed ample knowledge, high culture, forcible argument, eloquence, and pathos; into a public speaker of commanding power, parliamentary reputation, and substantial popularity; into a public man of influence and weight not to be withstood, filling a place in the eye of the nation, and doing a work in the politics of the world. How was it that all this came about?" Let the words of Buxton himself answer—words written near the close of his life: "The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is ENERGY—INVINCIBLE DETERMINATION—a *purpose once fixed, and then, death or victory!* That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

This regal energy of his showed itself in his boyhood, when he was directed to convey a message to a pig-driver. Away he went through mud and mire, losing one of his shoes in the mud, nor stopping to recover it, so intent was he upon accomplishing his errand; and he ran three miles before he overtook the driver.

Later in life, when his devotion to hunting, pleasure-riding, and sport in general, foreshadowed ruin, serious reflection aroused his decision and latent energies, and without waiting a single day he broke away at once from old associations, renounced evil habits, and set himself down to study with a will that was invincible. Later still, in Parliament, his pertinacity of will and inflexible purpose always carried his measures against the best-organized opposition. He was frequently called "obstinate," as men of determination are likely to be; but he was not obstinate. It was the true ring of decision in his soul. He truly answered to Spurgeon's man of firmness: "A man must have a backbone, or how is he to hold his head up? But that backbone must bend, or he will strike his brow against the beam."

It will be asked if this irresistible power of the soul may not be employed in a bad cause as well as in a good one. Of course. But even those cases are instructive to every close observer, who would understand the nature and operations of this unconquerable spirit. Pizarro was a pirate, possessing heroism and endurance worthy of a martyr. One all-absorbing purpose impelled him forward, in spite of perils, hardships, and death itself; and that was the subjugation and plundering of Peru. At Gallo, hunger drove his men almost to madness, while disease threatened to exterminate them; and yet he did not abate his relentless purpose a jot. A vessel arrived that offered to carry him and his companions back to Panama; but he spurned the offer, and with his sword drew a line on the sand from east to west. Then, turning his face to the south, he said to his piratical companions, "Friends

and comrades! On that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panama with its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south."

He preferred Peru with death, to Panama with life. Put such a quenchless spirit into the soul of a saint, and he will make a missionary for "Greenland's icy mountains," or a martyr at the stake. We have spoken of Cæsar, whose heart was little better than Pizarro's. He was but seventeen years old when he was captured by pirates, as he was escaping from the hate of Sylla. They offered to release him for twenty talents. "It is too little," the heroic youth exclaimed; "you shall have fifty; but, once free, I will crucify every one of you;" and he kept his word. In Spain, his followers refused to obey his command to attack the opposing army. Seizing a shield, he shouted, "I will die here!" and rushed upon the Spanish army alone. Scores of arrows were hurled at him when he was less than two rods from the enemy's ranks. Such daring shamed his men into action, and they rallied to his support, and victoriously charged upon the foe.

At Rome, it was rumoured that he would be assassinated in the street. Immediately he dismissed his body-guard, and ever afterwards walked the streets unarmed and alone. The would-be assassins were amazed at such audacity, and thought he was a god. When bad men rule with audacious will, good men will mourn. But such fusion of will, passion, and intelligence in the service of truth and God, makes Pauls, Luthers, and Judsons. It was this intrepidity of

soul that made the great Magyar chief, M. Louis Kossuth, what he was. When he was an exile in Turkey, and the government of the Sublime Porte promised him protection on condition that he would embrace Mohammedanism, his magnanimous spirit rose above the fear of imprisonment and chains, torture and death, and he answered: "Between death and shame the choice can neither be dubious nor difficult. Governor of Hungary, and elected to the high place by the confidence of fifteen millions of my countrymen, I know well what I owe to my country even in exile. Even as a private individual, I have an honourable path to pursue. Though once the governor of a generous people, I leave no inheritance to my children. They shall at least bear an unsullied name. God's will be done. I am prepared to die."

But in humbler and less tumultuous scenes, the mass of young men will cast in their fortunes. Even here, the necessity for this spirit of mastery is absolute. In every pursuit, and on frequent occasions, its special use is demanded. Young men must experience rebuffs and encounter serious obstacles in prosecuting their life-purpose. None of them will be exempt from the hardships and disappointments incident to lifework. Decision is their faithful ally, and will come to their rescue, if called, in the hour of need. There will be times when they must wear poorer clothes than personal pride willingly dons, and serve in a humbler capacity than their taste would select. The dread of humiliation or ridicule may lead to ignoble results, unless decision of character interposes. Love of ease, or a natural bias to inaction, may allow the noblest powers to lie dormant in the soul, unless this aspiring and

dauntless spirit rallies them for victory. Difficulties may prove too much for the moderate degree of resolution that often possesses the heart; decision and energy can save the man from ignominious surrender. The following fact, which has just come to our notice, illustrates the place and power of this quality in the routine of daily duties.

A young man served as assistant pupil several years ago in a flourishing New England academy. Among the classes he taught was one in Algebra—the highest class in that study. The pupil teacher had been over the text-book quite thoroughly, but there was one problem he could not solve. As the class was approaching that problem, he addressed himself to its solution. He laboured upon it for several hours without reaching a correct result. Somewhat mortified, he took it to one of the teachers, who promised to solve the problem for him. On the day before the class reached the problem in their regular course of study, the teacher returned it unsolved. What could the young man do? Must he go before the class and confess that he could not master the difficulty? That was too humiliating. He had a friend in an adjoining town, four miles distant, who was an excellent mathematician. He had no question but that his friend could solve it. So away he posted, after school, to the neighbouring town, and found, to his utter disappointment, that his friend was absent, and would not return for a week. His last hope was dashed. With a despondent heart he turned back towards his home. On his way he began to consider seriously what a spectacle of inability he was. "What! unable to perform a problem in Algebra! Going back to my class to confess my ignorance!" The dormant spirit

of decision and energy was aroused in his soul, and he exclaimed aloud, "I *can* solve the problem! I *will* solve it!" He reached home, went into his room, took up the problem with the firm determination to master it before he gave slumber to his eyes; and he did. He wrote out the solution in full, and underneath added this interesting paragraph: "Obtained Monday evening, Sept. 2, 18—, at half-past eleven o'clock, after more than a dozen trials, that have consumed in all more than twenty hours of time."

That single triumph over a difficulty was of more value to him than the whole year's study. He needed precisely that sort of trial to stir his slumbering energies. He did not know how much power of achievement there was in him until this test was applied. He was more of a man than he thought he was. At his call, sincere and desperate, decision and energy came to his relief, and proved how royally they can lead to victory.

The Scriptures furnish some of the noblest examples of energy on record. It is recorded of Hezekiah, "And in every work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments to seek his God, *he did it with all his heart, and prospered.*" He "prospered" because he acted "with all his heart," whether he was ruling his kingdom, making public improvements, or performing Christian duties in the house of God. His whole soul was concentrated upon the work immediately in hand. It was according to the Divine will. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy *might.*" God is more opposed to a half-hearted way of doing things than any man can possibly be; for he knows exactly the measure of human power

that we can put into any work, and he demands that full measure. He accepts nothing less. He wants us to feel that we *can* and *will* do the work required of us. The celebrated Nathaniel Bowditch once said to a young man, "Never undertake anything but with the feeling that you *can* and *will* do it. With that feeling success is certain, and without it failure is unavoidable." The great mathematician repeated only what God requires. He expects every man to do his duty with all his might. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy *might*;" and do everything else with equal enthusiasm. That is the climax of decision and energy. Budgett never surpassed that. No man can surpass it. The trouble is to attain to so high a standard. If any human being ever rose to that standard fully, it was St. Paul, whose fearless independence, courage, fiery zeal, and impetuous action Conybeare likens, in the domain of truth, to "Alexander spreading the civilization of Greece over the Asiatic and African shores of the Mediterranean Sea; Julius Cæsar, contending against the Gauls and subduing the barbarism of Western Europe to the order and discipline of Roman government; Charlemagne, compressing the separating atoms of the feudal world, and reviving for a time the image of imperial unity; Columbus, sailing westward over the Atlantic to discover a new world, which might receive the arts and religion of the old; and Napoleon, shattering the ancient systems of European states, and leaving a chasm between our present and the past."

VIII.

PERSEVERANCE.

DECISION and energy may undertake what they never accomplish. It is absolutely necessary for PERSEVERANCE to step in and complete what they begin. Webster says that perseverance is "persistence in anything undertaken." The Scriptures represent it as "patient continuance." It has been facetiously defined as "the gift of continuance." The ship's crew rose in rebellion when Columbus was searching for the New World, because there was no appearance of land. Columbus prevailed upon them to be patient, promising that after three days he would turn back if land were not discovered. Before that time had expired they hailed the New World. That *three days* wrested from the clutches of mutiny was worth to Columbus and the world what the discovery of America was worth. It was genuine perseverance that made the voyage three days longer. Decision and energy had done well up to that moment, overcoming great difficulties; but had not the perseverance of Columbus come to the rescue at the time of the mutiny, all that they had achieved would have been valueless. Perseverance saved the efforts of decision and energy from failure, and made them tell.

Here we have a fair illustration of the niche that perseverance fills. "It is the home-stretch that tells." It is on the "home-stretch" that perseverance expends its

force. Three days, and even three hours or three minutes, are often of the greatest value to it. In that time defeat is prevented. In that time victory is won. Better still, in that time a rout may be changed to triumph. General Sheridan's perseverance turned his routed and retreating army back upon the foe, not only to regain the ground lost, but also to conquer their conquerors. Sheridan's famous ride is one of the stirring chapters of history. It is a tribute to perseverance.

An incident in the early life of General Grant illustrates the nature and value of this quality. He was but eight years old, at school, when he found the words "I can't" in his lesson. He did not exactly understand the meaning of it, and he inquired of his companions, but in vain. The dictionary was consulted, but to no purpose. The word *cannot* was there, but *I can't* could not be found. He applied to his teacher, "What does *I can't* mean? It is not in the dictionary." "No, it is not in the dictionary," replied the teacher, "and I am glad that it is not there;" and he proceeded to lecture the school upon the importance of perseverance. Three or four years later Ulysses was sent into the woods one day for logs. The hired men were to meet him there to load them, but for some unexpected cause they did not. The boy waited a reasonable time, and then if he had been like most boys he would have returned without the logs. But not so with him. He went for the logs, and he would not be thwarted in his purpose. By tact and push he succeeded in loading the logs and conveying them to the mill. Thirty years afterwards he resolved to go to Richmond, though the Rebel army opposed his advance. But he started for Richmond, and to Richmond he would go. Many sanguinary

battles were fought, terrible enough to dishearten timid men; but his watch-word was still "*On to Richmond!*" Enemies said, "General Grant don't know when he is licked;" and that was substantially true; for perseverance is not often "licked;" it *gives* instead of receiving the "licking." One of its favourite maxims is, "Never attempt, but accomplish." When it attempts, opposition may as well clear the track. It finds the way, or makes one. The doctrine of "final perseverance" belongs to the secular world, whether it does to the spiritual world or not.

There is need of this quality everywhere, since there is no pursuit without its difficulties. To *master* the humblest profession requires time, patience, and persistent effort. We asked an expert bootmaker how many pairs he could bottom in a day. "I have bottomed forty in a day," he answered. "How many pegs are there in a single boot?" we inquired further. "One hundred and five," he said. We computed the number of pegs he drove in a day—about eight thousand, one at a time; almost *fifty thousand pegs driven in a week!* Let the uninitiated ponder the work on a Monday morning—drive fifty thousand pegs, singly, during the week! It seems quite impossible. A dull, uninviting, discouraging task! But perseverance accomplishes it, after all, without much ado. A distinguished musician was asked how long study it required to attain to such excellence, and his answer was: "Twelve hours a day for twenty years." How few possess the perseverance that will accept conditions so hard!

Alonzo Cario, the Spanish sculptor, completed a statue for a wealthy gentleman in twenty-five days. His patron proposed to pay him by the day, to which

proposition Carlo answered, "What! I was at work twenty-five years learning to make that statue in twenty-five days." If he had worked but twenty years he might not have been able to make a finished statue at all. Perseverance must drive the practice clear up to the last day of the quarter of a century, that the workmanship may be perfect. Just at this point many persons make a mistake in their judgment of labour. That a surgeon should receive so large a price for a single hour's service; that a public lecturer should receive fifty or one hundred dollars for one address; that an elocutionist should be remunerated at the rate of fifty dollars an hour; that a lawyer should charge twenty thousand dollars for managing a single case; that a preacher should receive two or three thousand dollars salary for writing one or two sermons each week; that the statesman should be paid eight or ten thousand dollars, annually, for a few weeks' service in a year; that the president of a bank, or insurance company, should demand a salary of five thousand, and even twenty-five thousand, dollars a year; that a salesman or book-keeper should find constant employment at two, three, and five thousand annually, many persons cannot understand. It appears to them like enormous pay for little work. They forget the outlay of money and time that it has required to fit these men for such responsible positions. Ten, twenty, and even thirty years of incessant toil were expended before such pay was possible. These men possessed the perseverance requisite to qualify themselves for these high places. Others might have enjoyed equally well-earned remuneration and honours, but they lacked the perseverance necessary. Ten, twenty, or thirty years of

thorough discipline was a monstrous lion in their way. Their decision and energy cowered before such an obstacle. They do not fill such enviable positions simply because they do not deserve them. Society, on the whole, is just and fair. It rewards perseverance and kindred virtues; but it does not reward cowardice or inaction. The man who makes the most of himself possible, will never go begging for bread or friends. Society will do as well by him as it can, and he will have no reason to complain.

We insist that most young men fail to appreciate this virtue of perseverance. At least, they fail to comprehend its relation to THOROUGHNESS in one's life-pursuit. It is impossible to excel in anything without it. Without it, no one can become a superior carpenter, blacksmith, manufacturer, teacher, or lawyer. Young men need to study the grand models of perseverance among living men and dead men. They will find both beauty and inspiration in these models. Think of Newton at work upon his "Chronology of Ancient Nations," resolved to make it thoroughly reliable. He carefully prepared it at first, and then re-wrote it. Still dissatisfied, and perceiving wherein he could essentially improve it, he recast it again. Nor did he consider his work satisfactory until he had re-written it *sixteen times*. The perseverance of a man who can do that, becomes marvellous and grand. Its place is among the heroic virtues. Pascal's "Provincial Letters" are justly renowned; and the way in which he wrought is equally renowned, for he spent twenty days upon each one of them. Most men would see "provincial letters," and all other letters, doomed to the waste-basket before they would devote so much time to

their preparation. Their perseverance is altogether too infantile for such prodigious work. We once knew a young man who wrote his letters to friends as carefully as he prepared his compositions. He devoted hours to a single letter often. He copied it, too, with the most scrupulous regard to the chirography. His letters were models of epistolary literature. A stranger could not read one without forming a most exalted idea of the taste and rare culture of the author. This young man became one of the most exact and profound of literary men before he was thirty-five years old. The perseverance that made his epistles models of letter-writing, caused him to be patient and thorough in everything else. Bancroft was twenty-six years in the preparation of his "History of the United States;" and Noah Webster spent thirty-six years on his dictionary. Perhaps there is no more remarkable record of perseverance in the annals of the past than the last-mentioned. Thirty-six years of close study in the dry field of philology! Collecting and defining words more than one-third of a century without interruption! Ordinary exhibitions of perseverance dwindle into insignificance in comparison with this enthusiastic devotion to one purpose.

Youths who lack this indispensable quality are found among the class who often change their occupations, in order to find an easier and shorter way to fortune. They seldom have a good word to say for the pursuit in which they are engaged. Other occupations seem to them far more desirable. In school, this class, of both sexes, encounter difficulties at every step. Lessons are "too long" or "too hard." One study is "too dry," another is "too difficult," and a third is of "too little importance." On the farm, there is too much

"drudgery" and "too small returns," for so much severe toil. And everywhere there is a large discount upon present advantages to be reckoned; and a constant looking for some way out of unpleasant circumstances, except by the door of perseverance.

An amusing story is told of a scholar who was stupid, backward, and devoid of ambition. The class were reading the third chapter of Daniel; and several of the pupils found it quite difficult to pronounce the proper names, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, particularly the aforesaid dolt. In a few days the teacher put them upon the same chapter for the purpose of trying them once more upon the pronunciation of those proper names. It fell to the lot of the unambitious youth named to read the passage containing the hard words. He read the text with unusual promptness squarely up to Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, when he stopped, and said, in the most disheartened manner, "*Teacher, there's them three fellers again.*" The class of scholars we are criticising are forever encountering some "feller" of difficulty to annoy and discourage them. If it be not Shadrach, or one of his companions, it is something else.

The life of the late Governor George N. Briggs, of Massachusetts, furnishes a remarkable illustration of the subject in hand. He was born in that State in 1796. His father was a poor but honest blacksmith,

"With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Were strong as iron bands."

George loved his books, and most ardently desired an education; but poverty forbade the nurturing of such

a thought. It was only brief periods of schooling that he could enjoy for a few years, and then, work, work, work. He was but twelve or fourteen years of age when he was apprenticed to a hatter, in whose service he continued three years, learning the trade, satisfying his employer, proving his energy and perseverance, and giving "the world assurance of a man." Every spare moment was utilized for mental improvement, so that mind and muscle kept pace with each other in the onward and upward career. At the close of his apprenticeship to the hatter, he spent nearly a year at home, assisting his father and attending school, where his progress was noteworthy. All this time his thoughts dwelt upon a possible education. He had gradually come to feel that, somehow, he might qualify himself for the legal profession. He had become a Christian, and was wont to speak in religious meetings, where he charmed his hearers by his native eloquence. The result was, that in spite of poverty, and all the difficulties that hedged his way, he resolved to study law. An elder brother encouraged him, and promised what little aid he could render. The sequel he tells in his own words.

"In August, 1813, with five dollars I had earned at haying, I left home,* to go to studying law. I had a brother living on the Hudson whom I visited in September, and then, with my trunk on my back, came into Berkshire County, penniless, and a stranger to all, except a few relatives and friends, most of them as poor as I was, and that was poor enough. My brother aided me some until 1816, when he died."

He pursued his law studies but a year in Adams,

* The family were living in the State of New York.

then removed to Lanesborough, Berkshire County, where he read in an office that was the "rendezvous of the village, where its discussion and news, gossip and excitements, were all carried on." Such was his power of application that the talking and laughing of a dozen people in the office did not disturb him. He said, "I have read hundreds of pages entirely unconscious of the brisk conversation carried on in my hearing." His brother died, and the small assistance from that source ceased. Nor was that the worst, for his brother's family were left penniless, and George was obliged to assist them at the earliest day. No one would have blamed him for dropping his course of study at that point; but the accumulation of trials served to make him more determined in his purpose. He pressed on toward the mark with greater celerity. He trampled every obstacle beneath his feet. He accomplished his purpose, and was admitted to the bar. On that day he might have said, appropriately using the words of Julius Cæsar, "*Veni, vidi, vici*,"—"I came, I saw, I conquered."

How rapidly he rose in fame is sufficiently evident from the fact that after twelve years' practice he was selected as the leading lawyer and citizen of Berkshire to represent the eleventh congressional district at Washington. For twelve years he served a well-pleased constituency, in that capacity becoming one of the most able and popular members of Congress. The next seven years he was the popular and honoured governor of Massachusetts, making a public record so fair and grand, that the Bay State will never cease to cherish it with pride.

The life of Governor Briggs not only proves the

value of perseverance, but also of every other element of success we have discussed, or may discuss. That he possessed TACT and PUSH in a remarkable degree, is certain. He was eminently a "self-made man," and made more out of himself than the best teachers could have done. THOROUGHNESS, SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE, and OBSERVATION were prominent traits. He was never afraid of work; his INDUSTRY was proverbial. He was never ashamed of his humble origin. When he was governor, a lady in Boston, at a gathering of the *élite*, inquired before the company, "Governor, may I ask you at what college you graduated?" "*At a hatter's shop!*" was his quick reply. His DECISION was second to no quality mentioned, and his ENERGY was equal to his decision.

The anecdotes of his firmness in discountenancing "sharp practice" in law, wine-drinking, dancing, fashion-worship, and kindred evils, are numerous and entertaining. He was just the same in this regard at Washington, and at the capital of the State he governed for seven years, as he was at home. One of his peculiarities was never to wear a collar. He wore a black cravat simply. Some of his friends urged him to wear a collar when he became governor of his native State. But their arguments and appeals were in vain. During the first year of his gubernatorial life, he wrote to a friend at Pittsfield, his home, "Tell P—— that I go it without collar or wine." P—— thought that the pressure of office and Boston society would cause him to yield his total-abstinence principles; but they did not. Contrary to the practice of governors, and to the disgust of many prominent anti-temperance men, when he became governor, he boarded at the

plain Marlborough Hotel, because it was a temperance house.

"The elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *this was a man!*"

There is much in the life just cited to confirm the views of Buxton in a letter to his nephew, who had failed in a competitive examination for a scholarship. He said: "This mortification is a test which will try your character. If that character be feeble, the disappointment will weigh upon your spirits; you will relax your exertions, and begin to despond, and be idle. That is the usual character of men; they can do very well when the breeze is in their favour, but they are cowed by the storm. If your character is vigorous and masculine, you will gather strength from this defeat. If you were my own son, as you very nearly are, I would rather you should have failed, and then exhibited this determination, than that everything should have gone smoothly. I like your letter much; it breathes a portion of this unconquerable spirit, which is worth all the Latin, Greek, and Logarithms in the world. Now, then, is the time. . . . If you can summon up courage for the occasion, and pluck from this failure the materials for future success, then the loss of the scholarship may be a gain for life."

Much in the same vein was Stephenson's counsel to an audience of mechanics in the city of Leeds. "I stand before you," he said, "as an humble mechanic. I commenced my career on a lower level than any man here. I make this remark to encourage young mechanics to do as I have done—to PERSEVERE. The humblest of you occupy a much more favourable posi-

tion than I did on commencing my life of labour. . . . The civil engineer has many difficulties to contend with; but if the man wishes to rise to the higher grades of the profession, *he must never see any difficulties before him.* Obstacles may appear to be difficulties; but the engineer must be prepared *to throw them overboard or to conquer them.*"

Before closing this chapter, we desire to call the reader's attention to several more very remarkable and instructive examples of perseverance. It is from such stirring facts, derived from biographical sources, that the young man catches his inspiration.

Some years ago a student in college lost one of his eyes by a missile thrown by a classmate. His other eye became so affected by sympathy that its sight was endangered. The best oculists could not relieve him. He was sent to Europe for medical treatment and change of climate, and tarried there three years, when he returned with only part of an eye, just enough vision to serve him in travelling about, but too little for reading. His father was an eminent jurist, and designed his son for the bar, but this calamity quenched his aspirations in that direction. He resolved to devote himself to authorship in the department of historical literature. He spent *ten years* of laborious systematic study of the standard authors before he even selected his theme. Then he spent another *ten years* in searching archives; exploring masses of manuscripts, official documents, and correspondence; consulting old chronicles, reading quantities of miscellaneous books, and taking notes—all through the eyes of others—before his first work was ready for the press—"Ferdinand and Isabella." Prescott was forty years of age when he gave this

remarkable history to the public. Then followed his "Mexico," "Peru," and "Philip the Second,"—works that have earned for him the reputation of a profound historian on both sides of the Atlantic. Noble work for any man with two good eyes! Nobler work for a man with none!

The story of Daniel Webster's perseverance in becoming *the* orator of his age is familiar to all. He told it thus: "I believe I made tolerable progress in most branches which I attended to while a member of the Exeter Academy, N. H., but there was one thing I could not do: *I could not make a declamation. I could not speak before the school.* The kind and excellent Buckminster sought especially to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation like other boys, but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory and recite and rehearse in my own room over and over again, yet when the day came when the school collected to hear declamations, when my name was called and all eyes were turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the instructors frowned, sometimes they smiled. But I never could command resolution." It was months, and even years, before he triumphed over timidity and awkwardness.

His perseverance manifested itself on other occasions. In his earlier school-days his teacher offered a jack-knife one Saturday, to the scholar who would commit the largest number of passages in the Bible, to recite on Monday morning. Daniel recited seventy-five passages, when the teacher inquired, "How many more have you committed?" "Several chapters more," he answered. He got the knife. At Exeter the principal punished him for pigeon-shooting, by requiring him to commit to

memory one hundred lines in "Virgil." Knowing that his teacher was going out of town at a given hour, and that the extra lesson would be recited the last thing before he left, Daniel committed seven hundred lines. After reciting the one hundred lines, the teacher started to go. "I have more to recite," said Daniel. Resuming his seat, the teacher heard another hundred lines, and started to go hurriedly, as he was behind time. "I can repeat a few more lines," said Daniel. "How many?" inquired the teacher. "About five hundred," replied Daniel. The teacher discovered the plot by this time, and smilingly said, as he hurried away, "Well, Daniel, you may have the rest of the day for pigeon-shooting." That sort of punishment amounted to nothing when pitted against his perseverance.

The celebrated American painter Allston was approached by a friend one day, bearing a small painting. "A youth painted this," he said, exhibiting the sketch to Allston; "and I want to know whether you think he will make much of an artist." Allston carefully examined the production, and then confidently expressed this opinion: "He will not make an artist. I advise him to try some other pursuit." Allston's perseverance in overcoming obstacles and making himself a great painter, will appear when the reader is told that the work of art upon which he expressed so unfavourable an opinion was one of his own early productions, which he failed to recognize.

But all such illustrations are tame in comparison with those we might adduce from the blind, deaf, and dumb, who have become renowned in science and art and letters. Rugendas, Paradisi, Saunderson, Davis, Huntley, Huber, Holman, and Laura Bridgman are

wonderful examples. We have space for only a brief notice of the latter, the most remarkable case on record. Laura Bridgman possessed only the sense of *touch*, yet she was educated to study, work, and converse through that sense alone. She knew her teachers and school-mates as intimately as her companions having all the five senses did. Dr. Howe said: "When Laura is walking through a passage-way, with her hands spread before her, she knows, instantly, every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition." She had charge of her wardrobe, and displayed decided taste about her toilet. She became expert and ingenious with her needle, making ornamental and useful articles with even more skill than many of her sisters, who were endowed with eyes and ears. Her progress in the various branches of knowledge was rapid, and her scholarship high. In social life she was animated, bright, joyous, and genial, the sense of touch putting her into intimate and pleasant communication with the company about her. This was the work of education; but think of the patience and perseverance necessary on the part of teachers, to instruct such a pupil. Could there possibly be found a more discouraging subject upon which to expend human effort? "Impossible," every one would say, "to instruct a child to any extent, through the sense of touch alone." But perseverance accomplished the apparently superhuman task. What perseverance on the part of the girl, also, to master reading, spelling, geography, grammar, arithmetic, and to become a real companion, a skilful doer, an intelligent and noble woman, by the sense of touch alone! Ye who falter and complain before a difficult problem in mathematics, who say that you cannot excel in one of the mechanic

arts; who are content to be classed with the second-rate scholars and artisans of the world, and that, too, when all the five senses conspire to make you successful; stop here and learn a lesson of intense application, relentless toil, unflagging industry, irrepressible ambition, and invincible purpose, that mock your limpness and shame your fruitless lives!

IX.

INDUSTRY.

THE Marquis of Spinola said to Sir Horace Vere, "Pray, Sir Horace, of what did your brother die?" "He died of nothing to do," answered Horace. "That is enough to kill anybody," responded the marquis. The incident contains much truth. We believe that *overwork* is possible. We know that *underwork* is common. The former shortens life, and so does the latter. We doubt if *overwork* is more inimical to health and longevity than *underwork*. Indeed, it is quite manifest that idleness kills more people than industry. The latter is one of God's conditions of physical strength and long life. Growth, physical, mental, and moral, is in industry, not in idleness. The latter enervates, paralyzes, dwarfs. Industry makes manhood: idleness never makes it. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright."

A few years ago we met a wealthy friend on Congress-street, Boston, and, somewhat startled by his emaciated appearance and sickly countenance, we expressed much surprise. "I retired from business about a year ago," he said, "thinking it would be a fine thing to have nothing to do, but I have been the most wretched man in the world. I am on my way to Maine now to purchase a factory, for I shall die if I try

to live so." "Nothing to do" had taken more than fifty pounds out of his stalwart frame, and threatened to be the death of him. Work, and not the doctors, would restore him.

Industry is inevitable when decision, energy, and perseverance possess the soul. Then man *must* work. It is a binding bargain between these faculties. Gideon Lee, whose boyhood realized the burden of poverty to such an extent that he went to his work barefoot, even in winter, laboured sixteen hours a day when he was an apprentice. "I had made a bargain with myself," he said, "to labour each day a certain number of hours, and nothing but sickness and inability should make me break the contract. It was known to my young friends in the neighbourhood, and on some convivial occasion, a quilting frolic, I believe, they came to my shop where I worked, and compelled me to leave my work and go with them; there being girls, also, in the deputation, my gallantry could not resist. I lost my night's rest in consequence, for the morning soon found me at work, redeeming my lost time." The Scriptures say, "The hand of the diligent shall bear rule." Gideon Lee became, not only an opulent merchant of New York city, but also mayor of the metropolis, and a member of Congress. But it is the bargain to be industrious that every young man must make with himself, which we would emphasize. It is one of the definite things to be done in the outset. If he possess genius, industry will improve it; if he does not possess it, unwearied industry will supply its place. Genius does not undervalue labour. The most gifted men are usually the hardest workers. Turner was asked for the secret of his success. "I have no secret but hard work." he

said. "This is a secret that many never learn, and they don't succeed because they don't learn it. Labour is the genius that changes the world from ugliness to beauty, and the great curse to a great blessing." Even Webster said, "that he knew of no superior quality he possessed, unless it was his power of application. To *work*, and not to genius, he owed his success."

Not one of the distinguished men cited in former pages, thought lightly of this virtue. All of them cherished it as an indispensable requisite to success. In this connection Dr. Franklin wrote some of his best maxims, as follows: "But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." "If time be of all things most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality." "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy." "He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him." "At the working-man's house hunger looks in but dares not enter." "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry." "One to-day is worth two to-morrows." "Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." He wrote to a young trader: "Remember that *time* is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labour, and goes abroad, or sits idle one half that day, though he spend but sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon *that* the only expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides." In his autobiography he gives an account of an arrangement he made with his brother, to whom he was apprenticed,

that he might gain more time for reading and study. "I proposed to my brother that if he would give me weekly half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half of what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying of books, but I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-house to their meals, I remained there alone, and despatching, presently, my light repast,—which was often no more than a biscuit, or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins, or a tart from the pastry-cook's, and a glass of water,—had the rest of the time until their return for study, in which I made the greater progress from that greater clearness of head, and quicker apprehension, which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking." That was reducing things pretty fine, in order to make the most of time; and that was one of the factors of his success.

We have spoken of genius, which one writer of eminence says, "is but a capability of labouring intensely; the power of making great and sustained efforts" in its relations to labour. On this point, Kitto wrote to one of his benefactors as follows: "I have no peculiar talent, and do not want it; it would do more harm than good. I only think that I have a certain degree of *industry*, which, *applied to its proper object*, may make me an instrument of greater usefulness, perhaps, than *mere talent* can enable any man to effect." Professor Eadie, of Glasgow, appears to have taken the same view, substantially, for he said of Kitto: "What he did, he did with his might. It was not a feat, and done with it, but patient and protracted industry. He did not spring to his prey like the lion, but he performed

his daily task like the ox. He did his work with considerable ease; but he was always at his work. He was either fishing or mending his nets; either composing, or preparing for composition. From his earliest days he could not be idle; his repose was in activity. The swallow feeds and rests on the wing. . . . If one thing failed he tried another; the conclusion of one labour was the beginning of another; either covering people's feet in Plymouth, or repairing their mouths in Exeter; setting types in Malta, or nursing and tutoring little children in Bagdad; writing for the 'Penny Magazine' at Islington, editing the 'Cyclopædia' at Woking, or completing the cycle with the *Daily Illustration* at Camden Town. His industry was unceasing from the period when his thrifty grandam taught her quiet and delicate charge to sew patch-work and kettle-holders, to the period when he felt the week by far too short to turn out in it the expected and necessary amount of copy."

The reader will not fail to see that in all such examples, industry was a passport to success. Scarcely any virtue attracts attention more than this. Everybody respects it. Even the lazy man is forced to acknowledge its worth. Dr. Franklin wrote to the "young tradesman:" "The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day, demands it before he can receive it in a lump." In confirmation of Dr. Franklin's view, we present an interesting fact. Last summer, when the days were longest, the sound of a carpenter's hammer fell upon

our ear distinctly one morning about four o'clock. The next morning the sound of the hammer was heard again, and the next, and the next, for two weeks. It was so unusual to hear such a sound before seven o'clock in the morning—the time for carpenters to begin their work—that we made an inquiry concerning it, and learned that a carpenter was building a house for himself, by using time before seven o'clock in the morning, and after the close of his day's labour, six in the afternoon. He was prosecuting the job single-handed and alone, with a perseverance worthy of a hero. The case awakened general interest in the neighbourhood. The industry of the man as well as his pluck became a theme of remark. It increased the credit and character of the carpenter. Citizens concluded that he was more of a man than they had supposed. Within a short time we heard the sound of more than one hammer on the building. Sometimes there seemed to be half a dozen hammers pounding at a rapid rate. What does that mean? Inquiry showed that other carpenters and citizens, in admiration of his industry and laudable purpose, had volunteered to assist the resolute builder. One after another volunteered his services in this way, extending the kindly aid through several weeks; and the proprietor had the pleasure of occupying his neat little cottage before winter. The volunteer aid rendered was a spontaneous tribute to the charm and value of industry. There is encouragement for men to aid such an industrious man. He makes good use of assistance. "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance." It is one of the ways by which industry is rewarded. It makes many friends; they are fast

friends, too. Not so with idleness. The idle man does not command respect or confidence. Even though he possess a fair character otherwise, idleness leaves a smirch on it. The public regard him with suspicion. He makes no progress in wealth, knowledge, or virtue. Rather, he runs behind-hand in all these things. "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and, lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered well; I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep, so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." And so the counterpart of that divine maxim which is spoken of industry, becomes true of idleness: "Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that he hath."

Perhaps the divine principle, "to him that hath shall be given," is not more conspicuous in any example adduced thus far than it is in that of Burritt, the learned blacksmith. When he was working at his trade in Worcester, at twelve dollars a month, he kept a diary, and the following is the work of a single week:—

"*Monday*, June 18, headache; forty pages 'Cuvier's Theory of the Earth,' sixty-four pages French, eleven hours forging. *Tuesday*, sixty-five lines of Hebrew, thirty pages of French, ten pages 'Cuvier's Theory,' eight lines Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours forging. *Wednesday*, twenty-five lines Hebrew, fifty pages of astronomy, eleven hours forging. *Thursday*, fifty-five lines Hebrew, eight ditto Syriac, eleven hours

forging. *Friday*, unwell; twelve hours forging. *Saturday*, unwell; fifty pages 'Natural Philosophy,' ten hours forging. *Sunday*, lesson for Bible classes."

He studied even when he ate. "He rose early in the winter mornings, and while the mistress of the house was preparing breakfast by lamplight, he would stand by the mantelpiece with his Hebrew bible on the shelf, and his lexicon in his hand, thus studying while he ate. The same method was pursued at other meals; mental and physical food being taken together." This was not an extra week of effort, but a fair sample of his improvement of time during his whole life. So it became eminently true in his case, "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given." The remark of Cecil concerning Sir Walter Raleigh, would apply to Burritt equally well: "I knew that he could labour terribly."

It is quite obvious why the kindest men will aid the industrious, while they decline to assist the lazy and shiftless. It does no good to aid the latter; it is putting money into a bag with holes. Help to the lazy, helps laziness. The lazy are lazier after they have received assistance than they were before. There is less need of labouring when a generous hand has provided for a portion of their wants. Thus a premium on laziness is offered by mistake. It is for this reason that some of the American States now give a tramp three months in the house of correction instead of food and lodging at the town-tavern. Experience has proved that tramps increase by generous assistance. The good housewife, who furnishes a square meal to one of the tramp fraternity, will have a dozen of them at her house before the week is out. They have prodigious memories, and never forget where the best food and beds are

found. All lazy men bear kinship to tramps; some of them may be rich, some educated, some gentlemanly; but as the Chinaman, who was asked if all the nationalities he ever saw agreed in any one thing, said, "All like lazy." All lazy men "like lazy," and so are kindred in this particular. If all were in the place of tramps they would do as tramps do.

But "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." "The soul of the diligent shall be made fat." "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." He will not become a tramp. He will be a companion for kings. He will be so much higher and nobler than "mean men," that he will have nothing to do with them. "God helps those who help themselves;" and this must refer especially to the industrious.

Young men should not forget that labour is the parent of wealth. Idleness never added a farthing to the wealth of an individual or nation. Industry creates the riches of the earth; yes, and all the temporal blessings and sources of earthly happiness known to mankind. Idleness is not the creator of one blessing. We have schools, colleges, galleries of art, halls of science, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, commerce, and ten thousand other things of equal value; and industry gave them all. Not a single one of them is indebted to idleness for its existence. Not palaces, but prisons; not gems of art, but squalor and wretchedness; not science and learning, but ignorance and folly, are the products of idleness in this and every land.

It is said that five dollars' worth of crude iron becomes worth ten dollars when converted into horse-shoes; one hundred and eighty dollars, into table-knives; six thou-

sand eight hundred dollars, into needles; two hundred thousand, into watch-springs, and four hundred thousand into hairsprings. Whether this statement contains the exact truth or not, it conveys a very important fact to the reader, viz.: that labour creates this enormous increase of value. The blacksmith adds only hard labour to make his five dollars' worth of iron double its value. The manufacturer of cutlery expends much more labour upon the same quantity of iron, and increases its value thirty-six times. The needle-maker increases it thirteen hundred and sixty times. And so on to the end. It is clear that the work required in the transformation of the crude iron into useful articles makes the difference. It is so throughout the world of toil. The farmer's outlay for seed is small, but the labour he devotes to his thriving acres is great; and when he gathers the harvest he finds that labour, with God's blessing of rain and sunshine, has added hundreds of dollars to his gains. It is necessary to give this thought prominence in order to appreciate labour. With such a fact in mind, who can think that labour is ignoble? Who would desire exemption from the divine law of labour? Who does not see a good reason for the divine decree, "If any would not work, neither should he eat." If half of the human family should refuse to work, the whole race would starve. A Chinese emperor said to his subjects, "If there is a man who does not work, or a woman who is idle, some one will suffer cold and hunger in the empire." The sin of idleness and the virtue of labour are magnified by this fact.

If labour creates all wealth, then the labouring class constitute the real backbone of the nation. By labouring class we do not mean those alone who toil with their

hands. They who work with their brains, in making books, or papers, teaching, preaching, and expounding law — all who contribute by their occupation to the general welfare, are labourers. This brings the extremes of society pretty near together,—the farmer and merchant, the mechanic and professor, stand shoulder to shoulder, near enough to extinguish the pride of caste which young men are so apt to catch. The humblest artisan may be doing more to increase the wealth of his country than the kid-gloved millionaire. Have we not seen, already, that an engine fireman, in a colliery, gave the locomotive to the world? that a mathematical-instrument maker gave the steam-engine? that a barber gave the spinning-jenny? that a weaver gave the mule? and that thousands more of unlettered labourers have contributed their life-work to the progress of civilization? Of course, labour is honourable; it is even more than that when the young man takes it up in the right spirit. Horace Mann said: "Let the young man remember there is nothing derogatory in any employment which ministers to the well-being of the race. It is the spirit that is carried into an employment that elevates or degrades it. The ploughman that turns the clod may be a Cincinnatus or a Washington, or he may be brother to the clod he turns. It is every way creditable to handle the yard-stick and to measure tape; the only discredit consists in having a soul whose range of thought is as short as the stick and as narrow as the tape. There is no glory in the act of affixing a signature by which the treasures of commerce are transferred, or treaties between nations are ratified; the glory consists in the rectitude of the purpose that approves the one, and the grandeur of the philanthropy that sanctifies the other."

No virtue is more inspiring to the other faculties than industry. It seems to rally them with all the inherent power they possess for action. At fifty-five years of age, through the failure of his publishers, in whose indebtedness he was involved as silent partner, and perhaps also through his own improvidence, Sir Walter Scott found himself in debt to an enormous amount. He was a strong believer in the almost superhuman achievements of industry, and he resolved that the last fraction of that indebtedness should be paid. With what might be called an intrepidity of resolution, he set himself to work with his pen to liquidate that vast debt. His resolve to appropriate every moment of time, accompanied by the disposition to encroach upon the hours of sleep, appeared to arouse every faculty of his soul to strive heroically for the accomplishment of his purpose. Body, mind, and heart combined to pay the debt, and each waxed mightier as volume after volume was turned out (some of them the greatest productions of his pen), as if every fibre of his being caught an inspiration from industry's call for nobler deeds. Year after year he toiled with unflagging energy, nor slackened his labour until the final claim upon his purse was honoured. Under the tremendous pressure of work, his physical and mental powers yielded when he laid by his pen, and he died for letters, as patriots die for their country, and martyrs for the truth.

Samuel Drew was left an orphan at an early age, and drifted into vicious courses, until loafing, orchard-robbing, boxing, and even worse practices, stained his youth. An accident that nearly cost him his life, together with the death of his brother, caused him to stop in his mad career, reflect, and reform. Imme-

diately industry took the place of idleness, and manhood asserted its superiority over meanness. Upward and onward he went, though dreaming only of an honourable livelihood at the shoemaker's bench. His industry became proverbial; and it summoned into active co-operation, not only decision, energy, oneness of purpose, and perseverance, but also intellectual powers which no one dreamed that he possessed. He began to read and study as he could snatch time from his daily work, and soon his mental faculties were on the alert as truly as his physical powers. Of that period he said, twenty years thereafter: "The more I read, the more I felt my own ignorance; and the more I felt my ignorance, the more invincible became my energy to surmount it. Every leisure moment was now employed in reading one thing or another. Having to support myself by manual labour, my time for reading was but little, and to overcome this disadvantage, my usual method was to place a book before me while at meat, and at every repast I read five or six pages. Locke's 'Essay on the Understanding' awakened me from my stupor, and induced me to form a resolution to abandon the grovelling views which I had been accustomed to maintain."

He became an active parishioner of Dr. Adam Clark, a class-leader and local preacher, while prosecuting his trade. When Paine published his "Age of Reason," Drew wrote and published an able answer to it, a pamphlet that passed through several editions. This literary effort introduced him to authorship; and there soon followed his "Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul," with other productions. Still he continued his shoemaking business, not trusting to

"the lottery of literary success" for the support of his family.

One day he was carrying in his winter's supply of coal, when a neighbour told him that it was a compromise of dignity for a man of his fame as an author to perform such menial work. Drew's reply was characteristic: "The man who is ashamed to carry in his own coal, deserves to sit all winter by an empty grate." He was destined, however, for a higher position; and subsequently devoted his whole time to literary labours, in which he gained a world-wide reputation. As an example of what industry can accomplish when it commands all the faculties of the soul, his career is remarkable.

In order to appreciate fully the worth of industry, it is necessary to consider the baneful effects of its opposite—idleness. "Idleness, and not work, is a curse." Under its sway, the physical, mental, and moral powers cannot grow. Instead, they become dormant, and exertion is finally a burden. "The slothful man putteth his hand in his bosom; it grieveth him to take it out again." He is devoid of ambition. There is no "snap" in him, as a business man would say. He cowers and whines in the presence of difficulties. He lounges about the office or shop. He is behind time, moves like a snail, and longs for nothing to do. He takes no interest in his employer's business, except to receive pay for his poor labours. He tries the patience of the merchant, manufacturer, teacher, farmer, or whomsoever he serves. He becomes tired quickly, and rests slowly. He brings little to pass, and proves that his room is better than his company. He drops out of his place, and the industrious young man is

sought to fill it. "Idleness is the sepulchre of the living man." "An idle soul shall suffer hunger."

Nor is this the worst. Idleness is the parent of vice and crime. "The devil tempts all other men, but idle men tempt the devil." This class are attracted to the billiard-hall, gaming-board, theatre, and bacchanalian club. "The idle brain is the devil's workshop." Plans for sport, conviviality, and revelry, are laid in idle moments. "Satan hath work for idle hands to do." The chaplain of an English prison says: "From my experience of predatory crime, founded upon careful study of a great variety of prisoners, I conclude that abitudinal dishonesty is to be referred neither to ignorance, nor to drunkenness, nor to poverty, nor to overcrowding in towns, nor to temptation to surrounding wealth, nor, indeed, to any one of the many indirect causes to which it is sometimes referred; but mainly to a disposition to acquire property *with a less degree of labour than ordinary industry.*" Doubtless a careful examination would show that a large majority of the peculations, defalcations, and downright dishonesties of young men in our cities are perpetrated by the idle class. Within a few months the public journals have reported several cases of young men who have appropriated the funds of their employers, in quite large amounts, to support themselves in sensual pleasures, such as the theatre, gaming-table, billiard-hall, and kindred resorts furnish.

The reformatory institutions of all countries show that the inmates are largely derived from the idle class. At one time the Westboro Reform School reported "five hundred and sixty-nine boys, five-sixths of whom were idle, or had no steady employment." A few years since

a young man was sentenced to the state-prison of Connecticut for forging pension papers. While changing his own for the prison suit, he remarked to the officer, "*I never did a day's work in my life.*" The officer replied, "No wonder you have been brought up here." The laziest man we ever heard of was in the state-prison of New Hampshire; he chopped off one of his thumbs, and afterwards attempted to cut off one of his arms, in order to escape the daily labour required of him at the turning-lathe. When that man got into prison, he went to his own place as really as Judas did when he committed suicide.

Mr. Spurgeon says: "If the devil catch a man idle, he will set him to work, find him tools, and before long pay him wages. Is not this where the drunkenness comes from that fills our towns and villages with misery? Idleness is the key of beggary and the root of all evil. . . . I am not the only one who condemns the idle, for once when I was going to give our minister a pretty long list of the sins of one of our people that he was asking after, I began with, 'He is dreadful lazy.' 'That is enough,' said the old gentleman; 'all sorts of sins are in that one; that is the sign by which to know a full-fledged sinner.'" Professor Blaikie, of the University of Edinburgh, in his late work on "Self-Culture," says: "It is a grand safeguard when a man can say, I have no time for nonsense; no call for unreasonable dissipation; no need for that sort of stimulus which wastes itself in mere titillation; variety of occupation is my greatest pleasure, and when my task is finished I know how to lie fallow, and with soothing rest prepare myself for another bout of action."

Industry yields more substantial happiness than idle-

ness, even when the latter is sustained by ample wealth and official distinction. We have just seen that Samuel Drew sought gratification in those things which indolence provides. True, poverty instead of wealth was his inheritance. But when he became a changed man he found more real joy on his shoemaker's bench, early and late, than he ever dreamed of before. The celebrated Douglas Jerrold, like Drew, was poor in his youth. Unlike Drew, however, he loved books, and was not viciously inclined. He learned the art of printing, and the first wages he received for labour was memorable in his life because it enabled him to minister to the necessities of his needy parents. His biographer describes the event thus: "The young printer brought home, joyfully enough, his first earnings. Very dreary was his home, with his poor weak father sitting in the chimney-corner; but there was a fire in the boy that would light up that home; at any rate, they would be cheerful for one day. The apprentice, with the first solid fruits of industry in his pocket, sallied forth to buy the dinner. The ingredients of a beef-steak pie were quickly got together, and the purchaser returned to be rewarded by the proud look of his father." The millionaire cannot extract from his vast treasures the real enjoyment that young Jerrold did from the price of a dinner which his own industry earned. There was self-respect and a sort of royal self-reliance begotten by the toil, whose fruits lighted up his father's wrinkled face. Nor was the joy confined to his own breast. Industry bequeaths a loftier spirit than that. Its highest type of enjoyment is realized when it appropriates the divine maxim, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

X.

ECONOMY OF TIME AND MONEY.

"**T**IME is money," it is said. To the money-maker "time is money" without doubt. To the young man who is sincerely striving to make the most of himself, time is much more than money; it is culture, character, usefulness. If money were the only advantage to be extracted from time, the waste of it would not be the "greatest prodigality," as Franklin claimed.

But the waste of it may prove the waste of what is too precious for money to buy. It may be the waste of enterprise and energies without which neither money nor self-culture can be won. Indeed, to waste the fragments of time upon youthful follies, may be to throw away the chances of success. It is here that economy of time becomes a duty, and should be made a study; for, as already intimated, a faithful improvement of leisure hours alone will accomplish what it has accomplished again and again,—excellence in art, science, literature, and trade.

Every young man will have leisure hours; none should have *idle* hours. The former have been called "the gold-dust of time." Jewellers resort to various expedients to save the gold-dust that flies about their establishments. In this way a wise economy saves them thousands of dollars annually. Let a similar economy be practised in saving and improving spare

moments, and a wealth of culture will be the result. It may appear singular, but it is a fact nevertheless, that many of the old writers and literary men were trained to business. Their literary pursuits were followed as a pastime, chiefly prosecuted in those leisure hours they could snatch from their secular avocations. Bacon was a very industrious lawyer when he was made Lord Chancellor; but he found time in his public life, that was crowded with duties, to distinguish himself as a writer in law, literature, and metaphysics. Robert Burns was a farmer, somewhat troubled to keep soul and body together by his labours, yet he proved to the world that he was a poet of the highest order while engaged in tilling the soil. Milton was a teacher in his early manhood, in which vocation he had more spare time than afterwards, when he became secretary of the Commonwealth, and still later when he was secretary of the Lord Protector. His time for literary culture must have been fractional in the extreme, yet the result has influenced the world. Rogers, the poet, and Grote, author of the "History of Greece," were bankers. Several French statesmen, whose time must have been quite fully occupied in public duties, have made for themselves a name in literature. We refer to De Tocqueville, Thiers, Guizot, and Lamartine. Raleigh was a soldier, sailor, and discoverer, by turns. Sydney was a politician and diplomatist. Dante was a druggist, and afterwards a diplomatist. Galileo was a physician, and Schiller a surgeon. Not one of these men enjoyed more than snatches of time in which to perform literary labour, at least not until they had laid the foundation of their future greatness.

The same was true of the illustrious men who have

already been cited in these pages. We have seen that Dr. Franklin was a printer, having no time for reading or study except such as he could command before and after each day's work was done, and such as he could save from the hours allotted to meals. He said, "Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things." He could say with Cicero: "Even my leisure hours have their occupation." Cicero thought that many around him wasted time enough upon amusements to make them learned and influential, were it improved; and he said: "What others give to public shows and entertainments, to festivity, to amusements, nay, even to mental and bodily rest, I give to study and philosophy." We have seen how Davy established a laboratory in the attic, and when his day's work was done, there began a source of scientific investigations that continued through his memorable life; how Cobbett learned grammar when he was a soldier, sitting on the edge of his guardbed; how Wilson devoted his evenings to reading, and read a thousand volumes during his apprenticeship; and how Lincoln acquired arithmetic during the winter evenings at Armstrong's, mastered grammar by catching up his book at odd moments when store-keeping in Salem, and studied law when following the business of surveyor.

The "Diary" of Amos Lawrence has this explanation: "When I first came to this city I took lodgings in the family of a widow who had commenced keeping boarders for a living. I was one of her first, and perhaps had been in the city two months when I went to this place; and she, of course, while I remained, was

inclined to adopt any rules for the boarders that I prescribed. The only one I ever made was, that, after supper, all the boarders who remained in the public room should be quiet, at least for one hour, to give those who chose to study or read an opportunity of doing so without disturbance. The consequence was, that we had the most quiet and improving set of young men in the town. The few who did not wish to comply with the regulation went abroad after tea, sometimes to the theatre, sometimes to other places, but, *to a man, became bankrupt in after life, not only in fortune, but in reputation*; while a majority of the other class sustained good characters, and some are now living who are ornaments to society, and fill important stations. The influence of this small measure will perhaps be felt throughout generations. It was not less favourable on myself than it was on others."

It was during Douglas Jerrold's apprenticeship that he arose with the dawn of day to study his Latin grammar, and read Shakespeare and other works, one or two hours before his daily labour began at the printing-office. At night, after the work of the day was done, he added one or two hours more to his studies. In this way he actually accomplished more literary work in a week than three-fourths of the students who attend school constantly. At seventeen years of age he had mastered Shakespeare. When any one quoted a line of Shakespeare, he could immediately add the next line. He often said that young men made a great mistake in not devoting their leisure time to reading, especially to reading "Shakespeare and the Bible."

Gideon Lee encroached too largely upon his time of rest in order to improve his mind. He deeply felt the

deprivation of his early life, and resolved to repair as much as possible the deficiency of his boyhood in mental training. He provided himself with a library of useful books, and all the time he could command, outside of his extensive business, was spent in that library. At one time his health was so impaired by close application, that his physician ordered that he should not read a book for a year. Mr. Lee sent his entire library, reserving only his Bible, to the auction-room, that the temptation might be effectually removed. For one year he read no book except the Bible. His health was restored, another library gradually accumulated; and few business-men in our country were ever so well read and so literary as was he—the result of an economical use of spare time for mental culture.

We have spoken of Peter Brooks, who was one of the great merchants of Boston, and after retiring with a fortune, was the president of the first insurance company organized in this country. Like Gideon Lee, he devoted his leisure time to books. Edward Everett said of him: "No person, not professedly a student, knew more of the standard or sound current literature of our language." His little library contained the works of the principal English authors, which in the course of his life he had carefully perused; and the standard reviews, and new books of value, found their place upon his table, and were taken up by him each in its turn. There was no new publication of importance, and no topic of leading interest discussed by the contemporary press, on which he was not able to converse with discrimination and intelligence. It was at once surprising and instructive to see how much could be effected in this way, by the steady and systematic application of a few hours

daily, and this in the way of relaxation from more active employments.

The biographer of Robert Bloomfield says: "His literary acquirements appear to have been all made during the time he was learning the business of a shoemaker, and afterwards, while he worked at the same business as a journeyman." A writer, speaking of his eminence and great learning late in life, thus refers to his boyhood by way of contrast: "I have in my mind's eye: a little boy, not bigger than boys generally are at twelve years of age. When I met him and his mother at the inn in London, he strutted before us dressed just as he came from keeping sheep, hogs, etc., his shoes filled full of stumps in the heels. He, looking about him slipped up; his nails were unused to a flat pavement. I remember viewing him as he scampered up; how small he was! I little thought that diminutive, fatherless boy would be one day known and esteemed by the most learned, the most respected, the wisest, and the best men of the kingdom." So it was, however; and the thing was accomplished by the diligent improvement of spare moments, and by that alone.

Julius Cæsar was not only a great general, but a great economist of time, and a great worker. In addition to his military and political labours, he found time to write his remarkable "Commentaries." He wrote much, also, upon history, astronomy, and miscellaneous subjects. It was said that his ship once took fire in the bay of Alexandria, and he was compelled to leap into the water and swim to the shore. He had employed his spare moments on shipboard upon his Commentaries, and when he left the burning ship he took them with him, and bore them safely to the shore. The life of

Cæsar is one of the most instructive on record for the amount of labour performed, and the value of leisure hours to the grand result. The study of it will go far to confirm the statement of several writers whom we have quoted, that the great difference between men is not found in talents so much as it is in energy—indomitable will.

We have spoken of Elihu Burritt. A letter from him to a friend in Worcester, Mass., who desired to learn more of his history, was read to a common-school convention, in Taunton, Mass., by Governor Everett, in 1838. He introduced it to show how much can be accomplished by the careful improvement of spare time. The letter is so deeply interesting and instructive that we quote the whole of it.

“I was the youngest of many brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantages of a district school; and those, again, were circumscribed by my father’s death, which deprived me, at the age of fifteen, of those scanty opportunities which I had previously enjoyed. A few months after his decease I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith in my native village. Thither I carried an indomitable taste for reading, which I had previously acquired through the medium of the social library, all the historical works in which I had, at that time, perused. At the expiration of a little more than half my apprenticeship, I suddenly conceived the idea of studying Latin. Through the assistance of an elder brother, who had himself obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, I completed my Virgil during the evenings of one winter. After some time devoted to Cicero and a few other Latin authors, I commenced the Greek. At this time it was

necessary that I should devote every hour of daylight, and a part of the evening, to the duties of my apprenticeship. Still I carried my Greek grammar in my hat, and often found a moment, when I was heating some large iron, when I could place my book open before me against the chimney of my forge, and go through with *tupto, tupteis, tuptei*, unperceived by my fellow-apprentices, and, to my confusion of face, with a detrimental effect to the charge in my fire. At evening I sat down, unassisted and alone, to the Iliad of Homer, twenty books of which measured my progress in that language during the evenings of another winter. I next turned to the modern languages, and was much gratified to learn that my knowledge of the Latin furnished me with a key to the literature of most of the languages of Europe. This circumstance gave a new impulse to the desire of acquainting myself with the philosophy, derivation, and affinity of the different European tongues. I could not be reconciled to limit myself, in these investigations, to a few hours, after the arduous labours of the day. I therefore laid down my hammer, and went to New Haven, where I recited, to native teachers, in French, Spanish, German, and Italian. I returned, at the expiration of two years, to the forge, bringing with me such books, in those languages, as I could procure. When I had read these books through, I commenced the Hebrew with an awakened desire of examining another field; and by assiduous application I was enabled in a few weeks to read this language with such facility, that I allotted it to myself, as a task, to read two chapters in the Hebrew Bible before breakfast each morning; this, and an hour at noon, being all the time that I could devote to myself during the day.

“After becoming somewhat familiar with this language, I looked around me for the means of initiating myself into the fields of Oriental literature, and, to my deep regret and concern, I found my progress in this direction hedged up by the want of requisite books. I immediately began to devise means of obviating this obstacle; and, after many plans, I concluded to seek a place as a sailor on board some ship bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have opportunities of collecting at different ports such works, in the modern and Oriental languages, as I found necessary to this object. I left the forge and my native place, to carry this plan into execution. I travelled on foot to Boston, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to find some vessel bound to Europe. In this I was disappointed; and, while revolving in my mind what step next to take, I accidentally heard of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester. I immediately bent my steps towards this place. I visited the hall of the American Antiquarian Society, and found there, to my infinite gratification, such a collection of ancient, modern, and Oriental languages, as I never before conceived to be collected in one place; and, sir, you may imagine with what sentiments of gratitude I was affected when, upon evincing a desire to examine some of these rich and rare works, I was kindly invited to an unlimited participation in all the benefits of this noble institution. Availing myself of the kindness of the directors, I spend about three hours daily at the hall, which, with an hour at noon and about three in the evening, make up the portion of the day which I appropriate to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous manual labour. Through the facilities afforded by this institution, I have been

able to add so much to my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and Oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of FIFTY of them, with more or less facility."

Such a record is a keen rebuke to those young men who complain that they have no time to devote to mental culture. Perhaps they ask with a degree of self-confidence, "Are we to have no time for pleasure? no time for recreation?" Yes, surely. Recreation is indispensable. Neither body nor mind can be strained to its utmost tension for a long time without permanent injury. But it may not be necessary for you to have what a class of young men call "amusements." It is not necessary for you to go to the billiard-hall or to the dance or club-room for recreation. The mind may be unbent in ways that are less perilous and equally beneficial. A change of employment was recreation to Burritt and others of whom we have spoken. Leaving the forge for the library, and laying aside the hammer for a book, is recreation. One or two hours' labour on the farm or in the garden, or a walk of a few hours in the fields in the interests of botany or geology, is recreation. We hold that it is better recreation for the student to till the soil for an hour or two daily, saw wood, or continue his studies by observation in a stroll over the hills and through the valleys, than to play at billiards or any other game, to attend the theatre, or to participate in the hilarity of the ball-room or summer watering-place. Young men are disposed to confound *amusements* with *recreation*. They are entirely distinct. Recreation is not necessarily amusements. Confounding them has led to the waste of much precious time in the sports and games mentioned

Hundreds of young men might become renowned in letters, or in science and literature, by devoting only the time they waste in doubtful and dangerous amusements. The time that many kill "at billiards, theatres, and clubs," was the time that made Hugh Miller, Burritt, Wilson, and many others illustrious. Hundreds of young men who complain that they have not time to read, or to devote to self-culture in other ways, throw away the very opportunities necessary, in the manner indicated. And this "killing time," as some thoughtlessly christen the waste, is a sort of murder for which atonement can never be made. There is no blood of goats or bullocks that can wash away the guilt. The sin of it is written as with a pen of iron upon the soul, which "will bear the blight forever."

A very remarkable illustration of our subject which has not been frequently presented to the public, for some reason, is found in the late Thomas Dowse, of Cambridgeport, Mass. He was a leather-dresser, and worked at that business all his life. But he found time out of business hours, by reading and study, to make himself a companion of educated men. By economy in the use of his money he was able to purchase volume after volume of history, biography, travels, literature, science, and art; and by economy of time he was able to master every book that he purchased.

Edward Everett, who was one of his personal friends, said of his library, in a public address in Boston: "He has the most excellent library of English books, for its size, with which I am acquainted. The books have been selected with a good judgment, which would do credit to the most accomplished scholar, and have been

imported from England by himself. What is more important than having the books, their proprietor has made himself well acquainted with their contents by devoting his leisure hours to them. Among them are several volumes of the most costly and magnificent engravings. Connected with his library is an exceedingly interesting series of paintings, in water-colours, which a fortunate accident placed in his possession, and several valuable pictures purchased by himself. The whole forms a treasure of taste and knowledge, not surpassed, if equalled, by anything of the kind in the country." Well-improved leisure time made such a fact possible. At his death, Mr. Dowse left this valuable library to Harvard College. His spare moments did a better thing for that institution than the whole lives of hundreds of its graduates have done.

Remarkable, too, is the case of Charles G. Frost, of our own times, whose death has just been announced at his home in Vermont at a good old age. He was a shoemaker, and was apprenticed at fourteen years of age. He resolved at that time to devote one hour a day to reading and study. Thirty-one years afterwards, when he was forty-five years of age, it was said of him: "In mathematical science he has made so great attainments that it is doubtful whether there can be found ten mathematicians in the United States who are capable, in case of his own embarrassment, of lending him any relief."

At that time Mr. Frost said of himself: "The first book which fell into my hands was Hutton's Mathematics, an English work of great celebrity, a complete mathematical course, which I then commenced, namely, at fourteen. I finished it at nineteen without an in-

structor. I then took up those studies to which I could apply my knowledge of mathematics, as mechanics and mathematical astronomy. I think I can say that I possess, and have successfully studied, *all* the most approved English and American works on these subjects. Next, natural philosophy engaged my attention, which I followed up with close observation, gleaning my information from a great many sources. The works that treat of them at large are rare and expensive. But I have a considerable knowledge of geology, ornithology, entomology, and conchology."

Botany was a favourite study with him, and he won a place fairly among the best botanists of the land. He made extensive surveys in his own State of the trees, shrubs, herbs, ferns, mosses, lichens, and fungi. He possessed the *third* best collection of ferns in the United States. He turned his attention to meteorology, and devoted some time to the study of storms and the movement of erratic and extraordinary bodies in the air and heavens. He found that a knowledge of Latin was indispensable to the prosecution of some of his studies, and he acquired it, and could read it with great freedom. He made himself familiar with the standard poets of England and America, as well as the history of his own and other countries. Books that he read and studied were added to his library, of which he said: "I have a library which I divide into three departments—scientific, religious, literary—comprising the standard works published in this country, containing five or six hundred volumes. I have purchased these books from time to time with money saved for the purpose by some small self-denials."

This was what he had accomplished at forty-five

years of age by rigidly observing his one-hour rule. We do not mean that he never devoted more than one hour a day to his books, but never less. By the improvement of no greater amount of time than many young men lounge and smoke away, he surprised the public by his attainments.

We have now presented many eminent examples of the economical use of time, and some of them show that leisure hours have wrought better for the users than full time has done for others. It has been said of a European cathedral, that when the architect came to insert the stained-glass windows he was one window short. This was a great disappointment, and the builder scarcely knew what to do. At length an apprentice in the manufactory where the windows were made came forward and said that he thought he could make a window, that would harmonize with the others and preserve the desired effect, from the bits of glass cast aside when the other windows were made. So he went to work, collected the fragments, assorted and studied them, and finally produced a window that was put into the vacant space, conceded to be the most beautiful of all. In like manner we have seen that some men have made the finest attainments and built up the most substantial and comely characters from the bits of time that have been broken from the edges of a busy life.

All these sentiments are enforced by the truth that lost moments can never be regained. Lost wealth may be replaced by unremitting industry; lost knowledge may be restored by study; and lost health by care and medical treatment; but lost time is gone forever. Some one beautifully advertised, "Lost yester-

day, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, as they are lost forever." Great plea for the economy of time!

Economy of money is not less important than economy of time. Dr. Franklin said, "A penny saved is as good as a penny earned." He wrote to the young tradesman: "The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, *industry* and *frugality*; that is, waste neither *time* nor *money*, but make the best use of both." He was prolific in his counsels on this subject. Many of his best maxims relate to this subject, as follows:—

"If you would be wealthy, think of *saving* as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes."

"A small leak will sink a ship." And he illustrates his utterance by saying: "You may think that a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter. But remember, many a little makes a mickle."

"Silks and satins, scarlet and velvet, put out the kitchen-fire."

"What maintains one vice would bring up two children."

"A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will."

"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

These maxims embrace all the practical wisdom the

young man needs in the use of money. Nor is it a niggardly course of action that is recommended here. That is not a wise economy. Dr. Franklin himself says: "The *use* of money is all the advantage there is in having money." We believe that it is a grand privilege for young men to make money. Perhaps it is an important *duty*. Certainly if a wise economy and Christian principle control the method of money-making, *duty* is not too strong a word to use in this connection. We have seen that Wesley claimed it to be a Christian duty to "make all you can, give all you can, and save all you can." It is a perfect rule, so far as we can judge, and he who reduces it to practice must be a perfect man. A better school of moral discipline he could not enter, than to have his whole life controlled by this rule, and his character formed and developed under it.

Saving is certainly a duty. It is the only way to prevent going behindhand in finances and to become forehanded. The author knew a farmer who was wont to do considerable business as a justice of the peace. A short time before his death in old age he told a neighbour that he was worth sixty thousand dollars. The neighbour expressed his surprise, and inquired, "How in the world have you done it?" "By saving what other people waste," was the rich man's reply. We believe that successful business-men, whether merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, or farmers, hold that economy is absolutely necessary to success.

Amos Lawrence wrote to one of his sons upon this subject as an element of his success: "I practised a system of rigid economy, and never allowed myself to spend a fourpence for unnecessary things until I had

acquired it." Just before he was forty-two years of age he recorded the amount of property in his diary and wrote: "The amount of property is great for a man under forty-two years of age, who came to this town when he was twenty-one years old, with no other possessions than a common country education, a sincere love for his own family, and habits of industry, *economy*, and sobriety. Under God it is these same *self-denying habits*, and a desire I always had to please, so far as I could without sinful compliance, that I can now look back upon and see as the true ground of my success. I have many things to reproach myself with, but among them is not idling away my time, or *spending money for such things as are improper.*"

Subsequently Mr. Lawrence established scholarships at Williams College; and also in other ways he assisted indigent students; but there was always this condition, that his money should not be given to students who used tobacco or intoxicating drinks, one or both. In this way he protested against these habits as *perilous* and *wasteful*. The young man who would use them is not *economical*, and therefore he is not deserving of aid. This was his view, and he conscientiously adhered to his conditions. He did the same thing in his warehouse: he denied positions to young men who used these objectionable articles. Their chances of success, in his view, were smaller than those of the opposite class.

Let us examine this matter more discriminately. At the dinner-table of an hotel we heard one young man say to another, "It costs me fifty cents a day for cigars, and on Sundays it costs me a dollar." Doubtless this young man had never stopped to think of the *waste* of

such an expenditure in twenty, thirty, or fifty years. The subject of *economy* as related to future riches or position was foreign to his thoughts. Fifty cents per day put into the savings-bank and improved semi-annually according to the custom of savings-banks, would amount to over sixty-seven thousand dollars in fifty years.

Samuel Budgett insisted that the want of economy doomed "hundreds of business-men to failure." He always claimed that economy was one of the cardinal principles of his own success. He insisted that his clerks should practise it both for his own sake and theirs also. He would correct a clerk for using too much twine in tying packages, and too much paper in wrapping them. As we have seen, he required that the old nails about the establishment should be saved, straightened, and used; and no counsel from him to young men was more common than that relating to the value of economy in money-matters. One day he saw a lad following a load of hay to pick up the locks that fell therefrom. He stopped to commend the boy, and recommended him to practise economy as a duty and advantage; and then he gave him a shilling. He was walking in the road one day with a female servant, when he found a potato. He picked it up and presented it to his servant, accompanied with a practical lecture upon economy. He promised to furnish land on which to plant it, with its products from year to year. The pledge was accepted and the potato planted. The yield was thirteen potatoes the first year, ninety-three the second year, a barrel-full the third year—and had the experiment been continued for fifty years, Budgett could not have found land enough for planting the last

year's harvest. Here we have not only the importance he attached to economy, but also an illustration of the law of accumulation. The multiplication of potatoes is not more marvellous than the increase of the cigar-money under the manipulations of the savings-bank.

To practise this virtue is to act in harmony with Nature. Nature never wastes anything. A particle of matter is not lost. The leaves fall and decay; the flowers wither and die; the rains sink into the earth; the snow-drifts disappear before the breath of Spring; wood burns to ashes;—but nothing is lost. In other forms all these things contribute to the on-going of the universe; and without this economical arrangement we know not that the Divine plan could succeed. Saving time and money to facilitate the progress of human life and character is but the imitation of Him who gathered up the fragments that nothing should be lost. It has been well said that the way a man makes his money, together with his way of spending both his time and money, reveals his character.

XI.

PUNCTUALITY.

PUNCTUALITY is styled by a good writer, "a homely but solid virtue." That it is "solid" is undeniable, but that it is "homely" is not so clear. Its opposite—tardiness—is "homely," and deformed, too. No one on the way to success can fall in love with it. Young men who are on the wrong road may flirt with it, but all others avoid it. When Dr. Adam Clarke was a young man, he saw a copy of Erasmus's Greek Testament advertised by a bookseller. The next morning he rose early, went to the bookstore, and purchased the Testament. Two or three hours later, an eminent scholar called to buy the book. "You are too late," said the proprietor; "it is gone." "Too late!" exclaimed the scholar; "why, I came as soon as I had taken my breakfast." The bookseller answered, "Adam Clarke came and purchased it *before breakfast*." The punctuality that we commend means "*before breakfast*" sometimes. The maxim is, "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day." Adam Clarke's motto was better than that, and more sure to win success, namely, "Never put off till *after breakfast* what can be done *before*." That is promptitude which wins.

By punctuality, we mean what Buxton meant by it when he wrote to his son in college. He said: "Be punctual. I do not mean merely being in time for lec-

tures; but I mean that spirit out of which punctuality grows—that love of accuracy, precision, and vigour which makes the efficient man; the determination that what you have to do shall be done in spite of all petty obstacles, and finished at once and finally. . . . The punctuality which I desire for you involves and comprehends the exact arrangement of your time. It is a matter on which much depends. Fix how much time you will spend on each object, and adhere all but absolutely to your plan. If you wish to be the effective man, you must set about it earnestly and at once.” The *habit* of being prompt once formed extends to everything—meeting friends, paying debts, going to church, reaching and leaving place of business, keeping promises, retiring at night and rising in the morning, going to the cars, lecture, and town-meeting, and, indeed, to every relation and act, however trivial it may seem to observers. “Say well is good, but do well is better.”

Nelson said that “he owed his success to being always fifteen minutes before the time.” That is not the punctuality we commend, that is, if he referred to all engagements. There would be much waste of time in the universal application of this rule. To be fifteen minutes in advance of the time to meet a committee or to take the train, is wholly unnecessary. Four such engagements in a single day would waste an hour. We plead for promptness, right on time. It is not more difficult to establish that habit than it is the habit of being fifteen minutes in advance of time. Members of Congress used to set their watches by the appearance of John Quincy Adams in his seat. “Is it not time to call to order?” said a member to the speaker of the House. “No; Mr. Adams is not in his seat,” an-

swered the speaker. It is said of Astor, Vanderbilt, Hale, Lee, and others, that they rose at just such an hour in the morning, to a minute; and at night, though a house full of company would detain them, on precisely their hour for retiring they would bid the visitors "good-night," and promptly retire. Some people might call them rude, or wanting in good breeding; but a strictly punctual man can afford to be called rude; at least, he can better afford that than to relinquish his excellent habit.

This virtue is especially needful in our times of steam and telegraphs, when rapidity of action is the order of the day. It is absolutely necessary to crowd more into a day and hour than it was a hundred years ago. "Old fogies" may protest againt it sharply, but the fact remains, nevertheless; and the wise way for men of action to do, is to accept the situation and go ahead. Sydney Smith happily put the matter thus: "In order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits and doubts and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first-cousins, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting first-cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice." Very true. The prompt man may

sometimes make a mistake. Who does not? But if a golden opportunity be lost, what matters it whether it be lost by haste or dilatoriness? The evil has come—the *lost* opportunity. How it came is of little consequence in comparison with the fact of its coming. It is the mission of promptness to seize opportunities, and make the most of them. At Arcola, Napoleon saw that the battle was going against him, and quickly as possible he rallied twenty-five horsemen, gave them trumpets, and ordered them to charge with a terrible blast and dash upon the foe. This prompt manœuvre turned the tide of battle and won the day. Such tactics were possible with him because his habit of promptness was unflinching. *Now* is God's time both in business and religion.

Punctuality commands the confidence of the public. If a young man lacks executive ability, this virtue will go far to atone for that deficiency. His employer might dismiss him were he unpunctual at the same time that he is somewhat inefficient. But his habit of punctuality is so valuable, that his employer overlooks some shortcomings in order to avail himself of that. This virtue makes a man reliable. He is found at his post always. He is in his place at the time. Whoever else fails, he is on hand. And the young man who is never late wins the confidence of his employer. Washington's secretary, Hamilton, was always behind time, and on being reproved by the General for so bad a habit, the secretary excused himself on the ground that his watch did not keep correct time. "Then you must get a new watch," replied Washington, "or I must have another secretary." When the habit of being punctual is once thoroughly established, the young man will require no watch. That habit is better than a chronometer for him. His em-

ployer may set his chronometer by him, as congressmen did their watches by John Quincy Adams. Such a young man makes himself indispensable in the office, shop, and counting-room, as well as on the farm.

A retired merchant once said to us: "If people would only be on time, how much trouble would be saved! This being behind time is the bane of mercantile life. Customers fail to redeem their promises. Borrowers forget their pledges to lenders. One man fails to meet his obligations promptly, and this compels another to disappoint his creditors; and so on through the list. If our warehouses could do as our banks do, insist, under the penalty of a protest, on meeting payments punctually, a vast amount of anxiety, perplexity, and disaster would be prevented. Were it not for this one sound rule of policy which the banks adopt and enforce, I am not sure that commercial transactions would not be swamped in unavoidable confusion." After a short pause he continued: "It is too much so everywhere. You want a carpenter to-morrow; he does not come as he agrees. You ask the bootmaker to complete your boots at a given time, but they are not done. The tailor promises your suit of clothes in one week, and you get them in two weeks. The painter comes the day after he promised to come. And so the mass of men are behind time continually, causing themselves trouble, and everybody else. The result is, that thousands of these laggards find, to their grief, that failure and ruin, unlike themselves, are never behind time."

Another merchant, who has retired with a fortune, told the author that the secret of his success was promptness of action, thus being able to take advantage of the market. So Amos Lawrence said: "The

secret of the whole matter was, that we had formed the habit of *promptly* acting, thus taking *the top of the tide*; while the habit of some others was to delay until about *half tide*, thus getting on the flats; while we were all the time prepared for action, and ready to put into any port that promised well." This is a very important fact for young men to understand. The sort of punctuality that we recommend is almost like genius itself to seize "the top of the tide," and move forward to success.

" There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

These words of Shakespeare find ample verification in the marts of trade, where the punctual merchant seizes "time by the forelock," and makes the main chance his own.

Not less importance did Samuel Budgett attach to the virtue in question. He was not only punctual himself, but every one of his employés must be equally so. His biographer gives the following interesting account of his procedure in this respect:—

"He was himself punctual as a chronometer, even out of business. If he had made an engagement with his neighbour, and was a minute late, he would apologize and account for it. So his men must be at work at the given moment, and his travellers must so arrange their journey that every customer shall know at what hour to expect them. But as discipline and punctuality are not meant to abridge, but to defend happiness, he contrived to place the arrangements enforcing these in a light which commended them to the men. The hour to

begin work was six o'clock. By the gate hung a black board divided into squares, each square was numbered and contained a nail, on the nail hung a little copper plate. Each man had his number, and as he went out he took a plate with him, leaving his number exposed on the board. As he entered he placed the plate on the nail, so covering his number. The moment the bell ceased ringing the board was removed, and all whose numbers were not covered were at once set down as defaulters. He who did not once appear on that list during a year received at its end a sovereign as his reward. But in the early days of the establishment it was usual to give porter's beer. This custom Mr. Budgett disapproved, and to it he would not submit; but close by the number-board he placed another board laden with penny-pieces; each man as he entered in the morning took a penny, on returning from breakfast a penny, and on returning from dinner a penny; thus making three in the day, which Mr. Budgett considered a full equivalent for beer, and of far greater value. If, however, the poor wight was *late*, he lost his penny; thus paying a fine out of what was considered his due, as well as forfeiting the reward which *punctuality* would secure at the year's end. At first even a single lapse occasioned the loss of the whole sovereign; but afterwards that rule was relaxed, five shillings being deducted for one, and proportionate sums for additional faults. In the course of years the beer-pence were counted for eighteen pence per week additional wages, and then every *late* comer was fined,—if a porter a penny, and so on, in proportion to rank, with every one in the house, including *the partners*. The post-hour was quarter past seven; at that hour the clerks must be in their places,

and one of the principals present to open the letters; if he was *late*, his fine was a half-crown. With such spirit was this discipline maintained, that, though many of the men chose to live in Kingswood after the business was removed to Bristol, they made their four-mile journey, and many were never late. Some who have been years in the establishment have not once been reported absent."

This plan of operation shows that punctuality was not counted second to any of the qualities which a business-man should cultivate in that mercantile house. We can readily see that it were quite impossible to reduce the business of a large warehouse to so complete a system without this virtue. Like the keystone of an arch,—knock it out, and the fabric tumbles. Such was the estimate that Budgett placed upon it.

We have cited the rebuke which Washington administered to his secretary for being behind time. His life was characterized by such scrupulous regard to punctuality. When he was President, his hour to dine was four o'clock. Often new members of Congress, who had not learned that his promptness extended to his meals, were invited to his table; and sometimes such a guest would come in while the company were eating, when the illustrious host would say, "We are punctual here. My cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but *whether the hour has come.*" In 1788 he visited Boston. One morning he was to start for Salem at eight o'clock precisely, and a fine turn-out of cavalry was to escort him. Just as the Old South clock struck eight he mounted his horse and started, though the cavalry had not arrived. In a short time the cavalry arrived, and the commander was much mortified to find

the President on his way. Ordering his cavalry to follow "double-quick," the escort overtook the President at Charles River bridge. When they came up, Washington turned to the commander, with a broad smile on his face, and said, "Major, I thought you had been too long in my family not to know when it was eight o'clock." Once a gentleman promised to come at five o'clock with a pair of horses which he desired to sell him. The man was fifteen minutes behind the time, and when he arrived, the President was engaged about other business, and could not be seen. It was a whole week before the owner of the horses had another opportunity to see him,—all because he was not "on time" at first. No blame was ever attached to Washington for his strictness in this regard. The most disappointed visitor or guest would not dare to blame a man for punctuality. As well blame him for too strict regard to honesty! The virtue extorts praise instead of blame, always. Nelson said of it, "It has made a man of *me*," and every thoughtful person appears to think that it is capable of making *men*.

Necessity compels men, in some circumstances, to be punctual. This is true of the famous commanders of armies, as we have seen in the case of Washington. "It is a fact, not always remembered, that Napoleon's great victories were won by infusing into his subordinates the necessity of punctuality to the minute. It was his plan to manœuvre over large spaces of country, so as to render the enemy uncertain where he was about to strike a blow, and then suddenly to concentrate his forces and fall with irresistible power on some weak point of the extended line of the foe. The execution of this system demanded that each division of the army should arrive at the specified spot punctually; for if any part failed to

come up, the battle was lost. It was by imitating this plan that the allies finally succeeded in overthrowing the emperor. The whole Waterloo campaign turned on these tactics. At Mount St. Jean, Blucher was punctual, while Grouchy was not, and the result was that Napoleon fell and Wellington triumphed." The same necessity follows extensive operations in business. Merchant-princes could not be princes without it. Disorder and inextricable confusion would soon destroy their business without this omnipotent regulator. So, great men in public life, under a pressure of duties, must be as punctual as the clock, or the close of the day will find them far in the rear of their business. Lord Brougham was at the head of eight or ten public associations when he presided over the House of Lords and the Court of Chancery; and he was never known to be absent from his post of duty, nor one minute behind time in calling assembly or meeting to order. Such precision in answering calls, enabled him to meet every engagement. In the world of letters, Sir Walter Scott was equally a marvel in the amount of labour performed. His correspondence alone was a tax under which many men would weary. Yet he was so prompt from his hour of rising (five o'clock in the morning), that he was able not only to answer every letter, attend to every caller, and manage his secular affairs, but also to perform an almost incredible amount of literary labour. The same was true of Daniel Webster from his boyhood. He was never absent from a recitation, lecture, or exercises in the chapel, during his whole course of education; and never a minute tardy in reaching them; and this promptitude characterized him through life. In court, congress, lecture-field, and cabinet, he was the same indefatigable

worker, forced to be punctual in order to accomplish the work of each day. Rufus Choate would have worked himself into his grave before he was forty years old but for this conservative quality. He was exceedingly nervous, and often summoned all his powers and concentrated them upon a case, where less outlay of himself would have been as well. In this way he made inroads upon his strength, though not half so serious as they would have been had he not been a very punctual man. A medical gentleman once importuned him to be more considerate, suggesting that he would completely break down his constitution unless he curtailed his labours. "Constitution!" exclaimed Mr. Choate; "constitution! why, that was used up long ago, and I am living on the by-laws." Had not punctuality interposed to prevent one duty from crowding and treading on the heels of another, he would have died before he reached "the by-laws."

It is evident from the foregoing that it does young men good to live under rigid rules, self-imposed or imposed by their employers. It is good for the student to be obliged to move at the ring of a bell. To rise in the morning, to go to prayers, recitations, and meals at the call of the bell, month after month and year after year, is an invaluable discipline. Punctuality is thus compulsory, and it is good for lazy young men. Brougham said that he "broke the neck of a day's labour" by ten o'clock in the morning. A bell can break the neck of indolence at six o'clock. Many young men in college of easy and sluggish habits owe their success to being obliged to move at the sound of a bell. Many clerks are saved from dishonourable failure by the rigid rules of the well-conducted warehouse in which they serve.

Young men often complain of these arbitrary rules, and are restive under the restraints which they impose; but they force them to punctuality, and thus prove of life-long advantage. The rules of A. T. Stewart in his mammoth establishment were considered extremely rigid by his clerks; but there are many successful merchants, trained in that mercantile house, who rejoice to-day in the promptness which that system of unbending discipline begot in them.

As with economy, so with punctuality, its practice is in harmony with Nature. In creation, everything is "on time;" sun, moon, stars, the seasons, night, morning, noon, everything. Even the comet, which makes its visit to earth once in a thousand years, does not vary one second from his appointed time. And this "sublime precision leads the earth, after a circuit of five hundred million miles, back to the solstice at the appointed moment, without the loss of one second,—no, not the millionth part of a second,—for the ages on ages during which it has travelled that empyreal road."* So man can depend on Nature. He can lay his plans, plough, sow, and labour, confident that it will not be in vain. God, who makes the seasons revolve, and crowns the year with His harvest, bids every law and motion of His universe be prompt. He whose busy life is in full accord with this precision of Nature is living among the stars.

* Edward Everett.

XII.

ORDER.

ORDER is heaven's first law." There is no disorder in heaven or the material universe. If there were an absence of order in our material world, it would come to an end sooner even than our Second Advent brethren anticipate. Order perpetuates it. The same is true of the domestic, social, and secular spheres; order is as indispensable to them as any other condition that we have discussed. By *order* we mean just what the two well-known maxims mean, namely, "A place for everything, and everything in its place;" "A time for everything, and everything in its time." Inattention, confusion, carelessness, and slovenliness are entirely inconsistent with such order. It is in complete harmony with the virtues we have considered, and as necessary to achieve success. Together with those enumerated, they become a beautiful and symmetrical whole.

Order, or the systematic arrangement of work or duties, makes labour easy and pleasant. Everything has its time and place, so that perilous haste is unnecessary. The old saw runs: "The most haste is the worst speed." Under the systematic arrangement of duties, such haste is avoided, and hence the friction and vexation attendant upon hurried action are avoided. It is neither easy nor pleasant to be in a hurry. The

mind wearies and frets under the strain. Labour that otherwise would be pleasant becomes drudgery. Irritability usurps the place of amiability. Fault-finding and scolding follow. Employés feel the influence of a fretful disposition. They are made unhappy and discontented by this constant unpleasantness of their employers. The whole force of clerks or dependents are put into a state of ferment and agitation by the employer's conduct, all resulting from the want of order or system. Sometimes the result is discouragement and despondency to the man who is hurrying every hour to catch up with his business. There is nothing that can take the place of system to beget cheerfulness and spirit in the discharge of daily duties. When Dr. Kane was imprisoned by ice in the Arctic Circle, he knew that there was only one way to keep his men in subordination and contented,—order must be insisted upon with the firmness of a military commander. Of that time he said: "It is the experience of every man who has either combated difficulties himself or attempted to guide others through them, that the controlling law shall be systematic action. Nothing depresses and demoralizes so much as a surrender of the approved and habitual forms of life. I resolved that everything should go on as it had done. The arrangement of hours, the distribution and detail of duties, the religious exercises, the ceremonials of the table, the fires, the lights, the watch, the labours of the observatory, and the notation of the tides and the sky,—nothing should be intermitted that had contributed to make up the day."

Martin Luther experienced much that was suited to annoy and dishearten him. His labours were varied and

excessive, such as would worry and fret any man who fails to adopt the most rigid system of execution. But he was a singularly happy man in his work. He performed his work easily, too. He performed a vast deal of it, also, by doing it as the celebrated statesman, De Witt, did,—“doing one thing at a time.” In addition to his other work, he wrote seven hundred volumes during his life. Without systematic labour it would have been impossible to accomplish such herculean work, and enjoy it. If any man ever enjoyed his life-work, it was Martin Luther. It was more of a pleasure than a task to him. John Wesley resembled Luther in this regard. He was travelling and preaching much of the time; and yet, by his orderly way of working, he found time to write thirty-two octavo volumes before he was seventy years of age. He was an easy toiler, and a happy one, too. No undue haste, no friction, no irritability, no fretfulness, ever marred the symmetry of his daily living. Many of the illustrations adduced from the economy of time, as that of Elihu Burritt, are equally instructive here.

Recently we read of a valuable farm under the control of the following rules, which were printed, framed, and hung up in a conspicuous place, where the farm-hands would see them daily, if not hourly:—

- “1. Perform every operation in the proper season.
- “2. Perform every operation in the best manner.
- “3. Complete every part of an operation as you proceed.
- “4. Finish one job before you begin another.
- “5. Secure your work and tools in an orderly manner.
- “6. Clean every tool when you leave off work.

"7. Return every tool and implement to its place at night."

A farm, under such systematic arrangements, is carried on with far more ease and satisfaction than one without this order. Neatness, promptness, thoroughness, and completeness are secured by this methodical way of doing things; and there is solid enjoyment in the exercise of these virtues, whether on the farm or in the warehouse.

Order secures despatch also. Methodical action will accomplish much more in a given time than its opposite. By close attention to one thing at a time, it is accomplished quicker, better, and easier. "One thing at a time" will perform a greater day's work than doing two or three things at a time. When Rev. Albert Barnes determined to write his Commentaries, he had a parish on his hands. His time had been absorbed before in caring for his large city congregation, and, at first view, there seemed to be little opportunity for additional labour. But the systematic arrangement of his time, so as to enable him to attend to every duty in succession, gave success to his plans. He devoted the time between rising and breakfast in the morning to his Commentaries. He scrupulously adhered to this plan year after year, and in this way he produced that valuable work. What some men would consider the labour of a lifetime, he performed by using the hours for work before breakfast. It did not interfere with his pulpit and pastoral duties at all; it probably facilitated them.

The late Dr. Nathaniel Emmons was a very industrious student, and he found both pleasure and despatch in systematic labour. He carried his orderly habits so far that he hung his hat upon the same nail

over fifty years, and sat in the same chair standing in precisely the same place, to write his sermons, and he could write in no other position. He wore a hole through the floor where he sat, so that it was necessary to repair it with a new board. He used an open fireplace, and laid his wood upon the andirons in one particular way. The shovel he kept on the north side of the fireplace, and the tongs on the south side. If a visitor or member of the family inadvertently misplaced them, he did no work until he had restored the shovel and tongs to their original places in his system. He could not do his work with ease, pleasure, and despatch unless *order* reigned about him.

The biographer of Gideon Lee says of him: "He was so systematic that he kept all accounts posted up to each night, and all correspondence answered, so that up to the evening preceding his last illness, everything was in its place. Without this system and regularity he could not have accomplished but a tithe of his projects."

The order or system in question will assist young men in three things, which those of them who are bound to be successful will do, namely, thinking, observing, and reading. We have seen, in every example of success, that the brain led. Thought was dominant. The mind investigated, planned, observed, counted the cost, weighed chances, decided, and summoned the whole man to action. Lessing said to a young man, "Think for yourself; think wrongly if you will, but think for yourself." He did not mean to encourage him in error, but to express his abhorrence of that listless, thoughtless, half imbecile way of living that characterizes young men who never amount to

anything. "Our bodily forms, and oaks of the forest, *grow*. They grow from within. So our intellectual natures must *grow*. They grow from slow assimilation, from solid action, from the labour of thought. . . . It is only after having been surrounded with obstacles, and assailed with battle, and rocked in the storm, that human souls grasp the sceptre of royalty. And all our attempts to make a strong and well-disciplined mind by question-asking, and lecturing, and talking, or any other method than simple *thinking*, are as futile as the attempt to make a strong oak by hanging garlands of flowers upon its trunk, or a mighty kingdom by constructing for it armies of buckram and palaces of paper." Coleridge says, "There is one art of which every man should be master—the art of reflection. If you are not a *thinking* man, to what purpose are you a man at all?" That is it. The mind was made to *think*, as the legs were made to walk. It is supposed that the words *think* and *thing* are originally the same, denoting an act of the mind. Thoughts are the *things* of the mind, or, we might say, its *deeds*. If there are no *deeds*, verily, "to what purpose are you a man at all?"

Joseph Paxton planned the Crystal Palace of 1851. He was the gardener of the Duke of Devonshire at the time the Committee of the Great Exhibition advertised for plans of a building. The public very properly expected that the architects and engineers of the country alone would contend for the prize. A gardener was the last man from whom a suitable model was expected. Yet this gardener, Paxton, furnished a plan that was far superior to dozens of them that came from

*Goldthwait.

engineers and architects. There was no doubt nor questioning among the committee; Paxton's plan was so novel, and so clearly adapted to the purpose, that it was adopted at once. How can this fact be explained? How was it that the gardener won and the professional architects failed? Paxton answered all such inquiries when he said, that it was a subject upon which he had been *thinking* for years, although he had never dreamed that the time would come when his *thinking* would take on tangible form. He was a man of thought, and these *deeds* of his mind had taken forms of beauty and utility in horticulture; but here was a new field for him, where *thinking* was equally victorious. The fact illustrates the practicability, efficiency, and value of thought, both to the thinker and the world. For this thinking, which he could do as well as not, he was knighted, and subsequently was appointed architect of the larger and grander crystal palace at Sydenham, having entire charge of laying out the pleasure-grounds, fountains, etc., of that remarkable enterprise. He was elected a member of Parliament, also, in 1854; and withal became one of the most honoured men of his country: all the result of careful, discriminating, and useful *thinking!*

Reading contributes largely to thought and observation, while these make a loud call for reading. Here action and reaction are equal; that is, such is the case when the life-work is reduced to systematic management. Methodical arrangement secures time for the busiest men to read, as we have seen that singleness of purpose adds to the profitableness of their reading. We have seen that some men of the most extensive business have been great readers, and made themselves

intelligent, and even learned. The systematic class appear to possess greater love for reading than those of desultory and aimless life. The latter class may read, but to little purpose. Among young men, they are the ones who read for amusement only, and hence read trashy fiction and stories that scarcely deserve classification anywhere, unless it be in the class in which Dr. Johnson put Garrick's cooks, namely, "stuff, trash, and nonsense." Nor is there any more system in their reading than there is in their secular business. Many young men, to say nothing of others, do not ask whether it is better for them to read history, biography, travels, science, art, or literature, one or all in systematic course; but they draw from the library whatever happens to be uppermost in their minds, without the most distant thought of mental culture and preparation for future and graver responsibilities. Coleridge divides readers into four classes. "The first," he says, "may be compared to an hour glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in, and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it merely in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave in the diamond mines in Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gem." The latter class is the only one that deserves our respect; and yet it is the smallest class of all. Young men should be heartily ashamed of belonging to either of the four classes except the last; and those of them who are already on the way to success will be ashamed to belong to any other class.

We have seen that Franklin saved about two hours a day for reading from the three hours allotted to meals, when he was in the Boston printing-office. He did this by boarding himself, eating simple bread or other food that required little time for mastication. System will enable any other young man to save two hours each day from sunrise to bedtime. Mark what he can accomplish by the careful use of that time in reading. He can read and appropriate at least twenty pages an hour, or forty pages each day, easily making up the average of fifty pages per day by the wise use of additional time on Sunday, or three hundred and fifty pages per week. This would amount to over eighteen thousand pages in a year, which is annually forty-five volumes of four hundred pages each. Let this amount of reading be history one year, biography another, travels another, natural philosophy another, and so on through a series of years; and he makes himself master of several departments of knowledge in fifteen or twenty years. By the time he is sixty years old, it is possible for him to rank with the graduates of our best colleges in literary attainments, when the latter are at the same age. Here is a practical matter for young men to consider. It is not guess-work nor extravagant statement. It is susceptible of mathematical demonstration that young men can command time enough, by systematic labour, to distinguish themselves in literary circles.

It is worth while, then, for young men to study order in their daily affairs, even though nothing were gained by it except time for reading. If a young man plead that he has no business of his own, and therefore no affairs of sufficient consequence to systematize, his

plea is made void by this fact, that system will secure time for thinking, observing, and reading. Besides, it is not true that the young man has no business to reduce to system. He has a time to rise in the morning and to retire at night, a lodging-room to keep in order, a wardrobe to arrange, meals to partake of, letters to write, and many other duties to meet—all of which require him to study order. Everywhere there is an opportunity to test this virtue. The housekeeper, the mechanic, the merchant, the employé as well as the employer, the student, the farmer, the humblest as well as the greatest of mankind, find abundant opportunity to introduce method into daily life.

It should not be overlooked that, in this age, young men find facilities for self-culture in the libraries, reading-rooms, lyceums, newspapers, and public lectures, which the cities and larger towns, and even some of the smaller towns, furnish; and system in their work will enable them to use these institutions to advantage. They are practical auxiliaries to successful living, especially adapted to young men who are thoroughly occupied during business hours. With these free sources of culture alone, the average young man is not excusable if he lack intelligence or knowledge.

We have now discussed the executive qualities which Samuel Budgett characterized by the appellation—*PUSH*. Together they set before us the *possibilities* of the young man, and nothing short of that will satisfy the highest and truest ambition. It is what a young man *may* become that demands attention. The possibilities of the acorn is not the sturdy oak, but a forest and even a continent of oaks, with naval fleets on the sea, and timber enough for city and country. Sir

Walter Raleigh took a single potato to the British dominions in the sixteenth century, and it has sustained the life of millions of people, driven famine away again and again, and contributed largely to the wealth, prosperity, and glory of England and America. The crew of the "Mayflower" stood on the storm-beaten rock of Plymouth in 1620, a forlorn and famished band of exiles, bidding fair to become the prey of wild beasts or Indians before the first "winter of their discontent" was past. That was the *actual* promise. The *possibilities* of that godly company are what we behold now of thrift, renown, power, and glory in America. So the *actual* of the young man is inexperience, undeveloped faculties, obscurity, penury, hardship, and whatever else belongs to early struggles; the *possible* is a Luther, Wellington, Washington, Bacon, Lincoln, Astor, or Newton.

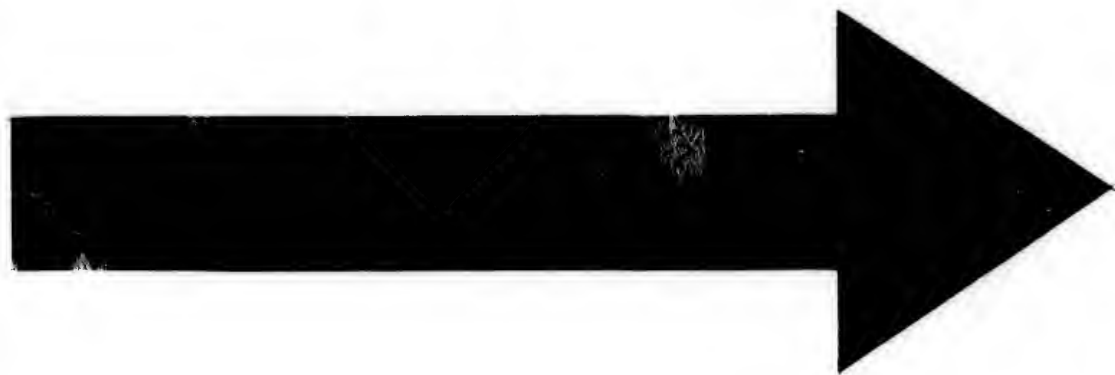
So far as successful men in trade, science, or public life have recorded the rules that governed their action, they will be found to embrace the elements of character already considered in these pages, together with others to be discussed in the sequel. McDonogh, the millionaire of New Orleans, directed that the following rules should be engraved upon his monument, because they were the rules that controlled his business career, and secured his great success:—

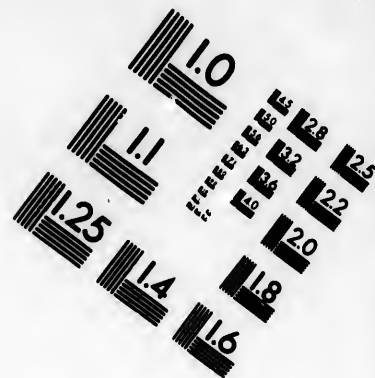
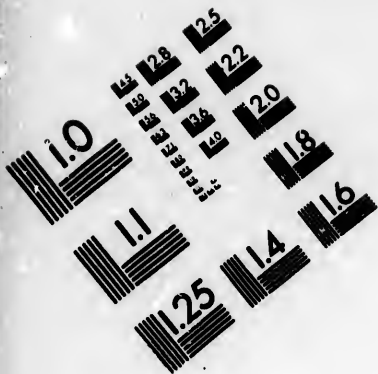
"Remember always that labour is one of the conditions of our existence.

"Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

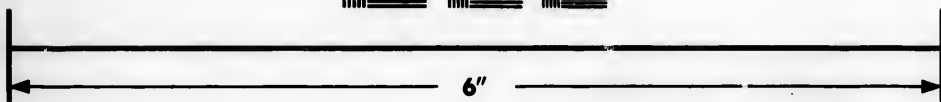
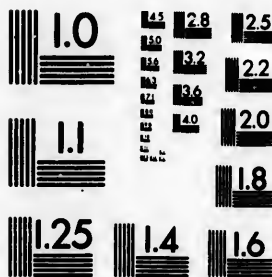
"Do unto all men as you would be done by.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.





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"Never bid another to do what you can do yourself.

"Never covet what is not your own.

"Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice.

"Never give out that which does not first come in.

"Never spend but to produce.

"Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life.

"Study in your course of life to do the greatest amount of good.

"Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honourable simplicity and frugality.

"Labour, then, to the last moment of your existence.

"Pursue strictly the above rules, and the Divine blessing and riches of every kind will flow upon you to your heart's content; but, first of all, remember that the chief and great study of our life should be to attend, by all the means in our power, to the honour and glory of our Divine Creator. The conclusion to which I have arrived is, that without temperance there is no health; without virtue, no order; without religion, no happiness; and that the aim of our being is to live wisely, soberly, and righteously."

When the steamer *Henry Clay* was burned on Hudson River, one of the most eminent and useful citizens of New York perished, Hon. Stephen Allen. He was once mayor of the city, and he filled other important offices, at different times, with great acceptance to his constituents. Two days after the terrible disaster his body was recovered, and the following printed rules were found in his pocket-book, evidently his *Vade mecum* :

"Keep good company or none.

"Never be idle.

"If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

"Always speak the truth.

"Make few promises.

"Live up to your engagements.

"Keep your own secrets if you have any.

"When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

"Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

"Good character is above all things else.

"Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

"If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

"Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

"Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income.

"When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

"Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

"Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind.

"Never play at any kind of game of chance.

"Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

"Earn money before you spend it.

"Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.

"Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

"Never speak evil of any one.

"Be just before you are generous.

"Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

"Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

“Read over the above maxims at least once a week.”

We might add other tables of rules adopted by other eminent men in different pursuits, were it desirable, but we should find them all similar in spirit and scope, embracing the indispensable elements of success which are discussed in this volume. As success depends upon certain qualities of soul, natural and acquired, whatever the chosen profession may be, all correct rules of conduct must necessarily be alike. “*Similis simili gaudet*,—Like is pleased with like.”

XIII.

CHARACTER.

"**C**HARACTER cannot be trusted without principle," it is said. It is equally true that the executive forces discussed cannot be trusted without principle. Cæsar and Napoleon are examples of great talents and executive ability under the control of inordinate ambition instead of moral principle. Byron was mighty in intellectual power and energy, enabling him to preach well; but his practice was abominable for the want of principle. We might multiply illustrations of ability cursing the world for the want of moral control and direction, were it necessary; but it is not necessary. The fact is patent to all. On a smaller scale, every young man can discover illustrations enough of the statement in question around him in any community, and possibly among those of his own age.

In this chapter it is our purpose to treat the subject of **CHARACTER** in a general way, rather than to present a sharp analysis of it. There is something which nearly every person recognizes as a reality, called *character* in popular language, and it is that we propose to discuss. Few, if any, deny its existence; perhaps few deny its value. The young man readily acknowledges its place and power. He might not agree to all the elements which a thorough analysis from our standpoint shows that it possesses; but he does agree to the popular idea

of character, as an indispensable and invaluable possession. It is just here that we desire to meet him now, leaving the more critical discussion of principle for subsequent chapters. If there be a young man so erratic, ignorant, or depraved as to deny the worth of character, in the sense defined, to himself and others, in any and every occupation, he is no more qualified to appreciate these pages than a lunatic. We do not write for him, but for those who are capable of comprehending a moral lesson. We leave him to be saved by other influences, or to drift along until the star of his destiny reaches its zenith on the meridian of Sodom.

Character is not reputation; it is, like life, "real." The terms are often used synonymously, though really different. Character is what a man *is*. Reputation may be what he is not. Character is a man's real worth—his intrinsic value. Reputation is what is *thought* of him,—his value in the market of public opinion. Character "hath foundations," a basis enduring as granite. Reputation rests upon fluctuating hearsay, "which to-day is and to-morrow is not." Character is the product of working laws. Reputation may exist independent of law—a lawless thing. It has been said that "the reputation of a man is like his shadow: it sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him; it is sometimes longer and sometimes shorter than himself." A person really devoid of personal character may be favourably reported abroad; but he alone who is intrinsically worthy of such a name can claim the character of which we speak.

Some years ago a box of supposed gold-dust was sent by a Californian miner to a Boston chemist for analysis. The miner had no question as to the

character of the dust; for other considerations he sought the analysis. The chemist reported "iron pyrites," instead of gold. This fact illustrates the distinction before us. The *reputation* of the dust was gold, but its true *character* was "iron pyrites." The same is true of men. Several professors of religion in Fall River, Mass., enjoyed a *golden* reputation for years; but the unexpected disclosure of facts proved their character to be "iron pyrites;" and they are now in states-prison. It is CHARACTER that we discuss, and not reputation.

Character is greater than intellect, though the latter may be Shakespearean or Websterian. The young man never comes into the possession of anything worthier or more valuable than unblemished character. He may accumulate a million of money, and he is still poor if he is without this. The most abject pauper on earth is he whose character is threadbare, ragged, and worthless. He may abide in a stately mansion and flourish his magnificent turn-out, and obsequious fools may applaud him; but he is a *moral tramp* nevertheless, more perilous to society on account of his money, and to himself also. Addressing young men, Professor Blaikie, of the University of Edinburgh, said: "Money is not needful, power is not needful, cleverness is not needful, fame is not needful, liberty is not needful, even health is not the one thing needful; but CHARACTER alone is that which can truly save us; and if we are not saved in this sense, we must certainly be damned."

The young man must not suppose that it is an optional matter with him to possess this treasure; there is a duty about it. He cannot shirk the obligation if he would. He is not in duty bound to be rich, or to be an author or statesman; but he is bound to make an unblemished

character. He robs God, and cheats both society and himself, if he do not. The requirement is both practicable and reasonable. The poorest and obscurest man can fulfil it. The weakest and sickliest person has as good a chance as the strongest and healthiest, and perhaps better. None but the insane and idiotic can be excused. Nor is the sin of neglecting or discarding this obligation of minor consequence; for it not only insults God, but it assaults virtue and curses society in a hundred ways. It is the worst evil that a young man is capable of inflicting upon the community. None but an unprincipled and base fellow will do it.

In these statements concerning character we put forth nothing new. They are but the reiteration of what has been said and taught always. Martin Luther said: "The prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance of the revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, its men of education, enlightenment, and CHARACTER. Here are to be found its true interests, its chief strength, its real power."

There are certain specific advantages to be considered. And first, Character is *capital*. "When poverty is your inheritance, virtue must be your capital." Whether poverty is one's inheritance or not, virtue is the best capital a young man can have. Money-capital will not secure confidence, or, at least, not the confidence requisite in the transaction of business. Enough money will beget confidence in the pecuniary ability of a trader; but that alone will not beget confidence in his *moral* ability. It is not a guarantee against lying, cheating, or other forms of over-reaching. But character is such a

guarantee. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." The French proverb has it, "A good name is better than a girdle of gold." We have seen that the most successful men have found it so. Good principles gave them a good start. Amos Lawrence declined to use one thousand dollars which his father offered to loan him when he commenced business in Boston. There was a large amount of *character* in that refusal. With no more knowledge of the young man than this single fact, we should infer that he was a young man of enterprize and principle. Late in life he wrote to his son, who was in France: "Good principles, good temper, and good manners will carry a man through the world much better than he can get along with the absence of either. The most important is GOOD PRINCIPLES. Without these, the best manners, although for a time very acceptable, cannot sustain a person in trying situations."

There is a combination of qualities that constitute personal character. These may be wholly secular, though under the control of strict integrity. There must be this latter quality to render the claim to reliable character just. Society is indebted very much to a class of citizens, who are not Christians, for their efficient business tact combined with their social and moral virtues. Their *push* is subject to moral restraint, such as uprightness imposes. Their intelligence attracts, their efficiency wins respect, and their word, "as good as a note of hand," secures the entire confidence of the public. Just here it was that Franklin was able to say of himself: "Hence it was that I had so much weight with my fellow-citizens. I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice

of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my point." It was because the people had confidence in his "tact, push, and principle." An eminent example of our own times is that of Abraham Lincoln. The nation had reached a crisis where none but an "*honest*" man could save it. A President must be elected for his *character* rather than for his ability, although the latter must not be overlooked. Lincoln was elected mainly for his *character*. He was not a Christian, but he was a man of "principle." He had a well-earned reputation for that. There was no stain upon his *character*; it was clean as the unwritten letter-sheet. For that reason he was made President. Character was his capital. It not only won the Presidency for him, but he worked and built upon it in the office; and the nation trusted him, knowing that his moral resources were equal to the crisis. The loyal people had no fears that he would prove a moral bankrupt. All the demagogism, disloyalty, and treason in the land could not break him. The people believed this, and so they trusted, and waited, and triumphed.

Character is *power*. This has been implied in what has already been said. "Knowledge is power;" but knowledge may exist without character. Add character to it, and we have invincible power. The great influence that Samuel Budgett wielded over all classes was found here. The scene presented at his funeral was not possible except when a man of unbounded influence dies. Young and old, rich and poor, high and low, gathered from miles around to pay an honest tribute to his memory. Fewer tears would have been shed over the remains of England's greatest statesman. In the region of Bristol, no death but that of the Queen herself would have touched hearts so tenderly.

"This is a remarkable funeral," said a stranger to an aged man in the crowd.

"Yes, sir," replied the old gentleman; "such a one as we never had in Kingswood before. The best man in Kingswood gone to-day."

"Were you employed by the deceased merchant?" the stranger continued.

"Seventeen years, sir!" he answered with a deep-drawn sigh; and then added, "Ah, sir! a great man has fallen!"

"No doubt he was an important man in this neighbourhood," rejoined the stranger.

"In this neighbourhood!" exclaimed the aged employé, as if afraid that his employer's true character would not receive its proper meed of praise; "there was not his equal in all England. No tongue can tell what that man did." His money and abilities were forgotten in that sad hour, in sincere admiration of his personal character.

We might adduce many of the distinguished men spoken of in the foregoing pages, to illustrate the point before us. With most of them character was their power.

We have said that, next to the living man, the portrait of him in biography is instructive. What he was and did is there recorded. Reading is next to seeing it. It is object-teaching. What one man has done, another can do. He may do it even better. As all past inventions and discoveries may be surpassed in future years, so that the wonderful things of the nineteenth century may be eclipsed by those of the twentieth, so it is possible for the young men of to-day to excel the models of character held up to their view.

Models have fall as much to do with the culture of character as rules. Almost unconsciously young men are influenced by the opinions, manners, habits, and standing of others. Here the appeal is made to the senses. Principles are acted. Good resolutions are dissipated by bad example. Honourable ambition is awakened by good example. Sometimes example nullifies the best lessons; and again, it overcomes the worst. Hence we exhort young men to study models of character; not so much the *great* qualities that make certain men gigantic and exceptional, as those other qualities that find their noblest exercise in every-day affairs. These make up the personal character which becomes essential to success.

What men call "good manners," "behaviour," "courtesy," "good breeding," or "manliness," form an important part of character. Emerson says, "Behaviour is the finest of the fine arts." John M. Crane said to his nephew, "Civility is the poor man's capital." Lord Chatham dubbed it "Benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in little, daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. It is a perpetual attention to the little wants of those with whom we are, by which attention we prevent or remove them." This phase of character is regarded as synonymous with "true politeness," as seen in the definition of Dr. Witherspoon: "Politeness is real kindness kindly expressed." Another says: "Temper is one-half of Christianity." Still another writes: "Manners are the garments of the spirit, the external clothing of the being, in which character ultimates itself." Burke says: "Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant,

steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in." And Dr. Franklin, in a very amusing way, expresses a similar idea by reference to the "handsome and deformed leg." A friend of his had a handsome leg, together with a deformed one, and he used them to determine what men possessed characters suitable for companionship. "If a stranger regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one, he doubted him. If he spoke of it, and took no notice of the handsome leg, that was sufficient to determine my philosopher to have no further acquaintance with him. Everybody has not this two-legged instrument; but every one, with a little attention, may observe signs of that carping, fault-finding disposition, and take the same resolution of avoiding the acquaintance of those infected with it. I therefore advise those critical, querulous, discontented, unhappy people that, if they wish to be respected and beloved by others, and happy in themselves, *they should leave off looking at the ugly leg.*"

These quotations embody a phase of character to which young men need to give special attention. It is not what they observe in fashionable life,—manners that are formed by rules, perhaps acquired in the dancing-school, the Lord Chesterfield style of conduct; for these are donned and doffed at pleasure, as occasion requires, while the "behaviour" which we recommend is a part of the man himself, the manifestation of solid and enduring qualities within. Chesterfield manners pertain to the outside, and do not go skin-deep, except where they admit of duplicity; while the gentlemanly demeanour we indorse is the fruit of *Heart*-qualities. Chesterfield allowed hypocrisy when it was necessary to gain the applause of mankind; and the chief motive he

presented for "elegant manners" was to attract attention. He advocated the "whited sepulchre," no matter what uncleanness was found within. It was a well-executed *counterfeit* that he would produce, instead of the genuine article.

"Good manners," "true manliness," "genuine politeness," or whatever you please to call it, proceeds from real character. For this reason, it is the same at all times and in all places. It is neither fitful nor deceitful. The merchant who possesses it conducts towards his employés in the warehouse with the same urbanity that characterizes him in the drawing-room or on a board of directors. That was true of Budgett, Lawrence, and many others whom we have named as models. They treated porters with as much genuine politeness as they did customers. A writer, in presenting the Hon. Abbott Lawrence as a model in this regard, pays a tribute to all mercantile houses of character, thus: "Universal politeness has become a primary law in all eminent mercantile houses. It characterizes the intercourse of the Barings, the Rothschilds, Laboucheres, and all the most respected American houses. Every Boston merchant remembers with pleasure the genial urbanity which graced the energy, success, grand beneficence, and important public services of Abbott Lawrence, the distinguished merchant and statesman. The feelings and courtesy of the true gentleman marked his eminent character. Whoever enters the counting-room of a Baring, Labouchere, or a Lawrence, whether his proposals are accepted or declined, is sure to meet with civility." In like manner Edward Everett spoke of Peter C. Brooks: "His company was welcome to young and old. No one left it without a pleasant im-

pression of that uniform urbanity which was no trick of manner, but the impulse of a kindly heart. No one left it without wishing him a real and earnest blessing with the final farewell." Dr. Johnson was very emphatic in his views on this subject. He once remarked, "A man has no more right to *say* an uncivil thing than he has to *act* one,—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down." Were this view to be reduced to general practice, the change in domestic, social, and business life would be marvellous.

That "manners" have much to do with a young man's success any one can learn by brief acquaintance with business men. The merchant wants his clerks to be "perfect gentlemen," not foppish, not clownish, not boorish. He does not object to a high polish on their boots, but he does not want it all there. Officiousness, pride, and gruffness he will not tolerate in them. He requires and expects of them just about what the Bible does when it teaches, "Be courteous," "Be gentle unto all men," "In honour preferring one another," "Honour all men." Slang, vulgar and profane language, does not harmonize with such behaviour. Lawrence, Appleton, Brooks, and others, did not allow it. "No *gentleman* will indulge himself in such language," said the former. A "gentleman" is a man of *gentle manners*, one who exhibits uniformly "urbanity of manners or disposition, affability, mildness, freedom from roughness or rudeness, coarseness, grossness, or vulgarity."

Not only in warehouses, but everywhere else, such character is current. A lady met the late President Humphrey, of Amherst College, and she was very much impressed by his manners. Although belonging to another denomination, subsequently she gave one

hundred dollars to the college, offering as a reason for the act that "President Humphrey is a man of *genuine politeness*; a college with such a president deserves to be supported." A prominent merchant of New York city went to the Shoe and Leather Bank to open an account. "You may like to know why I open an account here," he remarked to the president, who was distinguished for real politeness. "Perhaps you think your money will be safer here," answered the president. "No. I come here because you are civil. I went into my old bank, and accidentally laid my hat on the cashier's desk. He looked at me with the air of five millions, and said, 'Take your hat off from my desk, sir.' I took it away, when he said, 'Now I will hear you.' I replied, 'No, you won't; I will have nothing to do with you.'" Daniel Webster was noted for his polite bearing. A Washington official went to see him at Marshfield one summer. On leaving the stage, the driver directed him to the Webster homestead. Thinking to shorten the distance, the visitor struck across-lots, but soon found himself on the banks of a stream. Observing an "old farmer" near by, he called out, "Look here, old fellow, I am going to see Webster; how am I to get across this stream?" "Jump or wade it," replied the farmer. He could not "jump it," nor was he willing to wet his feet. "I'll give you a quarter to take me across, old fellow," continued the visitor. Without making himself known, Webster carried him across, declined to accept the quarter, and politely directed him to the homestead. Soon after Webster joined the visitor in his own house, to the evident and great mortification of the guest. Not a word, however, passed between them respecting the affair. A few years since,

a boarder at the Astor House, New York, was wont to purchase of a newsboy at night all the papers he had left. His reason for the act was, "he is a perfect gentleman." A clerk of the late James Beebe, of Boston, by mistake sent the wrong goods purchased by a Western merchant. Months afterwards the customer entered Mr. Beebe's store under considerable excitement, saying, "I have been greatly misused by this house." "How so?" inquired Mr. B., with surprise. "You sent me goods that I never bought." "Indeed! that ought not to be," answered Mr. B., and he proceeded to inquire into it. Satisfying himself that the customer was right, Mr. B. said, "You are right, sir. Send back the goods at my expense, and I will make good your loss." "You can't make good my loss," responded the buyer passionately; "the season is over and styles are changed." "But don't you think we can approximate to it, so as to adjust the matter to your satisfaction?" "No; it is too late now," snapped out the man. "I don't agree with you, sir," continued Mr. B.; "look here, this store is good for *a million*." The customer laughed, adding, "Well, if you can be a gentleman, *I* can; show me what you have got." Amos Lawrence was accustomed to give the odd cents and odd quarter of a yard to the buyer; and it paid. It was the legitimate outgrowth of his noble character. On the other hand, the most niggardly specimen of a man whom we ever knew was worth nearly a million of dollars. He would talk longer, scrimp more, and "beat down" harder for a single cent, than any man of whom we ever heard. He was the opposite of Lawrence; nobody respected him. His penurious spirit was loathed; the man was despised. Giving or keep-

ing the half cent has won or lost reputation, because it is a key to character.

Conversation should be included in this branch of the subject. Chaste, sincere, instructive conversation alone is the outgrowth of good character. Ignorance, evil habits, low aims, and inferior manhood, are often disclosed by the conversation of a young man. On the other hand, intelligence, purity, noble purpose, and true manliness, are readily learned from the conversation. It is easy to select the young man who reads much and discriminately, who finds his associates among the exemplary, and whose aspirations are pure and high, from the opposite class, by his conversation alone. If low life does not put its mark upon the forehead, as God did upon Cain, it does put it upon the conversation; and that wonderful vehicle of thought, suited to convey the noblest lessons, is made an uncomely pack-horse for all sorts of ribaldry, balderdash, and profaneness. No young man can lay claim to respectable character whose conversation is not positive proof that he possesses it.

Dr. Franklin's conversation was always entertaining and profitable, and he claimed that he derived that "turn of mind" from the conversation of his father at the table, who "always discussed some subject, or developed some just principle of individual or social action, instead of talking forever about trout-catching, grouse-shooting; about dogs, dinners, dice, or trumps." Burritt ascribed his love of reading to the conversation of his father with certain neighbours who spent winter evenings with him, talking over revolutionary times. Elihu listened with charmed soul, and when he learned that such things were found in books, he earnestly

sought the books. If a sound character be nurtured, the conversation will be worthy of the same.

We might sum up what remains to be said in this chapter by the statement, that Character is *success*,—the highest success. The young man who makes the character discussed is successful. Burke said: "Tell me what are the prevailing principles of your young men, and I will tell you what will be the character of the next generation." There can be no greater success than to make themselves and "the next generation" noble. It is a low type of manhood that says, "Mind your own interests." It is a high type of manhood that says, "Mind your DUTIES." Gideon Lee was an example of the latter, of whom it was said: "It was his misfortune (if, indeed, it be one) to be born poor. It was his merit, by industry and perseverance, to acquire wealth. It was his misfortune to be deprived of an education when young; it was his merit to force it in maturer age. It was his misfortune to be without friends in his early struggle, to aid him by their means or counsel; it was his merit to win them in troops by a CHARACTER that challenged all scrutiny."

XIV.

CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE is an essential part of spotless character. Emerson says: "Men of character are the conscience of the community to which they belong." The remark is true in an important sense; and it shows that any consideration of Principle that does not embrace conscience is essentially defective. For its office is to discriminate, admonish, and judge. It discriminates between what is good and bad in human actions; it teaches us to do what is right, and refuse to do what is wrong; and, when an act is performed, it approves or condemns, as the case may be, giving us pleasure or pain. Like our physical and mental faculties, it may be improved by use, and weakened by disuse. The thoughtful, sincere consideration of a proposed act, or course of action, raising the inquiry, Is it right? makes a tender conscience; and a good writer says, "A tender conscience is an inestimable blessing; that is, a conscience not only quick to *discern* what is evil, but instantly to *shun* it, as the eyelid closes itself against a mote." When an act has been performed, the habit of inquiring whether the *motive* was right, cultivates the faculty and increases its power. On the other hand, that careless, indifferent way of doing things, so common with men, as if there were no moral quality in actions, demoralizes conscience. Putting one's self into

doubtful circumstances unnecessarily, coming into contact with evil when there is no need of it, tends directly to the injury of conscience. It is a fearfully abused faculty by the mass of mankind. Perhaps the thoughtless multitude regard it a trifling possession, although this seems scarcely possible, since the very derivation of the word is suited to disabuse their minds of such folly. It is derived from two Latin words: *con*, with, and *scire*, to know—to know *with*, implying a second person present who knows the right or wrong with the soul; and that person is God. "The working of conscience is His laws working in our hearts. The word implies the awful duality of our souls—God, man. Man sinning; God in the soul rebuking. Man doing wrong, and God in his soul knowing it." A more serious fact does not belong to moral principle.

James Harper, founder of the publishing house known as Harper Brothers, of New York, went to that city in his youth. A place was found for him in a printing-office in Franklin-square. His good principles made up for his inexperience. Fast young men attempted to draw him into their scrapes, but they failed to lure or push him into their evil courses. They invited him to drink with them, but he refused. They urged him to attend the theatre; he politely declined on principle. They tried to lead him into the billiard hall, but he would not go. They entreated him to play cards just for sport, but he was immovable in his purpose to let them alone. Finally, being unable to seduce him from his high moral purpose, they resorted to ridicule. They laughed at his coat, his awkward gait, his heavy shoes, and asked him "how long he had been tied to his mother's apron-strings." One fellow sneeringly

asked him for his card, whereupon James, forgetting himself for the moment, kicked the scapegrace downstairs, telling him "That is my card." Three minutes afterwards he told the fellow that he was sorry, adding, "When I get to doing business for myself I will let you have work." Sure enough, twenty years thereafter, that same man came to him in a miserable plight for work, and Harper gave him a job to keep him from starving. Of one or two of the others, or rather of their sister, Mr. Harper told the following incident late in his life: "When I was mayor of the city a young woman called at my office and wanted me to give her employment. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant whose sons had ridiculed my poverty when I was doing the dirty work in the printing-office. She was very attractive and very accomplished. She had been the belle of the city, and was now forlorn, friendless, and an out-cast. I begged her to return to the society she had once adorned. She rose from the seat, looked me square in the face, and said: 'Mr. Harper, you are a humane man; you would help me if any one would. You have daughters. I am thoroughly competent to be their governess, companion, and instructor. *Would you place them under my care? Would you give me a shelter, and a trial?*' I could not speak for a moment. 'You need not answer,' she replied, was out of sight in a moment, and I never saw her again."

Here is a man who was bound by his conscience from his youth. What a contrast with the useless and wretched lives of most of those who ridiculed his conscientious acts! Rising to the highest positions of honour and trust in the metropolis, as intelligent as he was wealthy, as noble as he was enterprising Had

he ignored and ridiculed conscience, as his associates did, his career would have been as dishonourable as theirs! Dr. Bellows said of Jonathan Goodhue, whose successful career we have sketched: "Probably conscientiousness would be first named by this community as Mr. Goodhue's characteristic quality. Duty I doubt not was the word, if not oftenest upon his lips, most deeply stamped upon his heart. He was accustomed to refer his conduct, in little and great things, to the court of conscience." It is an enviable position to attain, when people say of a well-known citizen on the street, "There goes a man with a conscience." When Astor walked Broadway they said, "There goes Astor," remembering his wealth. But when Goodhue walked the same street, men forgot his wealth in admiration of his character, and said, "There goes a man with a conscience."

Every young man needs to consult conscience in the choice of his profession. He has no business to follow a pursuit that is detrimental to the social or moral interests of society. He is base indeed if he choose the liquor business, or if he run a drug-store where he secretly panders to the unbridled appetites of his fellow-men. Better that he had never been born, or that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were drowned in the sea, than to engage in such nefarious trade. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also." No matter whether the business is licensed or not; it becomes no better for being conducted under the sanction of law; it is still the same demoralizing, destructive, and despicable traffic. The same is true of any trade that involves deception and cheating. No

man has a right to adopt a manufacturing business that makes it necessary for him to put cotton where wool is promised in whole or in part, to scrimp quality or measure in order to secure ample profits, to furnish shoddy goods when a better article is paid for. It is a mean, contemptible business to make paper soles for boots and shoes, or to make them out of cast-off boots and shoes, and sell them for the genuine article; and the young man who consents to engage in such a pursuit not only inflicts the greatest injury upon his moral nature, but also he sacrifices all claim to the respect of decent people. Any manufacture that involves adulterations, whether of food, drinks, or other articles, must come under the unqualified condemnation of an educated conscience. In the mercantile life of Budgett there came a time when his conscience troubled him about the pepper that he sold in his store. Reliable information satisfied him that the manufacturer adulterated it for the purpose of evading the heavy tax that Government imposed upon it. He felt that it was wrong for him to sell an adulterated article in his store. He considered the subject carefully, until finally one night he awoke with his thoughts upon the casks in his warehouse marked "P. D." He soon settled the matter, and arose at midnight, went to his store, rolled out every cask of P. D., and tumbled them down an embankment behind the building, where they were dashed to pieces in the precipitous descent. He returned to his house with a clear conscience, and slept soundly until morning. Never more did P. D. find lodgment under his roof. Mr. Budgett was right; and the young man who does not behold with admiration such conscientious regard for principle must lack moral perception.

"But it is *legal*," is a plea that some advance. What of that? A cheat is a cheat, whether Government indorse it or not. The legality of a thing cannot eradicate its essential meanness. If Government legalize a wicked business, so much the worse for Government. And yet many intelligent men appease conscience by the fact that an act or business is legal. Young men just entering upon business are liable to be deceived and wrecked by this popular notion. The author once said to a young man who was engaged in publishing a paper with an older gentleman who was a professed Christian, "Why do you advertise theatres, billiard-halls, and other places of vicious resort?" His reply was, "Our rule is to advertise anything that is *legal*,"—that is, their rule was to crush conscience and abandon moral principle. The elder partner died suddenly soon afterwards, and the younger one became a notorious defaulter within ten years. And why should he not become a miserable cheat and swindler? He started on that road when he began business; why should he not bring up at the end of it? Lawrence wrote to a collegian: "Take this for your motto at the commencement of your journey, that the difference of going *just right* or a *little wrong* will be the difference of finding yourself in good quarters or in a miserable bog or slough at the end of it." Thousands of young men have found themselves in a wretched slough, or something worse, by travelling this *legal* road. It was simply a *legal* way of going to ruin.

But men of character do such things, it is said. What sort of character? Surely not men of real *moral* character, not men who claim to be conscientious. Not men who are examples of integrity to be imitated.

That some men who have a "respectable standing" in business circles do such things we admit; and it is a blot upon the traffic of the land. It is one of the things that has caused a multitude of good people to believe that business firms and corporations have no conscience. Such methods of trade cannot be justified by any code of morals that is current among conscientious people. If a man's business be not clean, his character cannot be clean. More than that, his conscience becomes voiceless and worthless under the persistent use of such methods. Far better be under the tutelage of even the pagan emperor of China, who was petitioned to license the opium trade and secure a revenue thereby, to which he replied: "It is true, I cannot prevent the introduction of the poison; gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes; *but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people.*" This distinguished pagan is well qualified to teach civilized people, who believe that the "legal" is a proper rule of conduct; and, also, to rebuke the conscienceless government that forces the opium traffic upon his country.

Young men may say, "These are *small matters*; it won't do to be too particular." "Small matters," indeed! That conviction alone has ruined thousands of young men, financially and morally. It is a careful regard for *little things*, both in secular and moral affairs, that leads to success. We have seen that the successful men in trade began "small," and were content with small gains from year to year. The men who "despise little things," and are content only with "heaps" of profit, are the men who fail. Amos Lawrence said: "I made about fifteen hundred dollars the first year I

began business in Boston, and more than four thousand the second. Probably had I made four thousand the first year, I should have failed the second or third year." Large profits would have made him incautious and perhaps reckless in extending trade, as is the case frequently. Several years ago the editor of the *Merchants' Magazine* said: "No man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department, without being careful of small things. As the beach is composed of grains of sand, as the ocean is made up of drops of water, so the millionaire's fortune is the aggregation of the profits of single ventures, often inconsiderable in amount. Every eminent merchant, from Girard and Astor down, has been noted for his attention to details. Few distinguished lawyers have ever practised in the courts, who have not been remarkable for a similar characteristic. It was one of the most striking peculiarities of the first Napoleon's mind. . . . Demosthenes, the world's unrivalled orator, was as anxious about his gestures or intonations as about the texture of his argument or its garniture of words. Before such great examples, and in the very highest walks of intellect, how contemptible the conduct of the small minds who despise small things."

"Minding little things" is a Divine requirement. It is a law pervading the universe. A spark of fire falling on some chemicals led to the invention of gunpowder. Bits of glass gathered for the amusement of children was the beginning of investigations that created the telescope. The waving of a shirt hanging before the fire suggested to Montgolfier the plan of a balloon. Rupert saw a soldier rubbing the rust from his musket, and the circumstance directed him to the invention of

mezzotint engraving. Goodyear neglected his skillet until it was red-hot, and the accident guided him to the manufacture of vulcanized rubber. Noticing a child's soap-bubbles assisted Newton to some of his most important optical discoveries. A man amused himself by cutting letters on the bark of a tree, and out of it grew the art of printing. And thus on through the whole range of inventions and discoveries.

No less true is it in respect to events. "Little causes produce great results." In the early history of New England there was a war between two Indian tribes caused by a grasshopper. A boy of one tribe caught a grasshopper, and the boy of another tribe wanted it; and so the two tribes fought. It was called the "Grasshopper War." A war between France and England, costing one hundred thousand lives, grew out of an equally trivial affair. An English and French vessel met at Bayonne for a supply of water; and they fought to see who should be supplied first. Then the two nations which they represented fought to the bitter end. Pope Adrian was choked by a gnat, and his death wrought important changes in the history of the world. Were the Queen of England to die by swallowing the skin of a raisin, as Anacreon did, the event would change the history of Great Britain, and affect the civilized world.

Little things, also, generally determine the careers of distinguished men. Audubon was induced to devote himself to researches in natural history by conversation with a gardener. Benjamin West said that he was made a painter by "the kiss of his mother." He drew the picture of his baby-sister in the cradle so perfectly, in his boyhood, that his mother kissed him.

Wilberforce claimed that his philanthropic labours were the direct result of the gift of a little money from his aunt, accompanied by earnest counsel that he should give a portion of it to the poor. A President of the United States, in his youth, designed to be a farmer, as his father was. A great freshet, in the spring-time, interrupted labour on the farm for a brief season; and, while waiting for the water to subside, he concluded to prepare for college, and acquire a liberal education. Most successful men can point to some such unimportant event, in itself considered, as the determining cause of their chosen pursuits.

What we find to be true in secular concerns, is true also in morals. "Little foxes destroy the vines." Little sins sap the foundations of principle. Small departures from rectitude lead to greater ones. A disposition to overreach to the amount of one cent reveals the character, and destroys public confidence, as surely as the attempt to swindle one out of a hundred dollars. The too frequent way of excusing deception or fraud, because it is "little," is a rough way of abusing conscience. The wrong does not lie in the amount involved. The stealing of a pin or an apple violates the law "Thou shalt not steal," as really as the taking of a dollar. The first tramples upon the law as really as the last. "He that is unjust in the least is unjust in much;" that is, he acts upon the same principle that he would in perpetrating far greater sins. Upon this passage, Dr. Chalmers remarks: "Christ here speaks to the man who is only half an inch from the limits of forbidden ground in the very same terms by which He addresses the man who has made the farthest and largest incursions upon it. It is true he is only a little

way upon the wrong side of the line of demarcation, but why is he upon it at all? It was in the act of crossing that line, and not in the act of going on after he had crossed it; it was then that the contest between right and wrong was entered upon, and then it was decided. That was the instant of time when principle struck her surrender. The great pull which the man had to make was in the act of overleaping the fence of separation; and, after that was done, justice had no other barrier by which to obstruct his progress over the whole extent of the field which she had interdicted. He may be only a little way upon the margin of the unlawful territory, but still he is upon it, and the God who finds him there will reckon with him, and deal with him accordingly." Indeed, Dr. Chalmers goes further than this, and maintains that the highest criminality may be incurred where the coveted dishonest gain is "small;" for then the person acts under the smallest temptation, disclosing a readier disposition to overreach. He very properly concludes, that "he who acts upon the impulse of the smaller temptation is just going in a small way to hell."

No young man should conclude that this view of wrong-doing is limited to the pulpit and members of the church. It applies with equal force to secular affairs, and to every son and daughter of Adam. There is not one rule of right and wrong for saints, and another for sinners; not one for the pulpit, and another for the world of traffic. There is one rule only for everybody, everywhere. All human actions come within the domain of conscience.

There are many subjects relating to personal conduct which the young man must settle at the bar of

conscience, such as the proper observance of the Sabbath, attendance upon public worship, going to the theatre and billiard-hall, associating with fast young men, and other things too numerous to be rehearsed here. If conscience is active and true, we have no question what its decision will be in every case. It will be upon the side of a Sabbath observed, public worship attended constantly, giving the theatre, billiard-hall, and kindred places, and evil companions too, a wide berth. Other things being equal, the young man who honours the Sabbath and observes public worship is on the way to success, rather than he who turns his back upon them. "The Sabbath was made for man;" for the young man as truly as for the old man. The young man cannot afford to do without it so well as the old man; for he has more at stake, more temptations to encounter, a character to form, public confidence to win, and the inexperience and indiscretions of youth to guard against. And here we may add that one of the best acts a young man can perform, provided he does it sincerely, is to join a *church*, and thus identify himself with the business of a religious society, where his vote, as well as his opinions and good qualities, will be respected.

To stand by conscience under all circumstances, whatever one's vocation may be, settling doubts, repelling wrong according to the dictates of this divine monitor, is grand indeed! When Nicolas Biddle, of the old United States Bank, demanded that his clerks should perform extra work upon the Sabbath, one of the number replied that his conscience would not allow him to labour on the Sabbath. "Then you must leave, and give your work to some one who will work on the

Sabbath," Biddle replied. The young man left. Soon after, however, Biddle was visited by a friend who desired to employ a reliable, trustworthy young man for a very responsible position. Biddle recommended the clerk he had just dismissed, saying, "He is just the man for you; he refused to work for me on Sunday." Biddle had more confidence in that young man, after all, than he had in a whole regiment of clerks who would sacrifice conscience for place. And this recalls the act of Constantine, when he was elected emperor. Some Christians were in office, and he issued an edict requiring them to renounce their religion, or resign. A few of the number basely renounced their religious faith, all of whom he dismissed summarily, with the emphatic announcement: "Those of you who will desert or deny your Divine Master, will desert me, and are not worthy of my confidence." When Sidney, the immortal English patriot, was told that he could save his life by denying his own handwriting, and thus tell a falsehood, he replied: "When God has brought me into a dilemma, in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is, to prefer death to falsehood." Such conscientious regard for right challenges universal admiration. Even in the common affairs of life, it is grand to make the behests of conscience supreme.

Several years ago a lady entered a store in Boston, looked at some goods, and walked out without purchasing. "Why did not that lady purchase the goods?" inquired the proprietor of the young clerk. "Because she wanted Middlesex cloth," replied the young man. "And why did you not show her the next pile, and call them Middlesex?" "Because, sir, I knew they were

not Middlesex," was the clerk's prompt answer. "Young man, if you are so mighty particular, and can't bend a little to circumstances, you will never do for me," responded the merchant. The clerk's rejoinder is worthy of a record in history: "Very well, sir, if I must tell falsehoods in order to keep my place, I must lose it, though I know not where to go, or what to do." That young man, however, was never seen begging bread. His noble stand for the right introduced him to a better position, and he is now a wealthy and honoured citizen of a western state.

Perhaps conscience has been abused and abandoned more in bankruptcy than in almost any other form of failure. If one half the tales of swindling and robbery that are told of men who become bankrupts are true, then there is found an accumulation of iniquities sufficient to appal men of principle. Again and again a trader will fail, settle with his creditors for twenty or thirty cents on a dollar; continue his business, support his family in the same expensive style as before, drive fast horses, spend his summers at watering-places, just as if nothing had happened to his finances. We knew of one young man who failed, though he was only a bookkeeper. His debts amounted to five hundred and fifty dollars, through his inexcusable extravagance, and his assets were nothing. He took advantage of the bankrupt law, and thus cleared the way for further extravagance, defying conscience, public condemnation, self-respect, and the great God. Then, how few persons of this class ever liquidate their honest debts afterwards, when Providence vouchsafes to them a successful business? Cases of this kind are so rare as to attract attention when they do occur. Years ago a

prominent New York merchant, Wilson G. Hunt, met with a reverse of fortune, in consequence of which he settled with his creditors for fifty cents on a dollar. Subsequently he was very prosperous, made money rapidly, and paid every one of his creditors in full, including interest. The creditors, desirous of expressing their appreciation of such an unusual act, presented him with an elegant silver tea-service, bearing the following inscription:—

“Presented to Wilson G. Hunt, by John Haggerty, William Ardee, and Joseph Corlies, in behalf of themselves and his other creditors; who, in the year 1832 (satisfied that the insolvency was occasioned by misfortunes in trade), accepted a compromise of their claims, and gave him a complete release from all legal liability, as a testimonial of their high respect for his just sense of the *moral obligation of contracts*, as evinced by the payment, in the year 1839, of the balance of their respective claims, principal and interest; an act reflecting honour upon himself as a merchant, and proving him one of the noblest of the Creator’s works,—
AN HONEST MAN.”

One clause of this inscription is the conscience-clause, which we insist pertains to the smallest as well as the largest transactions, namely, “the MORAL obligation of contracts.” It is the one point of transcendent importance upon which the young man should concentrate his thoughts. It should be written over the door of his shop and warehouse, and inscribed upon his manufactures and the broad acres of his farm, “THE MORAL OBLIGATION OF CONTRACTS.” Instal Conscience over the domain of human conduct, and even secular life is invested with moral grandeur!

One thought more. Young men will meet with enemies enough without making Conscience their worst foe. The son of Dr. Rush killed a man in a duel—a method of settling difficulties that was considered honourable in his day. The memory of the act tormented him thereafter like the presence of an avenger. By day and by night his fallen victim haunted his soul as a spectre. At home, conscience allowed him no peace; abroad, its retribution was overwhelming. Finally, it drove him to despair, interrupting his business, unfitting him even for social intercourse, and then made him a raving maniac. The last few years of his wretched life were spent in the lunatic asylum of Philadelphia, one of the most pitiable objects ever treated in the institution. Hour after hour the conscience-smitten man would stand in his apartment immovable as a pillar, with no sign of intelligence or recollection, save now and then he would seem to be moved by desperate thoughts, and shout at the top of his voice, "*Fire! He's dead! he's dead!*"

Not widely separated, in point of time, from the foregoing, is another example equally startling. A distinguished public man at Washington accepted a challenge to a duel, and he was killed by his challenger. Several years afterwards, a literary gentleman met the challenger in Charleston, S. C., the latter inviting him to lodge in the same room with him. The invitation was declined at first, but was accepted on being told by the man of the crime he had committed, and that his alarm of conscience was such that he dreaded to be alone. Subsequently the lodger thus described the duellist on that night: "After long tossing upon his unquiet pillow and repeated half-stifled groans that revealed the

inward pangs, the murderer sank into slumber, and, as he rolled from side to side, the name of his victim was often uttered, with broken words that discovered the keen remorse that preyed like fire upon his conscience. Suddenly he would start up in his bed with the terrible impression that the avenger of blood was pursuing him, or hide himself in the covering as if he would escape the burning eye of an angry God that gleamed in the darkness over him. For him there was no rest. And it was not the restlessness of disease, the raving of a disordered intellect, nor the anguish of a maniac struggling in chains. It was a man of intelligence, education, health, and affluence, given up to himself,—not delivered over to the avenger of blood to be tormented before his time, but left to the power of his own conscience, suffering only what every one may suffer who is abandoned of God." Fearful retribution! "Art thou come hither to torment me before the time?"

"No ear can hear, no tongue can tell,
The tortures of that inward hell."*

The power of conscience is not limited to duelling and murder. Its avenging justice may be meted to the smallest transgressor. Against the minor wrongdoings of business its accusing voice may be heard above the din of traffic or the sound of hammer. The young trader or artisan may sell his Master any day for less than Judas sold Him.

* Byron.

XV.

HONESTY.

MIRABEAU once said, "If there were no honesty, it would be invented as a means of getting wealth." Some professed Christians attach less importance to this virtue than the professed infidel did. It is quite evident that the latter believed it to be the chief agent to be employed in the accumulation of wealth, which is contrary to the current opinion in some respectable quarters. It is not unusual for men who have an honourable standing in business circles to maintain that a fortune cannot be acquired by strict honesty. For this reason, we devote a chapter to its consideration, although honesty is implied by the claim set up for Conscience. The world stands in direct need of this solid and useful virtue, as the numerous cheats, adulterations, counterfeits, deceptions, speculations, and swindlings bear painful witness. A genuine reformation that should square all transactions with the rule of strict integrity would essentially change the world in which we live. If all the weights, measures, labels, invoices, boxes, bales, barrels, and other articles belonging to the mercantile world, connected with which dishonesty has been practised, were suddenly sent flying through the air, the sun would be darkened, and the conscience-smitten, at least, would expect the moon to turn to blood. If all of them were miraculously

endowed with voice, and they should unite in a cry of agony, society would be struck with terror by the stunning and horrible peal. Everything is counterfeited, from silver coin to character. There is false food, false apparel, false medicine, false honour, false friendship, false patriotism, false ethics, false religion, and false everything.

And yet we fully believe in the integrity and noble purpose of the great leaders of thought, business, and culture. There is more honesty in the world at large than ever. The methods of doing business have been, and are still, improving. A prominent and honoured merchant of New York city says: "My forty years' experience of mercantile life satisfies me that we have improved vastly in the morals of trade. The eleven-o'clock and four-o'clock drams were regularly handed around, and merchants, customers, and clerks drank together forty years ago. Salesmen were allowed to play cards in the store and fill up the idle hours with gaming. Customers were taken out and treated, and clerks fond of fast life conducted customers through gambling hells, and introduced them into dens of infamy. He was regarded a poor salesman who could not palm off on this liberality a heavy bill of goods. Many men, who plumed themselves on the title of merchant-princes when I was a young man, kept a gin-mill, a corner grocery, peddled milk, or run a sailor's boarding-house. The sons of the magnates of that far-off period are hewers of wood and drawers of water to modern millionaires." We do not impeach the general integrity of business-men, who exert more or less control over the marts of trade, while we expose and deplore the existence of dishonest practices, which

ought to be expelled from civilized society. As Christ cleaned out the temple by scourging avaricious money-changers and sellers of doves, driving them therefrom as desecrators of God's house, so a righteous public opinion should expel from the domain of traffic the cheats and extortioners who make it "a den of thieves." There is no doubt that hundreds of responsible traders would rejoice in such work of purification; and the reason it is not done, is because their hands are full of labour, and what is the duty of *all* good citizens becomes the duty of no one in particular.

Young men are introduced to this arena where deception, chicanery, and fraud must be met. They need to wear honesty as a coat of mail. No matter how humble the position they fill, nor how obscure the vocation they choose, the devil of temptation will be there. He will tempt the farmer to put the best apples at the top of the barrel, to increase the quantity of his milk at the pump, to scrimp the weight of his butter and hay, and to wink at social customs that undermine virtue and lure men to vice. He will tempt the mechanic to slight his work, to deceive in the quality of material furnished, to get the largest price possible when he can, without regard to justice, and to increase his profits by other dishonest or questionable acts. He will tempt the manufacturer to sand his sugar, to shoddy his broadcloth and carpeting, to oppress the labourer, to deceive the buyer, and to take advantage of others' necessities whenever he can. He will tempt the merchant to label American goods English or French; to sell Irish linen that was made in Massachusetts, and half cotton at that; to offer Brussels carpets manufactured at Lowell, and French calicoes fresh

from the Merrimack Mills; to call cotton wool, and make thirty-five inches a yard; to sell one article very low, in order to draw and fleece customers; and to represent goods to be what they are not. He will tempt the grocer to use a "false balance," which is "an abomination to the Lord," and ought to be to men; to dispose of tea at two prices out of the same chest; to offer *pure* coffee, spices, and other groceries that are known adulterations; and to retail intoxicating liquors on the sly for the sake of gain. He will tempt the lawyer to advise aggrieved persons to press their suits in the courts; to defend the biggest rascal for an exorbitant fee; to break down the honest and modest witness on the stand; to browbeat and smut the best man who appears in court upon the opposite side; and to conclude each case by charging enough to make honour blush and hang its head. He will tempt the physician to assume more knowledge of disease than he possesses; to try experiments upon patients whose maladies he does not understand; to call the disease by a given name when he does not know what it is; and to risk the life of a neighbour by methods or drugs which his better judgment would not approve. He will tempt the clergyman to study and preach for renown; to neglect his people that he may dwell at ease or magnify his scholarship at their expense; and to seek the largest salary and most popular place. He will tempt the legislator to vote with his party, whether right or wrong; to enact laws that promote vice instead of virtue; to become the miserable tool of lobbyists for money or office; and to heed unwise counsellors and even bad men when self-seeking prompts thereto. He will tempt the office-holder to consult his own or his

party's interests, instead of the public welfare; to make his office the chief source of pecuniary emolument or personal honour; and to deceive, pull wires, pack caucuses, and perform other dirty deeds to retain his office. He will tempt the labourer to shorten his day's work both at the beginning and end; to do as little as he can, for the sake of a comfortable time, and retain his place; to think much of his own and little of his employer's interests; and finally to berate the capital that has preserved himself and family from starvation. He will tempt the clerk to misrepresent the quality of goods for the sake of a bargain; to appropriate some of his employer's money to his own private uses; to pocket the extra one or five-dollar bill which a customer pays him by mistake; and to lie whenever it will please the unprincipled trader whose servant he is. He will tempt the buyer to say, "It is naught, it is naught," when he buys, but when he goeth away to "boast" of his bargain; to keep the overchange the merchant pays him through a blunder; to use a bad coin or bill in exchange for goods, thinking it no worse for him to pass it to another than it was for some one else to pass it to him; and to represent that he can purchase the same quality of goods of Smith & Co. for ten per cent. less when he knows the statement is untrue. He will tempt the speculator to take advantage of the pecuniary embarrassment of another to get possession of his property at half its real value; to make the ignorance of a man the occasion of cheating him out of the largest amount possible; to create a "corner" in the flour or grain market so as to realize fabulous profits; and to enter the veriest scramble of trade, where he will clutch all he can, regardless of God or man. He

will tempt the trustee to use the funds of his ward for personal pleasure; the cashier to rob the bank over which he presides; the superintendent to swindle the corporation out of thousands and tens of thousands of dollars; the agent to appropriate the amount of his sales, and debts collected, and then start for parts unknown; and the broker to deal in stocks that never existed except on paper, making himself rich out of the misfortunes of his willing dupes. He will tempt the citizen to conceal his property from the assessor; to swear that his property is less by twenty-five or fifty per cent. than it is, in order to evade a just tax; to rent his buildings for liquor-selling, gaming, and other vicious purposes; and to do as little, instead of as much as he can to carry the burdens of society successfully. He will tempt the sinner to cast aside all recognition of personal accountability, to repudiate honesty, to trifle with his immortal soul, and to barter life eternal for the fleeting pleasures of earth. And he will tempt the Christian to neglect his Bible, the prayer-meeting, public worship, and his closet; to close his ears to the cry of the fatherless and widow; to close his purse against a just and liberal support of the gospel; and to live at such a poor, dying rate as to compromise religion and disgrace his profession.

Into such a life of temptation the young man is introduced. In every pursuit and in every place temptation to dishonesty confronts him. Even in the church and pulpit he does not escape its power. Because the real source of this perilous existence is within himself, circumstances without him make a strong appeal. "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of *his own* lust, and enticed." In addition, also, he may be

brought under the influence of designing and intriguing men. They are numerous,—men who have “an eye to the main chance,” and claim that “every man is for himself.” They will deceive, overreach, lie, cheat, and swindle without compunction of conscience. They will perpetrate frauds great and small, bandy falsehoods black and white, and set traps more or less villainous, according to circumstances. Many of them are like the accommodating Frenchman, who would not tell a single lie for a shilling, but he would tell one for a quarter, or eight for a dollar. Mean men, brazen men, corrupt men, licentious men, desperate men, despicable men—these any young man is likely to meet when he goes out into the tempting world to act for himself. Unless he be thoroughly mailed with honesty, very likely he will wreck every hope!

A New York merchant overheard his son, who was a clerk in his store, say to a guest in his parlour one evening: “These lounges, which are of a novel pattern, were made in Boston. The lustres are from the ancient glass-manufactory on the Island of Murano, near Venice. This mosaic table my father ordered on his last visit to Florence; it cost him a thousand dollars. That beautiful water-scene which you admire so much was painted for him by Horace Vernet, at an expense of seven hundred dollars. It is the only painting we have in the house, as my father does not choose to have his walls disfigured with mere daubs. This ivory cabinet from China is the only one ever sent to this country.” And so he went on from A to Z. When the guest left the house, the merchant said: “My son, how was it possible for you to tell your friend so many lies? You know very well that you have given him an incorrect account

of these articles. The lounges were made in Chestnut-street; the lustres are from New England; the table is from Matlock, and cost one hundred dollars; the painting was by Cole: I paid him three hundred dollars for it; and besides, there are a dozen other paintings up-stairs. And as to the cabinet, the Chinese send them here by scores. How could you utter such falsehoods?" The son's reply was very pertinent and instructive. "Father," he said, "why do you speak so harshly to me? I have done nothing but what we are constantly doing at the *store*, and I had no reason to believe that you disapproved of it. I knew that my friend was not a judge of these objects, and that it would greatly enhance not only his astonishment, but his pleasure, to be told these wonderful tales about them. Wherein does this differ in principle from our customs at the counting-house? For example, we clerks are instructed to put French labels on English goods. We sell American cloths for English. We call old goods the 'newest styles,' and tell customers that the piece of goods he is examining is the only one to be found in the city, when we know better. We say that goods are 'all woollen,' or 'all silk,' when we know that cotton is in them, and that they cost a specified sum, twenty-five per cent. perhaps more than they did actually cost. Why should I not talk at home as I do at the store? Is it wrong to say in Walnut-street what is right in Market-street, or is there one system of morality for business and another for domestic life? Indeed, it strikes me that, of the two, there is less harm in dealing in a little exaggeration at home than at the counting-house, because here we do it simply to increase the pleasure of our friends and make their time pass agreeably,

whereas we employ it there to get money out of our customers."

Putting the best construction possible upon the business of the secular world to-day, we must admit that it appears to recognise two standards of right: one theoretical, the other practical; one to be talked about and commended, the other to be practised. Few men deny the sentiments: "Prefer loss to unjust gain;" "Nothing is profitable that is dishonest;" "Virtue alone is invincible;" "That man has the fewest wants who least wants wealth;" "A great fortune is a great slavery;" and they admire the songs of poets:—

"An honest man 's the noblest work of God."*

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just."†

"Our reward

Is in the race we run, not in the prize."‡

And when they have admitted and extolled those irreversible truths, they go out into the driving, avaricious business world, and practically deny every one of them; conceding that there is but one standard of right, yet acting as if there were two!

That young man alone can resist these temptations and succeed financially and morally, who puts on the armour of enduring honesty. Dr. Peabody said of Samuel Appleton, one of Boston's noblest and wealthiest merchants of a former generation: "He was an HONEST man. Without subterfuge or disguise, incapable of anything indirect or underhanded, he had no concealments of his own, and anything in the form of a secret was to him a trouble and a burden. He knew of but

* Pope.

† Shakespeare.

‡ Rogers.

one way of speaking, and that was to say straight on the truth. It was a principle grown into the necessity of his moral life. 'The integrity of the upright shall guide them; but the perverseness of the transgressors shall destroy them.'" A customer boasted in the store of Gideon Lee, that paragon of mercantile honesty and success, that he had gained an advantage over him in a bargain. "Well," replied Mr. Lee, "that may be; but if you will promise never to enter my office again, I will give you that bundle of goat-skins." Strange as it may seem, the unprincipled customer accepted the proposition, and retired with the gift. Fifteen years thereafter the man violated his pledge by walking into Mr. Lee's store. "You have violated your word," said Mr. Lee, recognizing him at once; "pay me for the goat-skins." "Oh," answered the man, with sad countenance, "I have been very unfortunate since I saw you, and am quite poor." "Yes," rejoined Mr. Lee, "and you will always be so; that miserable desire to overreach others must keep you so." "He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known."

That well-known maxim, "HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY," has misguided many young men. It implies that human conduct may be determined by policy; which is not true. Honesty is principle; policy may be the opposite of principle. Honesty should never be named in the same category with policy; for it adopts a course of conduct because it is *right*, while policy adopts a course because it will promote personal interests. A veritable rogue at heart may reduce to practice the maxim in question. Suppose a clerk be tempted to defraud his employer by taking his money.

He looks at the matter deliberately. He counts the cost, considers the chances of detection, and weighs the consequence in case his crime is exposed. He arrives at this conclusion, "If I do this thing, and am discovered, I lose my place, and my character is blasted; I will not do it." This young man continues honest in the sight of men; but he is a rogue at heart. For he who is deterred from stealing only by the fear of exposure, is a thief still. Remove the fear of detection and he will defraud at once. He has continued honest before men because it was "the best policy." Yet he is a rascal at heart. Every young man should repudiate policy as a rule of conduct, for it is mean, contemptible, and wicked.

There is another maxim quite current, namely, "WHEN WITH THE ROMANS, DO AS THE ROMANS DO." Reduced to practice thoroughly, there is no corruption that it might not cover. The spirit of it is too frequently found in practice. The example of others is pleaded as an excuse for dishonest acts. "Men of standing do so." "It is no worse than others do." "If I don't do it, others will." "It is considered a *fair transaction* in business." "It is the common practice in trade." And so young men, to say nothing of older ones, catch the spirit of this maxim, excuse their duplicity and frauds, and wreck character, fortune, and all.

Under the plea of *Expediency*, also, honesty has often been cast aside. Expediency is hand and glove with policy. What does not promise to promote personal interests is not expedient. It is a nice pillow for selfishness. Honesty is well enough, and even necessary, provided it is expedient. It may seem very inexpedient to practise the Golden Rule; and then, of course, it will

not be practised. Right and wrong become matters of choice simply under this pliable rule. What will contribute to one's success is right, what will not is wrong. Thus the widest departures from rectitude are provided for. Individuals find it easy to commit even flagrant crimes under this rule, and governments inflict fearful wrongs upon their subjects in the name of Expediency. England forces the destructive opium trade upon China, even at the point of the bayonet, entailing suffering, misery, and death that beggar description, because it is expedient to have the revenue. And for the same barbaric reason America legalizes the sale of intoxicating drinks, thereby spreading vice and crime, starvation and dreadful ruin. Young men should discard expediency, because its direct tendency is to expel honesty. It has one aim, one standard, one motive,—self-interest. Inexcusable, belittling, and false mode of action!

Young men in large cities, especially those engaged in mercantile business, are often led to abjure honesty by causes that many of them consider trivial, as: 1. Love of dress. The salary fails to provide the costly apparel that pride covets, and so dishonesty is evoked to remove the difficulty. 2. Love of pleasure. The demands of the theatre, billiard-hall, fast horses, and fast companions exceed the income by far, and the balance is often made up from the employer's till. 3. Love of money. A passionate desire to be rich has led a multitude of men to ignore moral principle, and strike out for wealth, "honestly if possible, but dishonestly if must." Overlooking the fact that riches injure more men than they benefit, their race is for riches as the chief good; to accomplish which they carry dishonest practices just as far as they can, and keep out of the state-prison. 4.

Going into business for themselves tempts young men to dishonesty. They are ambitious to accumulate money rapidly, and in their haste they wait not to be upright. 5. A want of true self-respect has made honesty next to impossible. "I don't care what people think of me," says the young trader; and the result is that he does not make himself worthy of being thought much of. The public never think well of a man who does not care whether they do or not. 6. "I must live," exclaims another in extenuation of his dishonesty. But the plea is not a good one. There is no *must* about it. It is not absolutely necessary for a man to live, but it is absolutely necessary for him to be honest. Clean, square honesty is better than ignoble life anywhere. When the friends of Pompey besought him not to risk his life upon a tempestuous sea in order to be in Rome at a certain time, he replied grandly, "It is necessary for me to go; it is not necessary for me to live." We say to young men, It is not necessary for you to live; but to practice honesty is an imperative duty. Better die than live dishonestly.

The reader can readily judge whether we attach too much importance to personal integrity, by a simple method. Suppose a young man, who has lost his position by his immoralities, should advertise for a situation, and say, "I will work on Sunday, take customers to the bar-room, theatre, and house of ill-fame, and fleece them without mercy; I will do my best to increase my employer's business and profits, without regard to honesty, only he shall pay me accordingly." What employer would consider such an advertisement for a moment? Even the most unprincipled cheat would not trust such a wretch on his premises. Honesty

is demanded and insisted upon when personal interests are at stake.

The honest man is sought in emergencies when important trusts are to be borne and great issues are pending; as Abraham Lincoln was sought when the nation was assaulted and imperilled by internal foes; and as Washington was sought nearly a century before, when the infant republic was menaced by foreign enemies. Honest men, too, are the ones who receive the proudest meed of praise when they die, both the secular and religious press vying with each other to extol their uprightness and purity, as the source of their personal worth and influence. The following inscription upon Baron Stein's tombstone furnishes an illustration of the tribute a grateful public pay to honesty:—

“ His nay was nay without recall ;
His yea was yea, and powerful all ;
He gave his yea with careful heed ;
His thoughts and words were well agreed ;
His word his bond and seal.”

Finally, honesty contributes to self-respect and real satisfaction. A dishonest man cannot respect himself. He knows more than anybody else about his own meanness, so that self-respect is impossible; and consequently real satisfaction with his own life is impossible. The boy who declined to steal the apples hit the nail on the head when he replied to his comrade's suggestion “Nobody will see you,” “I shall see myself.” His self-respect would spare him the unpleasant sight. He could see himself be honest with unalloyed satisfaction. A clerk in a dry-goods store of New York city sold a lady a silk dress. When measuring

the number of yards desired, he discovered a defect in the silk, and called her attention to it. Of course she declined to take the dress. His employer overheard the conversation, and immediately wrote to the young man's father to come and take him away, as he would "never make a merchant." Very much surprised and alarmed, the father hastened to the city, and calling upon the merchant, he anxiously inquired, "What is the trouble with my son? Why will he not make a merchant?" "Because he has no tact," was the employer's reply. "Only a day or two ago he told a lady *voluntarily* who was buying silk of him, that the goods were damaged, and I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolish in me to point them out." "Is that all his fault?" said the father, already very much relieved of his anxiety. "Yes," answered the merchant. "Then," added the father, with a pride and joy that no language can describe, "I love my son more than ever, and I would not have him another day in your store for all the world." Father and son both left the city on that day with an inward satisfaction which only honest people know.

"One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with the senate at his heels."—POPE.

XVI.

BENEVOLENCE.

A YOUNG merchant died in Philadelphia some years ago, of whom this incident was told by his pastor. He came from Cincinnati to Philadelphia three years before. In the former city he loaned several hundred dollars to a friend, and needing the money very much in his business after removing to Philadelphia, he made a journey to Ohio for the purpose of collecting the debt. On his return a brother merchant inquired after his success. The reply was: "I did not even ask for the money. When I reached there, I found the family packed up and just about to remove to Texas. A glance satisfied me that my friend was in straitened circumstances, and that if I pressed my claim his wife and children would suffer. I had no heart to do that, so I turned about without saying a word respecting the debt, and returned." The *disposition* which is manifest in this incident is what we mean by BENEVOLENCE. Not so much the giving of money, food, or clothing, as the spirit which imparts a benevolent cast to the whole of life. The biographer of Budgett happily expresses the idea thus: "Commerce is a system of mutual services. The very structure of it protests against making self your centre. He receives the greatest reward who most successfully adapts his services to the general need. Herein commerce bears

the imprint of God's great law of brotherhood. Every man who enters into trade, proclaims, voluntarily or involuntarily, that he was not sent into the world to wait upon himself, but to find his own welfare in working for his neighbour. A man does not learn to make shoes because he means to display new shoes every day, but because he knows all people want shoes. A man does not learn to make hats because he has a fancy to mount a new hat every week, but because he knows all the world wants hats. A man does not learn to spin cotton because he means to heap up mountains of yarn, but because he knows yarn is a general necessity. A man does not study law because he means to be perpetually in litigation, but because he is aware that somebody is always in need of advice. A man does not learn to cure colic because he expects to be always in pain, but because he knows that some one is always in need of cure. Thus, you go on; and you ever find that it is the general service which calls for and determines the individual proficiency. Thus God places on the very portals of life a plain declaration that we are all brethren; that none of us is here for his own pleasure; that the true path for any man to follow is that whereto the necessities of his fellow-men most loudly call him; that in pursuing the general service we reap our highest good; that in neglecting the general service and regarding only our personal tastes, we sink into worthlessness and want; that, therefore, the man who, while ostensibly employed for the public, is only bent on his own promotion, is false to God's design, false to the brotherhood of man, false to his own calling and dignity—a poor and pitiable earthworm, seeking his God, his heritage, his reward, his heaven, in this vanishing world alone."

This is the element of successful character that we christen benevolence, and maintain stoutly that the highest success cannot be won without it. In Budgett it appeared not only in the contribution of money to the needy, but also in securing neat and comfortable homes for his employés; in reducing the hours of labour from nine o'clock to six in the evening by adopting a system pointing thereto, and inspiring his men with the spirit of promptness and energy to accomplish the desirable result; in dividing the profits of the year's business beyond a certain amount stated at the opening of the year among his employés; in providing schools and public worship for the children and people of the neighbourhood; and in that general manifestation of kindness, generosity, and good-will for which he was known and honoured. In nearly every character we have sketched, certainly in all that have been adduced as examples of the highest success, this element has been remarkably prominent. Dr. Peabody said of Appleton: "He held his fortune as a means of usefulness, and there was scarcely a day in the year in which he did not contribute more or less to some benevolent object. He of course exercised his own judgment as to whether he would give or not give, and he carried into his works of benevolence the same good sense and clearness of mind which had characterized him as a merchant; but he would have taken it unkindly if, in any enterprise for the public good, or any purpose of private charity, he had been overlooked by his friends." One of the last thoughts expressed by Peter C. Brooks near the close of his life, was: "Of all the ways of disposing of money, giving it away is the most satisfactory." Rich men generally may not say with Mark

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Anthony, "I have lost all except what I have given away;" but we have no doubt that they will agree with Mr. Brooks, that "giving it away is the most satisfactory." Amos Lawrence was wont to repeat the famous maxim, "Charity giveth itself rich; covetousness hoardeth itself poor;" and he would add: "Here is the embodiment of a volume, and whoever wrote it deserves the thanks of good men. I would fain be rich, according as he defines riches; but *possession, possession is the devil*, as the old Frenchman said to George Cabot." He set apart two rooms in his residence for the storage of articles designed to bless the needy. Here was a pile of ready-made clothing; there one of cloths to be manufactured into clothing; near by a pile of groceries in assorted packages ready to deliver; and so on, the whole space being occupied by what he called "haycocks." In these rooms Mr. Lawrence spent many of his happiest and most profitable hours in making up packages for the indigent; cloth for a suit of clothes for a student in college, or a minister in his small country parish; groceries for a very poor family just reported by a city missionary; even a package of toys or something particularly useful and interesting for a family of children he knew. A professor in college is notified of a barrel and bundle of books forwarded, with broadcloth and pantaloon stuff, with odds and ends for poor students when they go out to keep school in the winter.

Deacon Moses Grant was another of the successful men of Boston, whose benevolent spirit fell like a benediction from the skies upon the poor of the city. With the pressure of an extensive and profitable business on his hands, he found time to engage in all the philan-

thropic movements of the day. His great sympathy was easily enlisted in any and every enterprise designed to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate and indigent. He, too, kept a room in his house for the storage of articles necessary and useful to these classes. With his own hand he dealt out groceries and measured cloth, and hundreds of families were made the happier by his generous ministrations. His benevolence became an element of his success, by creating public respect and confidence, and attracting to himself that love and well-wishing which are sure to follow him who is not seeking personal aggrandizement.

In every example of the highest success hitherto advanced, we might discover this characteristic quality, were it necessary. It is the quality that is so frequently enjoined in the Scriptures, and to which a special promise is made. "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses burst out with new wine." "The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." "He which soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully." We insist that these divine promises are both figuratively and literally fulfilled; that in the lives of all truly successful men we discover unmistakable proof of their fulfilment—proof as definite and clear as that of any other principle or doctrine of the Bible that we accept.

The gist of the whole matter was not only prominent in the grand *life* of Amos Lawrence, as we have seen, but he embodied it in a single paragraph of a letter to his son, as follows: "I hope you will one day have the delightful consciousness of using a portion of your means in a way to give you as much pleasure as I now experience. Your wants may be brought within a very moderate compass; and I hope you will never feel yourself at liberty to waste on yourself such means as, by system and right principle, may be beneficially applied to the good of those around you. Providence has given us unerring principles to guide us in our duties of this sort. Our first duty is to those of our own household, then extending to kindred, friends, neighbours (and the term neighbour may, in its broadest sense, take in the whole human family), citizens of our State, then of our country, then of other countries of the world."

A strictly honest man may not be benevolent. He may isolate himself so far from society as to be completely absorbed in his own affairs; and this will prove a serious drawback both to character and success. Such a person benefits society only by his example of uprightness and by his capital. The first, however, may be offset by his selfishness, reducing his beneficial influence to the small advantage his capital becomes to the community. He assists no worthy young man into business. He has no interest in any benevolent enterprise that is started. He is not disposed to relieve a worthy neighbour who is overtaken by misfortune by proffering him even temporary assistance. He does not turn over business that he does not want to an enterprising and deserving beginner who needs it. He

sees talented youth thirsting for knowledge beyond their reach, but he does not give them a lift. Nothing interests him but the steady, absorbing routine of his own business, and so he lives very much by himself, is called "odd," "peculiar," "cold," and "selfish," while he is admitted to be honest, efficient, and reliable. That he is of comparatively little account to the public is quite evident. No man is of much account who exhibits such devotion to self, however upright he may be. If half the human family were like him, the other half might grovel in ignorance or starve in poverty. Hence the need of this separate and more careful view of benevolence as an element of success.

Many men "live up to their income," as it is said of them, and so they have no place for benevolence in their plans. Their income may be large, but it all goes to keep up appearances and gratify selfish ambition, which is not a generous, noble way of living. Harris, the gifted author of "Mammon," says of such a one: "To maintain an extensive establishment, to carry it high before the world, to settle his children *respectably* in life, to maintain a system of costly self-indulgence,— these are the objects that swallow up all his gains, and keep him in a constant fever of ill-concealed anxiety, filling his heart with envy and covetousness at the sight of others' prosperity, rendering him loath to part with a fraction of his property to benevolent purposes, and making him feel as if every farthing of his money so employed were a diversion of that farthing from the great ends of life. New channels of benevolence may open around him in all directions, but, as far as he is concerned, those channels must remain dry; for, like the sands of the desert, he absorbs all the bounty

which Heaven rains on him, and still craves for more. What but this is commonly meant by the expression concerning such a man, that he '*is living up to his income?*'" And what a living! Too selfish to be respectable, and too circumscribed to be really successful!

Perhaps this deluded man enters the plea, "Charity begins at home," which has been styled "a neat pocket edition of covetousness." With him, *selfishness* begins at home; and where selfishness begins, charity ends. That is really the case with all those who put forward the above maxim as a shield from censure. Behind it thousands have intrenched themselves against every appeal of benevolence, presenting a striking contrast with the noble-hearted man who was asked, "Have you not made yourself rich enough to retire from business?" "By no means, sir," he replied; "I am not rich enough yet to give one leaf of the catechism to each member of my family." "How large is your family?" his interrogator inquired. "Nine hundred millions," the man answered. This contrast presents the essential difference between selfishness and benevolence in practical life. "Self is Dives in the mansion, clothed in purple, and faring sumptuously every day. Benevolence is Lazarus, lying at his gate, and fed only with the crumbs which fall from his table."

Many young fortune-seekers start with the secret, if not expressed, purpose of making themselves rich by forty years of age, or thereabouts, and then retiring to a life of leisure and ease. They dream that this is the most successful career possible; and it is nothing but a dream. Leaving out of their estimate this factor of benevolence that links them indissolubly with the great

world, the realization of their hopes turns out to be a delusion and cheat. A New York broker belonged to this class, and he bent all his energies to possess the coveted fortune at forty, thinking not of want, suffering, misfortune, and misery about him; and he succeeded. Bidding adieu to the city, he retired to his splendid villa on the Hudson; and the rest of the story he shall tell in his own words. "At first I was charmed," he said. "This life was new to me, and the rest was delicious. I drove out daily, saw the trains come and go, and welcomed my neighbours. I walked over my grounds, and planned improvements enough to occupy me a year. In a month I was sick enough. I knew every rod of wall, and every turn in the road. I fell asleep over my books, and my pictures tired me. I had no gas or water, and my papers came at night, or the next day. Worse than all, the world went on without me, and I was voted an 'old fogey.' No one asked my advice on the market, and no one accepted it when I tendered it. I am back at my post, and propose to die with my harness on." If this man had counted in benevolence in the outset, he would have made no foolish resolve to retire from business at forty. His whole life would have appeared none too long for the work he was able to do for himself *and others*. Neither would he have made the inexcusable mistake of supposing that the great end of life was to get rich at forty, and spend the remainder of life in doing nothing. If such a life be not a complete failure, then failure is impossible. The fact is an illustration of our position, that no man can achieve eminent success without including benevolence in his programme. Once we were visiting a wealthy gentleman, and, while there, a col-

lector called for his annual contribution to a benevolent cause. We expressed our approbation of his very liberal donation, after the collector retired, to which he replied, "If it were but mere *policy*, I should give with one hand while getting with the other, in order to keep out of the insane hospital." Then he went on and explained, relating instances of acquaintances nursing their love of money into a passion, until they turned a deaf ear to every cry of want and woe, and finally imagined they themselves were coming to want, dwelling upon the unpleasant thought until they became insane. "Benevolence," said he, "is not only essential to a decent character, but it is essential to a sane mind and a sound heart."

The reader must not limit his thoughts to money, when we speak thus of benevolence. We repeat, it is that state of the heart which prompts to kind, generous, unselfish acts, that we are discussing. It may be found, and is found in every calling. In William Carey it manifested itself early towards companions and friends, and those who were poor like himself; and later in life it stood forth grandly in his magnanimous missionary labours in the East, where he literally spared not himself in toiling for the good of others. It is an interesting fact that he was the son of a very humble shoemaker, and the two men who supported him in the foreign missionary field were in their boyhood extremely poor, one of them the son of a carpenter and the other the son of a weaver,—all three growing into manhood with this noble attribute beautifying their lives. The money of the two, with the personal labours of the third, established a magnificent college at Serampore, planted sixteen missionary stations, translated

the Bible into sixteen languages, and inaugurated a grand moral revolution in British India. In Carey this quality was united with dauntless heroism, which, together, braved all perils and triumphed over what many would declare to be insurmountable difficulties. An illustration of this quality is recorded clear back in his boyhood. He fell from a tree and broke one of his legs. He was confined to the house several weeks; but the first thing he did when fully restored was to climb that tree again to the very spot from whence he fell,—proving thereby that *he could do it*. Such fearlessness, combined with an irrepressible benevolent spirit, made him one of the most successful missionaries of the whole world.

In George Stephenson this quality appeared in his readiness to lighten the burdens of his fellow-labourers in every way possible. Like Carey, he was fearless at the same time that he was proverbially kind and noble-hearted. The cry of "Fire in the mine!" startled him one day when he was sitting in his house, and forthwith he rushed forward to the mine, down the shaft into the very face of the fiery element (though others were fleeing therefrom for their lives), and succeeded in extinguishing the fire. There was scarcely a single chance, in ten, of his escaping death; but the benevolent desire to save the lives of many miners caused him to be oblivious to the saving of his own. Subsequently he invented a safety-lamp, and when the time came to test its qualities, not a miner dared to descend with him into the mine. They expected an explosion the moment the lamp reached the fire-damp. So the heroic man, eager to save the lives of others, took his own life into his hand, and alone tested his

lamp. Such a self-forgetting spirit becomes an element of power by challenging universal admiration.

We conclude this chapter by quoting a paragraph from Rev. John Newton, whose words express exactly the thought we have tried to present: "I see in this world two heaps—one of human happiness, and one of misery." Now, if I can take but the smallest bit from the second heap and add to the first, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a halfpenny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do *great things*, but I will not neglect such little ones as these."

XVII.

THE BIBLE.

"THE Bible!" exclaims a thoughtless aspirant for wealth; "what has the Bible to do with success?" And he reflects the thoughtlessness of multitudes. "The Bible in business!" remarked a sharp speculator, and he repeated it with a sneer, "The Bible in business!" There is need enough of it, surely. It is just the place for it. The highest success cannot be achieved without it. The successful men of our country, in every department of human effort, accomplished their purpose on principles derived directly from the Bible, or which were in harmony with it. This was literally true of all the distinguished persons whom we have introduced to the reader as examples of our theme. Whether they formally avowed their indebtedness to the Bible or not, the principles upon which their business was conducted show our statement to be correct. We have cited the code of morals that Franklin, McDonough, Allen, and others adopted as their *vade mecum*, and, without exception, they are derived from the Scriptures. Interview the most prosperous men of to-day, in mercantile or other business; ask them for the most important rule of life that has aided them in their pursuits; and whatever that rule may be, it will be found in full accord with the Scriptures. Doubtless from one or all of these three sources—The Moral Law, The Book of Proverbs, and

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The Sermon on the Mount—may be quoted the identical passage from which its sanction is derived. The fact is, there is not a rule fit for human conduct, in private or public life, that does not find its highest sanction in the Word of God. A rule that cannot bear the test of an appeal to the Bible is not worthy of a place in human affairs; it should not be tolerated in civilized society. Of course, this position condemns many of the maxims and customs that are current in social and public life; and this is what we have endeavoured to do in previous pages. Young men should avoid and repudiate them. As they value unblemished character and the noblest achievements, they should treat them with unqualified contempt.

We are aware that this view is in direct conflict with the opinions of many young men, and older ones, too. "The Bible is well enough in its place," they think, "and that place is on the parlour-table, in the religious meeting and Sabbath-school, but not in the shop or office." "Regulate churches and Christian conventions by it," they say, "but it is folly to attempt to regulate workshops and warehouses by it." Possibly they go a step further even, and say, "No matter what a man believes, if he be sincere, if his life be right, his opinions are of little account; a man's faith is one thing, and his conduct quite another; good men are found among all creeds and professions." A little reflection will convince every intelligent young man that such views destroy the basis of all true morality. Moral principle becomes of no account whatever. One system of morals is just as good as another. He who believes a lie is just as likely to be virtuous as he who believes the truth. But common sense revolts from such absurd

doctrines. The young man who advocates them denies them every day in practice. He confides in the man who believes in virtue instead of the man who believes in vice. He prefers to trade with the merchant or manufacturer who has moral principle, showing thereby that a man's creed has something to do with his conduct, just what the Bible claims.

We have spoken of the Moral Law. So far as the MORALS of the world relate, the Ten Commandments satisfy every demand of domestic, social, political, and business life. Neither genius nor piety can improve them by adding thereto or subtracting therefrom. Independent of all thoughts of inspiration, they are absolutely a perfect rule of conduct for men, young or old, learned or ignorant, civilized or savage, in Christian or heathen lands. A distinguished lawyer of New York claimed to be an infidel. Another lawyer, who was a friend of his, was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. The former met the latter one day and said, "What books would you advise me to read upon the evidences of Christianity?" "Read the Bible," answered the elder. "You don't understand me," responded the infidel; "I wish to investigate *the truth* of the Bible. I want to know what books *about* the Bible I shall read." "I understand," continued the elder; "and I insist that the best evidences of Christianity are found in the Bible. You infidels are very ignorant of the Scriptures; you don't believe them, because you do not know what they are." "Where shall I begin to read,—with the New Testament?" inquired the infidel. "No; begin with Genesis, of course," answered the elder. The infidel purchased a Bible and began to read carefully. Some portions he re-read and studied. After a few weeks the

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elder met him, and inquired after his progress. "I have been studying the moral law," remarked the infidel. "And what do you think of it?" asked the elder. "I will tell you what I think of it," replied the infidel. "I have been looking into the *nature* of that law. I have been trying to see whether I can add to it or take anything from it, so as to make it better. Sir, I cannot. It is *perfect*." He continued: "I have been thinking, where did Moses get that law? I have read the history: the Egyptians and the adjacent nations were idolaters; so were the Greeks and Romans; and the wisest and best Greeks or Romans never gave a code of morals like this. Where did Moses get this law, which surpasses the wisdom and philosophy of the most enlightened ages? He lived at a period comparatively barbarous, but he has given a law in which the learning and sagacity of all subsequent time can detect no flaw. Where did he get it? He could not have soared so far above his age as to have devised it himself. I am satisfied where he obtained it. It came down from heaven."

This incident is instructive to every young man, as showing that the Moral Law is a perfect rule of conduct everywhere,—on the farm, in the mill and shop, at the counter, in the bank, in the Legislature, and wherever duty calls men. Independent of the question where Moses obtained it, it is a rule of life that will prove salutary in the business world beyond all the "codes" and "regulations" that uninspired genius ever wrote. Indeed, any rule or regulation which man may devise in conflict with this Moral Law would be thrown out of every honest warehouse.

The same remarks are true of the Sermon on the

Mount, and that, too, if we apply them simply to the secular relations of life, without regard to the great hereafter to which its Divine Author points. Many other parts of the Scripture, too, are equally worthy of our attention and study as rules of practical wisdom for this life alone; but we have not space to elaborate. There are other considerations that we desire to present.

In previous chapters we have discussed self-culture, mental improvement, the qualities of mind and heart indispensable to success, like singleness of purpose, observation, industry, perseverance, honesty, and kindred virtues. Now we desire to recommend the Bible to young men as a book to help them in becoming "the artificers of their own fortunes." Many of this class think of the Bible as having to do only with piety and Sunday. They never think of it as an aid to self-culture to intellectual progress, to the acquisition of knowledge, and to advancement in learning. It is in this regard that we commend the Bible to your confidence here. With no intention of entering the domain of religion, strictly considered, we commend the Bible to every young man for its history, literature, and learning; for its surpassing genius, beauty of diction, and grandeur of thought. If it can be made more attractive to them to study it as a "production of inspired genius and classic taste; to explore it as a field of knowledge, a mine of wisdom, a model of eloquence, a masterpiece of poesy, a fountain of influence, a text-book of instruction,"—that will meet the purpose of this chapter.

Its *history*. The Bible furnishes the only authentic account of the earlier ages of the world. That this account is entirely reliable is proven by the researches of

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scientific men in the East. There is no question on that point. It comes to us "laden with the rich stores of ancient Oriental wisdom—the treasured lore of the first forty centuries of human history." The earlier books of the Bible also "are the most ancient monuments of written language now extant in the world." No young man is well acquainted with the history of the world who does not understand *this* history. John Quincy Adams put the matter squarely when he said: "It is not so much praiseworthy to be acquainted with, as it is shameful to be ignorant of it."

Its *literary* character. The best scholars of all ages agree that the Bible, as a literary production, stands at the head of the list, whether we consider its thoughts and style, its prose and poetry, its history and biography, its logic and diction, or its beauty and grandeur. On this point Mr. Adams, from whom we have just quoted, wrote: "For pathos of narrative; for the selection of incidents that go directly to the heart; for the picturesque in character and manner; the selection of circumstances that mark the individuality of persons; for copiousness, grandeur, and sublimity of imagery; for unanswerable cogency and closeness of reasoning; and for irresistible force of persuasion, no book in the world deserves to be so unceasingly studied, and so profoundly meditated upon as the Bible." Sir William Jones said: "I have regularly and attentively read the Bible, and am of opinion that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more impartial history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass from all other books ever composed in any age." Sir Matthew

Hale said: "There is no book like the Bible for excellent wisdom, learning, and use." The great American jurist and orator, Fisher Ames, recommended the Bible as a text-book for orators to study, and said: "I will hazard the assertion that no man ever did, or ever will become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the beauty and sublimity of its language. Its morals are pure, its examples captivating and noble, and in no other book is there so good English, so pure and so elegant." Daniel Webster recommended it as a study both for the orator and the poet, and he said even of the Book of Job: "It is the most magnificent epic to be found in human literature." Adam Clark, the commentator, said: "Our translators have not only made a standard translation, but they have made their translation the standard of our language." The Bible is ranked as a *classic* at the present day by the highest scholarship of the world. Says Dr. Halsey: "The Bible is a classic of the very highest authority in all matters of education, taste, and genius; that it holds the same place of pre-eminence in the republic of letters which it holds in the church of God. . . . It is as truly a classic as Homer or Virgil, Xenophon or Cicero, Milton or Addison. It fills a place in ancient and modern literature, which no Greek or Roman author ever filled, or can fill. It has done for the literature of all civilized nations what no Greek or Roman book could ever have done."

At the same time that the Bible contains the best models in literature, it has furnished the material for the grandest poems of modern times. Milton drew his material for "Paradise Lost" from Moses. Shakespeare

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and Byron derived some of their finest subjects from the Scriptures. That *Macbeth* was derived from Ahab, *Lady Macbeth* from Jezebel, Byron's *Apostrophe to Rome as the Niobe of Nations*, from Jeremiah's Lamentations over Jerusalem, and his *Ode to Napoleon* from Isaiah on the fall of Babylon's king, no one questions. And so of all the most gifted poets, they have caught the inspiration for their noblest efforts from the Bible.

Of the most brilliant writers of the past, perhaps Walter Scott ranks among the highest in the world of letters, and his exalted opinion of the literary merits of the Bible is well known. Among his many characters, drawn with a master hand, *Rebeka*, in *Ivanhoe*, excels, for which he was indebted to the Bible. So great was his admiration for the Scriptures as a work of real genius, and so great his veneration for it as a moral guide and teacher, in his last days, that, as he lay upon his dying bed at Abbotsford, with the highest literary honours laid at his feet, he requested an attendant to read to him. "What book shall I read?" inquired the attendant. "Why do you ask me that question? There is but one book now; bring me the Bible."

The same is true of the best painters: their finest subjects were taken from the Bible,—the subjects that have won the highest renown. The *Deluge*, by Trumbull; *Moses on the Nile*, by Rembrandt; *Moses Striking the Rock*, by Poussin; *Belshazzar's Feast*, by Martin; *Moses Receiving the Law*, *Paul's Shipwreck*, *Christ Rejected*, and *Death on the Pale Horse*, by West; *The Last Supper*, by Da Vinci; *Christ in the Garden*, by Guido; *The Resurrection*, by Rubens; *The Transfiguration*, and *The Madonna*, by Raphael,—these are among the most distinguished pieces of the artists named.

In *biography* the Scriptures open the richest volume for the study of character in the known world. We have spoken of character or example as a fruitful source of information and beneficial influence for young men. The Bible has no peer in this regard. For variety and fidelity of portraiture it stands at the head, presenting all sorts of characters that make up the world, high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, noble and ignoble, male and female. Some were kings, like David and Solomon; some were cultured, like Moses and Paul; some were unlettered, like Andrew and Peter; some were good, like Joseph and Samuel; some were bad, like Absalom and Amnon; and so on,—rulers, subjects, doctors, lawyers, priests, politicians, legislators, shepherds, farmers, fishermen, and tent-makers. How they lived, why some succeeded and why others failed, may be learned here with certainty.

The Bible is the real source of our *science and government* and *civil liberty*. Dr. Spring says: "The entire code of civil and judicial statutes throughout New England, as well as throughout those States first settled by the descendants of New England, shows nothing more distinctly than that its framers were familiar with the Bible, and substantially adopted 'the judicial laws of God, as they were delivered by Moses, as binding and a rule to all their courts.'" The great statesman referred to in a previous paragraph, Fisher Ames, said, "No man can be a sound lawyer who is not well read in the laws of Moses." This is the view held by eminent jurists all over the world. A common remark of the great American statesman has been, "The Bible is the charter of our *liberties*." The doctrine that all men are born free and equal is a Bible doctrine. The funda-

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mental idea of our free institutions—namely, that their *perpetuity depends upon the character of the people*—is eminently a Bible principle. Besides, certain facts stand out in bold relief, such as these: The staunch friends of the Bible, like the Lollards in England, the adherents of Luther in Germany, and Knox in Scotland, and the Puritans of New England, have ever been the truest friends of civil liberty, teaching that “resistance to tyrants is obedience to God,” prepared to fight for it and die for it. There never was a free country, in the true sense, where the Bible is not. There is no account of a free State or government previous to the Jewish republic. There is no civil liberty to-day under a Pagan, Mohammedan, or any anti-Christian government. That people who are most familiar with the Bible, and respect it most, have the best knowledge of their rights and the responsibilities of their rulers. Civil liberty is the purest, strongest, and is the most enthusiastically sustained where the Bible has the firmest hold upon the hearts of the people. These are truths which no young man of intelligence will deny. The denial will impeach his intellect or heart, one or both.

The *influence* of the Bible upon the world is marvellous. A watercourse through a barren country is not more distinctly traced by the verdure on its banks, than the progress of the Bible over the world. Under its vivifying and transforming power “the desert and solitary place blossom as the rose.” The degraded, barbarous nation becomes civilized and Christian. Intellect is stimulated to honourable exertion; schools start up as by magic, and dispense their blessing to the rising generation; learning is evoked by its inspiring presence to open its treasures of academic lore; invention hears

its mighty call to "come forth," and it starts into life; discovery multiplies her ventures an hundredfold; and art and science, under its divine patronage, take their places among the elements of human progress and the world's salvation. It touches the *heart*, and men become noble with a new life; money, talents, and influence are laid upon the altar of sacrifice; asylums, hospitals, and homes for the indigent and unfortunate are founded; houses of worship rise on hill and in valley; missionaries go forth to other benighted lands with the glad news of salvation upon their lips; and everywhere, beneath the touch of this celestial talisman, morality and religion thrive, to bless mankind and beautify the earth.

This is the Bible which is indispensable to every young man who means to make the most of himself possible; the Book which the good and true of every land and age approve, and the bad oppose; the Book which has been burned and banished, condemned and buried by infidels and tyrants, again and again, yet more widely read and venerated than ever; the Book which Voltaire declared he would drive from the face of the earth, but whose press, set up to print his blasphemies, was subsequently employed to print and scatter it far and wide; the Book which Tom Paine prophesied would become extinct in fifty years, but which Bible Societies multiply, now, at the rate of millions of copies a year; the Book which God was sixteen hundred years in preparing for our use, though He created the world in six days; the Book which has been translated into nearly two hundred languages, and about which the aroused intellects of men have written sixty thousand volumes; this is the Book, which, more than all other

books, we claim, will contribute to the noblest manhood and highest success, even though it were a work of mere uninspired genius.

You live in a Christian land—a land which the Bible has made so great and glorious.

Treat not, then, this volume of learning and morality with neglect. Refuse it not a prominent place in your efforts for success. Because divine in its origin, do not banish it from human affairs. Turn not derisively away from its counsels and promises. Ridicule not its exposure of your frailties, nor its condemnation of your vices. It will survive neglect and ridicule and opposition; and when FAILURE terminates the career of every young man who trifles with its authority, it will still remain the Book of books. It was the superficial and carping multitude who treated with indifference or contempt the proposition to rebuild the Eddystone Lighthouse, which a furious storm had buried in the sea. "Preposterous enterprise!" exclaimed some. "The wild project of a dreamer!" said others. "The first terrific storm will hurl it into the deep." "Impossible!" But the architect went forward with the work, heeding neither the ridicule of the ignorant nor the adverse prophecies of the wise. To a mighty rock in the sea he bolted and cemented the first huge blocks of the structure; and to these he bolted and cemented other blocks, and so on, block upon block of stone, tier after tier, higher and higher, with bolts and cement, until the structure stood complete. Long since, the indifference, evil prophecies, and ridicule of the unbelieving passed away, but the lighthouse stands, defying billows and storm, a beacon to the mariner, and a fitting symbol of the enduring greatness of the Bible!

XVIII.

RELIGION IN BUSINESS.

THERE is Morality, and there is Religion. The first may exist without the latter, the latter cannot exist without the former. Morality relates to things seen and temporal. Religion relates, not only to these, but also to things unseen and eternal. Perhaps, for the latter reason, some men who welcome morality to the business would eject religion therefrom. They recognize the absolute necessity of morality, but deny the propriety and need of religion in business. They relegate that to the church, the retirement of home, and the prayer-meeting. "Keep it where it belongs," they say; and turn to their farms, and shops, and offices, to conduct their affairs upon worldly principles, and count God out of secular bargains. There is much of this spirit abroad among young men; and where ignorance *is not*, love of the world *is* the cause of it. It is a "snare and delusion" wherever found.

Men cannot keep religion out of business if they would. There is more religion in it to-day than ever before; and yet men have been trying all these years to keep it out. There will be still more religion in it, in time to come, in spite of all efforts to exclude it. The reason is, that God uses the transactions of this world to give all who do His will the highest success here, and the greatest glory hereafter. Necessarily His

plans embrace both worlds. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." What things? "What we shall eat, or what we shall drink, or wherewithal we shall be clothed:"—the necessary things of this life. An illustration of our particular meaning is found in the great missionary enterprize, which is the highest development of practical religion in our day. It seeks the salvation of the world; and yet it employs art, science, learning, commerce, skill, discovery, invention, labour, and capital—things that constitute the business of life—to accomplish that high Christian purpose. Men and women for preachers and teachers, in every land, are but a single item in the long catalogue of agencies brought into requisition. Bibles, religious books, and tracts, are needed by the million; and to furnish these, Bible societies and Book and Tract societies must be organized, demanding scholars, editors, and authors, manufacturers of paper, leather, and types, engravers, binders, salesmen, clerks, book-keepers, porters, draymen, and carpenters, in the outset; and then commerce must provide ships and sailors, to convey the missionaries, with their materials, to distant lands; where schools, colleges, and other seminaries of learning must be established for the instruction of the benighted, including the industrial arts and whatever belongs to civilized life. Contribution is thus laid upon the mechanic arts, manufactures, and traffic, as well as upon the mental resources of society, to accomplish this highest and grandest purpose of religion. So far from religion having nothing to do with business, it is patent that religion creates business, and prosecutes it according to its divine rules: "Not slothful in business, fervent

in spirit, serving the Lord;" "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Religion cannot perform its heavenly mission without impressing earthly business into its service. This is what we mean by the statement that men cannot exclude religion from business if they would.

But some young man says: "The most unprincipled merchant I ever knew was a church-member; his religion disgraced his business." Not exactly so; his *hypocrisy* disgraced all that he touched. It was the want of religion that made him a cheat. We speak of real, genuine piety, not a mock piety. None other ought to be found in business. Some very mean men belong to the church, but that should not be set down against true piety. When they do business they will appear just as irresponsible there as they do in the church. But they do not represent religion anywhere—they are hypocrites, and can represent only hypocrisy. They undertook to counterfeit religion, and made such a botch of it that their counterfeit was detected at once. The reader should not condemn religion because of its counterfeit. You will not denounce and throw away a good bank-bill because you have taken a poor one. Never. The counterfeit is proof that good bills exist. So counterfeit religion proves that there is true religion; and the latter should be all the more esteemed, instead of being repudiated.

But let us see an actual example of religion in business. Take the mercantile business—a warehouse conducted on strict religious principle. Samuel Budgett conducted his warehouse, not only upon strict rules of morality, but of religion as well. He carried his religion into business, and made it active and practical; and he

treated his employés as if they possessed souls. One large room of his mercantile building was a chapel, where "master and men" assembled for devotions, morning and evening. We introduce this example because it is the highest type of religion in business, and if objections arise at all to it, they will be obtruded upon us here. A visitor* to the establishment describes the chapel services thus :

"The morning after Mr. Budgett's funeral, I was in the warehouse before half-past seven o'clock. The various departments were in full play, and the wagoners packing their loads. At the half-hour the bell rang. I went into the chapel. It was soon filled with the men in their working-dresses. About eighty assembled. A son of the deceased principal sat at the table. He took up Fletcher's "Family Devotion," and read the portion of scripture appointed for that day, with the accompanying reflections. The passage is that which records the wish of the daughters of Zelophehad. The reflections seemed as if they had been framed on purpose to follow the memorable scene in which they had all acted a part yesterday—turning upon the duty of honouring the memory of the departed. The young merchant himself, affected by the circumstances, and by the coincidence of such a lesson coming on that particular morning, addressed the men in a few words of cordial Christian advice. He then gave out a hymn, which was heartily sung. Next he called upon one of them by name to pray. All knelt down, and the man prayed with fervour and solemnity for spiritual blessings to them all; for comfort to the bereaved family; and for the business, that God might make it prosper. When

* Rev. William Arthur.

he ceased, the young master took up the strain; and thus, men and master unitedly worshipped the Great Disposer who appoints the lot of all. About half an hour was spent in this religious service."

A chapel in a warehouse! Clerks summoned from their pressing business, daily, for prayers! Unusual, truly; but what valid objection to it? Do prayers tend to make employes lazy and unreliable? Will they create discontent and disorder among the men? Will the order, enterprise, efficiency, and success of business be interrupted by prayers? Everybody knows better. An employe of twenty years' experience with the firm was asked, "What is the good of it?" and he answered, "The good of it? See for yourself: no such establishment for harmony, labour, and success, in England." Another was asked, "What is the secret of Mr. Budgett's success?" and he replied, "His true religion." The aforesaid visitor adds, that the spectator was always impressed with this thought, "This warehouse is sustained, not for self only, but for the good of others also; and that, to secure success, it is carried on constantly in the fear of God." What possible objection can there be to that?

Take an example of religion at the bar. Charles Chauncey, Esq., an eminent lawyer of Philadelphia, was known for his religion in legal practice. Did it limit his practice? Was he a less able lawyer on that account? Did the public have less confidence in him because he practised law like a real Christian? Dr. Boardman said of him: "He was always ready to employ his great powers for the relief of the poor, the injured, the helpless; to extend to them 'the charity of time, labour, and attention; the protection of those

whose resources are feeble, and the information of those whose knowledge is small.' This was so well understood, that there was probably no man in this community who was so much resorted to for counsel. Distinguished counsellors, young lawyers, and possibly grave judges with their vexed questions, capitalists seeking investments, embarrassed merchants, guardians perplexed to know what to do with their wards, parents to consult him about their children, widows anxious to secure their little property, together with suitors of various kinds,—such were the groups that not unfrequently met at his office. He might, without presumption, have appropriated the language of Job: 'When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me; my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and I plucked the soil out of his teeth.' Among all the monumental memorials that grace our cemeteries, there is not one which might with more propriety receive these words as its epitaph, than the tomb of Charles Chauncey." What think you now, reader, of religion at the bar? Would it not be a marvellous gain to introduce such a happy influence into the legal practice of our country? "Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your

fingers." Chauncey's religion is the only remedy for the evil.

Religion in political life—surely there can be no objection to that; politics need it badly. There is a well-known example of religion in this department of business—Wilberforce. He spent his youth in frivolity, without ambition or enterprize, and he was several years in public life before he became a Christian man, bringing nothing to pass, nor promising ever to be a public benefactor. But as soon as he became a Christian, a new impulse was given to his mental powers. He did not resign his place in Parliament, and say, "Politics are too dirty for a Christian to dabble with;" but he roused himself to noble efforts, and went to work as one "who believed that it was as God's servant alone he could take a share in the government of Great Britain."^o He seemed to realize for the first time that he possessed elements of power to make his country better; and he set himself about accomplishing two things, namely, "The suppression of the slave-trade, and the reformation of manners. That he did a great work in this line was due to religion. Indeed, it is doubtful if Wilberforce would have been known beyond a narrow sphere had he not become an active Christian. Says Mears: "Wilberforce was not less distinguished for the fulness of his Christian experience, and for a knowledge of the interior nature of Christianity, than for the success with which he managed the great public questions which he had felt called upon to argue." Evidently political life lost nothing in consequence of his religion. It was a great gainer by the introduction of this new element of influence and useful-

^o Bayne.

ness. Could it as thoroughly imbue the spirit of every English and American statesman of to-day, both countries would rejoice in the removal of political corruption and national transgressions.

We said that Wilberforce did not comprehend his mental and executive abilities until he became religious. Religion is often the primary cause of true self-knowledge, and the only impulse to self-culture. Did the ignorant, profane, degraded tinker, John Bunyan, know what powers dwelt within his soul before he became a child of God? Did any one else dream that a remarkably good and talented man could be made out of such material? Nothing but religion could have done it. The counterpart of this is very often witnessed in communities,—bad men, neglecters of the house of God, foul-mouthed blasphemers who glory in their shame, suddenly arrested in their guilt and converted, new creatures in Christ now, prepared to support and defend Christian institutions; useful; examples of purity, industry, enterprize, honesty, and good citizenship. No agency on earth can do this except religion. John Foster says: "We have known instances in which the change, the intellectual change, has been so conspicuous within a brief space of time that even an infidel observer must have forfeited all claim to be a man of sense if he would not acknowledge. 'This, that you call divine grace, whatever it may really be, is the strangest awakener of the faculties after all.' And to a devout man it is a spectacle of most enchanting beauty thus to see the immortal plant, which has been under a malignant bias while sixty or seventy years have passed over it, coming out at length in the bloom of life."

It is quite evident from the foregoing that religion

requires the following very reasonable things of every young man, namely: that he should make the most of himself possible; that he should watch and improve his opportunities; that he should be industrious, upright, faithful, and prompt; that he should task his talents, whether one or ten, to the utmost; that he should waste neither time nor money; that *duty*, and not pleasure or ease, should be his watchword. And this is precisely what we have seen to be demanded of all young men in reliable shops and offices. Religion uses all the just motives of worldly wisdom, and adds thereto those higher motives that immortality creates. Indeed, we might say that religion demands success; that the young man who fails to achieve the highest success does not meet its requirements. Thus it is evident that the young man engaged in an honest struggle for success has no better friend than true religion.

Then, too, religion has no sympathy with double-dealing and "sharp practice," nor even with that worldly policy that teaches a man "to look out for number one." It forbids men to cheat God by cheating one another; or to cheat themselves by ignoring the Bible, stifling conscience, or appropriating the Sabbath to posting books, reading novels, and pleasure-riding. It controls the passions and appetites, prohibits pride and caste among men, teaches the rich not to oppress the poor, and the poor not to rob the rich, makes wealth virtuous, and poverty honourable, and demands that we should "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." If such be not the precise influence that the business of this world needs, where shall we look for the coveted influence?

Samuel Slater, of Providence, R. I., one of the

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wealthiest men of the State in his day, was urged by some of his friends to erect a more expensive dwelling and live in a style to reflect his great wealth, maintaining a coach and retinue of servants. His reply illustrates the conservative and controlling power of religion: "Gentlemen, I admit that I am able to have a large and costly house, rich furniture, and servants to take care of it; that I am able to have a coach, with a driver and footman to attend me. It is not that I am miserly that I do not have them. But it is my duty to set an example of prudence, especially to my children. The world is too much inclined to extravagance. If the style you recommend is to be considered an evidence of wealth, and I were on that account to adopt it, others not able might follow my example in order to be thought rich. You know that I have six boys. If they live and have families, each will want to live in as much style as their father. I WISH TO SET A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR MY CHILDREN."

Another illustration exhibits religion in another aspect of business. Dr. Van Dorn relates that a young man who was a member of his church, became clerk for a godless merchant. The latter soon learned that he had a very trustworthy clerk in the young man, and he committed important trusts to him. Finally he advanced him to the leadership of his store. In this new position it became necessary, after a time, for the head clerk to be at the store part of the Sabbath-day. The young man could not do that. Religion requires the strict observance of the Sabbath-day, and no thoughtful man will deny that the business-world needs it. He declined to attend to business on Sunday. "Then you must yield your position to some one who will," his em-

ployer said. "Very well," replied the clerk; and he proceeded to close his connection with the business. But, on going to his employer for settlement, the latter informed him that he had been testing his principles, that he desired he should remain, and that he would release him from Sabbath labour, and raise his salary also. This trader, who feared neither God nor Satan, found that religion was reliable; and as a trustworthy clerk was of more consequence to him than Sabbath labour, he chose the former. It was a stroke of worldly policy simply, and for that reason it was a higher tribute to religion in business. The man who objected to introducing religion into business because "it will hinder business and business will hinder it," can find no satisfaction in such a fact as this.

A young man in Philadelphia, who was employed on a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars, in a business of questionable morality, was converted to Christ. "I must give up Christ, or my position," he said to his pious wife. "Give up your situation, then," was her prompt reply. "What shall we do for support?" he inquired. "We will trust in God for that," she answered. He relinquished his situation, and for five months was without employment. One morning a gentleman called to offer him the superintendence of a similar business at a yearly salary of four thousand dollars. "I cannot do it," he answered without hesitation. "I will give you *five* thousand dollars," the gentleman responded. "You have not money enough to hire me to enter that business again!" the young man said firmly. Soon after, this noble young man found a situation where he could earn a comfortable living; not five thousand dollars, nor even four thou-

sand. but a smaller salary and a clear conscience served him better than a large salary and a bad business. It is a bad business that Religion "hinders." It facilitates a good business. If its elevating and transforming power could be thus concentrated upon every wicked business, converting its supporters and turning them against it, the world would soon be rid of enormous burdens of guilt.

Paul is a fair example of the reliable business-man that religion makes. He was a scholar and orator; a man of talents and influence before his conversion; known for his energy, persistent purpose, indomitable will and efficiency. Religion gave direction to all these powers, and made him the prince of apostles. He would have been a successful farmer, mechanic, merchant, or statesman; an example of honesty and high Christian principles in either of these occupations—a leader, without doubt, in any one of them. He possessed native qualities that fitted him for business; religion did not hinder these, but rather infused into them the earnestness of the highest motive which can stir the soul of man. Religion cannot make a man of business out of one who possesses no qualifications in that direction; but it can use the tact, energy, and executive ability of a man to make him a higher and nobler example of manhood in the business world.

We do not intimate that the religious man is exempt from reverses. Misfortunes may overtake the best man; but no one knows so well as he what use to make of them. He will come out of the trying ordeal, too, with untarnished principles. Misfortune overtook Napoleon, in Russia; and in that memorable retreat, Marshal Ney commanded the rear-guard of the grand

army. Pursued by the foe, and exposed to almost unparalleled hardships, his soldiers became restive, and when the army reached the river Niemen, which forms the boundary of the Russian territory, they deserted in a body. By extraordinary exertions, however, he succeeded in rallying thirty men, with whom he kept the enemy at bay, for a time. These brave men were soon taken away by bullets and desertion, and when the heroic Marshal had crossed the bridge over the Niemen, he found himself alone—a solitary soldier of the army that left the Russian territory. Proceeding to the first town where food and rest could be obtained, he met an old companion in arms, an officer of rank, who did not recognize him. "Who are you?" inquired the officer. Ney replied, "I am the rear-guard of the grand army of France. Marshal Ney. I have fired the last shot on the bridge of Rowne; I have thrown into the Niemen the last of our arms; and I have walked hither alone, as you see me, across the forests." In like manner the true Christian, whom misfortunes compel to retreat from the marts of business, faces every foe to religious principle, and keeps them at bay as a good soldier of the cross; parting with his money, his fine residence, style, and servants, in the fierce conflict with temptations to conceal and deceive; and laying aside every weight of sin that doth beset him, comes out of the perilous contest without a wound upon his character, or even the smell of battle upon his reputation.

Last, though not least, he is the man, above all others, who is ever found at his post. Where DUTY calls, he goes. Where the Master sets him to watch, like the Roman sentinel, he remains. A thousand years after the city of Pompeii was destroyed by a volcanic erup-

tion, the ruins were uncovered, and there the inhabitants were found buried just where they were overtaken by the burning lava. Some were found in deep vaults whither they had fled for safety; some were found in the streets where they were surprised by the tide of desolation that swept over the ill-fated city. Others were discovered in the highest chambers, to which they had run in consternation from the fiery flood. But the Roman sentinel was found standing at the gate of the city; his skeleton hand still grasping his sword; his whole attitude that of a faithful, trusty watchman. The stream of molten death that rolled down from the mountain side, burying the wealthy city beneath its liquid fire, stirred him not from his post; and there he was found a thousand years after the city perished, just where he was posted for duty! Faithful sentinel! we say. So faithful, too, is the Christian man, bearing the burdens of life, and keeping in view "the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," though exposed to the corruptions of business and buried in cares. He preserves his loyalty through the severest trials to the end; and his "record on high" will show that he followed **DUTY** and died at his post.

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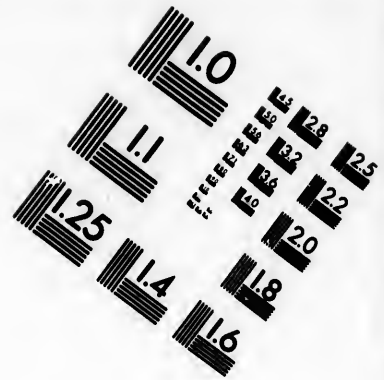
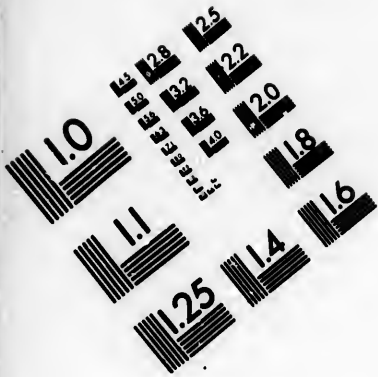
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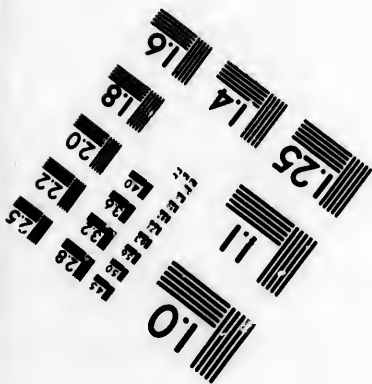
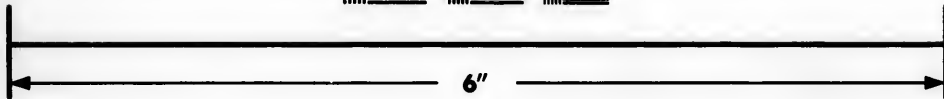
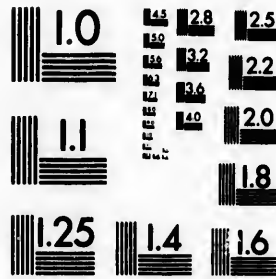
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